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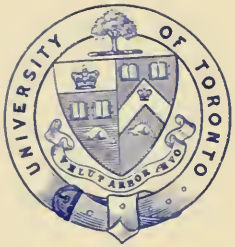

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Selected for the Improvement

of Young Persons:

being similar in Design to

ELEGANT EXTRACTS IN PROSE.

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Their's is the Sunshine of the Breast. —*Gray.*

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

SINCE Poetry affords young persons an innocent pleasure, a taste for it, under certain limitations, should be indulged. Why should they be forbidden to expatiate, in imagination, over the flowery fields of Arcadia, in Elysium, in the Isles of the Blest, and in the Vale of Tempe? The harmless delight which they derive from Poetry, is surely sufficient to recommend an attention to it, at an age when pleasure is the chief pursuit, even if the sweets of it were not blended with utility.

If indeed pleasure were the ultimate object of Poetry, there are some who, in the rigor of austere wisdom, would maintain that the precious days of youth might be more advantageously employed than in cultivating a taste for it. To obviate their objections, it is necessary to remind them, that Poetry has ever claimed the power of conveying instruction, in the most effectual manner, by the vehicle of pleasure.

There is reason to believe that many young persons of natural genius would have given very little attention to learning of any kind, if they had been introduced to it by books appealing only to their reason and judgement, and not to their fancy. Through the pleasant paths of Poetry they have been gradually led to the heights of science: they have been allured, on first setting out, by the beauty of the scene presented to them, into a delightful land, flowing with milk and honey; where, after having been nourished like the infant at the mother's breast, they have gradually acquired strength enough to relish and digest the solidest food of philosophy.

This opinion seems to be confirmed by actual experience; for the greatest men, in every liberal and honorable profession, gave their early years to the charms of Poetry. Many of the most illustrious worthies in the church and in the state were allured to the land of learning by the song of the Muse; and

they would perhaps have never entered it, if their preceptors had forbidden them to lend an ear. Of so much consequence is the study of Poetry in youth to the general advancement of learning.

And as to morals, "Poetry," in the words of Sir Philip Sydney, "doth not "only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect of the way, as will entice "any man to enter into it; nay, the Poet doth, as if your journey should be "through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that, "full of that taste, you may long to pass farther. He beginneth not with ob- "scure definitions, but he cometh to you with words set in delightful pro- "portion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill "of music;—and with a tale;—he cometh unto you with a tale, *which holdeth* "*children from play*, and old men from the chimney corner. Even those hard- "hearted evil men, who think virtue a school-name, and despise the austere "admonitions of the philosopher, and feel not the inward reasons they stand "upon, yet will be contented to be delighted; which is all the good fellow "Poet seems to promise; and so steal to see the form of goodness; which seen "they cannot but love, ere themselves be aware, as if they took a *medicine of* "*cherries*."

Thus Poetry, by the gentle, yet certain method of allurement, leads both to learning and to virtue. I conclude, therefore, that under a few self-evident restrictions, it is properly addressed to all young minds, in the course of a liberal education.

It must be confessed, at the same time, that many sensible men in the world, as well as in the schools of philosophy, have objected to an *early* study of it. They have thought that a taste for it interfered with an attention to what they call the MAIN CHANCE. *What Poet ever fined for sheriff?* says Oldham. *It is seldom seen that any one discovers mines of gold and silver in Parnassus*, says Mr. Locke. Such ideas have predominated in the exchange and in the ware-house; and, while they continue to be confined to those places, may perhaps, in some instances, be proper and advantageous. But they ought not to ope-rate on the mind of the well-educated gentleman, or the man of a liberal pro-fession; and indeed there is no good reason to be given why the mercantile classes, at least of the higher order, should not amuse their leisure with any pleasures of polite literature. Nothing perhaps contributes more to liberalise their minds and prevent that narrowness which is too often the consequence of a life at-tached, from the earliest age, to the pursuits of lucre.

That mere men of the world object to the study of Poetry as a part of educa-tion, is not to be wondered at, when it is considered that many, from want

of

of natural sensibility, or form long habits of inattention to every thing but sordid interest, are totally unfurnished with faculties for the perception of poetical beauty. But shall we deny that the cowslip and violet possess a vivid color and sweet fragrance, because the ox who fattens in the meadow tramples over them without perceiving either their hues or their odors? The taste of mankind, from China to Peru, powerfully militates against the few and narrow-minded despisers of Poetry.

Young minds, indeed, have commonly a taste for Verse. Unseduced by the love of money, and unhackneied in the ways of vice, they are, it is true, pleased with simple nature and real fact, though unembellished; because all objects with them have the grace of novelty: but they are transported with the charms of Poetry where the sunshine of fancy diffuses over every subject the fine gloss, the rich coloring, of beautiful imagery and language. "Nature" (to cite Sir Philip Sydney again) "never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers "poets have done, neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet smelling "flowers, nor whatsoever may make the earth more lovely. The world is a "*brazen* world—the poets only deliver a GOLDEN; which whoever dislike, "*the fault is in their judgement, quite out of taste, and not in the sweet food of* "SWEETLY-UTTERED KNOWLEDGE."

It will be readily acknowledged, that ideas and precepts of all kinds, whether of morality or science, make a deeper impression when inculcated by the vivacity of painting, the melody of poetical language. And what is thus deeply impressed will also long remain; for metre and rhyme naturally catch hold of the memory, as the tendrils of the vine cling round the branches of the elm.

Orpheus and Linus are recorded in fable to have drawn the minds of savage men to knowledge, and to have polished human nature by Poetry. And are not children in the state of nature? And is it not probable that Poetry may be the best instrument to operate on them, as it was found to be on nations in the savage state? Since, according to the mythological wisdom of the antients, Amphion moved stones, and Orpheus brutes, by music and verse, is it not reasonable to believe, that minds which are dull, and even brutally insensible, may be penetrated, sharpened, softened, and vivified, by the warm influence of fine Poetry?

But it is really superfluous to expatiate either on the delight or the utility of Poetry. The subject has been exhausted; and, whatever a few men of little taste and feeling, or of minds entirely sordid and secular, may object, such are the charms of the Goddess, such her powerful influence over the heart of man, that she will never want voluntary votaries at her shrine. The Author of Nature

ture has kindly implanted in man a love of Poetry, to solace him under the labors and sorrows of life. A great part of the Scriptures is poetry and verse. The wise son of Sirach enumerates, among the most honorable of mankind, SUCH AS FOUND OUT MUSICAL TUNES, AND RECITED VERSES IN WRITING.

With respect to this Compilation, the principal subject of this Preface (but from which I have been seduced into a digression, by giving my suffrage in favor of the art I love)—if I should be asked what are it's pretensions, I must freely answer that it professes nothing more than (what is evident at first sight) to be a larger Collection of English Verse, FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS, than has ever yet been published IN ONE VOLUME. The original intention was to comprise in it a great number and variety of such pieces as were already in use in schools, or which seemed proper for the use of them; such a number and variety as might furnish something satisfactory to every taste, and serve as a little Poetical Library for school-boys, precluding the inconvenience and expence of a multitude of volumes.

Such was the design of the Publication. The Editor can claim no praise beyond that of the design. The praise of ingenuity is all due to the Poets whose works have supplied the materials. What merit can there be in directing a famous and popular passage to be inserted from Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Gray, and many others of less fame, indeed, but in great esteem, and all of allowed genius? Their own lustre pointed them out, like stars of the first magnitude in the heavens. There was no occasion for singular acuteness of vision, or for optical glasses, to discover a brightness which obtruded itself on the eye. The best pieces are usually the most popular. They are loudly recommended by the voice of Fame; and her eulogy, when long continued, becomes an infallible guidance.

Utility and innocent entertainment are the sole designs of the Editor; and if they are accomplished, he is satisfied, and cheerfully falls back into the shade of obscurity. He is confident that the Book cannot but be useful and entertaining; but he is at the same time so little inclined to boast of his work, that he is ready to confess, that almost any man willing to incur a considerable expence, and undergo a little trouble, might have furnished as good a collection.

As taste will for ever differ, some may wish to have seen in it passages from some favorite, yet obscure poet, and some also from their own works; but it was the business of the Editor of a *school-book like this*, not to insert scarce and curious works, such as please *virtuoso readers*, chiefly from *their rarity*, but to collect such as were *publicly known and universally celebrated*. The more known,

known, the more celebrated, the better they were adapted to this Collection; which is not designed, like the lessons of some dancing-masters, for *grown gentlemen*, but for *young learners only*; and it will readily occur to every one, that what is old to men and women, may be, and for the most part must be, NEW *to boys and girls receiving their education.* Private judgement, in a work like this, must often give way to public. Some things are inserted in this Volume, entirely in submissive deference to public opinion; which, when general and long continued, is the best criterion of merit in the fine arts, and particularly in Poetry. Whatever was found in previous collections, which experience had pronounced proper for schools, has been freely taken and admitted: the stamp of experience gave it currency. The freedom of borrowing, it is hoped, will be pardoned, as the collectors, with whom it has been used, first set the example of it.

It is unnecessary, and perhaps might be deemed impertinent, to point out the mode of using the Collection to the best advantage. It is evident that it may be used in schools either in recitation, transcription, the exercise of the memory, or in imitation. It furnishes an abundance of models, which are the best means of exciting genius. Such *Arts of Poetry* as those of Gildon, Bysshe, Newbery, and their imitators, effect but little in the dry method of technical precept; and the young Poet, like the Sculptor, will improve most by working after a model. It is evident that this Collection may be usefully read at ENGLISH SCHOOLS, *in the classes*, just as the Latin and Greek authors are read at the *grammar-schools* by explaining every thing grammatically, historically, metrically, and critically, and then giving a portion to be learned by memory. The Book, it is hoped, will be particularly agreeable and useful *in the private studies* of the amiable young student, whose first love is the love of the Muse, and who courts her in his summer's walk, and in the solitude of his winter retreat, or at the social domestic fire-side.

In the latter part many little pieces are admitted, mere *lusus poetici*, chiefly for the diversion of the student, which almost require an apology. They are, it must be confessed, no more than flowerets at the bottom of Parnassus; but it is hoped, that their admission will be approved, as they may gradually lead the scholar to ascend higher up the hill, who might have been deterred from approaching it, if he had seen nothing in the whole prospect but the sublime, the solemn, and the sombrous.

The reader will have no cause to complain, if instead of *Extracts*, he often finds poems inserted entire. This has been done whenever it seemed consistent with the design, and could be done without *injustice*. In this matter, the opinion of those who must be supposed best qualified to give it, was asked and followed.

The

The wish was to take nothing but what seemed to lie on the *common*, relinquished or neglected by the lord of the manor.

Though the Book is divided into Four Parts, yet the formality of regular and systematical arrangement of the component pieces, has not been observed. Such compilations as these have not unfrequently been called garlands and nosegays: but in a garland or nosegay, who would place the tulips, the lilies, the pinks, and the roses in separate compartments? In a disposition so artificial, their beauty and fragrance would be less pleasing than if they were carelessly mingled with all the ease and wildness of natural variety. I hope the analogy will hold: if not, I must throw myself in this, as I do in all other circumstances of this Publication, upon my Reader's indulgence. I expect not praise; but I confide in receiving pardon.

Perhaps the Reader will be the more inclined to extend it towards me, if I do not weary him with apologies. I will then conclude my preface with the ideas of Montaigne: — "*I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have "brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them.*"

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE NEW EDITION.

In this Edition, as in the numerous preceding ones, great Improvements have been made. The favorable Reception of the Book has indeed encouraged the Editor to render it, in every new Impression, still more acceptable. Several Extracts and Poems are now added for the first time, and a few are excluded.

TUNBRIDGE SCHOOL,
July 21, 1809.

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ELEGANT

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

POETICAL.

BOOK THE FIRST.

SACRED AND MORAL.

§ 1. *An Address to the Deity.* Thomson.

FATHER of light and life! Thou GOOD SUPREME!
O teach me what is good. Teach me THYSELF!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss! [pure;

§ 2. *Adam and Eve, in a Morning Hymn, call upon all the Parts of the Creation to join with them in extolling their common Maker.* Milton.

THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these Heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And coral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
On Earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise!
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolor'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every plant in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and he that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

§ 3. *On the Deity.* Mrs. Barbauld.

I READ God's awful name emblazon'd high,
With golden letters on th' illumin'd sky;
Nor less the mystic characters I see,
Wrought in each flower, inscrib'd on ev'ry tree;

In ev'ry leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees.
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With thee in busy crowded cities talk;
In every creature own thy forming power,
In each event thy providence adore.

Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control:
Thus shall I rest, unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within, the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.

Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand, and stretch my view to either state;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And, having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

§ 4. *Hymn on Gratitude.* Addison.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

§ 5. *Hymn on Providence.* Addison.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care:
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant;
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landskip flow.

Tho' in the paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

§ 6. *Another Hymn, from the beginning of the 19th Psalm.* Addison.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled Heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,

Confirm

Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball!
What tho' nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

§ 7. *Another Hymn.* Mrs. Rowe.

The glorious armies of the sky
To thee, Almighty King,
Triumphant anthems consecrate,
And hallelujahs sing.

But still their most exalted flights
Fall vastly short of thee:
How distant then must human praise
From thy perfections be!

Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
When to my ravish'd sense
Each creature every where around
Displays thy excellence!

The active lights that shine above,
In their eternal dance,
Reveal their skilful Maker's praise
With silent elegance.

The blushes of the morn confess
That thou art still more fair,
When in the East its beams revive,
To gild the fields of air.

The fragrant, the refreshing breeze
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom
In balmy whispers own, from Thee
Their pleasing odours come.

The singing birds, the warbling winds,
And waters murm'ring fall,
To praise the first Almighty Cause
With diff'rent voices call.

Thy num'rous works exalt thee thus,
And shall I silent be?
No; rather let me cease to breathe,
Than cease from praising Thee!

§ 8. *Another hymn.* Mrs. Rowe.

Thou didst, O mighty God! exist
Ere time began its race;
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the void of space:

Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd,
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd;

Ere through the gloom of antient night
The streaks of light appear'd;
Before the high celestial arch,
Or starry poles were rear'd:

Before the loud melodious spheres
Their tuneful round begun;
Before the shining roads of heav'n
Were measur'd by the sun:

Ere through the empyrean courts
One hallelujah rung;
Or to their harps the sons of light
Ecstatic anthems sung:

Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wond'rous name;
Thy bliss, O sacred Spring of life!
Thy glory, was the same.

And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck;

When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th' astonish'd sun roll back,
And all the trembling starry lamps
Their antient course forsake;

For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,
Unchang'd in everlasting years,
Shall thy existence be.

§ 9. *Another Hymn, from Psalm 148th.* Ogilvie.

Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay!
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name:
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair!
Your Maker's wond'rous power proclaim,
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breath'd the fluid air.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound!
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing:
Let ev'ry list'ning saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid:
Soon as grey ev'ning gilds the plain,
Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
Who call'd yon worlds from night:
"Ye shades, dispel!"—th' Eternal said:
At once th' involving darkness fled,
And nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that skims the plains,
United praise bestow:

Ye dragons, sound his awful name
To heav'n aloud; and roar acclaim,
Ye swelling deeps below.

Let every element rejoice:
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To him who bids you roll,
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

To him, ye graceful cedars, bow;
Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low,
Your great Creator own;
Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
Ye insects flutt'ring on the gale,
Immutal concourse rise;
Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
In incense to the skies.

Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and sing;
Ye plumy warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.

Let man by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heav'nly praise employ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,
The gen'ral burst of joy.

Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease,
Fall prostrate at his throne:
Ye princes, rulers, all adore;
Praise him, ye kings, who makes your pow'r
An image of his own.

Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
O praise th' eternal Source of love,
With youth's enlivening fire:
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh his bless'd name — then soar away,
And ask an angel's lyre.

§ 10. *Psalm 4th.* Merrick.

Defender of my rightful cause,
While anguish from my bosom draws
The deep-felt sigh, the ceaseless pray'r,
O make thy servant still thy care.
That aid, which oft my griefs has heal'd,
To aid again, entreated, yield.
How long, ye sons of pride, how long
Shall falsehood arm your impious tongue,
And erring rage your breast inflame,
My pow'r to thwart, my acts defame?
To God my heart shall vent its woe,
Who, prompt his blessings to bestow
On each whose breast has learn'd his fear,
Bows to my plaint the willing ear.

Him wouldst thou please? With rev'rend awe
Observe the dictates of his Law:
In secret on thy couch reclin'd
Search to its depth thy restless mind,
Till hush'd to peace the tumult lie,
And wrath and strife within thee die.
With purest gifts approach his shrine,
And safe to Him thy care resign.
I hear a hopeless train demand,
"Where's now the wish'd Deliv'rer's hand?"
Do Thou, my God, do Thou reply,
And let thy presence from on high
In full effusion o'er our head
Its all-enlivening influence shed.
What joy my conscious heart o'erflows!
Not such th' exulting lab'rer knows,
When to his long expecting eyes
The vintage and the harvests rise,
And, shadowing wide the cultur'd soil,
With full requital crown his toil.
My weary eyes in sleep I close,
My limbs, secure, to rest compose;
For Thou, great God, shall screen my head,
And plant a guard around my bed.

§ 11. *Psalm 5th.* Merrick.

The words that from my lips proceed,
My thoughts (for Thou those thoughts canst read,)
My God, my King, attentive weigh,
And hear, O hear me, when I pray.
With earliest zeal, with wakeful care,
To Thee my soul shall pour its pray'r,
And, ere the dawn has streak'd the sky,
To Thee direct its longing eye:
To Thee, whom nought obscur'd by stain
Can please; whose doors to feet profane
Inexorable stand; whose Law
Offenders from thy sight shall awe.
Let each whose tongue to lies is turn'd,
Who lessons of deceit has learn'd,
Or thirsts a brother's blood to shed,
Thy hate and heaviest vengeance dread.
But I, whose hope thy Love supports,
(How great that Love!) will tread thy courts,
My knees in lowliest reverence bend,
And tow'rd thy shrine my hands extend.
Do thou, just God, my path prepare,
And guard me from each hostile snare;
O lend me thy conducting ray,
And level to my steps thy way.
Behold me by a troop inclos'd,
Of falsehood and of guilt compos'd:
Their throat a sepulchre displays,
Deep, wide, insatiate; in their praise
Lurks flatt'ry, and with specious art
Belies the purpose of their heart.
O let the mischiefs they intend
Retorted on themselves descend,
And let thy wrath correct their sin,
Whose hearts thy mercy fails to win.
May all whose trust on Thee is plac'd,
Peace and delight perpetual taste,
Sav'd by thy care, in songs of joy
Their ever grateful voice employ,

And

And share the gifts on those bestow'd,
Who love the name of *Jacob*'s God.
To each who bears a guiltless heart,
Thy grace its blessings shall impart;
Strong as the brazen shield, thy aid
Around him casts its cov'ring shade.

§ 12. *Psalm 6th.* Merrick.

O SPARE me, Lord, nor o'er my head
The fulness of thy vengeance shed.
With pitying eye my weakness view,
Heal my vex'd soul, my strength renew;
And O, if yet my sins demand
The wise corrections of thy hand,
Yet give my pains their bounds to know,
And fix a period to my woe.
Return, great God, return, and save
Thy servant from the greedy grave.
Shall Death's long-silent tongue, O say,
The records of thy pow'r display,
Or pale Corruption's startled ear,
Thy praise within its prison hear?
By langour, grief, and care oppress,
With groans perpetual heaves my breast,
And tears, in large profusion shed,
Incessant lave my sleepless bed.
My life, though yet in mid career,
Beholds the winter of its year,
(While clouds of grief around me roll,
And hostile storms invade my soul.)
Relentless from my cheek each trace
Of youth and blooming health erase,
And spread before my wasting sight
The shades of all-obscuring night.
Hence, ye profane: My Saviour hears;
While yet I speak, he wipes my tears,
Accepts my pray'r, and bids each foe
With shame their vain attempts forego,
And, struck with horror from on high,
In wild disorder backward fly.

§ 13. *Psalm 8th.* Merrick.

IMMORTAL King! Through Earth's wide frame
How great thy honor, praise, and name!
Whose reign o'er distant worlds extends,
Whose glory, heav'n's vast height transcends.
From infants thou canst strength upraise,
And form their lisping tongues to praise:
By these the vengeance-breathing Foe
Thy mightier terrors taught to know,
In mute astonishment shall stand,
And bow beneath thy conqu'ring hand,
When, rapt in thought, with wakeful eye
I view the wonders of the sky,
Whose frame thy fingers o'er our head
In rich magnificence have spread;
The silent Moon, with waxing horn,
Along th' ethereal region borne;
The stars with vivid lustre crown'd,
That nightly walk their destin'd round.
Lord! What is Man, that in thy care
His humble lot should find a share;
Or what the Son of Man, that Thou
Thus to his wants thy ear shouldst bow?
His rank awhile, by thy decree,
Th' Angelic Tribes beneath them see,
Till round him thy imparted rays
With unextinguish'd glory blaze.
Subjected to his feet by Thee,
To him all Nature bows the knee;
The beasts in him their Lord behold;
The grazing herd, the bleating fold,
The savage race, a countless train,
That range at large th' extended plain,
The fowls, of various wing, that fly
O'er the vast desert of the sky,
And all the wat'ry tribes, that glide
Through paths to human sight deny'd.
Immortal King! Through Earth's wide frame,
How great thy honor, praise, and name!

§ 14. *Psalm 23d.* Merrick.

LO, my Shepherd's hand divine!
Want shall never more be mine.
In a pasture fair and large
He shall feed his happy Charge,
And my couch with tend'rest care
Midst the springing grass prepare.
When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that still and slow
Through the verdant meadow flow,
He my soul anew shall frame,
And, his mercy to proclaim,
When through devious paths I stray,
Teach my steps the better way.
Though the dreary vale I tread
By the shades of death o'erspread;
There I walk from terror free,
While my ev'ry wish I see
By thy rod and staff supplied;
This my guard, and that my guide.
While my foes are gazing on,
Thou thy fav'ring care hast shown.
Thou my plenteous board hast spread;
Thou with oil refresh'd my head;
Fill'd by Thee my cup o'erflows;
For thy Love no limit knows.
Constant, to my latest end,
This my footsteps shall attend,
And shall bid thy hallow'd Dome
Yield me an eternal home.

§ 15. *Psalm 122d.* Merrick.

1.

THE festal Morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy honor'd Dome
Thy presence to adore:
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy Courts ascend,
And tread the hallow'd floor.

2.

Ev'n now to our transported eyes
Fair *Sion*'s tow'rs in prospect rise;
Within her gates we stand,
And, lost in wonder and delight,
Behold her happy Sons unite
In friendship's firmest band.

3.

Hither from *Judah*'s utmost end
The Heav'n-protected Tribes ascend;
Their off'rings hither bring:
Here, eager to attest their joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

4.

By his Command impell'd, to Her
Contending Crowds their cause refer;
While Princes, from her Throne,
With equal doom, th' unerring Law
Dispense, who boast their birth to draw
From *Jesse*'s favor'd Son.

5.

Be Peace by Each implor'd on thee,
O *Salem*, while with bended knee
To *Jacob*'s God we pray:
How blest, who calls himself thy Friend!
Success his labor shall attend,
And safety guard his way.

6.

O may'st thou, free from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild wastes deplore:
May plenty nigh thee take her stand,
And in thy courts with lavish hand
Distribute all her store.

7.

Seat of my Friends and Brethren, hail!
How can my tongue, O *Salem*, fail
To bless thy lov'd abode?
How cease the zeal that in me glows
Thy good to seek, whose walls inclose
The mansion of my God?

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§ 16. *Hymn to Cheerfulness—The Author being sick.* — Dr. Akenside.

How thick the shades of evening close!
How pale the sky with weight of snows!
Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyless day retire!
— Alas, in vain I try within
To raise the dull, dejected scene,
While rous'd by grief these fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins;
While winter's voice, that storms around,
And yon deep death-bell's groaning sound
Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
Till starting horror shakes the room.

Is there in Nature no kind power
To sooth affliction's lonely hour?
To blunt the edge of dire disease,
And teach these wintry shades to please?
Come Cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
Shine through the painful cloud of care:
O sweet of language, mild of mien,
O Virtue's friend and Pleasure's queen!
Assuage the flames that burn my breast,
Attune my jarring thoughts to rest;
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My song shall all thy praise reveal.

As once (was in Astrea's reign)
The vernal pow'rs renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal Love
Was ranging thro' the spheres above,
And downward hither cast his eye,
The year's returning pomp to spy:
He saw the radiant God of day
Lead round the globe the rosy May;
The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
Were shedding round him dews and flowers,
Before his wheels Aurora pass'd,
And Hesper's golden lamp was last.
But, fairest of the blooming throng,
When Health majestic mov'd along,
All gay with smiles, to see below
The joys which from her presence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And fields, and flocks, and swains rejoice;
Then mighty Love her charms confess'd,
And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,
And, known from that auspicious morn
The pleasing Cheerfulness was born.

Thou, Cheerfulness, by Heav'n design'd
To rule the pulse that moves the mind,
Whatever fretful passion springs,
Whatever chance or nature brings
To strain the tuneful poize within,
And disarrange the sweet machine:
Thou, Goddess, with a master-hand
Dost each attemper'd key command,
Refine the soft and sweil the strong,
Till all is concord, all is song.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
Best banisher of home-bred strife,
Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye,
Deform the scene where thou art by:
No sickening husband damns the hour
That bound his joys to female pow'r:
No pining mother weeps the cares
That parents waste on hopeless heirs:
Th' officious daughters pleas'd attend;
The brother rises to the friend:
By thee their board with flowers is crown'd,
By thee with songs their walks resound,
By thee their sprightly mornings shine,
And evening-hours in peace decline.

Behold the youth, whose trembling heart
Beats high with Love's unpitied smart;
Tho' now he strays by rills and bowers,
And weeping wears the lonely hours;
Or, if the nymph her audience deign,
Shrines the soft story of his pain
With slavish looks, discolor'd eyes,
And accents faltering into sighs:
Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease
Canst yield him happier hearts to please,
Exalt his mien to manlier charms,
Instruct his tongue with nobler arms,
With more commanding passion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muse and all her train,
For thee I court the Muse again;
And may the votive lay disclose
How much to thy fair aid she owes!
See, when thy touch reveals her mine,
How pure the stores of fancy shine;

Hark!

Hark! when thy breath her song impels,
How full the tuneful current swells.
Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue
Instruct the nightly strains of Y——;
But thine was Homer's antient might,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight:
Thy myrtles crown'd the * Lesbian meads:
Thy voice awak'd † Sicilian reeds;
Thy breath perfumes the ‡ Teian rose,
And Tiber's vine spontaneous flows;
While Horace wantons in thy quire;
The gods and heroes of the lyre.

See where the pale, the sick'ning sage
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppress,
Or glooms congenial to his breast)
Retires in desert-scenes to dwell,
And bids the joyless world farewell.
Alone he treads th' autumnal shade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid,
He sees the nightly damps arise,
And gathering storms involve the skies;
He hears the neighb'ring surges roll,
And raging thunders shake the pole;
Then, struck by every object round,
And stunn'd by ev'ry horrid sound,
He pants to traverse nature's ways:
His evils haunt him thro' the maze:
He views ten thousand demons rise,
To wield the empire of the skies,
And Chance and Fate assume the rod,
And Malice blots the throne of God.
—O Thou, whose pleasing power I sing!
Thy lenient influence hither bring;
Compose the storm, dispel the gloom
Till Nature wears her wonted bloom,
Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
And music swell each opening gale:
Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that presiding cause
Who founds in discord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleasure every pain,
Subdues the hostile forms to rest,
And bids the universe be blest.

O Thou, whose pleasing power I sing!
If right I touch the votive string,
If equal praise I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
Still with the Muse my bosom share,
And sooth to peace corroding care.
But most exert thy genial power
On friendship's consecrated hour:
And while my Agis leads the road
To fearless wisdom's high abode;
Or, warm in freedom's sacred cause,
Pursues the light of Grecian laws;
Attend, and grace our gen'rous toils
With all thy garlands, all thy smiles.
But if, by fortune's stubborn sway
From him and friendship torn away,
I court the Muses healing spell
For griefs that still with absence dwell,
Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To such indulgent, tender themes
As just the struggling breast may cheer,
And just suspend the starting tear;
Yet leave that charming sense of woe,
Which none but friends and lovers know.

§ 17. *The 8th Psalm translated.* Christopher Pitt.

O King eternal and divine!
The world is thine alone:
Above the stars thy glories shine,
Above the heavens thy throne.

How far extends thy mighty name!
Where'er the sun can roll,
That sun thy wonders shall proclaim,
Thy deeds from pole to pole.

The infant's tongue shall speak thy power,
And vindicate thy laws;
The tongue that never spoke before,
Shall labor in thy cause.

For when I lift my thoughts and eyes,
And view the heavens around,
Yon stretching waste of azure skies,
With stars and planets crown'd.

Who in their dance attend the Moon,
The empress of the night,
And pour around her silver throne
Their tributary light:

Lord! what is mortal man, that he
Thy kind regard should share?
What is his son, who claims from thee,
And challenges thy care?

Next to the blest Angelic kind,
Thy hands created man,
And this inferior world assign'd
To dignify his span.

Him all revere, and all obey
His delegated reign;
The flocks that thro' the valley stray,
The herds that graze the plain.

The furious tiger speeds his flight,
And trembles at his power;
In fear of his superior might,
The lions cease to roar.

Whatever horrid monsters tread
The paths beneath the sea,
Their king at awful distance dread,
And sullenly obey.

O Lord! how far extends thy name!
Where'er the sun can roll,
That sun thy wonders shall proclaim;
Thy deeds from pole to pole.

§ 18. *Psalm the 24th paraphrased.* Pitt.

Far as the world can stretch its bounds
The Lord is king of all;
His wond'rous power extends around
The circuit of the ball.

* Alcæus and Sappho. † Theocritus. ‡ Anacreon.

For he within the gloomy deeps
Its dark foundations cast,
And rear'd the pillars of the earth
Amid the watery waste.

Who shall ascend his Sion's hill,
And see Jehovah there?
Who from his sacred shrine shall breathe
The sacrifice of prayer?

He only whose unsully'd soul
Fair virtue's paths has trod,
Who with clean hands and heart regards
His neighbour and his God.

On him shall his indulgent Lord
Diffusive bounties shed;
From God his Saviour shall descend
All blessings on his head.

Of those who seek his righteous ways
Is this the chosen race,
Who bask in all his bounteous smiles,
And flourish in his grace.

Lift up your stately heads, ye doors,
With hasty reverence rise;
Ye everlasting doors! who guard
The passes of the skies.

Swift from your golden hinges leap,
Your barriers roll away,
Now throw your blazing portals wide,
And burst the gates of day.

For see! the King of Glory comes
Along th' ethereal road:
The cherubs through your folds shall bear
The triumphs of their God.

Who is this great and glorious King?
Oh! 'tis the Lord, whose might
Decides the conquest, and suspends
The balance of the fight.

Lift up your stately heads, ye doors!
With hasty reverence rise;
Ye everlasting doors! who guard
The passes of the skies.

Swift from your golden hinges leap,
Your barriers roll away,
Now throw your blazing portals wide,
And burst the gates of day;

For see! the King of Glory comes
Along th' ethereal road:
The cherubs through your folds shall bear
The triumphs of their God.

Who is this great and glorious King?
Oh! 'tis the God, whose care
Leads on his Israel to the field,
Whose power control the war.

§ 19. *Psalm 29th.* Pitt.

Ye mighty princes, your oblations bring,
And pay due honors to your awful King;
His boundless power to all the world proclaim,
Bend at his shrine, and tremble at his name.
For hark! his voice with unresisted sway,
Rules and controls the raging of the sea;
Within due bounds the mighty ocean keeps,
And in their watery cavern awes the deeps:
Shook by that voice, the nodding groves around
Start from their roots, and fly the dreadful sound.
The blasted cedars low in dust are laid,
And Lebanon is left without a shade.
See! when he speaks, the lofty mountains crowd,
And fly for shelter from the thundering God:
Sirion and Lebanon like hinds advance,
And in wild measures lead th' unwieldy dance.
His voice, his mighty voice, divides the fire,
Back from the blast the shrinking flames retire.
Ev'n Cades trembles when Jehovah speaks,
With all his Savages the desert shakes.
At the dread sound the hinds with fear are stung,
And in the lonely forest drop their young,
While in his hallow'd temple all proclaim
His glorious honors, and adore his name,
High o'er the foaming surges of the sea
He sits, and bids the listening deeps obey:
He reigns o'er all; for ever lasts his power
Till nature sinks, and time shall be no more.
With strength the sons of Israel shall he bless,
And crown our tribes with happiness and peace.

§ 20. *Psalm 46th paraphrased.* Pitt.

On God we build our sure defence,
In God our hope repose:
His hand protects us in the fight,
And guards us from our woes.

Then, be the Earth's unwieldy frame
From its foundation hurl'd,
We may, unmov'd with fear, enjoy
The ruins of the world.

What though the solid rocks be rent,
In tempests whirl'd away?
What though the hills shall burst their roots,
And roll into the sea?

Thou Sea, with dreadful tumults swell,
And bid thy waters rise
In furious surges, till they dash
The flood-gates of the skies.

Our minds shall be serene and calm,
Like Siloah's peaceful flood;
Whose soft and silver streams refresh
The City of our God.

Within the proud delighted waves
The wanton turrets play;
The streams lead down their humid train,
Reluctant to the sea.

Amid the scene the temple floats,
With its reflected towers,
Gilds all the surface of the flood,
And dances to the shores.

With wonder see what mighty power
Our sacred Sion cheers,
Lo! there amidst her stately walls,
Her God, her God appears!

Fixt on her basis we shall stand,
And, innocently proud,
Smile on the tumults of the world,
Beneath the wings of God.

See!

See! how their weakness to proclaim,
The heathen tribes engage!
See! how with fruitless wrath they burn,
And impotence of rage!

But God has spoke; and lo! the world,
His terrors to display,
With all the melting globe of earth,
Drops silently away.

Still to the mighty Lord of hosts
Securely we resort;
For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
Our succour and support.

Hither, ye numerous nations, crowd,
In silent rapture stand,
And see o'er all the earth display'd
The wonders of his hand.

He bids the din of war be still,
And all its tumults cease;
He bids the guiltless trumpet sound
The harmony of peace.

He breaks the rough reluctant bow,
He bursts the brazen spear,
And in the crackling fire his hand
Consumes the blazing car.

Hear then his formidable voice,
"Be still, and know the Lord:
"By all the heathen I'll be fear'd;
"By all the earth ador'd."

Still to the mighty Lord of hosts
Securely we resort;
For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
Our succour and support.

§ 21. *Psalm 90th paraphrased.* Pitt.

Thy hand, O Lord, through rolling years
Has sav'd us from despair,
From period down to period stretch'd
The prospects of thy care.

Before the world was first conceiv'd,
Before the pregnant earth
Call'd forth the mountains from her womb,
Who struggled to their birth;

Eternal God! thy early days
Beyond duration run,
Ere the first race of fleeting time
Was measur'd by the Sun.

We die; but future nations hear
Thy potent voice again,
Rise at the summons, and restore
The perish'd race of man.

Before thy comprehensive sight
Duration fleets away;
And rapid ages on the wing
Fly swifter than a day.

As great Jehovah's piercing eyes
Eternity explore,
The longest æra is a night;
A period is an hour.

We at thy mighty call, O Lord,
Our fancy'd beings leave,
Rous'd from the flattering dream of life,
To sleep within the grave.

Swift from their barrier to their goal
The rapid moments pass,
And leave poor man, for whom they run,
The emblem of the grass.

In the first morn of life it grows,
And lifts its verdant head;
At noon decays, at evening dies,
And withers in the mead.

We in the glories of thy face,
Our secret sins survey,
And see how gloomy those appear,
How pure and radiant they.

To death as our appointed goal
Thy anger drives us on:
To that full period fix'd at length
This tale of life is done.

With winged speed, to stated bounds
And limits we must fly,
While seventy rolling suns complete
Their circles in the sky.

Or if ten more around us roll,
'Tis labor, woe, and strife,
Till we at length are quite drawn down
To the last dregs of life.

But who, O Lord, regards thy wrath,
Though dreadful and severe?
That wrath, whatever fear he feels,
Is equal to his fear.

So teach us, Lord, to count our days,
And eye their constant race,
To measure what we want in time,
By wisdom, and by grace.

With us repent, and on our hearts
Thy choicest graces shed,
And shower from thy celestial throne
Thy blessings on our head.

Oh! may thy mercy crown us here,
And come without delay;
Then our whole course of life will seem
One glad triumphant day.

Now the blest years of joy restore,
For those of grief and strife,
And with one pleasant drop allay
This bitter draught of life.

Thy wonders to the world display,
Thy servants to adorn,
That may delight their future sons,
And children yet unborn;

Thy beams of Majesty diffuse,
With them thy great commands,
And bid prosperity attend
The labors of our hands.

§ 22. *Psalm 144th paraphrased.* Pitt.

My soul, in raptures rise to bless the Lord,
Who taught my hands to draw the fatal sword,
Led by his arm, undaunted I appear
In the first ranks of death, and front of war

He

He taught me first the pointed spear to wield,
And now the glorious harvest of the field.
By him inspir'd, from strength to strength I pass'd,
Plung'd through the troops, and laid the battle waste.
In him my hopes I center and repose,
He guards my life, and shields me from my foes.
He held his ample buckler o'er my head,
And screen'd me trembling in the mighty shade:
Against all hostile violence and power,
He was my sword, my bulwark, and my tower.
He o'er my people will maintain my sway,
And teach my willing subjects to obey.
Lord! what is man, of vile and humble birth,
Sprung with his kindred reptiles from the earth,
That he should thus thy secret counsels share?
Or what his son, who challenges thy care?
Why does thine eye regard this nothing, man?
His life a point, his measure but a span?
The fancy'd pageant of a moment made,
Swift as a dream, and fleeting as a shade.
Come in thy power, and leave th' ethereal plain,
And to thy harness'd tempest give the rein;
Yon starry arch shall bend beneath the load,
So loud the chariot, and so great the God!
Soon as his rapid wheels Jehovah rolls,
The folding skies shall tremble to the poles:
Heav'ns gaudy Axle with the world shall fall,
Leap from the centre, and unhinge the ball.
Touch'd by thy hands, the laboring hills expire
Thick clouds of smoke, and deluges of fire,
On the tall groves the red destroyer preys,
And wraps th' eternal mountains in the blaze:
Full on my foes may all thy lightnings fly,
On purple pinions through the gloomy sky.
Extend thy hand, thou kind all-gracious God,
Down from the heaven of heavens thy bright abode.
And shield me from my foes, whose towering pride
Lowers like a storm, and gathers like a tide:
Against strange children vindicate my cause,
Who curse thy name, and trample on thy laws;
Who fear not vengeance which they never felt,
Train'd to blaspheme, and eloquent in guilt:
Their hands are impious, and their deeds profane;
They plead their boasted innocence in vain.
Thy name shall dwell for ever on my tongue,
And guide the sacred numbers of my song:
To thee my Muse shall consecrate her lays,
And every note shall labor in thy praise;
The hallow'd theme shall teach me how to sing,
Swell on the lyre, and tremble on the string.
Oft has thy hand from fight the monarch led,
When death flew raging, and the battle bled;
And snatch'd thy servant in the last despair
From all the rising tumult of the war.
Against strange children vindicate my cause,
Who curse thy name, and trample on thy laws;
That our fair sons may smile in early bloom,
Our sons, the hopes of all our years to come:
Like plants that nurs'd by fostering showers arise,
And lift their spreading honors to the skies:
That our chaste daughters may their charms display,
Like the bright pillars of our temple, gay,
Polish'd, and tall, and smooth, and fair as they.

Pil'd up with plenty let our barns appear,
And burst with all the Seasons of the Year;
Let pregnant flocks in every quarter bleat,
And drop their tender young in every street.
Safe from their labors may our oxen come,
Safe may they bring the gather'd summer home.
Oh! may no sighs, no streams of sorrow flow,
To stain our triumphs with the tears of woe.
Blest is the nation, how sincerely blest!
Of such unbounded happiness possest,
To whom Jehovah's sacred name is known,
Who claim the God of Israel for their own.

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§ 23. *The 3d Chapter of Job.* Pitt.

Job curs'd his birth, and bade his curses flow
In words of grief, and eloquence of woe:
Lost be that day which dragg'd me to my doom,
Recent to life, and struggling from the womb;
Whose beams with such malignant lustre shone,
Whence all my years in anxious circles run.
Lost be that night in undetermin'd space,
And veil with deeper shades her gloomy face,
Which crowded up with woes this slender span,
While the dull mass rose quick'ning into man.
O'er that curs'd day let sable darkness rise,
Shroud the blue vault, and blacken all the skies;
May God o'erlook it from his heavenly throne,
Nor rouse from sleep the sedentary sun,
O'er its dark face to shed his genial ray,
And warm to joy the melancholy day.
May the clouds frown, and livid poisons breathe,
And stain heaven's azure with the shade of death.
May ten-fold darkness from that dreadful night
Seize and arrest the straggling gleams of light;
To pay due vengeance for its fatal crime,
Still be it banish'd from the train of time;
Nor in the radiant list of months appear,
To stain the shining circle of the year:
There through her dusky range may silence roam,
There may no ray, no glimpse of gladness come;
No voice to cheer the solitary gloom.
May every star his gaudy light with-hold;
Nor through the vapour shoot his beamy gold;
Nor let the dawn with radiant skirts come on,
Tipp'd with the glories of the rising sun;
Because that dreadful period fix'd my doom,
Nor seal'd the dark recesses of the womb.
To that original my ills I owe;
Heir of affliction, and the son of woe.
Oh! had I died unexercis'd in pain,
And wak'd to life, to sleep in death again!
Why did not Fate attend me at my birth,
And give me back to my congenial earth?
Why was I, when an infant, sooth'd to rest,
Lull'd on the knee, or hung upon the breast?
For now the grave would all my cares compose,
Conceal my sorrows, and inter my woes:
There wrapp'd and lock'd within his cold embrace,
Safe had I slumber'd in the arms of peace;
There with the mighty kings, who lie inroll'd
In clouds of incense, and in beds of gold:

There

There with the princes, who in grandeur shone,
And aw'd the trembling nations from the throne,
Afflicted Job an equal rest must have,
And share the dark retirement of the grave;
Or as a shapeless embryo seek the tomb,
Rude and imperfect from the abortive womb:
Ere motion's early principle began,
Or the dim substance kindled into man. [cease,
There from their monstrous crimes the wicked
Their laboring guilt is weary'd into peace;
There blended sleep the coward and the brave;
Stretch'd with his lord, the undistinguish'd slave
Enjoys the common refuge of the grave.
An equal lot the mighty victor shares,
And lies amidst the captives of his wars;
With his, those captives mingle their remains,
The same in death, nor lessen'd by their chains.
Why are we doom'd to view the genial ray?
Why curs'd to bear the painful light of day?
O! with what joy the wretches yield their breath,
And pant in bitterness of soul for death!
As a rich prize the distant bliss they crave,
And find the glorious treasure in the grave.
Why is the wretch condemn'd without relief
To combat woe, and tread the round of grief,
Whom in the toils of fate his God has bound,
And drawn the line of miseries around?
When nature calls for aid, my sighs intrude,
My tears prevent my necessary food:
Like a full stream o'ercharg'd my sorrows flow,
In bursts of anguish, and a tide of woe;
For now the dire affliction which I fled,
Pours like a roaring torrent on my head.
My terrors still, the phantom view'd, and wrought
The dreadful image into every thought:
At length pluck'd down, the fatal stroke I feel,
And lose the fancy'd in the real ill.

§ 24. *The 25th Chapter of Job paraphrased.* Pitt.

Then will vain man complain and murmur still,
And stand on terms with his Creator's will?
Shall this high privilege to clay be given?
Shall dust arraign the providence of Heaven?
With reason's line the boundless distance scan?
Oppose Heav'n's awful majesty to man?
To what a length his vast dimensions run!
How far beyond the journeys of the sun!
He hung yon golden balls of light on high,
And launch'd the planets through the liquid sky:
To rolling worlds he mark'd the certain space,
Fix'd and sustain'd the elemental peace.
Unnumber'd as those worlds his armies move,
And the gay legions guard his realms above;
High o'er th' ethereal plains the myriads rise,
And pour their flaming ranks along the skies:
From their bright arms incessant splendors stream,
And the wide azure kindles with the gleam.
To this low world he bids the light repair,
Down through the gulphs of undulating air;
For man he taught the glorious sun to roll
From his bright barrier to his western goal.
How then shall man, thus insolently proud,
Plead with his judge, and combat with his God?
How from his mortal mother can he come
Unstain'd from sin, untinctur'd from the womb?
The Lord, from his sublime empyreal throne,
As a dark globe regards the silver moon.
Those stars, that grace the wide celestial plain,
Are but the humblest sweepings of his train,
Dim are the brightest splendors of the sky;
And the sun darkens in Jehovah's eye
But does not sin diffuse a fouler stain,
And thicker darkness cloud the soul of man?
Shall he the depths of endless wisdom know?
This short-liv'd sovereign of the world below?
His frail original confounds his boast, [dust.
Sprung from the ground, and quicken'd from the

§ 25. *The Song of Moses in the Fifteenth Chapter of Exodus, paraphrased.* Pitt.

Then to the Lord the vast triumphant throng
Of Israel's sons, with Moses, rais'd the song.
To God our grateful accents will we raise,
And ev'ry tongue shall celebrate his praise:
Behold display'd the wonders of his might;
Behold the Lord triumphant in the fight!
With what immortal fame and glory grac'd!
What trophies rais'd amid the watery waste!
How did his power the steeds and riders sweep
Ingulph'd in heaps, and whelm'd beneath the deep!
Whom should we fear, while he, heaven's awful Lord,
Unsheaths for Israel his avenging sword? [Lord,
His outstretch'd arm, and tutelary care,
Guarded and sav'd us in the last despair:
His mercy eas'd us from our circling pains,
Unbound our shackles, and unlock'd our chains.
To him our God, our father's God, we'll rear
A sacred temple, and adore him there
With vows and incense, sacrifice and prayer.
The Lord commands in war: his matchless might
Hangs out and guides the balance of the fight:
By him the war the mighty leaders form,
And teach the hovering tumult where to storm.
His name, O Israel, heaven's eternal Lord,
For ever honor'd, reverenc'd, and ador'd.
When to the fight, from Egypt's fruitful soil,
Pour'd forth in myriads all the sons of Nile;
The Lord o'erthrew the courser and the car,
Sunk Pharoah's pride, and overwhelm'd his war.
Beneath th' encumber'd deeps his legions lay,
For many a league impurpling all the sea:
The chiefs, and steeds, and warriors whirl'd around,
Lay 'midst the roarings of the surges drown'd.
Who shall thy power, thou mighty God, withstand,
And check the force of thy victorious hand?
Thy hand, which red with wrath in terror rose,
To crush that day thy proud Egyptian foes.
Struck by that hand, their drooping squadrons fall,
Crowding in death; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
Soon as thy anger charg'd with vengeance came,
They sunk like stubble crackling in the flame.

At

At thy dread voice the summon'd billows crowd
And a still silence lulls the wondering flood:
Roll'd up, the chrystal ridges strike the skies,
Waves peep o'er waves, and seas o'er seas arise.
Around in heaps the listening surges stand,
Mute and observant of the high command.
Congeal'd with fear attends the watery train,
Rous'd from the secret chambers of the main.

With savage joy the sons of Egypt cry'd,
(Vast were their hopes, and boundless was their pride)
Let us pursue those fugitives of Nile,
This servile nation, and divide the spoil;
And spread so wide the slaughter, till their blood
Dyes with a stronger red the blushing flood.
Oh! what a copious prey their hosts afford,
To glut and fatten the devouring sword!

As thus the yawning gulf the boasters pass'd,
At thy command rush'd forth the rapid blast,
Then, at the signal given, with dreadful sway,
In one huge heap roll'd down the roaring sea;
And now the disentangled waves divide,
Unlock their folds, and thaw the frozen tide.
The deeps alarm'd call terribly from far
The loud, embattled surges to the war,
Till her proud sons astonish'd Egypt found
Cover'd with billows, and in tempests drown'd.

What God can emulate thy power divine,
Or who oppose his miracles to thine?
When joyful we adore thy glorious name,
Thy trembling foes confess their fear and shame;
The world attends thy absolute command,
And nature waits the wonders of thine hand.
That hand, extended o'er the swelling sea,
The conscious billows reverence and obey.
O'er the devoted race the surges sweep,
And whelm the guilty nation in the deep.
That hand redeem'd us from our servile toil,
And each insulting tyrant of the Nile:
Our nation came beneath that mighty hand,
From Egypt's realms, to Canaan's sacred land.
Thou wert their Guide, their Saviour, and their God,
To smooth the way, and clear their dreadful road.
The distant kingdoms shall thy wonders hear,
The fierce Philistines shall confess their fear;
Thy fame shall over Edom's princes spread,
And Moab's kings, the universal dread;
While the vast scenes of miracles impart
A thrilling horror to the bravest heart.
As through the world the gathering terror runs,
Canaan shall shrink, and tremble for his sons:
Till thou hast Jacob from his bondage brought,
At such a vast expence of wonders bought,
To Canaan's promis'd realms and blest abodes,
Led through the dark recesses of the floods.
Crown'd with their tribes shall proud Moriah rise,
And rear his summit nearer to the skies.

Through ages, Lord, shall stretch thy boundless power,
Thy throne shall stand when time shall be no more:
For Pharaoh's steeds, and cars, and warlike train,
Leap'd in, and boldly rang'd the sandy plain:
While in the dreadful road, and desert way,
The shining crowds of gasping fishes lay:
Till, all around with liquid toils beset,
The Lord swept o'er their heads the watery net.
He freed the ocean from his secret chain, [main.
And on each hand discharg'd the thundering
The loosen'd billows burst from every side,
And whelm the war and warriors in the tide;
But on each hand the solid billows stood,
Like lofty mounds to check the raging flood;
Till the blest race to promis'd Canaan pass'd
O'er the dry path, and trod the watery waste.

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§ 26. *The 139th Psalm paraphrased.* Pitt.

O DREAD Jehovah! thy all-piercing eyes
Explore the motions of this mortal frame,
This tenement of dust: Thy stretching sight
Surveys the harmonious principles, that move
In beauteous rank and order, to inform
This cask, and animated mass of clay.
Nor are the prospects of thy wond'rous sight
To this terrestrial part of man confin'd;
But shoot into his soul, and there discern
The first materials of unfashion'd thought,
Yet dim and undigested, till the mind,
Big with the tender images, expands,
And, swelling, labors with th' ideal birth.
Where'er I move, thy cares pursue my feet
Attendant. When I drink the dews of sleep,
Stretch'd on my downy bed, and there enjoy
A sweet forgetfulness of all my toils,
Unseen, thy sov'reign presence guards my sleep,
Wafts all the terrors of my dreams away,
Sooths all my soul, and softens my repose.
Before conception can employ the tongue,
And mould the ductile images to sound;
Before imagination stands display'd,
Thine eye the future eloquence can read.
Yet unarray'd with speech. Thou, mighty Lord!
Hast moulded man from his congenial dust,
And spoke him into being; while the clay,
Beneath thy forming hand, leap'd forth, inspir'd,
And started into life: through every part,
At thy command, the wheels of motion play'd.
But such exalted knowledge leaves below,
And drops poor man from its superior sphere.

In vain, with reason's ballast, would he try
To stem th' unfathomable depth: his bark
O'erse ts, and founders in the vast abyss.
Then whither shall the rapid fancy run,
Though in its full career, to speed my flight
From thy unbounded presence? which, alone,
Fills all the regions and extended space
Beyond the bounds of nature! Whither, Lord!
Shall my unrein'd imagination rove,
To leave behind thy Spirit, and out-fly [spread,
Its influence, which, with brooding wings out-
Hatch'd unfledg'd nature from the dark profound?

If mounted on my tow'ring thoughts I climb
Into the heaven of heavens, I there behold
The blaze of thy unclouded majesty!
In the pure empyrean thee I view,
High thron'd above all height, thy radiant shrine
Throng'd with the prostrate Seraphs, who receive
Beatitude past utterance! If I plunge

Down

Down to the gloom of Tartarus profound,
There too I find thee, in the lowest bounds
Of Erebus, and read thee in the scenes
Of complicated wrath: I see thee clad
In all the majesty of darkness there.
If, on the ruddy morning's purple wings
Upborne, with indefatigable course
I seek the glowing borders of the east,
Where the bright sun, emerging from the deeps,
With his first glories gilds the sparkling seas,
And trembles o'er the waves; ev'n there thy hand
Shall thro' the watery desert guide my course,
And o'er the broken surges pave my way,
While on the dreadful whirls I hang secure,
And mock the warring ocean. If, with hopes
As fond as false, the darkness I expect
To hide, and wrap me in its mantling shade,
Vain were the thought; for thy unbounded ken
Darts thro' the thick'ning gloom, and pries thro'
The palpable obscure. Before thy eyes [all
The vanquish'd night throws off her dusky shrowd,
And kindles into day: the shade and light
To man still various, but the same to thee.
On thee is all the structure of my frame
Dependant. Lock'd within the silent womb
Sleeping I lay, and rip'ning to my birth; [there;
Yet, Lord, thy outstretch'd arm preserv'd me
Before I mov'd to entity, and trod
The verge of being. To thy hallow'd name
I'll pay due honors; for thy mighty hand
Built this corporeal fabric, when it laid
The ground-work of existence. Hence I read
The wonders of thy art. This frame I view
With terror and delight; and, wrapt in both,
I startle at myself. My bones, unform'd
As yet, nor hardening from the viscous parts,
But blended with th' unanimated mass,
Thy eye distinctly view'd; and, while I lay
Within the earth, imperfect, nor perceiv'd
The first faint dawn of life, with ease survey'd
The vital glimmerings of the active seeds,
Just kindling to existence, and beheld
My substance scarce material. In thy book
Was the fair model of this structure drawn,
Where every part, in just connection join'd,
Compos'd and perfected th' harmonious piece,
Ere the dim speck of being learn'd to stretch
Its ductile form, or entity had known
To range and wanton in an ampler space.
How dear, how rooted in my inmost soul,
Are all thy counsels, and the various ways
Of thy eternal providence! the sum
So boundless and immense, it leaves behind
The low account of numbers: and outflies
All that imagination e'er conceiv'd: [shores,
Less numerous are the sands that crowd the
The barriers of the ocean. When I rise
From my soft bed, and softer joys of sleep,
I rise to thee. Yet lo! the impious flight
Thy mighty wonders. Shall the sons of vice
Elude the vengeance of thy wrathful hand,
And mock thy ling'ring thunder which withhold
Its forky terrors from their guilty heads? [fly
Thou great tremendous God! — Avaunt, and
All ye who thirst for blood! — for swoln with pride,
Each haughty wretch blasphemes thy sacred name,
And bellows his approaches to affront
Thy glorious Majesty. Thy foes I hate
Worse than my own. O Lord! explore my soul!
See if a flaw or stain of sin infects
My guilty thoughts; then, lead me in the way
That guides my feet to thy own heaven and thee.

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§ 27. *An Hymn to the Supreme Being. An Imitation of the 104th Psalm.* Blacklock.

Quid prius dicam solitas parentis
Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare & terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis? Hor.

Arise, my soul! on wings seraphic rise!
And praise th' almighty Sov'reign of the skies;
In whom alone essential glory shines,
Which not the heav'n of heav'ns, nor boundless
space confines.
When darkness rul'd with universal sway,
He spoke, and kindled up the blaze of day;
First, fairest offspring of th' omnific word!
Which like a garment cloth'd its sov'reign Lord.
On liquid air he bade the columns rise,
That prop the starry concave of the skies;
Diffus'd the blue expanse from pole to pole,
And spread circumfluent æther round the whole.
Soon as he bids impetuous tempests fly,
To wing his sounding chariot thro' the sky,
Impetuous tempests the command obey,
Sustain his flight, and sweep th' aërial way.
Fraught with his mandates, from the realms on
Unnumber'd hosts of radiant heralds fly [high,
From orb to orb, with progress uncomin'd,
As lightning swift, resistless as the wind.
In ambient air this pond'rous ball he hung,
And bade its centre rest for ever strong;
Heav'n, air, and sea, with all their storms in vain
Assault the basis of the firm machine.
At thy Almighty voice old Ocean raves,
Wakes all his force, and gathers all his waves;
Nature lies mantled in a wat'ry robe,
And shoreless billows revel round the globe:
O'er highest hills the higher surges rise,
Mix with the clouds, and meet the fluid skies.
But when in thunder the rebuke was giv'n,
That shook th' eternal firmament of heav'n;
The grand rebuke th' affrighted waves obey,
And in confusion scour their uncouth way;
And posting rapid to the place decreed,
Winddown the hills, and sweep the humble mead.
Reluctant in their bounds the waves subside;
The bounds, impervious to the lashing tide,
Restrain its rage; whilst, with incessant roar,
It shakes the caverns, and assaults the shore.
By him, from mountains cloth'd in lucid snow,
Through fertile vales the mazy rivers flow.
Here the wild horse, unconscious of the rein,
That revels boundless o'er the wide campaign,
Imbibes the silver surge, with heat opprest,
To cool the fever of his glowing breast.

Here

Here rising boughs, adorn'd with summer's pride,
Project their waving umbrage o'er the tide;
While, gently perching on the leafy spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his various lay:
And, while thy praise they symphonise around,
Creation echoes to the grateful sound.
Wide o'er the heavens the various bow he bends,
Its tinctures brighten, and its arch extends:
At the glad sign the airy conduits flow,
Soften the hills, and cheer the meads below:
By genial fervor and prolific rain,
Swift vegetation clothes the smiling plain:
Nature, profusely good, with bliss o'erflows,
And still is pregnant, tho' she still bestows.
Here verdant pastures wide extended lie,
And yield the grazing herd exuberant supply.
Luxuriant waving in the wanton air,
Here golden grain rewards the peasant's care:
Here vines mature with fresh carnation glow,
And heav'n above diffuses heav'n below.
Erect and tall here mountain cedars rise,
Wave in the starry vault, and emulate the skies.
Here the wing'd crowd, that skim the yielding air,
With artful toil their little domes prepare;
Here hatch their tender young, and nurse the rising care.
Up the steep hill ascends the nimble doe,
While timid coneys scour the plains below,
Or in the pendent rock elude the scenting foe.
He bade the silver majesty of night
Revolve her circles, and increase her light;
Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere,
And taught the sun to regulate the year.
At his command, wide hov'ring o'er the plain,
Primeval night resumes her gloomy reign:
Then from their dens, impatient of delay,
The savage monsters bend their speedy way,
Howl thro' the spacious waste, and chase their frighted prey.
Here stalks the shaggy monarch of the wood,
Taught from thy providence to ask his food!
To thee, O Father, to thy bounteous skies,
He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes:
He roars; the desert trembles wide around,
And repercussive hills repeat the sound.
Now orient gems the eastern skies adorn,
And joyful nature hails the op'ning morn:
The rovers, conscious of approaching day,
Fly to their shelters, and forget their prey.
Laborious man, with moderate slumber blest,
Springs cheerful to his toil from downy rest;
Till grateful evening with her argent train,
Bid labour cease, and ease the weary swain.
"Hail sov'reign goodness! all-productive mind!
On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find:
How various all, how variously endow'd,
How great their number; and each part how good!
How perfect then must the great Parent shine,
Who with one act of energy divine,
Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design!"
Where'er the pleasing search my thoughts pursue,
Unbounded goodness rises to my view;
Nor does our world alone its influence share;
Exhaustless bounty, and unwearied care
Extends thro' all th' infinitude of space,
And circles nature with a kind embrace.
The azure kingdoms of the deep below,
Thy pow'r, thy wisdom, and thy goodness show:
Here multitudes of various beings stray,
Crowd the profound, or on the surface play:
Tall navies here their doubtful way explore,
And ev'ry product waft from shore to shore;
Hence meagre want expell'd and sanguine strife,
For the mild charms of cultivated life;
Hence social union spreads from soul to soul,
And India joins in friendship with the pole.
Here the huge potent of the scaly train
Enormous sails incumbent o'er the main,
An animated isle! and, in his way,
Dashes to heaven's blue arch the foamy sea;
When skies and ocean mingle storm and flame,
Portending instant wreck to nature's frame,
Pleas'd in the scene, he mocks, with conscious pride;
The volly'd lightning, and the surging tide;
And while the wrathful elements engage,
Foments with horrid sport the tempest's rage.
All these thy watchful providence supplies,
To thee alone they turn their waiting eyes;
For them thou open'st thy exhaustless store,
Till the capacious wish can grasp no more.
But, if one moment thou thy face should'st hide,
Thy glory clouded, or thy smiles deny'd,
Then widow'd nature veils her mournful eyes,
And vents her grief in universal cries:
Then gloomy death, with all his meagre train,
Wide o'er the nations spreads his dismal reign;
Sea, earth, and air, the boundless ravage mourn,
And all their hosts to native dust return.
But when again thy glory is display'd,
Reviv'd creation lifts her cheerful head;
New rising forms thy potent smiles obey,
And life rekindles at the genial ray;
United thanks replenish'd nature pays,
And heav'n and earth resound their Maker's praise.
When time shall in eternity be lost,
And hoary nature languish into dust,
For ever young, thy glory shall remain,
Vast as thy being, endless as thy reign.
Thou from the regions of eternal day,
View'st all thy works at one immense survey;
Pleas'd thou behold'st the whole propensely tend
To perfect happiness, its glorious end.
If thou to earth but turn thy wrathful eyes,
Her basis trembles, and her offspring dies:
Thou smit'st the hills, and at th' Almighty blow
Their summits kindle, and their inwards glow.
While this immortal spark of heav'nly flame
Distends my breast and animates my frame:
To thee my ardent praises shall be borne
On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn;
The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,
And nature in full choir shall join around.
When full of thee my soul excursive flies
Thro' earth, air, ocean, or thy regal skies,

From

From world to world new wonders still I find,
And all the Godhead flashes on my mind;
When wing'd with whirlwinds, vice shall take its flight
To the deep bosom of eternal night,
To thee my soul shall endless praises pay:
Join, men and angels, join th' exalted lay!

§ 28. *Another Hymn.* Anon.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise!

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart,
When waves on waves, and gulphs in gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
While in the confidence of pray'r
My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

§ 29. *Another Hymn.* Anon.

When rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O! how shall I appear?

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgement on my soul,
O! how shall I appear?

But thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late:
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died
To make that pardon sure.

§ 30. *A Hymn on the Seasons.* Thomson.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields: the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow whisp'ring gales,
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with rude inconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds ev'ry creature; hurls the tempest forth
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature attend! join every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and ardent raise
One general song! To him ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh talk of him in solitary glooms,
Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe!

And

And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heav'n
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound:
Ye softer floods that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring fall.
So roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heav'n, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! blest image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands, all awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye chief for whom the whole creation smiles;
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men to the deep organ join
The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base;
And as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to heav'n.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove:
There let the shepherd's flute the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows; the Summer ray
Russets the plain; *inspiring* Autumn gleams;
Or Winter rises in the blackening east:
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me:
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital spreads, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where universal love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns:
From *seeming evil* still educing good,
And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
In infinite progression.—But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

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§ 31. *Hymn to Humanity.* Langhorne.

1

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet humanity!

2.

Come, ever welcome to my breast!
A tender, but a cheerful guest.
Nor always in the gloomy cell
Of life-consuming sorrow dwell;
For sorrow, long-indulg'd and slow,
Is to Humanity a foe;
And grief, that makes the heart its prey,
Wears Sensibility away,
Then comes, sweet nymph, instead of thee,
The gloomy fiend, Stupidity.

3.

O may that fiend be banished far,
Though passions hold eternal war!
Nor ever let me cease to know
The pulse that throbs at joy or woe.
Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
When sorrow fills a brother's eye;
Nor may the tear that frequent flows
From private or from social woes,
E'er make this pleasing sense depart,
Ye Cares, O harden not my heart!

4.

If the fair star of fortune smile,
Let not its flattering power beguile;
Nor, borne along the fav'ring tide,
My full sails swell with bloating pride.
Let me from wealth but hope content,
Remembering still it was but lent;
To modest merit spread my store,
Unbar my hospitable door;
Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,
While want unpitied pines in vain.

5.

If Heaven, in every purpose wise,
The envied lot of wealth denies;
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Through poverty's uneven road,
And, for the due bread of the day,
Destin'd to toil as well as pray;
To thee, Humanity, still true,
I'll wish the good I cannot do;
And give the wretch, that passes by,
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

6. How

6.

Howe'er exalted, or deprest,
Be ever mine the feeling breast
From me remove the stagnant mind
Of languid indolence, reclin'd;
The soul that one long sabbath keeps,
And through the sun's whole circle sleeps;
Dull Peace, that dwells in Folly's eye,
And self-attending Vanity.
Alike, the foolish and the vain
Are strangers to the sense humane.

7.

O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,
When the prophetic eye survey'd
Sion in future ashes laid;
Or, rais'd to heaven, implor'd the bread
That thousands in the desert fed!
Or, when the heart o'er friendship's grave
Sigh'd—and forgot its power to save——
O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught thy holy tear to flow.

8.

It comes: It fills my labouring breast,
I feel my beating heart oppress.
Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!
See her dim eye! her aspect pale!
To heaven she turns in deep despair,
Her infants wonder at her prayer,
And, mingling tears they know not why,
Lift up their little hands, and cry.
O God! their moving sorrows see!
Support them, sweet Humanity!

9.

Life, fill'd with grief's distressful train,
For ever asks the tear humane.
Behold in yon unconscious grove
The victims of ill-fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is not romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part—to meet no more.
Assist them, hearts from anguish free!
Assist them, sweet Humanity!

10.

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to Sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry,
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

§ 33. Epistle II.

To William Langhorne, M.A. 1760.

Light heard his voice, and, eager to obey,
From all her orient fountains burst away.
At Nature's birth, O! had the power divine
Commanded thus the moral sun to shine,
Beam'd on the mind all reason's influence bright,
And the full day of intellectual light,
Then the free soul on Truth's strong pinion borne,
Had never languish'd in this shade forlorn.
Yet thus imperfect form'd, thus blind and vain,
Doom'd by long toil a glimpse of truth to gain;
Beyond its sphere shall human wisdom go,
And boldly censure what it cannot know?
'Tis ours to cherish what Heav'n deign'd to give,
And thankful for the gift of being live.
Progressive powers, and faculties that rise
From earth's low vale, to grasp the golden skies,
Though distant far from perfect, good, or fair,
Claim the due thought, and ask the grateful care.
Come, then, thou partner of my life and name,
From one dear source, whom Nature form'd the same,
Ally'd more nearly in each nobler part,
And more the friend, than brother of my heart!
Let us, unlike the lucid twins that rise
At different times, and shine in distant skies,
With mutual eye this mental world survey,
Mark the slow rise of intellectual day,
View reason's source, if man the source may find,
And trace each Science that exalts the mind.
"Thou self-appointed lord of all below!
Ambitious man, how little dost thou know?
For once let Fancy's towering thoughts subside,
Look on thy birth, and mortify thy pride!
A plaintive wretch, so blind, so helpless born,
The brute sagacious might behold with scorn.
How soon, when Nature gives him to the day,
In strength exulting, does he bound away;
By instinct led, the fostering teat he finds,
Sports in the ray, and shuns the searching winds.
No grief he knows, he feels no groundless fear,
Feeds without cries, and sleeps without a tear.
Did he but know to reason and compare,
See here the vassal, and the master there,
What strange reflections must the scene afford,
That shew'd the weakness of his puling Lord!"
Thus sophistry unfolds her specious plan,
Form'd not to humble, but depreciate man.
Unjust the censure, if unjust to rate
His pow'rs and merits from his infant-state.
For, grant the children of the flow'ry vale
By instinct wiser, and of limbs more hale,
With equal eye their perfect state explore,
And all the vain comparison 's no more.
"But why should life, so short by Heav'n ordain'd,
Be long to thoughtless infancy restrain'd—
To thoughtless infancy, or vainly sage,
Mourn through the languors of declining age?"
O blind to truth! to Nature's wisdom blind!
And all that she directs, or Heav'n design'd!
Behold her works in cities, plains and groves,
Or life that vegetates, and life that moves!
In due proportion, as each being stays
In perfect life, it rises and decays
Is man long helpless? Through each tender hour,
See love parental watch the blooming flow'r!
By op'ning charms, by beauties fresh display'd,
And sweets unfolding, see that love repaid!
Has age its pains? For luxury it may—
The temp'rate wear insensibly away,
While sage experience and reflection clear
Beam a gay sunshine on life's fading year.

But see from age, from infant weakness see,
That man was destin'd for society;
There from those ills a safe retreat behold,
Which young might vanquish, or afflict him old.

"That, in proportion as each being stays
In perfect life, it rises and decays—
Is Nature's law—to forms alone confin'd,
The laws of matter act not on the Mind.
Too feebly, sure, its faculties must grow,
And Reason brings her borrow'd light too slow."

O! still censorious? art thou then possest
Of reason's power, and does she rule thy breast?
Say what the use—had Providence assign'd
To infant years maturity of mind?
That thy pert offspring, as their father wise,
Might scorn thy precepts, and thy pow'r despise?
Or mourn, with ill-match'd faculties at strife,
O'er limbs unequal to the task of life?
To feel more sensibly the woes that wait
On every period, as on every state;
And slight, sad convicts of each painful truth,
The happier trifles of unthinking youth?

Conclude we then the progress of the mind
Ordain'd by wisdom infinitely kind:
No innate knowledge on the soul imprest,
No birthright instinct acting in the breast,
No natal light, no beam from Heav'n display'd,
Dart through the darkness of the mental shade.
Perceptive powers we hold from Heav'n's decree,
Alike to knowledge as to virtue free,
In both a liberal agency we bear,
The moral here, the intellectual there;
And hence in both an equal joy is known,
The conscious pleasure of an act our own.

When first the trembling eye receives the day,
External forms on young perception play;
External forms affect the mind alone,
Their diff'rent pow'rs and properties unknown.
See the pleas'd infant court the flaming brand,
Eager to grasp the glory in its hand!
The crystal wave as eager to pervade,
Stretch its fond arms to meet the smiling shade!
When Memory's call the mimic words obey,
And wing the thought that falters on its way;
When wise experience her slow verdict draws,
The sure effect exploring in the Cause,
In Nature's rude, but not unfruitful wild,
Reflection springs, and Reason is her child.
On her fair stock the blooming scyon grows,
And brighter through revolving seasons blows.
All beauteous flower! immortal shalt thou shine,
When dim with age yon golden orbs decline;
Thy orient bloom, unconscious of decay,
Shall spread, and flourish in eternal day.

O! with what art, my friend, what early care,
Should wisdom cultivate a plant so fair!
How should her eye the rip'ning mind revise,
And blast the buds of folly as they rise!
How should her hand with industry restrain
The thriving growth of passion's fruitful train,
Aspiring weeds, whose lofty arms would tow'r
With fatal shade o'er reason's tender flow'r!

From low pursuits the ductile mind to save,
Creeds that contract, and vices that enslave;
O'er life's rough seas its doubtful course to steer,
Unbroke by av'rice, bigotry, or fear!
For this fair Science spreads her light afar,
And fills the bright urn of her eastern star.
The liberal power in no sequester'd cells,
No moonshine-courts of dreaming schoolmen dwells;
Distinguish'd far her lofty temple stands,
Where the tall mountain looks o'er distant lands,
All round her throne the graceful arts appear,
That boast the empire of the eye or ear
See favour'd first, and nearest to the throne
By the rapt mien of musing Silence known,
Fled from herself, the Pow'r of Numbers plac'd,
Her wild thoughts watch'd by Harmony and Taste.

There (but at distance never meant to vie),
The full-form'd image glancing on her eye,
See lively Painting! on her various face,
Quick-gliding forms a moment find a place;
She looks, she acts the character she gives,
And a new feature in each feature lives.
See Attic ease in Sculpture's graceful air,
Half loose her robe, and half unbound her hair;
To life, to life, she smiling seems to call,
And down her fair hands negligently fall.
Last, but not meanest, of the glorious choir,
See Music, list'ning to an angel's lyre.
Simplicity, their beauteous handmaid, drest
By Nature, bears a field-flower on her breast.
O Arts divine! O magic Powers that move
The springs of truth, enlarging truth and love!
Lost in their charms each mean attachment ends,
And Taste and Knowledge thus are Virtue's friends.

Thus nature deigns to sympathize with art,
And leads the moral beauty to the heart;
There, only there, that strong attraction lies,
Which makes the soul, and bids her graces rise,
Lives in those powers of harmony that bind
Congenial hearts, and stretch from mind to mind:
Glow'd in that warmth, that social kindness gave,
Which once—the rest is silence and the grave.
O tears, that warm from wounded friendship flow!
O thoughts, that wake to monuments of woe!
Reflection keen, that points the painful dart;
Mem'ry, that speeds its passage to the heart;
Sad monitors, your cruel power suspend,
And hide, for ever hide, the buried friend:
—In vain—confest I see my Craufurd stand,
And the pen falls—falls from my trembling hand;
E'en death's dim shadow seeks to hide, in vain,
That lib'ral aspect, and that smile humane;
E'en Death's dim shadow wears a languid light,
And his eye beams through everlasting night.
Till the last sigh of Genius shall expire,
His keen eye faded, and extinct his fire,
Till time, in league with Envy and with Death,
Blast the skill'd hand, and stop the tuneful breath,

My

My Craufurd still shall claim the mournful song,
So long remember'd, and bewail'd so long.

§ 34. *The Universal Prayer.* Pope.

Deo. Opt. Max.

Father of All! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime, ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun;
That more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath,
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life, or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot.
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not;
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's incense rise!

§ 35. *Messiah, a Sacred Eclogue.* Pope.

Ye Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song;
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more. — O Thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies;
Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move;
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and antient fraud shall fail,
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light auspicious Babe, be born!
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance;
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply:
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye vallies, rise!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by antient bards foretold;
Hear him, ye deaf! and, all ye blind behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear:
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a plough-share end.

Then palaces shall rise: the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun:
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren desarts, with surprise,
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods,
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed. [mead,
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd the green lustre of their scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes;
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabean springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn,
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains:
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

§ 36. *The Prize of Virtue.* Pope.

WHAT nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach-and-six?
Justice a conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish Man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife!
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires for a godlike mind;
Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtue's of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute or trust,
Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
Oh fool; to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover, and the love of human kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

§ 37. *An Elegy, written in a Country Church-Yard.* Gray.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the Moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her antient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, [heap,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn, [shed,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their teams afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke;

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise.
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire:
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen.
And waste its sweetness on the desart air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little-tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest.
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone [fin'd;
Their growing virtues, but their crimes con-
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. [deck'd

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd
The place of fame and elegy supply: [muse,
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
Ev'n from the tomb, the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

The next, with dirges due, in sad array, [borne:
Slow thro' the church-yard path we saw him
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown,
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear; [a friend.
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd)
No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

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§ 38. *Death. Dr.* Porteus, *Bp. of London.*

Friend to the wretch whom every friend forsakes,
I woo thee, Death! In fancy's fairy paths
Let the gay songster rove, and gently trill
The strain of empty joy. Life and its joys
I leave to those that prize them. At this hour,
This solemn hour, when silence rules the world,
And wearied nature makes a gen'ral pause;
Wrapt in night's sable robe, through cloysters
And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng [drear
Of meagre phantoms shooting cross my path
With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale
Of Death. Deep in a murky cave's recess,
Lav'd by oblivion's listless stream, and fenc'd
By shelving rocks, and intermingled horrors
Of yew and cypress shade, from all intrusion
Of busy noontide beam, the Monarch sits
In unsubstantial majesty enthron'd.
At his right hand, nearest himself in place
And frightfulness of form his parent Sin
With fatal industry and cruel care
Busies herself in pointing all his strings,
And tipping every shaft with venom drawn
From her infernal store: around him rang'd
In terrible array, and mixture strange
Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread Ministers.
Foremost Old Age, his natural ally
And firmest friend: next him Diseases thick,
A motley train; Fever, with cheek of fire;
Consumption wan; Palsy, half warm with life,
And half a clay-clod lump; joint-tort'ring Gout,
And ever-gnawing Rheum; Convulsion wild;
Swoln Dropsy; panting Asthma; Apoplex
Full-gorg'd. There too the Pestilence that walks
In darkness, and the Sickness that destroys

At broad noon-day. These, and a thousand more,
Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and, when
By Heav'n's command Death waves his ebon wand,
Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose,
And scatter desolation o'er the Earth.
Ill-fated Man, for whom such various forms
Of mis'ry wait, and mark their future prey;
Ah! why, all-righteous Father, didst thou make
This creature, Man? why make th' unconscious dust
To life and wretchedness? O better far
Still had he slept in uncreated night,
If this the lot of Being! Was it for this
Thy breath divine kindled within his breast
The vital flame? For this was thy fair image
Stampt on his soul in godlike lineaments?
For this dominion giv'n him absolute
O'er all thy works, only that he might reign
Supreme in woe? From the blest source of Good,
Could Pain and Death proceed? Could such foul ills
Fall from fair Mercy's hands? Far be the thought,
The impious thought! God never made a creature
But what was good. He made a *living Soul;*
The wretched Mortal was the work of Man.
Forth from his Maker's hands he sprung to life,
Fresh with immortal bloom; no pain he knew,
No fear of change, no check to his desires,
Save one command. That one command, which stood
'Twixt him and Death, the test of his obedience,
Urg'd on by wanton curiosity,
He broke. There in one moment was undone
The fairest of God's works. The same rash hand,
That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit,
Unbarr'd the gates of Hell, and let loose Sin
And Death, and all the family of Pain,
To prey upon Mankind. Young Nature saw
The monstrous crew, and shook thro' all her frame.
Then fled her new-born lustre, then began
Heav'n's cheerful face to low'r, then vapours choak'd
The troubled air, and form'd a veil of clouds
To hide the willing Sun. The earth convuls'd
With painful throes threw forth a bristly crop
Of thorns and briars; and Insect, Bird, and Beast,
That wont before with admiration fond
To gaze at Man, and fearless crowd around him,
Now fled before his face, shunning in haste
Th' infection of his misery. He alone
Who justly might, th' offended Lord of Man,
Turn'd not away his face; he, full of pity,
Forsook not in this uttermost distress
His best lov'd work. That comfort still remain'd
(That best, that greatest comfort in affliction)
The countenance of God, and thro' the gloom
Shot forth some kindly gleams, to cheer and warm
Th' offender's sinking soul. Hope sent from Heav'n
Uprais'd his drooping head, and shew'd afar
A happier scene of things; the Promis'd Seed
Trampling upon the Serpent's humbled crest:
Death of his sting disarm'd; and the dark grave,
Made pervious to the realms of endless day,
No more the limit but the gate of life.
Cheer'd with the view, Man went to till the ground
From whence he rose; sentenc'd indeed to toil
As to a punishment, (ev'n in wrath,
So merciful is Heav'n) this toil became
The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard
Against Disease and Death. Death, tho' denounc'd,
Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm
Of Age, his sole support, led slowly on.
Not then, as since the short-liv'd sons of men
Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes;
Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years,
One solitary ghost went shiv'ring down
To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable Patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way; Labour prepar'd
His simple fare, and Temperance rul'd his board.
Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve
He sunk to sudden rest; gentle and pure
As breath of evening Zephyr, and as sweet,
Were all his slumbers; with the Sun he rose,
Alert and vigorous as He, to run
His destin'd course. Thus nerv'd with giant strength
He stemm'd the tide of time, and stood the shock
Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head.
At life's meridian point arriv'd, he stood,
And, looking round, saw all the valleys fill'd
With nations from his loins; full-well content
To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the earth,
Along the gentle slope of life's decline
He bent his gradual way, till, full of years,
He dropp'd like mellow fruit into his grave.
Such in the infancy of Time was Man;
So calm was life, so impotent was Death!
O had he but preserv'd these few remains,
The shatter'd fragments, of lost happiness,
Snatch'd by the hand of Heav'n from the sad wreck
Of innocence primæval; still had he liv'd
In ruin great; tho' fall'n, yet not forlorn;
Though mortal, yet not every where beset
With Death in every shape! But he, impatient
To be completely wretched, hastes to fill up
The measure of his woes.—'Twas Man himself
Brought Death into the world; and Man himself
Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
And multiply'd destruction on mankind.
First Envy, eldest born of Hell, embrued
Her hands in blood, and taught the Sons of Men
To make a Death which Nature never made,
And God abhorr'd; with violence rude to break
The thread of life ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improv'd
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
By subtle fraud to snatch a single life,
Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell
To sate the lust of power: more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature,
Became its boast. *One* Murder made a Villain;
Millions a Hero. Princes were privileg'd
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will Kings forget that they are Men?
And Men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of Nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?

Yet

Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
Artificers of Death! Still Monarchs dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin. Blast the design
Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!
Yet say, should Tyrants learn at last to feel,
And the loud din of battle cease to bray;
Should dove-eyed Peace o'er all the earth extend
Her olive-branch, and give the world repose,
Would Death be foil'd? Would health, and strength, and youth
Defy his pow'r? Has he no arts in store,
No other shafts save those of War? Alas!
Ev'n in the smile of Peace, that smile which sheds
A heav'nly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
That serpent Luxury. War its thousand slays;
Peace its ten thousands. In th' embattled plain,
Tho' Death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,
So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless love,
He snares the simple youth, who nought suspecting,
Means to be blest — but finds himself undone.
Down the smooth stream of life the striplingdarts,
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells his sails, and passion steers his course,
Safe glides his little bark along the shore
Where virtue takes her stand; but if too far
He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep,
O sad but sure mischance! O happier far
To lie like gallant Howe 'midst Indian wilds
A breathless corse, cut off by savage hands
In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice
To freedom's holy cause; than so to fall,
Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
A prey to Vice, Intemp'rance, and Disease.
Yet die ev'n thus, thus rather perish still,
Ye sons of Pleasure, by th' Almighty struck'n,
Than ever dare (though oft, alas! ye dare)
To lift against yourselves the murd'rous steel,
To wrest from God's own hand the sword of Justice,
And be your own avengers! Hold, rash Man,
Though with anticipating speed thou 'strang'd
Through every region of delight, nor left
One joy to gild the evening of thy days;
Though life seem one uncomfortable void,
Guilt at thy heels, before thy face despair;
Yet gay this scene, and light this load of woe,
Compar'd with thy hereafter. Think, O think,
And, ere thou plunge into the vast abyss,
Pause on the verge a while: look down and see
Thy future mansion. Why that start of horror?
From thy slack hand why drops th' uplifted steel?
Didst thou not think such vengeance must await
The wretch, that with his crimes all fresh about him
Rushes irreverent, unprepar'd, uncall'd,
Into his Maker's presence, throwing back
With insolent disdain his choicest gift?
Live then, while Heav'n in pity lends thee life,
And think it all too short to wash away,
By penitential tears and deep contrition,
The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find
Rest to thy soul; so unappall'd shall meet
Death when he comes, not wantonly invite
His ling'ring stroke. Be it thy sole concern
With innocence to live: with patience wait
Th'appointed hour; too soon that hour will come,
Tho' Nature run her course. But Nature's God,
If need require, by thousand various ways,
Without thy aid can shorten that short span,
And quench the lamp of life. O when he comes,
Rous'd by the cry of wickedness extreme,
To heav'n ascending from some guilty land,
Now ripe for vengeance; when he comes array'd
In all the terrors of Almighty wrath,
Forth from his bosom plucks his ling'ring arm,
And on the miscreants pours destruction down;
Who can abide his coming? Who can bear
His whole displeasure? In no common form
Death then appears, but starting into size
Enormous, measures with gigantic stride
Th'astonish'd Earth, and from his looks throws round,
Unutterable horror and dismay.
All Nature lends her aid, each Element
Arms in his cause. Ope fly the doors of Heav'n;
The fountains of the deep their barriers break,
Above, below, the rival torrents pour,
And drown Creation: or in floods of fire
Descends a livid cataract, and consumes peace,
An impious race. Sometimes, when all seems
Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude embrace
Sweeps nations to their grave, or in the deep
Whelms the proud wooden world; full many a youth
Floats on his wat'ry bier, or lies unwept
On some sad desart shore! At dead of night,
In sullen silence stalks forth Pestilence:
Contagion close behind taints all her steps
With pois'nous dew; no smiting hand is seen,
No sound is heard, but soon her secret path
Is mark'd with desolation; heaps on heaps
Promiscuous drop. No friend, no refuge, near;
All, all, is false and treacherous around;
All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is Death.
But ah! what means that ruinous roar? why fail
These tott'ring feet? Earth to its centre feels
The Godhead's power, and trembling at his touch
Through all its pillars, and in ev'ry pore,
Hurls to the ground, with one convulsive heave,
Precipitating domes, and towns, and tow'rs,
The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight
Of general devastation, millions find
One common grave; not ev'n a widow left
To wail her sons: the house, that should protect,
Entombs his master; and the faithless plain,
If there he flies for help, with sudden yawn
Starts from beneath him. Shield me, gracious Heav'n,
O snatch me from destruction! If this Globe,
This solid Globe, which thine own hand hath made
So firm and sure, if this my steps betray;

If my own mother Earth, from whence I sprung,
Rise up with rage unnatural to devour
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly?
Where look for succour? Where, but up to thee,
Almighty Father? Save, O save, thy suppliant
From horrors such as these! At thy good time
Let death approach; I reck not—let him but come
In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
Too much for man to bear. O rather lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke;
And at that hour when all aghast I stand
(A trembling candidate for thy compassion)
On this world's brink, and look into the next;
When my soul, starting from the dark unknown,
Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
From this fair scene, from all her custom'd joys,
And all the lovely relatives of life;
Then shed thy comforts o'er me, then put on
The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark crimes,
In all their hideous forms then starting up,
Plant themselves round my couch in grim array,
And stab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd torture,
Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe.
Far be the ghastly crew! And in their stead
Let cheerful Memory from her purest cells
Lead forth a goodly train of Virtues fair,
Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back
With tenfold usury the pious care,
And pouring o'er my wounds the heav'nly balm
Of conscious innocence. But chiefly, Thou,
Whom soft-eyed Pity once led down from Heav'n
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die;
Disdain not Thou to smooth the restless bed
Of Sickness and of Pain. Forgive the tear
That feeble Nature drops, calm all her fears,
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
Till my rapt soul, anticipating Heav'n,
Bursts from the thraldom of incumb'ring clay,
And on the wing of Ecstasy upborne,
Springs into Liberty, and Light, and Life.

§ 39. *The Grave.* Blair.

"The house appointed for all living." Job.

Whilst some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage,
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life; the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the *tomb*;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet. Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King, whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death. The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou 'rt nam'd: Nature appall'd
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes;
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was Chaos ere the infant Sun
Was roll'd together, or had tried its beams
Athwart the gloom profound! The sickly taper,
By glimm'ring thro' thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy slime,
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant! That loves to dwell
'Midst sculls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
Where light-heel'd ghosts and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.
See yonder hallow'd fane! the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were:
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary: [bird
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul
Rook'd in the spire screams loud; the gloomy aisles
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of 'scutcheons,
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead. Rous'd from their
In grim array the grisly spectres rise, [slumbers,
Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again! the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill!
Quite round the pile, a row of rev'rend elms,
Coæval near with that, all ragged shew, [down
Long-lash'd by the rude winds: some rift half
Their branchless trunks; others so thin a-top,
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree. [pen'd here;
Strange things, the neighbour's say, have hap-
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd:
Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossipping.
When it draws near to witching time of night.
Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moon-shine, cheq'ring thro' the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below;
Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels,
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave; and, strange to tell!
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.
The new-made widow too I've sometimes spied,
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast-falling down her now untasted cheek.

Prone

Prone on the lonely grave of the dear man
She drops, whilst busy meddling Memory,
In barbarous succession, musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.
Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart
Anxious to please. O! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and set us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along.
In grateful errors tho' the underwood [thrush
Sweet murm'ring; methought, the shrill-tongued
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd ev'ry note;
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flow'r
Vied with his fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress. Oh! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste; still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!
Dull Grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the man of health
Complexionally pleasant? where the droll?
Whose ev'ry look and jesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lipp'd musing Melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them!
Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth?
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discover'd globe;
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was ham-
And had not room enough to do its work? [per'd,
Alas! how slim, dishonorably slim!
And cramm'd into a space we blush to name.
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now
Like new-born infant bound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back.
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife:
Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.
Araby's gums, and odoriferous drugs,
And honors by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple;
O cruel irony! these come too late;
And only mock whom they were meant to honor.
Surely, there's not a dungeon-slave that's buried
In the high-way unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent
Above the vulgar born, to rot in state! [on,
But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding
Stately and slow; and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad!
How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd
And glitt'ring in the sun! triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard the unwieldy show; whilst from the casements,
And housetops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcase
That's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible? Ye undertakers! tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty stir? 'Tis wisely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The Painter casts discreetly into shades.
Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'st!
Below the envy of the private man!
Honor, that meddlesome officious ill,
Pursues thee e'en to death, nor there stops short.
Strange persecution! when the grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.
Absurd! to think to over-reach the grave?
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away: only themselves die faster.
The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurel bard,
Those bold insurers of eternal fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain,
The tap'ring pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world! whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heav'n,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,
Gives way. O lamentable sight! at once
The labour of whole ages lumbers down:
A hideous and mis-shapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
With all-subduing Time; her cank'ring hand
With calm deliberate malice wasteth them:

Worn

Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.
Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sov'reign rule thro' seas of blood;
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who rav'g'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of pow'r,
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind thy covert.
Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral scorn
That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghost
Implacable. Here too, the petty tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
And, well for neighb'ring grounds, of arm as short,
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey,
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery
(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
Of the same common nature as his lord);
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his kinsman;
Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Underground
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.
When self-esteem, or others adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were something
Above the common level of our kind; flatt'ry,
The Grave gainsays the smooth complexion'd
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.
Beauty! thou pretty plaything! dear deceit!
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse unknown before!
The grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks I see thee with thy head low-laid;
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek,
The high-fed worm in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscar'd. For this was all thy caution!
For this thy painful labours at thy glass,
T'improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not? Foul feeder!
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
Look how the fair one weeps! the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs:
Honest effusion! the swoln heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.
Strength too! thou surly, and less gentle boast
Of those that laugh loud at the village ring!
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down,
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden! let me trace it;
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
Like a hard hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play! what now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread shoulders!
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain! eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning! hideous sight!
Oh! how his eyes stand out and stare full ghastly!
Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan?
It was his last. See how the great Goliath,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still. What mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster!
To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife!
With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube;
And trav'lling thro' the boundless length of space,
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstasy of thought. But ah! proud man!
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head!
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails;
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.
Here the tongue-warrior lies! disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonor'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ail to passers-by.
Great man of language, whence this mighty change?
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue:
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing. Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been!
Raz'd from the book of fame, or, more provoking,
Perhaps some hackney, hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narratives, or duller rhimes
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.
Here the great masters of the healing art,
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb!
Spite of their julaps and catholicons,
Resign to fate. Proud Æsculapius' son,
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rifling hands: from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,

And

And vex'd them in the fire nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.
But why this apparatus? why this cost?
Tell us thou doughty keeper from the grave!
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou speakest not. The bold impostor
Looks not more silly when the cheat's found out.
Here, the lank-sided miser, worst of felons!
Who meanly stole, discreditable shift!
From back and belly too, their proper cheer;
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous appetites no longer teas'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But, ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed:
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake,
The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds,
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.
How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain! how wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer her's!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage! mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan
She heaves is big with horror: but the foe,
Like a staunch murd'rer steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through ev'ry lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till, forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.
Sure, 'tis a serious thing to die! my soul!
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side!
Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight, [ing?
And ev'ry life-string bleeds at thoughts of part-
For part they must: body and soul must part;
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher, of no use.
If death was nothing, and nought after death;
If, when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing, [chee
Whence first they sprung; then might the debau-
Untrembling mouth the heav'ns; then might the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh [wretch
At the poor bug-bear Death; then might the
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,
And by what way; whether by hemp or steel:
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could
The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time, [force
Or blame him if he goes? Sure! he does well
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able. But if there is an *hereafter*,
And that there is, conscience uninfluenc'd,
And suffer'd to speak out, tells ev'ry man,
Then must it be an awful thing to die;
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder! name it not; our island's shame,
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring states,
Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it, Heav'n! let not upon disgust,
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
With blood of its own lord. Dreadful attempt!
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
To rush into the presence of our Judge!
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath. Unheard of tortures
Must be reserv'd for such: these herd together;
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd; and all our days are number'd;
How long, how short, we know not: this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heav'n shall give permission.
Like sentries that must keep their destin'd stand,
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.
Those only are the brave who keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark; 'tis mad:
No frenzy half so desperate as this.
Tell us, ye dead! will none of you in pity
To those you left behind disclose the secret?
O! that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death: 'twas kindly done
To knock and give th' alarm. But what means
This stinted charity? 'tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves. Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice? I'll ask no more;
Sullen like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves: well—'tis no matter:
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.
Death's shafts fly thick! Here falls the village swain, [round,
And there his pamper'd lord! The cup goes
And who so artful as to put it by?
'Tis long since death had the majority;
Yet, strange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole

A gentle

A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand [ance
Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaint-
By far his juniors! scarce a scull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand,
The sot has walk'd with death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale; when drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand [not
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds
That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.
On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which three long livers
In the world's hale and undegen'rate days
Could scarce have leisure for; fools that we are:
Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time! as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. O more than sottish!
For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehensive; when for aught we know
The very first swoln surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize. What is this world?
What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals,
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones?
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that live must lend our carcases
To cover our own offspring: in their turns
They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet!
The shiv'ring Icelander, and sun-burnt Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts:
Now vain their treaty-skill! Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burthen
From his gall'd shoulders; and when the cruel tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of pow'r about him
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and quick as thought escapes,
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the bubbling stream,
Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd prelate, and plain presbyter,
Ere while that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams
That some rude interposing rock had split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant; here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch:
Here is the mother with her sons and daughters;
The barren wife: the long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose ev'ry day was made of melody, [shrew,
Hears not the voice of mirth; the shrill-tongued
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the gen'rous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane,
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred,
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean,
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.
Poor man! how happy once in thy first state!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image, and well pleas'd
Smil'd on his last fair work! Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like two sweet instruments ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts Nor head, nor heart,
Offer'd to ache; nor was their cause they should,
For all was pure within: no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings up of what may be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom: summer seas
Shew not more smooth when kiss'd by southern
Just ready to expire. Scarce importun'd, [winds,
The gen'rous soil with a luxuriant hand
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And ev'ry thing most perfect in its kind.
Blessed, thrice blessed days! but ah, how short!
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men,
But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.
O slippery state of things! What sudden turns,
What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
Of man's sad history! to-day most happy;
And, ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject!
How scant the space between these vast extremes!
Thus far'd it with our Sire: not long he enjoy'd
His paradise! scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again. And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man? Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish odours of the place,
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel
With flaming sword forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loit'rer forth; nor must he take
One last and farewel round. At once he lost
His glory and his God. If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder! Man has sinn'd.

Sick

Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try: nor tried in vain.
(Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
Where the worst thing could happen, is success.)
Alas! too well he sped: the good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
Not to return; or, if it did, its visits
Like those of angels short, and far between:
Whilst the black dæmon, with his hell-scap'd train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man, who now too late
Saw the rash error which he could not mend;
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage! human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds through ev'ry vein.

What havock hast thou made, foul monster, Sin!
Greatest and first of ills! the fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions! but for thee
Sorrow had never been. All noxious things
Of vilest nature, other sorts of evils,
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops. The big-swoln inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning more;
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these, Sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world;
Dispatching at a wide-extended blow
Entire mankind, and for their sakes defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blasting the fruitful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accursed thing! O where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors? pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper so transcendantly malign,
That toads and serpents of most deadly kind
Compar'd to thee are harmless. Sicknesses
Of ev'ry size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues are thine! See how the fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round! [heels,
Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her
Wades deep in blood new spilt; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.

But hold! I've gone too far; too much discover'd
My father's nakedness, and nature's shame.
Here let me pause! and drop an honest tear,
One burst of filial duty, and condolence,
O'er all those ample deserts Death has spread,
This chaos of mankind. O great man-eater!
Whose ev'ry day is carnival! not sated yet!
Unhead-of epicure! without a fellow!
The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite: thou seekest none.
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.
But, ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more:
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank hunger lays his skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings
(As if Diseases, Massacres, and Poison,
Famine, and War, were not thy caterers)!

But know that thou must render up the dead,
And with high interest too! they are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promis'd day of restitution;
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
Of strong-lung'd cherub shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
Day-light, and liberty.——
Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal
The mines that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
And inquisition of the forge. We know,
Th' Illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foil'd. Him in thy pow'r
Thou couldst not hold: self-vigorous he rose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent.
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall!)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And show'd himself alive to chosen witnesses
By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting
Had not a scruple left. This having done,
He mounted up to heav'n. Methinks I see him
Climb the aërial heights, and glide along
Athwart the severing clouds: but the faint eye,
Flung backward in the chace, soon drops its hold,
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his friends shut out: as some great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train; it was his royal will,
That where he is, there should his followers be.
Death only lies between! a gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears!
But not untrod, nor tedious: the fatigue
Will soon go off. Besides, there's no by-road
To bliss. Then why, like ill-conditioned children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That leads to purer air and softer skies,
And a ne'er-setting sun? Fools that we are!
We wish to be where sweets unwith'ring bloom;
But strait our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen, upon a summer's even,
Fast by a riv'let's brink a youngster play!
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
This moment resolute, next unresolv'd,
At last he dips his foot; but as he dips
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank,
And smil'd so sweet of late. Thrice welcome
That, after many a painful bleeding step, [Death!
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long wish'd-for shore. Prodigious change!

Our

Our bane turn'd to a blessing! Death disarm'd
Loses his fellness quite; all thanks to Him
Who scourg'd the venom out! Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him! in the ev'ning tide of life,
A life well-spent, whose early care it was,
His riper years should not upbraid his green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet like the sun seems larger at his setting!
High in his faith and hopes, look! how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away!
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest! Then! O then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought. O how he longs
To have his passport signed, and be dismiss'd!
'Tis done, and now he's happy! The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain: the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long committed dust
Inviolate: and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready-furnished;
And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane!
Ask not, how this can be? Sure the same pow'r
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were. Almighty God
Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
Thro' length of days; and what he can he will;
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring
Not unattentive to the call, shall wake; [dust,
And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner; but amidst the crowd,
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man
That's new come home, who having long been absent,
With haste runs over ev'ry different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night; a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely break
Cow'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day;
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

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§ 40. *Happiness to be found in Virtue alone*, Pope.

KNOW then this truth (enough for man to know)
"Virtue alone is Happiness below." [The only point where human bliss stands still,
And takes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only Merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequal'd if its end it gain,
And, if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, tho' e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd.
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd; [Never elated while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected while another 's bless'd;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more Virtue is to gain.
See! the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow,
Which who but feels can taste; but thinks, can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end in Love of God, and Love of Man.
For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find),
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest Virtue with his greatest Bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart? [Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole world's of Reason, Life, and Sense,
In one close system of Benevolence: [Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliss but height of Charity.
God loves from Whole to Parts: but human soul
Must rise from Individual to the Whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race:
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

§ 41.

§ 41. *On the Eternity of the Supreme Being.*

Smart.

Hail, wond'rous Being, who in pow'r supreme
Exists from everlasting! whose great name
Deep in the human heart, and ev'ry atom
The Air, the Earth, or azure Main contains,
In undecypher'd characters is wrote—
Incomprehensible!—O what can words,
The weak interpreters of mortal thoughts,
Or what can thoughts (tho' wikl of wing they rove
Thro' the vast concave of th' æthereal round)?
If to the Heav'n of Heav'ns they wing their way
Advent'rous, like the birds of night they're lost,
And delug'd in the flood of dazzling day.—
May then the youthful, uninspired Bard
Presume to hymn th' Eternal? may he soar
Where Seraph and where Cherubim on high
Resound th' unceasing plaudits, and with them
In the grand chorus mix his feeble voice?
He may—if thou, who from the witless babe
Ordainest honor, glory, strength, and praise,
Uplift th' unpinion'd Muse, and deign'st to assist,
Great Poet of the Universe! his song.
Before this earthly Planet wound her course
Round Light's perennial fountain; before Light
Herself 'gan shine, and at th' inspiring word
Shot to existence in a blaze of day;
Before "the Morning-Stars together sang,"
And hail'd Thee architect of countless worlds,
Thou art—All-glorious, All-beneficent,
All Wisdom and Omnipotence Thou art.
But is the æra of Creation fix'd
At when these worlds began? Could aught retard
Goodness, that knows no bounds, from blessing ever,
Or keep th' immense Artificer in sloth?
Avaunt the dust-directed crawling thought,
That Puissance immeasurably vast,
And Bounty inconceivable, could rest
Content, exhausted with one week of action!
No—in th' exertion of thy righteous pow'r,
Ten thousand times more active than the Sun,
Thou reign'd, and with a mighty hand compos'd
Systems innumerable, matchless all,
All stampt with thine uncounterfeited seal
But yet (if still to more stupendous heights
The Muse unblam'd her aching sense may strain)
Perhaps wrapt up in contemplation deep,
The best of Beings on the noblest theme
Might ruminate at leisure, scope immense!
Th' Eternal Pow'r and Godhead to explore,
And with itself th' Omniscient Mind replete.
This were enough to fill the boundless All,
This were a Sabbath worthy the Supreme!
Perhaps enthron'd amidst a choicer few
Of spirits inferior, he might greatly plan
The two prime Pillars of the Universe,
Creation and Redemption—and awhile
Pause—with the grand presentiments of glory,
Perhaps—but all 's conjecture here below,
All ignorance, and self-plum'd vanity—
O Thou, whose ways to wonder at 's distrust,
Whom to describe 's presumption (all we can,
And all we may), be glorified, be prais'd. Irish,
A day shall come when all this earth shall pe-
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; it shall come,
When all the armies of the elements
Shall war against themselves, and mutual rage,
To make Perdition triumph; it shall come,
When the capacious atmosphere above
Shall in sulphureous thunders groan, and die,
And vanish into void; the earth beneath
Shall sever to the centre, and devour
Th' enormous blaze of the destructive flames.
Ye rocks that mock the ravings of the floods,
And proudly frown upon th' impatient deep,
Where is your grandeur now? Ye foaming waves,
That all along th' immense Atlantic roar,
In vain ye swell; with a few drops suffice
To quench the inextinguishable fire?
Ye mountains, on whose cloud-crown'd tops the cedars,
Are lessen'd into shrubs, magnific piles,
That prop the painted chamber of the heavens,
And fix the earth continual; Athos, where?
Where, Teneriff, 's thy stateliness to-day?
What, Ætna, are thy flames to these? No more
Than the poor glow-worm to the golden sun.
Nor shall the verdant valleys then remain
Safe in their meek submission; they the debt
Of nature and of justice too must pay.
Yet I must weep for you, ye rival fair,
Arno and Andalusia; but for thee
More largely, and with filial tears must weep,
O Albion! O my country! Thou must join,
In vain dissever'd from the rest, must join
The terrors of th' inevitable ruin.
Nor thou, illustrious monarch of the day;
Nor thou, fair queen of night; nor you, ye stars,
Tho' million leagues and million still remote,
Shall yet survive that day; ye must submit,
Sharers, not bright spectators of the scene.
But tho' the Earth shall to the centre perish,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; tho' the air
With all the elements must pass away,
Vain as an idiot's dream; tho' the huge rocks,
That brandish the tall cedars on their tops,
With humbler vales must to perdition yield;
Tho' the gilt sun, and silver tressed-moon,
With all her bright retinue, must be lost:
Yet thou, Great Father of the world, surviv'st
Eternal, as thou wert. Yet still survives
The soul of man immortal, perfect now,
And candidate for unexpiring joys.
He comes! he comes! the awful trump I hear;
The flaming sword's intolerable blaze
I see! He comes! th' Archangel from above.
"Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
"Awake incorruptible, and arise:
"From east to west, from the Antarctic pole
"To regions Hyperborean, all ye sons,
"Ye sons of Adam, and ye heirs of heaven—
"Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
"Awake incorruptible, and arise."
'Tis then, nor sooner, that the restless mind
Shall find itself at home; and like the ark,
Fix'd on the mountain top, shall look aloft

O'er

O'er the vague passage of precarious life;
And winds and waves, and rocks and tempests,
Enjoy the everlasting calm of Heaven: [past,
'Tis then, nor sooner, that the deathless soul
Shall justly know its nature and its rise:
'Tis then the human tongue, new-tun'd, shall give
Praises more worthy the Eternal ear.
Yet what we can, we ought;—and therefore Thou,
Purge Thou my heart, Omnipotent and good!
Purge Thou my heart with hyssop, lest, like Cain,
I offer fruitless sacrifice, and with gifts
Offend, and not propitiate the Ador'd.
Tho' Gratitude were blest with all the powers
Her bursting heart could long for; tho' the swift,
The fiery wing'd Imagination soar'd
Beyond Ambition's wish—yet all were vain
To speak him as he is, who is ineffable.
Yet still let Reason thro' the eye of Faith
View him with fearful love; let Truth pronounce,
And Adoration on her bended knee,
With heav'n-directed hands, confess his reign,
And let the angelic, archangelic band,
With all the hosts of Heaven, cherubic forms,
And forms seraphic, with their silver trump
And golden lyres attend:—"For thou art holy,
"For thou art one, th' Eternal, who alone
"Exerts all goodness, and transcends all praise!"

§ 42. *On the Immensity of the Supreme Being.*

Smart.

Once more I dare to rouse the sounding string,
The Poet of my God—Awake, my glory,
Awake, my lute and harp—myself shall wake,
Soon as the stately night-exploding bird
In lively lay sings welcome to the dawn.
List ye! how Nature with ten thousand tongues
Begins the grand thanksgiving, Hail, all hail,
Ye tenants of the forest and the field!
My fellow subjects of th' Eternal King,
I gladly join your matins, and with you
Confess his presence, and report his praise.
O Thou, who or the lambkin, or the dove,
When offer'd by the lowly, meek and poor,
Prefer'st to pride's whole hecatomb, accept
This mean Essay, nor from thy treasure-house
Of glory immense the Orphan's mite exclude
What tho' the Almighty's regal throne be rais'd
High o'er yon azure Heaven's exalted dome,
By mortal eye unken'd—where East nor West,
Nor South nor blustering North has breath to blow;
Albeit He there with angels and with saints
Hold conference, and to his radiant host
Ev'n face to face stands visibly confest;
Yet know, that nor in presence or in power
Shines he less perfect here; 'tis man's dim eye
That makes th' obscurity. He is the same;
Alike in all his universe the same.
Whether the mind along the spangled sky
Measures her pathless walk, studious to view
The works of vaster fabric, where the planets
Weave their harmonious rounds, their march di-
Still faithful, still inconstant, to the sun; [recting
Or where the comet, thro' space infinite
(Tho' whirling worlds oppose in globes of fire)
Darts, like a javelin, to his distant goal; [vens
Or where in Heaven above, the Heaven of Hea-
Burn brighter suns, and goodlier planets roll
With satellites more glorious—Thou art there.
Or whether on the ocean's boisterous back
Thou ride triumphant, and with outstretch'd arm
Curb the wild winds and discipline the billows,
The suppliant sailor finds Thee there, his chief,
His only help—When Thou rebuk'st the storm,
It ceases—and the vessel gently glides
Along the glossy level of the calm.
O! could I search the bosom of the sea,
Down the great depth descending, there thy works
Would also speak thy residence! and there
Would I, thy servant, like the still profound,
Astonish'd into silence muse thy praise!
Behold! behold! th' unplanted garden round
Of vegetable coral, sea-flowers gay, [tom,
And shrubs of amber from the pearl pav'd bot-
Rise richly varied, where the finny race
In blithe security their gambols play:
While high upon their heads Leviathan,
The terror and the glory of the main,
His pastime takes with transport, proud to see
The ocean's vast dominion all his own.
Hence thro' the genial bowels of the earth
Easy may fancy pass; till at thy mines,
Gani or Raolconda, she arrive,
And from the adamant's imperial blaze
Form weak ideas of her Maker's glory.
Next to Pegu or Ceylon let me rove,
Where the rich ruby (deem'd by sages old
Of sov'reign virtue) sparkles ev'n like Sirius,
And blushes into flames. Thence will I go
To undermine the treasure-fertile womb
Of the huge Pyrenean, to detect
The agate and the deep-intrenched gem
Of kindred jasper—Nature in them both
Delights to play the mimic on herself;
And in their veins she oft pourtrays the forms
Of leaning hills, of trees erect, and streams
Now stealing softly on, now thundering down
In desperate cascade, with flowers and beasts,
And all the living landskip of the vale:
In vain thy pencil, Claudio or Poussin,
Or thine, immortal Guido, would essay
Such skill to immitate—it is the hand
Of God himself—for God himself is there. [vance
Hence with th' ascending springs let me ad-
Thro' beds of magnets, minerals, and spar,
Up to the mountain's summit, there t' indulge
Th' ambition of the comprehensive eye,
That dares to call th' horizon all her own.
Behold the forest, and th' expansive verdure
Of yonder level lawn, whose smooth-shorn sod
No object interrupts, unless the oak
His lordly head uprears, and branching arms
Extends—Behold in regal solitude,
And pastoral magnificence, he stands
So simple, and so great, the under-wood
Of meaner rank an awful distance keep.
Yet Thou art there, y' God himself is there,
Ev'n on the bush (tho' not as when to Moses
He shone in burning majesty reveal'd.)

Nathless

Nathless conspicuous in the linnet's throat
Is his unbounded goodness—Thee her Maker,
Thee her Preserver chants she in her song;
While all the emulative vocal tribe
The grateful lesson learn—no other voice
Is heard, no other sound—for, in attention
Buried, ev'n babbling Echo holds her peace.
Now from the plains, where the unbounded prospect
Gives liberty her utmost scope to range,
Turn we to yon inclosures, where appears
Chequer'd variety in all her forms,
Which the vague mind attract, and still suspend
With sweet perplexity. What are yon towers,
The work of laboring men and clumsy art,
Seen with the ringdove's nest? On that tall beech
Her pensile house the feather'd artist builds—
The rocking winds molest her not; for see
With such due poise the wond'rous fabric's hung,
That, like the compass in the bark, it keeps
True to itself and stedfast ev'n in storms.
Thou idiot, that asserts there is no God,
View, and be dumb for ever—
Go bid Vitruvius or Palladio build
The bee his mansion, or the ant her cave—
Go call Correggio, or let Titian come
To paint the hawthorn's bloom, or teach the cherry
To blush with just vermillion—Hence away—
Hence, ye profane! for God himself is here.
Vain were th' attempt, and impious, to trace
Thro' all his works th' Artificer Divine—
And tho' nor shining sun, nor twinkling star,
Bedeck'd the crimson curtains of the sky;
Tho' neither vegetable, beast, nor bird
Were extant on the surface of this ball,
Nor lurking gem beneath; tho' the great sea
Slept in profound stagnation, and the air
Had left no thunder to pronounce its Maker;
Yet man at home, within himself, might find
The Deity immense, and in that frame,
So fearfully, so wonderfully made,
See and adore his providence and power—
I see, and I adore—O God most bounteous!
O infinite of goodness and of glory,
The knee that thou hast shap'd shall bend to Thee;
The tongue which thou hast tun'd shall chant thy praise;
And thine own image, the immortal soul,
Shall consecrate herself to Thee for ever.

§ 43. *On the Omniscience of the Supreme Being.* Smart.

Arise, divine Urania, with new strains
To hymn thy God! and thou, immortal Fame,
Arise and blow thy everlasting trump?
All glory to the Omniscient, and praise,
And power and domination in the height!
And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whose voice
To pious ears sounds silverly so sweet,
Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
And with thy choicest stores the altar crown
Thou too, my heart, whom He, and He alone
Who all things knows, can know, with love re-
Regenerate, and pure, pour all thyself
A living sacrifice before his throne!
And may th' eternal, high, mysterious tree,
That in the centre of the arched heavens
Bears the rich fruit of knowledge, with some branch
Stoop to my humble reach, and bless my toil!
When in my mother's womb conceal'd I lay,
A senseless embryo, then my soul thou knew'st;
Knew'st all her future workings, every thought,
And every faint idea yet unform'd.
When up the imperceptible ascent
Of growing years, led by thy hand, I rose,
Perception's gradual light, that ever dawns
Insensibly to-day, thou didst vouchsafe,
And taught me by that reason thou inspir'dst,
That what of knowledge in my mind was low,
Imperfect, incorrect,—in Thee is wond'rous,
Uncircumscrib'd, unsearchably profound,
And estimable solely by itself.
What is that secret pow'r that guides the brutes,
Which Ignorance calls instinct! 'Tis from Thee;
It is the operation of thine hands,
Immediate, instantaneous; 'tis thy wisdom
That glorious shines transparent thro' thy works.
Who taught the pye, or who forewarn'd the jay,
To shun the deadly nightshade? Tho' the cherry
Boasts not a glossier hue, nor does the plum
Lure with more seeming sweets the amorous eye,
Yet will not the sagacious birds, decoyed
By fair appearance, touch the noxious fruit.
They know to taste is fatal; whence, alarm'd,
Swift on the winnowing winds they work their way,
Go to, proud reasoner, philosophic man,
Hast thou such prudence, thou such knowledge?
Full many a race has fall'n into the snare
Of meretricious looks, of pleasing surface;
And oft in desart isles the famish'd pilgrim,
By forms of fruit, and luscious taste, beguil'd,
Like his forefather Adam, eats and dies.
For why? his wisdom on the leaden feet
Of slow Experience, dully tedious, creeps,
And comes, like vengeance, after long delay.
The venerable sage, that nightly trims
The learned lamp, t' investigate the powers
Of plants medicinal, the earth, the air,
And the dark regions of the fossil world,
Grows old in following what he ne'er shall find;
Studious in vain! till haply at the last
He spies a mist, then shapes it into mountains,
And baseless fabrics from conjecture builds.
While the domestic animal, that guards
At midnight hours his threshold, if oppress'd
By sudden sickness, at his master's feet
Begs not that aid his services might claim,
But is his own physician, knows the case,
And from th' emetic herbage works his cure.
Hark! from afar the feather'd matron * screams,
And all her brood alarms! The docile crew
Accept the signal one and all, expert,
In th' art of Nature and unlearn'd deceit:
Along the sod, in counterfeited death,
Mute, motionless they lie; full well appriz'd
That the rapacious adversary's near

* The Hen Turkey.

But who inform'd her of th' approaching danger?
Who taught the cautious mother, that the hawk
Was hatch'd her foe, and liv'd by her destruction?
Her own prophetic soul is active in her,
And more than human providence her guard.
When Philomela, ere the cold domain
Of crippled Winter 'gins t' advance, prepares
Her annual flight, and in some poplar shade
Takes her melodious leave, who then 's her pilot?
Who points her passage thro' the pathless void
To realms from us remote, to us unknown?
Her science is the science of her God.
Not the magnetic index to the North
E'er ascertains her course, nor buoy, nor beacon:
She, Heaven-taught voyager, that sails in air,
Courts nor coy West nor East, but instant knows
What Newton or not sought, or sought in vain*.
Illustrious name! irrefragable proof
Of man's vast genius, and the soaring soul!
Yet what wert thou to Him, who knew his works
Before creation form'd them, long before
He measur'd in the hollow of his hand
Th' exulting ocean, and the highest heavens
He comprehended with a span, and weigh'd
The mighty mountains in his golden scales:
Who shone supreme, who was himself the light,
Ere yet Refraction learn'd her skill to paint,
And bend athwart the clouds her beauteous bow.
When Knowledge at her father's dread command
Resign'd to Ismel's king her golden key,
O! to have join'd the frequent auditors
In wonder and delight, that whilom heard
Great Solomon descanting on the brutes.
O! how sublimely glorious to apply
To God's own honor, and good-will to man,
That wisdom he alone of men possess'd
In plenitude so rich, and scope so rare.
How did he rouse the pamper'd silken sons
Of bloated Ease, by placing to their view
The sage industrious Ant, the wisest insect,
And best œconomist of all the field!
Tho' she presumes not by the solar orb
To measure times and seasons, nor consults
Chaldean calculations, for a guide;
Yet, conscious that December's on the march,
Pointing with icy hand to Want and Woe,
She waits his dire approach, and undismay'd
Receives him as a welcome guest, prepar'd
Against the churlish Winter's fiercest blow.
For when as yet the favorable Sun
Gives to the genial earth th' enlivening ray,
Not the poor suffering slave, that hourly toils
To rive the groaning earth for ill-sought gold,
Endures such trouble, such fatigue, as she;
While all her subterraneous avenues, [meet
And storm-proof cells, with management most
And unexampled housewifery she forms:
Then to the field she hies, and on her back,
Burden immense! she bears the cumbrous corn.
Then many a weary step, and many a strain,
And many a grievous groan subdu'd, at length
Up the huge hill she hardly heaves it home,

* The Longitude.

Nor rests she here her providence, but nips
With subtle tooth the grain, lest from her garner
In mischievous fertility it steal,
And back to day-light vegetate its way.
Go to the Ant, thou sluggard, learn to live,
And by her wary ways reform thine own.
But if thy deaden'd sense, and listless thought,
More glaring evidence demand; behold,
Where yon pellucid populous hive presents
A yet uncopied model to the world!
There Machiavel in the reflecting glass
May read himself a fool. The chemist there
May with astonishment invidious view
His toils outdone by each plebeian bee,
Who, at the royal mandate, on the wing,
From various herbs, and from discordant flowers,
A perfect harmony of sweets compounds.
Avaunt, Conceit! Ambition, take thy flight
Back to the Prince of vanity and air!
O! 'tis a thought of energy most piercing; [force
Form'd to make pride grow humble; form'd to
In its weight on the reluctant mind, and give her
A true but irksome image of herself.
Woeful vicissitude! when man, fallen man,
Who first from Heaven, from gracious God himself
Learn'd knowledge of the brutes, must know, by brutes
Instructed and reproach'd, the scale of being;
By slow degrees from lowly steps ascend,
And trace Omniscience upwards to its spring!
Yet murmur not, but praise — for tho' we stand
Of many a godlike privilege amere'd
By Adam's dire transgression; tho' no more
Is Paradise our home, but o'er the portal
Hangs in terrific pomp the burning blade;
Still with ten thousand beauties bloom the earth,
With pleasures populous, and with riches crown'd.
Still is there scope for wonder and for love
Ev'n to their last exertion — showers of blessings
Far more than human virtue can deserve,
Or hope expect, or gratitude return.
Then, O ye people, O ye sons of men,
Whatever be the color of your lives,
Whatever portion of itself his wisdom
Shall deign t' allow, still patiently abide,
And praise him more and more; nor cease to chant
"All glory to th' Omniscient, and praise,
"And pow'r, and domination in the height!
"And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whose voice
"To pious ears sounds silverly so sweet,
"Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
"And with thy choicest stores the altar crown."

ΤΩ ΘΕΩ ΔΟΞΑ

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§ 44. *On the Power of the Supreme Being.* Smart.

"Tremble, thou Earth!" th' anointed poet said, [mountains!
"At God's bright presence; tremble all ye
"And all ye hillocks on the surface bound!"
Then once again, ye glorious thunders, roll!
The Muse with transport hears ye; once again
Convulse the solid continent! and shake,
Grand music of Omnipotence, the isles!
'Tis thy terrific voice, thou God of power,

'Tis

'Tis thy terrific voice: all nature hears it,
Awaken'd and alarm'd; she feels its force;
In every spring she feels it, every wheel,
And every movement of her vast machine.
Behold! quakes Apennine; behold! recoils
Athos; and all the hoary headed Alps
Leap from their bases at the god-like sound.
But what is this, celestial tho' the note,
And proclamation of the reign supreme,
Compar'd with such as, for a mortal ear
Too great, amaze the incorporeal worlds?
Should Ocean to his congregated waves
Call in each river, cataract, and lake,
And with the watry world down a huge rock
Fall headlong in one horrible cascade,
'Twere but the echo of the parting breeze,
When zephyr faints upon the lily's breast;
'Twere but the ceasing of some instrument,
When the last lingering undulation
Dies on the doubting ear, if nam'd with sounds
So mighty! so stupendous! so divine!

But not alone in the aërial vault
Does He the dread theocracy maintain;
For oft, enrag'd with his intestine thunders,
He harrows up the bowels of the earth,
And shocks the central magnet—Cities then
Totter on their foundations, stately columns,
Magnific walls, and heaven-assaulting spires.
What tho' in haughty eminence erect
Stands the strong citadel, and frowns defiance
On adverse hosts; tho' many a bastion jut
Forth from the rampart's elevated mound;
Vain the poor providence of human art,
And mortal strength how vain! while underneath
Triumphs his mining vengeance in th' uproar
Of shatter'd towers, riven rocks, and mountains,
With clamor inconceivable upborn,
And hurl'd adown th' abyss. Sulphureous pyrites
Bursting abrupt from darkness into day,
With din outrageous and destructive ire,
Augment the hideous tumult, while it wounds
Th' afflictive ear, and terrifies the eye, [felt,
And rends the heart in twain. Twice have we
Within Augusta's walls, twice have we felt
Thy threaten'd indignation: but even Thou,
Incens'd Omnipotent, art gracious ever;
Thy goodness infinite but mildly warn'd us,
With mercy-blended wrath; O spare us still,
Nor send more dire conviction! We confess
That thou art He th' Almighty: we believe.
For at thy righteous power whole systems quake;
For at thy nod tremble ten thousand worlds.
Hark! on the wing'd whirlwinds rapid rage,
Which is and is not in a moment—hark!
On th' hurricane's tempestuous sweep he rides
Invincible, and oaks, and pines, and cedars,
And forests are no more. For conflict dreadful!
The West encounters East, and Notus meets
In his career the Hyperborean blast.
The lordly lions shuddering seek their dens,
And fly like timorous deer; the king of birds,
Who dar'd the solar ray, is weak of wing,
And faints and falls, and dies;—while He supreme
Stands stedfast in the centre of the storm.

Wherefore ye objects terrible and great,
Ye thunders, earthquakes, and ye fire-fraught
Of fell volcanos, whirlwinds, hurricanes, [wombs
And boiling billows, hail! in chorus join
To celebrate and magnify your Maker,
Who yet in works of a minuter mould
Is not less manifest, is not less mighty.

Survey the magnet's sympathetic love
That woos the yielding needle; contemplate
Th' attractive amber's power, invisible
Ev'n to the mental eye; or when the blow
Sent from th' electric sphere assaults thy frame,
Show me the hand that dealt it!—Baffled here
By his Omnipotence, Philosophy
Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves,
And stands, with all his circling wonders round
Like heavy Saturn in th' ethereal space [her,
Begirt with an inexplicable ring.

If such the operations of his power,
Which at all seasons and in every place
(Rul'd by establish'd laws and current nature)
Arrest th' attention; who, oh who shall tell
His acts miraculous? when his own decrees
Repeals he, or suspends; when by the hand
Of Moses or of Joshua, or the mouths
Of his prophetic seers, such deeds he wrought,
Before th' astonish'd sun's all-seeing eye,
That faith was scarce a virtue. Need I sing
The fate of Pharoah and his numerous band
Lost in the reflux of the watry walls,
That melted to their fluid state again?
Need I recount how Samson's warlike arm,
With more than mortal nerves was strung, t' o'er-
Idolatrous Philistia? Shall I tell [throw
How David triumph'd, and what Job sustain'd?
—But, O supreme, unutterable mercy!
O love unequall'd, mystery immense, [tion
Which angels long t' unfold! 'tis man's redemp-
That crowns thy glory, and thy power confirms;
Confirms the great, th' uncontroverted claim.
When from the Virgin's unpolluted womb
Shone forth the Son of Righteousness reveal'd,
And on benighted reason pour'd the day;
"Let there be peace!" he said, and all was calm
Amongst the warring world—calm as the sea
When, "O be still, ye boisterous winds!" he
cried,
And not a breath was blown, nor murmur heard.
His was a life of miracles and might,
And charity and love, ere yet he taste
The bitter draught of death, ere yet he rise
Victorious o'er the universal foe,
And death, and sin, and hell in triumph lead.
His by the right of conquest is mankind,
And in sweet servitude and golden bonds
Were tied to him for ever.—O how easy
Is his ungalling yoke, and all his burdens
'Tis ecstasy to bear. Him, blessed Shepherd!
His flocks shall follow thro' the maze of life,
And shades that tend to day-spring from on high;
And as the radiant roses, after fading,
In fuller foliage, and more fragrant breath
Revive in smiling spring, so shall it fare
With those that love him—for sweet is their sa-
And all Eternity shall be their spring. [vor,
Then shall the gates and everlasting doors,

At which the King of Glory enters in, [sure
Be to the saints unbarr'd: and there, where plea-
Boasts an undying bloom, where dubious hope
Is certainty, and grief-attended love
Is freed from passion — there we'll celebrate,
With worthier numbers, Him who is, and was,
And, in immortal prowess King of kings,
Shall be the monarch of all worlds for ever.

§ 45. *On the Goodness of the Supreme Being.*

Smart.

Orpheus, for so the Gentiles * call'd thy name,
Israel's sweet Psalmist, who alone couldst wake
Th' inanimate to motion; who alone
The joyful hillocks, the applauding rocks,
And floods with musical persuasion drew;
Thou, whoto hail and snow gav'st voice and sound,
And mad'st the mute melodious! — greater yet
Was thy divinest skill, and rul'd o'er more
Than art and nature; for thy tuneful touch
Drove trembling Satan from the heart of Saul,
And quell'd the evil Angel — in this breast
Some portion of thy genuine spirit breathe,
And lift me from myself; each thought impure
Banish; each low idea raise, refine,
Enlarge, and sanctify; — so shall the Muse
Above the stars aspire, and aim to praise
Her god on earth as he is prais'd in heaven.

Immense Creator! whose all-powerful hand
Fram'd universal being, and whose eye
Saw like thyself, that all things form'd were good,
Where shall the timorous Bard thy praise begin,
Where end the purest sacrifice of song, [light,
And just thanksgiving? — The thought-kindling
Thy prime production, darts upon my mind
Its vivifying beams, my heart illumines,
And fills my soul with gratitude and Thee.
Hail to the cheerful rays of ruddy morn,
That paint the streaky East and blightsome rouse
The birds, the cattle, and mankind from rest!
Hail to the freshness of the early breeze,
And Iris dancing on the new-fall'n dew,
Without the aid of yonder golden globe.
Lost were the garnet's lustre, lost the lily,
The tulip and auricula's spotted pride;
Lost were the peacock's plumage, to the sight
So pleasing in its pomp and glossy glow.
O thrice-illustrious! were it not for Thee,
Those pansies, that reclining from the bank
View thro' th' immaculate pellucid stream
Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,
Might as well change their triple boast, the white,
The purple, and the gold, that far outvie
The Eastern monarch's garb, ev'n with the dock,
Ev'n with the baleful hemlock's irksome green.
Without thy aid, without thy gladsome beams,
The tribes of woodland warblers would remain
Mute on the bending branches, nor recite
The praise of Him, who, ere he form'd their lord,
Their voices tun'd to transport, wing'd their flight,
And bade them call for nurture, and receive:
And lo! they call the blackbird and the thrush,
The woodlark and the redbreast, jointly call;
He hears, and feeds their feather'd families;
He feeds his sweet musicians — nor neglects
Th' invoking ravens in the greenwood wide;
And tho' their throats coarse rattling hurt the ear,
They mean it all for music, thanks and praise
They mean, and leave ingratitude to man: —
But not to all — for, hark! the organs blow
Their swelling notes round the cathedral's dome,
And grace the harmonious choir, celestial feast
To pious ears, and med'cine of the mind!
The thrilling trebles and the manly base
Join in accordance meet, and with one voice
All to the sacred subject suit their song.
While in each breast sweet melancholy reigns
Angelically pensive, till the joy
Improves and purifies; the solemn scene
The sun thro' storied panes surveys with awe,
And bashfully withholds each bolder beam.
Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents
The cherub Gratitude; behold her eyes!
With love and gladness weepingly they shed
Ecstatic smiles; the incense, that her hands
Uprear, is sweeter than the breath of May
Caught from the nectarine's blossom, and her voice
Is more than voice can tell: to Him she sings,
To Him who feeds, who clothes, and who adorns,
Who made, and who preserves, whatever dwells
In air, in stedfast earth, or fickle sea.
O He is good, He is immensely good! [man;
Who all things form'd, and form'd them all for
Who mark'd the climates, varied every zone,
Dispensing all his blessings for the best,
In order and in beauty: — rise, attend,
Arrest, and praise, ye quarters of the world!
Bow down, ye elephants, submissive bow
To Him who made the mite! Tho', Asia's pride,
Ye carry armies on your tower-crown'd backs,
And grace the turban'd tyrants, bow to Him
Who is as great, as perfect, and as good
In his less striking wonders, till at length
The eye's at fault, and seeks th' assisting glass.
Approach, and bring from Araby the Blest
The fragrant cassia, frankincense, and myrrh,
And, meekly kneeling at the altar's foot,
Lay all the tributary incense down.
Stoop, feeble Africa, with reverence stoop,
And from thy brow take off the painted plume;
With golden ingots all thy camels load
To' adorn his temples, hasten with thy spear
Reverted, and thy trusty bow unstrung,
While unpursued thy lions roam and roar,
And ruin'd towers, rude rocks, and caverns wide
Re-murmur to the glorious, surly sound.
And thou, fair Indian, whose immense domain
To counterpoise the hemisphere extends, [ers,
Haste from the West, and with thy fruits and flow-
Thy mines and med'cines, wealthy maid, attend.
More than the plenteousness so fam'd to flow
By fabling bards from Amalthea's horn

* See th's conjecture strongly supported by Delany, in his Life of David.

Is thine; thine therefore be a portion due [crown
Of thanks and praise: come with thy brilliant
And vest of fur; and from thy fragrant lap
Pomegranates and the rich ananas pour.
But chiefly thou, Europa, seat of Grace
And Christian excellence, his Goodness own.
Forth from ten thousand temples pour his praise.
Clad in the armor of the living God,
Approach, unsheath the Spirit's flaming sword;
Faith's shield, salvation's glory—compass'd helm
With fortitude assume, and o'er your heart
Fair Truth's invulnerable breast-plate spread;
Then join the general chorus of all worlds,
And let the song of Charity begin
In strains seraphic, and melodious prayer:
" O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
" Thou God of Goodness and of Glory, hear!
" Thou, who to lowest minds dost condescend,
" Assuming passions to enforce thy laws,
" Adopting jealousy to prove thy love:
" Thou, who resign'd humility upholds't,
" Ev'n as the florist props the drooping rose,
" Butquell'st tyrannic pride with peerless power.
" Ev'n as the tempest rives the stubborn oak:
" O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
" Thou God of Goodness and of Glory, hear!
" Bless all mankind; and bring them in the end
" To heav'n, to immortality, and Thee!"

§ 46. *Ode to Wisdom.* Miss Carter.

The solitary bird of night
Thro' the pale shades now wings his flight,
And quits the time-shook tow'r,
Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
In philosophic gloom he lay,
Beneath his ivy bow'r.

With joy I hear the solemn sound,
Which midnight echoes waft around,
And sighing gales repeat:
Fav'rite of Pallas! I attend,
And faithful to thy summons, bend
At Wisdom's awful seat.

She loves the cool, the silent eve,
Where no false shows of life deceive,
Beneath the lunar ray:
Here Folly drops each vain disguise,
Nor sports her gaily-color'd dyes,
As in the glare of day.

O Pallas! queen of ev'ry art
" That glads the sense or mends the heart,"
Blest source of purer joys;
In ev'ry form of beauty bright,
That captivates the mental sight
With pleasure and surprise;

To thy unspotted shrine I bow,
Assist thy modest suppliant's vow,
That breathes no wild desires:
But, taught by thy unerring rules
To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
To nobler views aspires.

Not Fortune's gem, Ambition's plume,
Nor Cytherea's fading bloom,
Be objects of my pray'r;
Let av'rice, vanity, and pride,
These glitt'ring envied toys divide,
The dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart,
By studious thought refin'd:
For wealth, the smiles of gaud content;
For pow'r, its amplest, best extent,
An empire o'er my mind.

When Fortune drops her gay parade,
When Pleasure's transient roses fade,
And wither in the tomb,
Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
Thy ever-verdant laurels rise
In undecaying bloom.

By the protected, I defy
The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lye
Of ignorance and spite;
Alike contemn the leaden fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
Of undiscerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
The dull impertinence of life,
In thy retreat I rest;
Pursue thee to thy peaceful groves,
Where Plato's sacred spirit roves,
In all thy graces drest.

He bid Ilyssus' tuneful stream
Convey the philosophic theme
Of perfect, fair, and good:
Attentive Athens caught the sound,
And all her list'ning sons around
In awful silence stood.

Reclaim'd, her wild licentious youth
Confess'd the potent voice of truth,
And felt its just control:
The passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
And virtue's soft persuasive charms
O'er all their senses stole.

Thy breath inspires the poet's song,
The patriot's free unbiass'd tongue,
The hero's gen'rous strife:
Thine are retirement's silent joys,
And all the sweet endearing ties
Of still, domestic life.

No more to fabled names confin'd,
To thee, supreme, all perfect mind,
My thoughts direct their flight:
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
From thee deriv'd, unchanging source
Of intellectual light!

O send her sure, her steady ray
To regulate my doubtful way,
Thro' life's perplexing road;
The mists of error to control;
And thro' its gloom direct my soul
To happiness and good!

Beneath her clear discerning eye
The visionary shadows fly
Of Folly's painted show.
She sees, thro' every fair disguise,
That all but Virtue's solid joys
Is vanity and woe.

§ 47. *On Human Life.* Ogilvie.

By Time's slow-heaving tide, the works of man
Are whelm'd; how sinks beneath his wasteful sway
The pride of empire! Glittering for a while,
The gilded vessels sport along the stream,
Fann'd with propitious gales: the sides are firm,
The hull capacious, and the swelling sails
Float to the breeze of summer. Ah! how soon,
Torn by the tempest's wildly-rushing wing,
And foundering on the deep it lies deform'd,
A shatter'd wreck! Nor less on life descends
The storm impetuous; let thy silver hairs,
Time-hallow'd age, be witness! the dim eye,
The tottering tread, the furrow'd cheek, the hand
Yet trembling from the blast. Tell, ye who tend
The bed of death, how o'er the helpless race
Of human victims strides the harpy foot
Of Misery triumphant! while the veins
Shrink to the Fever's scorching breath, or feel,
Starting, the fiery dart of racking Pain,
That writhes to agony; or loosen'd shake
Before Consumption; when her baleful sponge
Drops its green poison on the springs of life.
Nor these alone pursue the race of man.
Far other ills await; far other woes
Like vultures revel on his canker'd heart.
O ye who nightly languish o'er the tomb,
Where sleeps thy dust, Eugenio! Ye whose hearts
O'er Virtue bleed, when, reeking from the scourge
Of dire Oppression, in some lonely cave
She pines all desolate!—Ye powers that haunt
The vale where Genius breathes her plaint alone,
Wild to the whistling wind; her voice unheard
As airs that warble o'er the murmuring dale
Remote, to Solitude's inchanting ear!
O tell, why wrapt in Grandeur's floating robe
Vice mounts her throne! while trembling at the bar,
Stands Innocence appall'd! Tell why the hand
Of strutting Impudence, unlicens'd, grasps
The palm of Worth, and his indignant brow
Looks down, while meek-ey'd Modesty, dismay'd,
Mantles her cheek in crimson, and retires
To blush in silence! why thy purple car,
High-plum'd Ambition, bathes its rolling wheels
In blood, and o'er pale Virtue's streaming corse,
Rapid and madd'ning springs to reach the goal!

§ 48. *Diseases are the Consequence of Intemperance.* Ogilvie.

Long o'er the lilied plain I cast my eye,
Long mark'd the crowd that roam'd delighted on;
Alternate transport, pity, love, and fear,
Work'd in my bosom.
I look'd, and hovering o'er the flowery turf
Were seen innumerable shapes, whose wings
Wav'd on the wind, or o'er the glittering field
Who trod in silence. Care with lowering brow
Slow stalk'd; and Slander, speckled as the snake
That stings th' unwary traveller, along
The tainted earth trail'd loose, or borne on wings
Blue as the brimstone's gleam, in secret shot
Her poison'd arrows. Pining Envy gnaw'd
A blasted laurel, from the locks of Fame
Snatch'd, as the goddess to her lips applied
Her mighty trump, and swell'd a solemn note
To Homer's venerable name—Not far
Stood Discord foaming. Riot double-tongu'd,
And gleaming Frenzy, and thy yellow wing,
Revenge, fell fiend! shook plagues, and thro' the
Infus'd their venom to the inmost soul. [breast
O'er all, Disease her beauty-withering wand
Wav'd high; and, heaving on the heavy air,
Her raven pinions, bloated as she sail'd
The face of Nature. Shapeless was her form,
And void; the owl's ill-omen'd eyes high-rais'd
Speckled her front, her nostrils breath'd a cloud,
Pale Famine's sallow hand had scoop'd her cheek;
And a green viper form'd her forky tongue.
——Slow she mov'd
Along the troubled air; and from a bag
(Wrought deep by Envy in her midnight den)
Scatter'd the seeds of death. The sparkling bowl
Receiv'd them now; and now the enfeebled, corse,
Lank, open, spent, at each unfolding pore
Suck'd in the poison, as it rose decay'd,
Livid and weak, from Pleasure's loose embrace.
Soon o'er each withering cheek the baleful pow'r
Had spread unseen her life-consuming stain:
Nor knew th' exulting youth, who quaff'd elate
The draught delicious, that untimely frost
Lurk'd by the springs of life; and secret chill'd
The florid blood, and mark'd him for the tomb.
At last with weak step came the trembling Sage,
Haggard, and shrinking from the breeze; his voice
Was deep, and hollow; and the loose nerves shook
His silver-sprinkled head. He thus began:
"O yet, while Heav'n suspends your doom, be wise,
My sons! O cease to listen to the lure [vice,
Of Pleasure! Death attends her forward step,
And Peril lays the sure, tho' secret snare.
Hear, then, the words of age. Yet Fate bestows
One hour; yet Virtue, with indulgent voice,
By me invites to shun the dubious maze
Of Error:—Yet to crown with length of days,
With joy, with happiness, your bold career
She hopes! O snatch the proffer'd boon! be rous'd;
Ere her strong arm tremendous at your heads
Shall launch th' avenging thunder; ere dismay'd,
Perplex'd, bewilder'd, wild, you seek the haunt
Of Peace, when darkness veils her lowly cot:
And mourn her gentle smile for ever gone."

§ 49. *Wishes obtained often make Men miserable.* Ogilvie.

Yet warn'd, behold what danger marks the path

Of

Of high-brow'd Opulence! Intemperance,
The fruitful parent of Disease, behind
Reels loose, and silent plants th' entangling snare.
Oft when, to vengeance rous'd th' Eternal dooms
Some wretch to misery extreme, he grants
The fervent wish; he gives th' insatiate eye
To rove transported o'er its golden store;
The heart to swell like Xerxes', when he view'd
His hosts that wrapt th' immeasurable plain,
And triumph'd in his pow'r. Thus fares the wretch
As, whirl'd by Passion, thro' life's dusty field
He bursts exulting. On the drooping head
Of Merit, shy to censure, and repress
By decent Pride from murmuring; his rude hand
Arrests the palm. He gains it; and ador'd
By Folly's wond'ring train, presumptuous shapes
His course; till like a canker at the root,
That secret riots on the vital stream,
Slow, but sure-wasting Fate in silence takes
Th' inevitable aim; and spares the hand.
Of hoary Time his silver and his scythe.
O weak! thro' Passion's erring glass to view
What cooler thought condemns! Think'st thou the man
By birth exalted, by the lavish hand [hours
Of Fortune crown'd with honor, whose gay
Dance to the melting lute's melodious lay,
Is happy?—Know, thy wandering search mistakes
The shade for substance. Could thy thought
The mind within, what real ills excite [explore
The mental tumult; to the trembling gaze
Of Fear what phantoms of imagin'd woes
Swim thro' the dark night's solemn noon, when Sleep
Shakes not her poppies o'er his longing eyes,
That roll in vain; what inward-eating care
Preys on his pamper'd blood; what wishes wild;
What dread of future misery; what dreams
Of horror gleam athwart the sable scroll [scene
Where Memory prints her records: would the
Wake thee to envy? Would thy wishing soul
Pant for the boon that glitters to the eye,
But stings the heart, and poisons all its joy?
I read thy secret doubt:—"'Tis Guilt that shades
The brow of Grandeur: 'tis the solemn peal
Of Conscience, thundering in the mental ear,
That wakes to quick sensation. To the dream
Of harmless Innocence, no Demon shakes
His front terrific: all is calm within,
And tun'd to perfect harmony.—Yet Peace
May dwell with Opulence; one happy mind
May eye rejoicing it extended pow'r
To work for man; exulting as it views
A smiling tribe around, snatch'd from the grasp
Of ruthless want, and basking in the beam
Of joy, to transport kindling, and to love."
'Tis just—The noble mind by Fortune rais'd,
And warm'd by strong benevolence to spread
Its happiness to all, displays to man
His Maker's image. To a godlike few
Heav'n gives at once the virtue and the power;
Yet plants not Opulence for these a snare,
That poverty escapes?—The wretch who dragg'd
His sire relentless to the tomb—say rose
No boiling passion in his rankled heart?
Felt not his tortur'd breast the venom sting
Of keen Impatience? Flam'd not to his eye
Gold, titles, honor; all the tinsel-show,
That on the sullen front of Avarice wakes
A gloomy smile, and bids his little thought
Receive a gleam of joy? From these secure
Lives not untutor'd Indigence at ease?
And steals unseen along the vale of Life,
Calm, peaceful, shelter'd from the stormy blast
That shakes Ambition's plume: that wrecks the hope.
The quiet of mankind?—What though to these
The means are scanty?—O'er the roughen'd cheek
Health sheds her bloom; their sinews knit by toil,
Robust and firm, support th' allotted weight
And gradual loosed by long revolving years,
Resign their charge, untainted by the seeds
Of lurking Death, slow thro' the form diffus'd
From meals that Nature nauseates, from the cup
Where the wine laughs, and on the mantling cheek
Kindles a transient blush, but works disease,
And shades the temples with untimely snow.

§ 50. DEITY. Boyse.

Unde nil majus generatur Ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum. Hor.

From earth's low prospects and deceitful aims,
From wealth's allurements, and ambition's dreams,
The lover's raptures, and the hero's views,
All the false joys mistaken man pursues;
The schemes of science, the delights of wine,
Or the more pleasing follies of the Nine!
Recal, fond Bard, thy long-enchanted sight
Deluded with the visionary light!
A nobler theme demands thy sacred song,
A theme beyond or man's or angel's tongue!
But oh, alas! unhallow'd and profane,
How shalt thou dare to raise the heav'nly strain?
Do Thou, who from the altar's living fire
Isaiah's tuneful lips didst once inspire,
Come to my aid, celestial Wisdom, come;
From my dark mind dispel the doubtful gloom:
My passions still, my purer breast inflame,
To sing that God from whom existence came;
Till heav'n and nature in the concert join,
And own the Author of their birth divine.

I. ETERNITY.

Whence sprung this glorious frame! or whence
The various forms the universe compose? [arose
From what Almighty Cause, what mystic springs
Shall we derive the origin of things?
Sing, heav'nly Guide! whose all-efficient light
Drew dawning planets from the womb of night!
Since reason, by the sacred dictates taught,
Adores a pow'r beyond the reach of thought.
First Cause of causes! Sire supreme of birth!
Sole light of heav'n! acknowledg'd life of earth!

Whose Word from nothing call'd this beauteous whole,
This wide expanded All from pole to pole!
Who shall prescribe the boundary to Thee,
Or fix the æra of Eternity?
Should we, deceived by error's sceptic glass,
Admit the thought absurd—That Nothing was!
Thence would this wild, this false conclusion flow,
That Nothing rais'd this beauteous All below!
When from disclosing darkness splendor breaks,
Associate atoms move, and matter speaks,
When non-existence bursts its close disguise,
How blind are mortals—not to own the skies!
If one vast void eternal held its place,
Whence started time? or whence expanded space?
What gave the slumb'ring mass to feel a change,
Or bid consenting worlds harmonious range?
Could Nothing link the universal chain?
No, 'tis impossible, absurd, and vain!
Here reason its eternal Author finds,
The whole who regulates, unites, and binds,
Enlivens matter, and produces minds!
Inactive Chaos sleeps in dull repose,
Nor knowledge thence, nor free volition flows!
A nobler source those powers ethereal show,
By which we think, design, reflect, and know;
These from a cause superior date their rise,
"Abstract in essence from material ties."
An origin immortal, as supreme,
From whose pure day, celestial rays! they came:
In whom all possible perfections shine,
Eternal, self-existent, and divine!
From this great spring of uncreated might!
This all-resplendent orb of vital light;
Whence all-created beings take their rise,
Which beautify the earth, or paint the skies!
Profusely wide the boundless blessings flow,
Which heav'n enrich and gladden worlds below!
Which are no less, when properly defin'd,
Than emanations of th' Eternal Mind!
Hence triumphs truth beyond objection clear
(Let unbelief attend and shrink with fear!)
That what for ever was—must surely be
Beyond commencement, and from period free;
Drawn from himself his native excellence,
His due eternal, and his space immense!
And all of whom that man can comprehend,
Is, that he ne'er began, nor e'er shall end.
In him from whom existence boundless flows,
Let humble faith its sacred trust repose:
Assur'd on his eternity depend,
"Eternal Father! and eternal Friend!"
Within that mystic circle safety seek,
No time can lessen, and no force can break!
And, lost in adoration, breathe his praise,
High Rock of ages, antient Sire of days!

II. UNITY

Thus recogniz'd, the spring of life and thought!
Eternal, self-deriv'd, and unbegot
Approach, celestial Muse, th' empyreal throne,
And awfully adore th' exalted One!
In nature pure, in place supremely free,
And happy in essential unity!
Bless'd in himself, had from his forming hand
No creatures sprung to hail his wide command
Bless'd, had the sacred fountain ne'er run o'er,
A boundless sea of bliss that knows no shore!
Nor sense can two prime origins conceive,
Nor reason two eternal Gods believe!
Could the wild Manichæan own that guide,
The good would triumph, and the ill subside!
Again would vanquish'd Aramanius bleed,
And darkness from prevailing light recede!
In diff'rent individuals we find
An evident disparity of mind;
Hence ductile thought a thousand changes gains,
And actions vary as the will ordains;
But should two Beings, equally supreme,
Divided pow'r and parted empire claim;
How soon would universal order cease!
How soon would discord harmony displace!
Eternal schemes maintain eternal fight,
Nor yield, supported by eternal might;
Where each would uncontrol'd his aim pursue,
The links dissever, or the chain renew!
Matter from motion cross impressions take,
As serv'd each pow'r his rival's pow'r to break,
While neutral Chaos from his deep recess,
Would view the never-ending strife increase,
And bless the contest that secur'd his peace!
While new creations would opposing rise,
And elemental war deform the skies!
Around wild uproar and confusion hurl'd,
Eclipse the heav'ns, and waste the ruin'd world.
Two independent causes to admit,
Destroys religion, and debases wit;
The first by such an anarchy undone,
The last acknowledges its source but one.
As from the main the mountain rills are drawn,
That wind irriguous thro' the flow'ry lawn;
So, mindful of their spring, one course they keep,
Exploring, till they find their native deep!
Exalted Power, invisible, supreme,
Thou sov'reign, sole unutterable Name!
As round thy throne thy flaming seraphs stand,
And touch the golden lyre with trembling hand;
Too weak thy pure effulgence to behold,
With their rich plumes their dazzled eyes in fold;
Transported with the ardors of thy praise,
The holy! holy! holy! anthem raise!
To them responsive, let creation sing,
Thee, indivisible eternal King!

III. SPIRITUALITY.

O say, celestial Muse! whose purer birth
Disdains the low material ties of earth;
By what bright images shall be defin'd
The mystic nature of th' eternal Mind!
Or how shall thought the dazzling height explore,
Where all that reason can—is to adore!
That God's an immaterial essence pure,
Whom figure can't describe, nor parts immure;
Incapable of passions, impulse, fear,
In good pre-eminent, in truth severe:
Unmix'd his nature, and sublim'd his pow'rs
From all the gross allay that tempers ours;

In

In whose clear eye the bright angelic train,
Appear suffus'd with imperfection's stain!
Impervious to the man's or seraph's eye,
Beyond the ken of each exalted high.
Him would in vain material semblance feign,
Or figur'd shrines the boundless God contain;
Object of faith! he shuns the view of sense,
Lost in the blaze of sightless excellence!
Most perfect, most intelligent, most wise,
In whom the sanctity of pureness lies;
In whose adjusting mind the whole is wrought,
Whose form is spirit, and whose essence thought!
Are truths inscrib'd by Wisdom's brightest ray,
In characters that gild the face of day!
Reason confess'd (howe'er we may dispute),
Fix'd boundary! discovers man from brute;
But, dim to us, exerts its fainter ray,
Depress'd in matter, and allied to clay!
In forms superior kindles less confin'd,
Whose dress is æther, and whose substance mind;
Yet all from Him, supreme of causes flow,
To Him their pow'rs and their existence owe;
From the bright cherub of the noblest birth,
To the poor reasoning glow-worm plac'd on earth;
From matter then to spirit still ascend,
Thro' spirit still refining, higher tend;
Pursue, on knowledge bent, the pathless road,
Pierce thro' infinitude in quest of God!
Still from thy search, the centre still shall fly,
Approaching still—thou never shalt come nigh!
So its bright orb th' aspiring flame would join,
But the vast distance mocks the fond design.
If he, Almighty! whose decree is fate,
Could, to display his pow'r, subvert his state;
Bid from his plastic hand, a greater rise,
Produce a master, and resign his skies;
Impart his incommunicable flame,
The mystic number of th' Eternal Name;
Then might revolting reason's feeble ray
Aspire to question God's all-perfect day!
Vain task! the clay in the directing hand,
The reason of its form might so demand,
As man presume to question his dispose
From whom the power he thus abuses flows.
Here point, fair Muse! the worship God requires,
The soul inflam'd with chaste and holy fires?
Where love celestial warms the happy breast,
And from sincerity the thought's express'd;
Where genuine piety, and truth refin'd,
Re-consecrate the temple of the mind;
With grateful flames the living altars glow,
And God descends to visit man below!

IV. OMNIPRESENCE.

Thro' th' unmeasurable tracts of space
Go, Muse divine! and present Godhead trace!
See where, by place uncircumscrib'd as time,
He reigns extended; and he shines sublime!
Shouldst thou above the heav'n of heav'ns ascend,
Couldst thou below the depth of depths descend,
Could thy fond flight beyond the starry sphere
The radiant morning's lucid pinions bear!
There should his brighter presence shine confest,
There his almighty arm thy course arrest!
Could'st thou the thickest veil of night assume,
Or think to hide thee in the central gloom!
Yet there, all patent to his piercing sight,
Darkness itself would kindle into light:
Not the dark mansions of the silent grave,
Nor darker hell, from his perception save;
What pow'r, alas! thy footsteps can convey
Beyond the reach of omnipresent day?
In his wide grasp, and comprehensive eye,
Immediate worlds on worlds unnumber'd lie;
Systems inclos'd in his perception roll,
Whose all-informing mind directs the whole:
Lodg'd in his grasp, their certain ways they know;
Plac'd in that sight from whence can nothing go.
On earth his footstool fix'd, in heav'n his seat;
Enthron'd he dictates, and his word is fate.
Nor want his shining images below;
In streams that murmur, or in winds that blow;
His spirit broods along the boundless flood,
Smiles in the plain, and whispers in the wood;
Warms in the genial sun's enliv'ning ray,
Breathes in the air, and beautifies the day!
Should man his great immensity deny,
Man might as well usurp the vacant sky:
For were he limited in date, or view,
Thence were his attributes imperfect too;
His knowledge, power, his goodness all confin'd,
And lost th' idea of a ruling Mind!
Feeble the trust, and comfortless the sense
Of a defective partial Providence!
Boldly might then his arm injustice brave,
Or innocence in vain his mercy crave;
Dejected virtue lift it's hopeless eye:
And heavy sorrow vent the heartless sigh!
An absent God no abler to defend,
Protect, or punish, than an absent friend;
Distant alike our wants and griefs to know,
To ease the anguish, or prevent the blow,
If he, Supreme Director, were not near,
Vain were our hope, and empty were our fear;
Unpunish'd vice would o'er the world prevail,
And unrewarded virtue toil—to fail!
The moral world a second chaos lie,
And nature sicken to the thoughtful eye!
Even the weak embryo, ere to life it breaks,
From his high pow'r its slender texture takes;
While in his book the various parts inroll'd,
Increasing, own eternal Wisdom's mould.
Nor views he only the material whole,
But pierces thought, and penetrates the soul!
Ere from the lips the vocal accents part,
Or the faint purpose dawns within the heart,
His steady eye the mental birth perceives,
Ere yet to us the new idea lives!
Knows what we say, ere yet the words proceed,
And ere we form th' intention, marks the deed!
But Conscience, fair vicegerent-light within,
Asserts its Author, and restores the scene!
Points out the beauty of the govern'd plan,
"And vindicates the ways of God to man."
Then, sacred Muse, by the vast prospect fir'd,
From heaven descended, as by heaven inspir'd;

His

His all-enlight'ning Omnipresence own, [known;
Whence first thou feel'st thy dwindling presence
His wide Omniscience, justly, grateful, sing,
Whence thy weak science prunes its callow wing!
And bless th' Eternal, All-informing Soul,
Whose sight pervades, whose knowledge fills the whole.

V. IMMUTABILITY.

As the Eternal and Omniscient Mind,
By laws not limited, nor bounds confin'd,
Is always independent, always free,
Hence shines confess'd Immutability!
Change, whether the spontaneous child of will,
Or birth of force — is imperfection still.
But he, all-perfect, in himself contains
Pow'r self-deriv'd, and from himself he reigns!
If, alter'd by constraint, we could suppose,
That God his fix'd stability should lose;
How startles reason at a thought so strange!
What pow'r can force Omnipotence to change?
If from his own divine productive thought,
Were the yet stranger alteration wrought;
Could excellence supreme new rays acquire?
Or strong perfection raise its glories higher?
Absurd!—his high meridian brightness glows,
Never decreases, never overflows!
Know no addition, yields to no decay,
The blaze of incommunicable day!

Below through different forms does matter
And life subsist from elemental change; [range,
Liquids condensing shapes terrestrial wear,
Earth mounts in fire, and fire dissolves in air;
While we, inquiring phantoms of a day,
In constant as the shadows we survey!
With them, along Time's rapid current pass,
And haste to mingle with the parent mass;
But Thou, Eternal Lord of life divine!
In youth immortal shalt for ever shine!
No change shall darken thy exalted name;
From everlasting ages still the same!

If God, like man, his purpose could renew,
His laws could vary, or his plans undo;
Desponding Faith would droop its cheerless wing,
Religion deaden to a lifeless thing!
Where could we, rational, repose our trust,
But in a Pow'r immutable as just?
How judge of revelation's force divine,
If truth unerring gave not the design?
Where, as in nature's fair according plan,
All smiles benevolent and good to man.

Plac'd in this narrow clouded spot below,
We darkly see around and darkly know!
Religion lends the salutary beam,
That guides our reason thro' the dubious gleam:
Till sounds the hour, when he who rules the skies
Shall bid the curtain of Omniscience rise!
Shall dissipate the mists that veil our sight,
And show his creatures—*all his ways are right!*

Then, when astonish'd nature feels its fate,
And fetter'd time shall know his latest date;
—hen earth shall in the mighty blaze expire,
Heav'n melt with heat, and worlds dissolve in fire!
The universal system shrink away,
And ceasing orbs confess th' Almighty sway!
Immortal He, amidst the wreck secure,
Shall sit exalted, permanently pure!
As in the sacred Bush, shall shine the same,
And from the ruin raise a fairer frame!

VI. OMNIPOTENCE.

For hence, ye visionary charming maids,
Ye fancied nymphs the haunt the Grecian shades!
Your birth who from conceiving fiction drew,
Yourselves producing phantoms as untrue:
But come, superior Muse! divinely bright,
Daughter of heav'n, whose offsprings still is light;
Oh condescend, celestial sacred guest!
To purge my sight, and animate my breast,
While I presume Omnipotence to trace,
And sing that Pow'r who peopled boundless space! [rode,

Thou present wert, when forth th' Almighty
While Chaos trembled at the voice of God! [drew,
Thou saw'st, when o'er th' immense his line he
When Nothing from his Word existence knew!
His Word, that wak'd to life the vast profound,
While conscious light was kindled at the sound!
Creation fair surpris'd the angelic eyes,
And sov'reign Wisdom saw that all was wise!

Him, sole Almighty, nature's book displays,
Distinct the page, and legible the rays!
Let the wild sceptic his attention throw
To the broad horizon, or earth below;
He finds thy soft impression touch his breast,
He feels the God, and owns him unconfest:
Should the stray pilgrim, tir'd of sands and skies,
In Lybia's waste behold a palace rise,
Would he believe the charm from atoms wrought?
Go, atheist, hence, and mend thy juster thought!

What hand, Almighty Architect! but thine,
Could give the model of this vast design?
What hand but thine adjust th' amazing whole?
And bid consenting system beauteous roll!
What hand but thine supply the solar light!
Ever bestowing, yet for ever bright!
What hand but thine the starry train array,
Or give the Moon to shed her borrow'd ray?
What hand but thine the azure convex spread?
What hand but thine compose the ocean's bed?
To the vast main the sandy barrier throw,
And with the feeble curb restrain the foe!
What hand but thine the wint'ry flood assuage,
Or stop the tempest in its wildest rage!

Thee infinite! what finite can explore?
Imagination sinks beneath thy pow'r;
The could the ablest of thy creatures know,
Lost were thy Unity, for he were Thou!
Yet present to all sense thy pow'r remains,
Reveal'd in nature, nature's Author reigns!
In vain would error from conviction fly,
Thou ev'ry where are present to the eye!
The sense how stupid, and the sight how blind,
That fails this universal truth to find!

Go! all the sightless realms of space survey,
Returning trace the Planetary Way!
The sun that in his central glory shines,
While ev'ry planet round his orb inclines;

Then

Then at our intermediate globe repose,
And view yon lunar satellite that glows!
Or cast along the azure vault the eye,
When golden day enlightens all the sky;
Around, behold earth's variegated scene,
The mingling prospects, and the flow'ry green;
The mountain brow, the long-extended wood,
Or the rude rock that threatens o'er the flood!
And say, are these the wild effects of chance?
Oh, strange effect of reas'ning ignorance!
Nor pow'r alone confess'd in grandeur lies,
The glitt'ring planet or the painted skies!
Equal, the elephant's or emmet's dress
The wisdom of Omnipotence confess;
Equal, the cumbrous whale's enormous mass,
With the small insects in the crouded grass;
The mite that gambols in its acid sea,
In shape a porpus, though a speck to thee!
Ev'n the blue down the purple plum surrounds,
A living world, thy failing sight confounds,
To him a peopled habitation shows,
Where millions taste the bounty God bestows!
Great Lord of life, whose all-controling might
Thro' wide creation beams divinely bright,
Nor only does thy pow'r in forming shine,
But to annihilate, dread King! is thine:
Shouldst thou withdraw thy still-supporting hand,
How languid nature would astonish'd stand!
Thy frown the antient realm of night restore,
And raise a blank—where systems smil'd before!
See in corruption, all-surprising state,
How struggling life eludes the stroke of fate;
Shock'd at the scene, tho' sense averts its eye,
Nor stops the wond'rous process to descry;
Yet juster thought the mystic change pursues,
And with delight Almighty Wisdom views!
The brute, the vegetable world surveys,
Sees life subsisting ev'n from life's decays!
Mark thee, self-taught, the pensive reptile come,
Spin his thin shroud, and living build his tomb!
With conscious care his former pleasures leave,
And dress him for th' bus'ness of the grave!
Thence, pass'd the short-liv'd change, renew'd he springs,
Admires the skies, and tries his silken wings!
With airy flight the insect roves abroad,
And scorns the meaner earth he lately trod!
Thee, potent, let deliver'd Israel praise,
And to thy name their grateful homage raise!
Thee, potent God! let Egypt's land declare,
That felt thy justice awfully severe!
How did thy frown benight the shadow'd land!
Nature revers'd, how own thy high command!
When jarring elements their use forgot,
And the sun felt thy overcasting blot!
When earth produc'd the pestilential brood,
And the foul stream was crimson'd into blood!
How deep the horrors of that awful night,
How strong the terror, and how wild the fright!
When o'er the land thy sword vindictive pass'd,
And men and infants breath'd at once their last,
How did thy arm thy favor'd tribes convey!
Thy light conducting point the patent way!
Obedient ocean to their march divide
The wat'ry wall distinct on either side;
While thro' the deep the long procession led,
And saw the wonders of the oozy bed!
Nor long they march'd, till, black'ning in the rear,
The vengeful tyrant and his host appear!
Plunge down the steep, the waves thy nod obey,
And whelm the threat'ning storm beneath the sea!
Nor yet thy pow'r thy chosen train forsook,
When thro' Arabia's sands their way they took;
By day thy cloud was present to the sight,
Thy fiery pillar led the march by night;
Thy hand amidst the waste their table spread,
With feather'd viands, and with heav'nly bread:
When the dry wilderness no streams supplied,
Gush'd from the yielding rock the vital tide!
What limits can Omnipotence confine?
What obstacles oppose thy arm divine?
Since stones and waves their settled laws forego,
Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow!
On Sinai's top, the Muse with ardent wing
The triumphs of Omnipotence would sing!
When o'er its airy brow thy cloud display'd,
Involv'd the nations in its awful shade;
When shrunk the earth from thy approaching face,
And the rock trembled to its rooted base:
Yet where thy majesty divine appear'd,
Where shone thy glory, and thy voice was heard;
Ev'n in the blaze of that tremendous day,
Idolatry its impious rites could pay!
Oh shame to thought! — thy sacred throne invade,
And brave the bolt that linger'd round its head!

VII. WISDOM.

O thou, who, when th' Almighty form'd this All,
Upheld the scale, and weigh'd each balance'd ball;
And as his hand completed each design,
Number'd the work, and fix'd the seal divine;
O Wisdom infinite! creation's soul,
Whose rays diffuse new lustre o'er the whole,
What tongue shall make thy charms celestial known?
What hand, fair Goddess! paint thee but thy own?
What tho' in nature's universal store
Appear the wonders of almighty pow'r;
Pow'r, unattended, terror would inspire,
Aw'd must we gaze, and comfortless admire.
But when fair Wisdom joins in the design,
The beauty of the whole result 's divine!
Hence life acknowledges its glorious cause,
And matter owns its great Disposer's laws;
Hence in a thousand different models wrought,
Now fix'd to quiet, now allied to thought;
Hence flow the forms and properties of things,
Hence rises harmony, and order springs;
Else, had the mass a shapeless chaos lay,
Nor ever felt the dawn of Wisdom's day!
See, how associate round their central sun,
Their faithful rings the circling planets run;
Still equi-distant, never yet too near,
Exactly tracing their appointed sphere.
Mark how the moon our flying orb pursues,
While from the sun her monthly light renews;

Breathes

Breathes her wide influence on the world below,
And bids the tides alternate ebb and flow.
View how in course the constant seasons rise,
Deform the earth or beautify the skies:
First, Spring advancing, with her flow'ry train;
Next, Summer's hand, that spreads the sylvan scene;
Then, Autumn, with her yellow harvests crown'd,
And trembling Winter close the annual round.
The vegetable tribes observant trace,
From the tall cedar to the creeping grass:
The chain of animated beings scale,
From the small reptile to the enormous whale;
From the strong eagle stooping thro' the skies,
To the low insect that escapes thy eyes!
And see, if see thou canst, in ev'ry frame,
Eternal Wisdom shine confest the same:
As proper organs to the least assign'd,
As proper means to propagate the kind,
As just the structure, and as wise the plan,
As in this lord of all — debating man!
Hence, rea'ning creature, thy distinction find,
Nor longer to the ways of Heav'n be blind.
Wisdom in outward beauty strikes the mind,
But outward beauty points a charm behind.
What gives the earth, the ambient air, or seas,
The plain, the river, or the wood to please?
Oh say, in whom does beauty's self reside,
The Beautifier, or the beautified?
There dwells the Godhead in the bright disguise,
Beyond the ken of all created eyes;
His works our love and our attention steal;
His works (surprising thought) the Maker veil;
Too weak our sight to pierce the radiant cloud,
Where Wisdom shines, in all her charms avow'd.
O gracious God, omnipotent and wise,
Unerring Lord, and Ruler of the skies!
All-condescending, to my feeble heart
One beam of thy celestial light impart;
I seek not sordid wealth, or glitt'ring pow'r;
O grant me Wisdom — and I ask no more!

VIII. PROVIDENCE.

As from some level country's shelter'd ground,
With towns replete, with green enclosures bound,
Where the eye kept within the verdant maze,
But gets a transient vista as it strays;
The pilgrim to some rising summit tends,
Whence opens all the scene as he ascends:
So Providence the friendly heights supplies,
Where all the charms of Deity surprise;
Here Goodness, Power, and Wisdom, all unite,
And dazzling glories whelm the ravish'd sight!
Almighty Cause! 'tis thy preserving care,
That keeps thy works for ever fresh and fair;
The sun, from thy superior radiance bright,
Eternal sheds his delegated light;
Lends to his sister orb inferior day,
And paints the silver moon's alternate ray:
Thy hand the waste of eating Time renews:
Thou shedd'st the tepid morning's balmy dews:
When raging winds the blacken'd deep deform,
Thy spirit rides commission'd in the storm;
Bids at thy will the slack'ning tempest cease,
While the calm ocean smooths its ruffled face;
When lightnings thro' the air tremendous fly,
Or the blue plague is loosen'd to destroy,
Thy hand directs, or turns aside the stroke;
Thy word the fiend's commission can revoke;
When subterraneous fires the surface heave,
And towns are buried in the yawning grave;
Thou suffer'st not the mischief to prevail;
Thy sov'reign touch the recent wound can heal.
To Zembla's rock thou send'st the cheerful gleam;
O'er Lybia's sands thou pour'st the cooling stream;
Thy watchful providence o'er all intends,
Thy works obey their great Creator's ends.
When man too long the paths of vice pursued,
Thy hand prepar'd the universal flood;
Gracious, to Noah gave the timely sign,
To save a remnant from the wrath divine!
One shining waste the globe terrestrial lay,
And the ark heav'd along the troubled sea;
Thou bad'st the deep his antient bed explore,
The clouds their wat'ry deluge pour'd no more!
The skies were clear'd — the mountain tops were seen,
The dove pacific brought the olive green.
On Ararat the happy Patriarch lost,
Found the recover'd world his hopes had lost;
There his fond eyes review'd the pleasing scene,
The earth all verdant, and the air serene!
Its precious freight the guardian ark display'd,
While Noah grateful adoration paid!
Beholding in the many-tinctur'd bow
The promise of a safer world below.
When wild ambition rear'd its impious head,
And rising Babel Heav'n with pride survey'd;
Thy word the mighty labor could confound,
And leave the mass to moulder with the ground.
From Thee all human actions take their springs,
The rise of empires, and the fall of kings!
See the vast theatre of time display'd,
While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread!
With pomp the shining images succeed,
What leaders triumph! and what monarchs bleed!
Perform the parts thy providence assign'd,
Their pride, their passions, to thy ends inclin'd:
A while they glitter in the face of day,
Then at thy nod the phantoms pass away;
No traces left of all the busy scene,
But that remembrance says--*The things have been!*
" But (questions Doubt) whence sickly nature feels
" The ague-fits her face so soft reveals? [breast?
" Whence earthquakes heave the earth's astonish'd
" Whence tempests rage? or yellow plagues infest?
" Whence draws rank Afric her empoison'd
" Or liquid fires explosive Etna pour?" [store?
Go, sceptic mole! demand th' eternal cause,
The secret of his all-preserving laws;
The depths of wisdom infinite explore,
And ask thy Maker — why he knows no more?
Thy error still in moral things as great,
As vain to cavil at the ways of fate,
To ask why prosp'rous vice so oft succeeds,
Why suffers innocence, or virtue bleeds?
Why monsters, nature must with blushes own,
By crimes grow pow'rful, and disgrace a throne?

Why

Why saints and sages, mark'd in every age,
Perish the victims of tyrannic rage;
Why Socrates for truth and freedom fell,
Or Nero reign'd the delegate of hell?
In vain by reason is the maze pursued,
Of ill triumphant, and afflicted good,
Fix'd to the hold, so might the sailor aim
To judge the pilot, and the steerage blame,
As we direct to God what should belong,
Or say, that sov'reign wisdom governs wrong.
Nor always vice does uncorrected go,
Nor virtue unrewarded pass below!
Oft sacred Justice lifts her awful head,
And dooms the tyrant and th' usurper dead;
Oft Providence, more friendly than severe,
Arrests the hero in his wild career;
Directs the fever, poniard, or the ball,
By which an Ammon, Charles, or Cæsar fall;
Or, when the cursed Borgias brew the cup
For merit, bids the monsters drink it up;
On violence oft retorts the cruel spear,
Or fetters cunning in its crafty snare;
Relieves the innocent, exalts the just,
And lays the proud oppressor in the dust!
But, fast as Time's swift pinions can convey,
Hastens the pomp of that tremendous day,
When to the view of all created eyes
God's high tribunal shall majestic rise,
When the loud trumpet shall assemble round
The dead, reviving at the piercing sound!
Where men and angels shall to audit come,
And millions yet unborn receive their doom!
Then shall fair Providence, to all display'd,
Appear divinely bright without a shade;
In light triumphant all her acts be shown,
And blushing Doubt eternal Wisdom own!
Mean while, thou great Intelligence supreme,
Sov'reign Director of this mighty frame,
Whose watchful hand, and all-observing ken,
Fashions the hearts, and views the ways of men;
Whether thy hand the plenteous table spread,
Or measure sparingly the daily bread;
Whether or wealth or honors gild the scene,
Or wants deform, or wasting anguish stain;
On thee let truth and virtue firm rely,
Bless'd in the care of thy approving eye!
Know that thy providence, their constant friend,
Thro' life shall guard them, and in death attend;
With everlasting arms their cause embrace,
And crown the paths of piety with peace.

IX. GOODNESS.

Ye seraphs, who God's throne encircling still,
With holy zeal your golden censers fill;
Ye flaming ministers, to distant lands
Who bear, obsequious, his divine commands;
Ye cherubs, who compose the sacred choir,
Attuning to the voice th' angelic lyre!
Or ye, fair natives of the heav'nly plain,
Who once were mortal — now a happier train!
Who spend in peaceful love your joyful hours,
In blissful meads, and amaranthine bowers,
Oh lend one spark of your celestial fire,
Oh deign my glowing bosom to inspire,
And aid the Muse's unexperienc'd wing,
While Goodness, theme divine, she dares to sing!
Tho' all thy attributes, divinely fair,
Thy full perfection, glorious God! declare;
Yet if one beams superior to the rest,
Oh let thy Goodness fairest be confess'd:
As shines the moon amidst her starry train,
As breathes the rose amongst the flow'ry scene,
As the mild dove her silver plumes displays,
So sheds thy mercy its distinguish'd rays.
This led, Creator mild, thy gracious hand,
When formless Chaos heard thy high command;
When, pleas'd, the eye thy matchless works review'd,
And Goodness, placid, spoke that all was good!
Nor only does in heav'n thy Goodness shine,
Delighted nature feels its warmth divine;
The vital sun's illuminating beam,
The silver crescent, and the starry gleam,
As day and night alternate they command,
Proclaim that truth to ev'ry distant land.
See smiling nature, with thy treasures fair,
Confess thy bounty and parental care;
Renew'd by thee, the faithful seasons rise,
And earth with plenty all her sons supplies.
The generous lion, and the brinded boar,
As nightly thro' the forest walks they roar,
From thee, Almighty Maker, seek their prey,
Nor from thy hand unsated go away:
To thee for meat the callow ravens cry,
Supported by thy all-preserving eye:
From thee the feather'd natives of the plain,
Or those who range the field or plough the main,
Receive with constant course th' appointed food,
And taste the cup of universal good;
Thy hand thou open'st, million'd myriads live;
Thou frown'st, they faint, thou smil'st, and they revive!
On virtue's acre, as on rapine's stores,
See Heav'n impartial deal the fruitful show'rs!
'Life's common blessings all her children share,'
Tread the same earth, and breathe a gen'ral air!
Without distinction boundless blessings fall,
And Goodness like the sun, enlightens all!
Oh man! degenerate man! offend no more!
Go, learn of brutes thy Maker to adore!
Shall these thro' ev'ry tribe his bounty own,
Of all his works ungrateful thou alone!
Deaf when the tuneful voice of mercy cries,
And blind when sov'reign Goodness charms the eyes!
Mark how the wretch his awful name blasphemes,
His pity spares — his clemency reclaims!
Observe his patience with the guilty strive,
And bid the criminal repent and live;
Recal the fugitive with gentle eye,
Beseech the obstinate, he would not die!
Amazing tenderness — amazing most,
The soul on whom such mercy should be lost!
But wouldst thou view the rays of goodness join
In one strong point of radiance all divine,
Behold, celestial Muse! yon eastern light;
To Bethlem's plain, adoring, bend thy sight!
Hear the glad message to the shepherds giv'n,
Good will on earth to man, and peace in heav'n!

Attend

Attend the swains, pursue the starry road,
And nail to earth the Saviour and the God!
Redemption! oh thou beauteous mystic plan!
Thou salutary source of life to man!
What tongue can speak thy comprehensive grace?
What thought thy depths unfathomable trace?
When lost in sin our ruin'd nature lay,
When awful justice claim'd her righteous pay!
See the mild Saviour bend his pitying eye,
And stop the lightning just prepar'd to fly!
(O strange effect of unexampled love!)
View him descend the heav'nly throne above;
Patient the ills of mortal life endure,
Calm, though revil'd, and innocent, tho' poor!
Uncertain his abode, and coarse his food,
His life one fair continued scene of good;
For us sustain the wrath to man decreed,
The victim of eternal justice bleed!
Look! to the cross the Lord of life is tied,
They pierce his hands, and wound his sacred side,
See God expires! our forfeit to atone,
While nature trembles at his parting groan!
Advance, thou hopeless mortal, steel'd in guilt,
Behold, and, if thou canst, forbear to melt!
Shall Jesus die thy freedom to regain,
And wilt thou drag the voluntary chain?
Wilt thou refuse thy kind assent to give,
When dying he looks down to bid thee live!
Perverse, wilt thou reject the proffer'd good,
Bought with his life, and streaming in his blood?
Whose virtue can thy deepest crimes efface,
Re-heal thy nature, and confirm thy peace!
Can all the errors of thy life atone,
And raise thee from a rebel to a son!
O blest Redeemer, from thy sacred throne,
Where saints and angels sing thy triumphs won!
(Where from the grave thou rais'd thy glorious head,
Chain'd to thy car the pow'rs infernal led)
From that exalted height of bliss supreme,
Look down on those who bear thy sacred name;
Restore their ways, inspire them by thy grace,
Thy laws to follow, and thy steps to trace;
Thy bright example to thy doctrine join,
And by their morals prove their faith divine!
Nor only to thy church confine thy ray,
O'er the glad world thy healing light display;
Fair Sun of Righteousness! in beauty rise,
And clear the mists that cloud the mental skies!
To Judah's remnant, now a scatter'd train,
Oh great Messiah! show thy promis'd reign;
O'er earth as wide thy saving warmth diffuse,
As spreads the ambient air, or falling dews;
And haste the time when, vanquish'd by thy pow'r,
Death shall expire, and sin defile no more!

X. RECTITUDE.

Hence distant far, ye sons of earth profane,
The loose, ambitious, covetous, or vain:
Ye worms of pow'r! ye minion'd slaves of state,
The wanton vulgar, and the sordid great!
But come, ye purer souls, from dross refin'd,
The blameless heart and uncorrupted mind!
Let your chaste hands the holy altars raise,
Fresh incense bring, and light the glowing blaze,
Your grateful voices aid the Muse to sing
The spotless justice of th' Almighty King!
As only Rectitude divine he knows,
As truth and sanctity his thoughts compose;
So these the dictates which th' Eternal Mind
To reasonable beings has assign'd;
These has his care on ev'ry mind impress'd,
The conscious seals the hand of Heav'n attest!
When man, perverse, for wrong forsakes the right,
He still attentive keeps the fault in sight;
Demands that strict atonement should be made,
And claims the forfeit on th' offender's head!
But Doubt demands—"Why man dispos'd "this way?
"Why left the dang'rous choice to go astray?
"If Heav'n that made him did the fault foresee,
"Thence follows, Heav'n is more to blame than he."
No—had to good the heart alone inclin'd,
What toil, what prize had virtue been assign'd?
From obstacles her noblest triumphs flow,
Her spirits languish when she finds no foe!
Man might perhaps have so been happy still,
Happy, without the privilege of will,
And just, because his hands were tied from ill!
O wond'rous scheme, to mend th' almighty plan,
By sinking all the dignity of man!
Yet turn thy eyes, vain sceptic, own thy pride,
And view thy happiness and choice allied;
See virtue from herself her bliss derive,
A bliss, beyond the pow'r of thrones to give;
See vice, of empire and of wealth possess'd,
Pine at the heart, and feel herself unbless'd:
And, say, were vet no farther marks assign'd,
Is man ungrateful? or is heav'n unkind?
"Yes, all the woes from Heav'n permissive fall,
"The wretch adopts—the wretch improves them all."
From his wild lust, or his oppressive deed,
Rapes, battles, murders, sacrilege proceed;
His wild ambition thins the peopled earth,
Or from his av'rice famine takes her birth;
Had nature giv'n the hero wings to fly,
His pride would lead him to attempt the sky!
To angels make the pigmy's folly known,
And draw ev'n pity from th' eternal throne.
Yet while on earth triumphant vice prevails,
Celestial Justice balances her scales.
With eye unbiass'd all the scene surveys,
With hand impartial ev'ry crime she weighs;
Oft close pursuing at his trembling heels,
The man of blood her awful presence feels;
Oft from her arm, amidst the blaze of state,
The regal tyrant, with success elate,
Is forc'd to leap the precipice of fate!
Or if the villain pass unpunish'd here,
'Tis but to make the future stroke severe;
For soon or late eternal Justice pays
Mankind the just desert of all their ways.
'Tis in that awful all-disclosing day,
When high Omniscience shall her books display,
When Justice shall present her strict account,
While Conscience shall attest the due amount;

That

That all who feel, condemn the dreadful rod,
Shall own that righteous are the ways of God!
Oh then, while penitence can fate disarm,
While ling'ring Justice yet withholds its arm;
While heavenly patience grants the precious time,
Let the lost sinner think him of his crime;
Immediate, to the seat of mercy fly,
Nor wait to-morrow—lest to-night he die!
But tremble, all ye sins of blacker birth,
Ye giants, that deform the face of earth;
Tremble, ye sons of aggravated guilt,
And, ere too late, let sorrow learn to melt:
Remorseless Murder! drop thy hand severe,
And bathe thy bloody weapon with a tear;
Go, Lust impure! converse with friendly light,
Forsake the mansions of defiling night;
Quit, dark Hypocrisy, thy thin disguise,
Nor think to cheat the notice of the skies!
Unsocial Avarice, thy grasp forego,
And bid the useful treasure learn to flow!
Restore, Injustice, the defrauded gain!
Oppression, bend to ease the captive's chain,
Ere awful Justice strike the fatal blow!
And drive you to the realms of night below!
But doubt resumes—"If Justice has decreed
"The punishment proportion'd to the deed;
"Eternal misery seems too severe.
"Too dread a weight for wretched man to bear!
"Too harsh!—that endless torments should repay
"The crimes of life—the errors of a day!"
In vain our reason would presumptuous pry;
Heav'n's counsels are beyond conception high;
In vain would thought his measur'd justice scan!
His ways how different from the ways of man!
Too deep for thee his secrets are to know,
Inquire not, but more wisely shun the woe:
Warn'd by his threat'nings to his laws attend,
And learn to make Omnipotence thy friend!
Our weaker laws, to gain the purpos'd ends,
Oft pass the bounds the lawgiver intends,
Oft partial pow'r, to serve its own design,
Warps from the text, exceeding reason's line;
Strikes biass'd at the person, not the deed,
And sees the guiltless unprotected bleed!
But God alone, with unimpassion'd sight,
Surveys the nice barrier of wrong and right;
And while subservient, as his will ordains,
Obedient nature yields the present means;
While neither force nor passions guide his views,
Ev'n Evil works the purpose he pursues!
That bitter spring, the source of human pain!
Heal'd by his touch does mineral health contain;
And dark affliction at his potent rod,
Withdraws its cloud, and brightens into good.
Thus human justice (far as man can go)
For private safety strikes the dubious blow;
But Rectitude divine, with nobler soul,
Consults each individual in the whole!
Directs the issues of each moral strive,
And sees creation struggle into life!
And you, ye happier souls! who in his ways
Observant walk, and sing his daily praise;
Ye righteous few! whose calm unruffled breasts
No fears can darken, and no guilt infests,
To whom his gracious promises extend,
In whom they centre, and in whom shall end,
Which (bless'd on that foundation sure who build)
Shall with eternal Justice be fulfill'd:
Ye sons of life, to whose glad hope is giv'n
The bright revers'ion of approaching heav'n,
With grateful hearts his glorious praise recite,
Whose love from darkness call'd you out to light;
So let your piety reflective shine,
As men may thence confess his truth divine!
And when this mortal veil, as soon it must,
Shall drop, returning to its native dust;
The work of life with approbation done,
Receive from God your bright immortal crown.

XI. GLORY.

But oh, advent'rous Muse, restrain thy flight,
Dare not the blaze of uncreated light!
Before whose glorious throne with dread surprise
Th' adoring seraph veils his dazzled eyes;
Whose pure effulgence, radiant to excess,
No colors can describe, or words express!
All the fair beauties, all the lucid stores,
Which o'er thy work thy hand resplendent pours,
Feeble, thy brighter glories to display,
Pale as the moon before the solar ray!
See on his throne the gaudy Persian plac'd,
In all the pomp of the luxuriant east!
While mingling gems a borrow'd day unfold,
And the rich purple waves emboss'd with gold;
Yet mark this scene of painted grandeur yield
To the fair lily that adorns the field!
Obscur'd, behold that fairer lily lies,
By the rich bird's inimitable dyes;
Yet these survey confounded and outdone
By the superior lustre of the sun;
That sun himself withdraws his lessen'd beam
From Thee, the glorious Author of his frame!
Transcendent Pow'r! sole arbiter of fate!
How great thy glory! and thy bliss how great!
To view from thy exalted throne above,
(Eternal source of light, and life, and love)
Unnumber'd creatures draw their smiling birth,
To bless the heav'ns, or beautify the earth,
While systems roll, obedient to thy view,
And worlds rejoice—which Newton never knew.
Then raise the song, the gen'ral anthem raise,
And swell the concert of eternal praise!
Assist, ye orbs, that form this boundless whole,
Which in the womb of space unnumber'd, roll;
Ye planets who compose our lesser scheme,
And bend, concentive, round the solar frame;
Thou eye of nature! whose extensive ray
With endless charms adorns the face of day:
Consenting raise th' harmonious joyful sound,
And bear his praises thro' the vast profound!
His praise, ye winds that fan the cheerful air,
Swift as they pass along your pinions bear!
His praise let ocean thro' her realms display,
Far as her circling billows can convey!
His praise, ye misty vapors, wide diffuse,
In rains descending, or in milder dews!
His praises whisper, ye majestic trees,
As your tops rustle to the gentle breeze!

His

His praise around, ye flow'ry tribes, exhale,
Far as your sweets embalm the spicy gale!
His praise, ye dimpled streams, to earth reveal,
As pleas'd ye murmur through the flow'ry vale!
His praise, ye feather'd choirs, distinguish'd sing,
As to your notes the vocal forests ring!
His praise proclaim, ye monsters of the deep,
Who in the vast abyss your revels keep!
Or ye, fair natives of our earthly scene,
Who range the wilds, or haunt the pasture green!
Nor thou, vain lord of earth, with careless ear
The universal hymn of worship hear!
But ardent in the sacred chorus join,
Thy soul transported with the task divine!
While by his works th' Almighty is confess'd,
Supremely glorious, and supremely bless'd!

Great lord of life! from whom this humble frame
Derives the pow'r to sing thy holy name,
Forgive the lowly Muse, whose artless lay
Has dar'd thy sacred Attributes survey!
Delighted oft thro' Nature's beauteous field
Has she ador'd thy wisdom bright reveal'd;
Oft have her wishes aim'd the secret song,
But awful rev'rence still withheld her tongue.
Yet as thy bounty lent the reas'ning beam,
As feels my conscious breast thy vital flame,
So, blest Creator, let thy servant pay
His mite of gratitude this feeble way;
Thy goodness own, thy Providence adore
And yield thee only — what was thine before.

§ 51. *The Day of Judgement: a Seatonian Prize Poem. By* Dr. Glynn.

Thy Justice, heav'nly king! and that great day,
When Virtue, long abandon'd and forlorn,
Shall raise her pensive head; and Vice, that erst
Rang'd unreprov'd and free, shall sink appall'd;
I sing adventurous — But what eye can pierce
The vast immeasurable realms of space,
O'er which Messiah drives his flaming car
To that bright region, where enthron'd he sits,
First-born of Heav'n, to judge assembled worlds,
Cloth'd in celestial radiance? Can the Muse,
Her feeble wing all damp with earthly dew,
Soar to that bright empyreal, where around
Myriads of angels, God's perpetual choir,
Hymn hallelujahs, and in concert loud
Chant songs of triumph to their Maker's praise?—
Yet will I strive to sing, albeit unus'd
To tread poetic soil. What though the wiles
Of Fancy me enchanted, ne'er could lure
To rove o'er fairy lands; to swim the streams
That through her valleys wave their mazy way;
Or climb her mountain tops; yet will I raise
My feeble voice to tell what harmony
(Sweet as the music of the rolling spheres)
Attunes the moral world: that Virtue still
May hope her promis'd crown; that Vice may dread
Vengeance, though late; that reas'ning Pride may own
Just, though unsearchable, the ways of Heav'n.

Sceptic! who'ever thou art, who say'st the soul,
That divine particle which God's own breath
Inspir'd into the mortal mass, shall rest
Annihilate, till Duration has unroll'd
Her never-ending line; tell, if thou know'st,
Why every nation, every clime, though all
In laws, in rites, in manners disagree,
With one consent expect another world,
Where wickedness shall weep? Why Paynim-bards,
Fabled Elysian plains, Tartarian lakes,
Styx and Cocytus? Tell, why Hali's sons
Have feign'd a paradise of mirth and love,
Banquets, and blooming nymphs? or rather tell,
Why, on the brink of Orellana's stream,
Where never Science rear'd her sacred torch,
Th' untutor'd Indian dreams of happier worlds
Behind the cloud-topt hill? Why in each breast
Is plac'd a friendly monitor, that prompts,
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends,
Or joy on secret good? Why conscience acts
With tenfold force, when sickness, age, or pain
Stands tott'ring on the precipice of death?
Or why such horror gnaws the guilty soul
Of dying sinners, while the good man sleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires?
Look round the world! with what a partial hand
The scale of bliss and mis'ry is sustain'd!
Beneath the shade of cold obscurity
Pale Virtue lies; no arm supports her head,
No friendly voice speaks comfort to her soul,
Nor soft-eyed Pity drops a melting tear;
But, in their stead, Contempt and rude Disdain
Insult the banish'd wanderer: on she goes,
Neglected and forlorn: Disease and Cold,
And Famine, worst of ills, her steps attend!
Yet patient, and to Heaven's just will resign'd,
She ne'er is seen to weep, or heard to sigh.

Now turn your eyes to yon sweet-smelling bow'r,
Where, flush'd with all the insolence of wealth,
Sits pamper'd Vice! For him th' Arabian gale
Breathes forth delicious odours; Gallia's hills
For him pour nectar from the purple vine.
Nor think for these he pays the tribute due
To Heav'n: of Heav'n he never names the name,
Save when with imprecations dark and dire
He points his jest obscene. Yet buxom Health
Sits on his ros-y cheek; yet Honor gilds
His high exploits; and downy-pinion'd Sleep
Sheds a soft opiate o'er his peaceful couch.

Seest thou this, righteous Father! seest thou this,
And wilt thou ne'er repay? Shall good and ill
Be carried undistinguish'd to the land
Where all things are forgot? — Ah, no! the day
Will come when Virtue from the cloud shall burst,
That long obscur'd her beams, when Sin shall fly
Back to her native Hell; there sink eclips'd
In penal darkness; where no star shall rise,
Nor ever sunshine pierce th' impervious gloom.

On that great day the solemn trump shall sound,
(That trump which once in heav'n on man's revolt
Convok'd th' astonish'd seraphs) at whose voice
The' unpeopled graves shall pour forth all their dead.
Then shall th' assembled Nations of the Earth
From ev'ry quarter at the judgement-seat
Unite; Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks,
Parthians;

Parthians; and they who dwelt on Tyber's banks,
Names fam'd of old: or who of later age,
Chinese and Russian, Mexican and Turk,
Tenant the wild terrene; and they who pitch
Their tents on Niger's banks; or, where the sun
Pours on Golconda's spires his early light,
Drink Ganges' sacred stream. At once shall rise,
Whom distant ages to each others sight
Had long denied: before the throne shall kneel
Some great Progenitor, while at his side
Stand his descendants through a thousand lines.
Whate'er their nation, and whate'er their rank,
Heroes and patriarchs, slaves and sceptred kings,
With equal eye the God of all shall see,
And judge with equal love. What though the great
With costly pomp and aromatic sweets
Embalm'd his poor remains; or through the dome
A thousand tapers shed their gloomy light,
While solemn organs to his parting soul
Chanted slow orisons? Say, by what mark
Dost thou discern him from that lowly swain
Whose mould'ring bones beneath the thorn bound turf
Long lay neglected? All at once shall rise,
But not to equal glory; for, alas!
With howlings dire, and execrations loud,
Some wail their fatal birth.—First among these
Behold the mighty murd'rers of mankind:
They who in sport whole kingdoms slew; or they
Who to the tott'ring pinnacle of power curse
Waded through seas of blood! How will they
The madness of ambition! how lament wife
Their dear-bought laurels; when the widow'd
And childless mother at the judgement seat they
Plead trumpet-tongu'd against them!—Here are
Who sunk an aged father to the grave;
Or with unkindness hard, and cold disdain,
Slighted a brother's suff'rings. — Here are they
Whom fraud and skilful treachery long secur'd;
Who from the infant virgin tore her dow'r,
And ate the orphan's bread; who spent their
In selfish luxury; or o'er their gold stores
Prostrate and pale ador'd the useless heap.
Here too who stain'd the chaste connubial bed!--
Who mix'd the pois'nous bowl;— or broke the
Of hospitable friendship; — and the wretch ties
Whose listless soul, sick with the cares of life,
Unsummon'd, to the presence of his God
Rush'd in with insult rude. How would they joy
Once more to visit earth, and, though oppress'd
With all that pain and famine can inflict,
Pant up the hill of life? Vain wish! the judge
Pronounces doom eternal on their heads,
Perpetual punishment. Seek not to know
What punishment! for that th' Almighty will
Has hid from mortal eyes: and shall vain man
With curious search refin'd presume to pry
Into thy secrets, Father? No! let him
With humble patience all thy works adore,
And walk in all thy paths; so shall his meed
Be great in Heav'n, so haply shall he 'scape
Th' immortal worm and never-ceasing fire.

But who are they, who bound in tenfold chains
Stand horribly aghast? This is that crew
Who strove to pull Jehovah from his throne,
And in the place of heaven's eternal King
Set up the phantom Chance. For them in vain
Alternate season's cheer'd the rolling year;
In vain the sun o'er herb, tree, fruit and flow'r
Shed genial influence mild; and the pale moon
Repair'd her waning orb.—Next these is plac'd
The vile blasphemer; he whose impious wit
Profan'd the sacred mysteries of faith,
And 'gainst th' impenetrable walls of Heav'n
Planted his feeble battery. By these stands
The Arch-Apostate: he with many a wile
Exhorts them still to foul revolt. Alas!
No hope have they from black despair, no ray
Shines through the gloom to cheer their sinking souls.
In agonies of grief they curse the hour
When first they left Religion's onward way.

These on the left are rang'd: but on the right
A chosen band appears, who fought beneath
The banner of Jehovah, and defied
Satan's united legions. Some, unmov'd
At the grim tyrant's frown, o'er barb'rous climes
Diffus'd the Gospel's light: some long immur'd
(Sad servitude!) in chains and dungeons pin'd;
Or, rack'd with all the agonies of pain, they
Breath'd out their faithful lives. Thrice happy
Whom Heav'n elected to that glorious strife!—
Here are they plac'd, whose kind munificence
Made heaven-born Science raise her drooping head;
And on the labors of a future race
Entail'd their just reward. Thou amongst these,
Good Seaton! whose well-judg'd benevolence
Fost'ring fair Genius, bade the poet's hand
Bring annual off'rings to his Maker's shrine,
Shalt find the generous care was not in vain.—
Here is that fav'rite band, whom mercy mild,
God's best-lov'd attribute, adorn'd; whose gate
Stood ever open to the stranger's call;
Who fed the hungry; to the thirsty lip
Reach'd out the friendly cup; whose care benign
From the rude blast secur'd the pilgrim's side;
Who heard the widow's tender tale, and shook
The galling shackle from the pris'ner's feet;
Who each endearing tie, each office knew
Of meek-eyed, heaven-descended Charity.
O charity, thou nymph divinely fair!
Sweeter than those whom antient poets bound
In amity's indissoluble chain,
The Graces! how shall I essay to paint
Thy charms, celestial maid! and in rude verse
Blazon those deeds thyself didst ne'er reveal?
For thee nor rankling Envy can infect,
Nor rage transport, nor high o'er weening Pride
Puff up with vain conceit: ne'er didst thou
To see the sinner as a verdant tree smile
Spread his luxuriant branches o'er the stream;
While, like some blasted trunk, the righteous fall
Prostrate, forlorn. When prophecies shall fail,
When tongues shall cease, when knowledge is no more,
And this great day is come, thou by the throne
Shalt sit triumphant. Thither, lovely maid!
Bear me, O bear me on thy soaring wing,
And through the adamantine gates of Heav'n
Conduct my steps, safe from the fiery gulph
And dark abyss, where Sin and Satan reign!

But can the Muse, her numbers all too weak,
Tell how that restless element of fire
Shall wage with seas and earth intestine war,
And deluge all creation? Whether (so
Some think) the comet, as through fields of air
Lawless he wanders, shall rush headlong on
Toward the ecliptic, where the unconscious earth
Rolls in her wonted course; whether the sun
With force centripetal into his orb
Attract her, long reluctant; or the caves,
Those dead volcanos, where engend'ring lie
Sulphureous minerals, from the dark abyss
Pour streams of liquid fire; while from above,
As erst on Sodom, Heaven's avenging hand
Rains fierce combustion.—Where are now the
Of art, the toil of ages?—Where are now [works
Th' imperial cities, sepulchres and domes,
Trophies and pillars? Where is Egypt's boast,
Those lofty pyramids, which high in air
Rear'd their aspiring heads, to distant times
Of Memphian's pride a lasting monument?—
Tell me where Athens rais'd her tow'rs? where
Thebes
Open'd her hundred portals?—Tell me where
Stood sea-girt Albion? where Imperial Rome,
Propt, by seven hills, sat like a sceptred queen,
And awe'd the tributary world to peace?—
Show me the rampart which o'er many a hill,
Through many a valley, stretch'd its wide extent,
Rais'd by that mighty monarch to repel
The roving Tartar, when with insult rude
Gainst Perkin's tow'rs he bent th' inerring bow.
But what is mimic art? E'en Nature's work,
Seas, meadows, pastures, the meand'ring streams,
And everlasting hills, shall be no more.
No more shall Teneriff, cloud-piercing height!
O'er hang th' Atlantic surge; nor that fam'd cliff,
Thro, which the Persian steer'd with many a sail,
Throw to the Lemnian isle its evening shade
O'er half the wide Ægean.—Where are now
The Alps that confin'd with innumber'd realms,
And from the Black Sea to the ocean stream
Stretch'd their extended arms!—Where's Ararat,
That hill on which the faithful patriarch's ark,
Which seven long months had voyag'd o'er its top,
First rested, when the earth with all her sons,
As now by streaming cataracts of fire,
Was whelm'd by mighty waters?—All at once
Are vanish'd and dissolv'd; no trace remains,
No mark of vain distinction: heaven itself,
That azure vault, with all those radiant orbs,
Sinks in the universal ruin lost:
No more shall planets round their central sun
Move in harmonious dance; no more the moon
Hang out her silver lamp; and those fix'd stars,
Sprangling the golden canopy of night,
Which oft the Tuscan with his optic glass
Call'd from their wond'rous height, to read their
And magnitude, some winged minister [names
Shall quench: and direst sign that all on earth
Is lost, shall rend from heaven the mystic bow.
Such is that awful, that tremendous day,
Whose coming who shall tell? For as a thief
Unheard, unseen, it steal with silent pace [fit,
Through night's dark gloom.—Perhaps as here
And rudely carol these incondite lays, [mouth
Soon shall the hand be check'd, and dumb the
That lisps the falt'ring strain.—O may it ne'er
Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour;
But find me wrapt in meditations high,
Hymning my great Creator!——
——"Pow'r Supreme!
"O everlasting King! to thee I kneel,
"To thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat
"Melt, all ye elements! And thou high heav'n,
"Shrink like a shrivell'd scroll! But think, O Lord,
"Think on the best, the noblest of thy works;
"Think on their own bright image! Think on
"him
"Who died to save us from thy righteous wrath;
"And 'midst the wreck of worlds remember man!"

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§ 52. HYMNS. *By* Mrs. Barbauld.

Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis
Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare ac terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis? HORAT.

HYMN I.

Jehovah reigns: let ev'ry nation hear,
And at his footstool bow with holy fear;
Let Heav'ns high arches echo with his name,
And the wide peopled earth his praise proclaim,
Then send it down to hell's deep glooms re-
sounding, [ing.
Thro' all her caves in dreadful murmurs sound-

He rules with wide and absolute command
O'er the broad ocean and the stedfast land:
Jehovah reigns, unbounded and alone,
And all creation hangs beneath his throne:
He reigns alone; let no inferior nature
Usurp or share the throne of the Creator.

He saw the struggling beams of infant light
Shoot thro' the massy gloom of antient night;
His spirit hush'd the elemental strife,
And brooded o'er the kindling seeds of life:
Seasons and months began the long procession,
And measur'd o'er the year in bright succession.

The joyful sun sprung up th' ethereal way,
Strong as a giant, as a bride-groom gay;
And the pale moon diffus'd her shadowy light
Superior o'er the dusky brow of night; [ing,
Ten thousand glitt'ring lamps the skies adorn-
Numerous as dew-drops from the womb of
morning.

Earth's blooming face with rising flow'rs he
dress'd
And spread a verdant mantle o'er her breast;
Then from the hollow of his hand he pours
The circling waters round her winding shores,
The new-born world in their cool arms em-
embracing,
And with soft murmurs still her banks caressing.

At length she rose complete in finish'd pride,
All fair and spotless, like a virgin bride:
Fresh with unvarnish'd lustre as she stood,
Her Maker bless'd his work, and call'd it good,
The morning stars, with joyful acclamation,
Exulting sung, and hail'd the new creation.

Yet

Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,
Tho' built by God's right hand, must pass away;
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings:
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

The sun himself, with weary clouds opprest,
Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest:
His golden urn shall broke and useless lie,
Amidst the common ruins of the sky!
The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion,
And bathe their glitt'ring foreheads in the ocean.

But fix'd, O God! for ever stands thy throne;
Jehovah reigns, a universe alone;
Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
Collected or diffus'd is still the same.
He dwells within his own unfathom'd essence,
And fills all space with his unbounded presence.

But oh! our highest notes the theme debase.
And silence is our least injurious praise: [trol,
Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight con-
Revere him in the stillness of the soul;
With silent duty meekly bend before him,
And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

HYMN II.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise*,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ;

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the gen'rous olive's use;

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse;

All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that lib'ral Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the rip'ning ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;

Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;

Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise;
And, when ev'ry blessing's flown,
Love thee — for thyself alone.

HYMN III.

For Easter-Sunday.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue.

Ten thousand diff'ring lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn;
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

Jesus, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion mov'd,
Descended, like a pitying God,
To save the souls he lov'd.

The pow'rs of darkness leagu'd in vain
To bind his soul in death;
He shook their kingdom, when he fell,
With his expiring breath.

Not long the toils of hell could keep
The hope of Judah's line;
Corruption never could take hold
On ought so much divine.

And now his conqu'ring chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While broke, beneath his pow'rful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

Exalted high at God's right hand,
And Lord of all below,
Thro' him is pard'ning love dispens'd,
And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring, guilty man
A brother's pity flows;
And still his bleeding heart is touch'd
With mem'ry of our woes.

To thee, my Saviour and my King,
Glad homage let me give;
And stand prepar'd, like thee to die,
With thee that I may live.

* Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.
HABAKKUK, iii. 17. 18.

HYMN IV.

Behold where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands!
His weeping followers gath'ring round
Receive his last commands.

From that mild Teacher's parting lip
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its author well.

"Bless'd is the man whose soft'ning heart
"Feels all another's pain:
"To whom the supplicating eye
"Was never rais'd in vain;

"Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth
"A stranger's woes to feel:
"And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
"He wants the pow'r to heal.

"He spreads his kind supporting arms
"To ev'ry child of grief:
"His secret bounty largely flows,
"And brings unask'd relief.

"To gentle offices of love
"His feet are never slow;
"He views, thro' mercy's melting eye,
"A brother in a foe.

"Peace from the bosom of his God,
"My peace to him I give!
"And when he kneels before the throne,
"His trembling soul shall live.

"To him protection shall be shown,
"And mercy from above
"Descend on those who thus fulfil
"The perfect law of love."

HYMN V.

Awake, my soul! lift up thine eyes.
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a num'rous host;
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

Here giant Danger threat'ning stands
Must'ring his pale terrific bands;
There Pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.

See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousand slain.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard ev'ry part,
But most the traitor in thy heart.

Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor from above
Of heav'nly truth and heav'nly love.

The terror and the charm repel,
And pow'rs of earth, and pow'rs of hell
The man of Calvary triumph'd here;
Why should his faithful followers fear?

§ 53. *An Address to the Deity.*

Mrs. Barbauld.

Deus est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris.
Lucan.

God of my life, and author of my days!
Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise;
And trembling take upon a mortal tongue
That hallow'd name to harps of Seraphs sung.
Yet here the brightest Seraphs could no more
Than hide their faces, tremble, and adore.
Worms, angels, men, in ev'ry diff'rent sphere,
Are equal all, for all are nothing here.
All Nature faints beneath the mighty name,
Which Nature's works, thro' all her parts, proclaim.
I feel that name my inmost thoughts control,
And breathe an awful stillness thro' my soul;
As by a charm the waves of grief subside;
Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide:
At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace,
Till ev'ry worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes,
Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
And one vast object fills my aching sight.
But soon, alas! this holy calm is broke;
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke;
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
And mingles with the dross of earth again.
But he, our gracious Master, kind as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.
His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclin'd;
Marks the young dawn of ev'ry virtuous aim,
And fans the smoaking flax into a flame
His ears are open to the softest cry,
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye;
He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give:
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live.
From each terrestrial bondage set me free;
Still ev'ry wish that centres not in thee;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.
If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
By living waters, and thro' flow'ry meads,
When all is smiling, tranquil and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flatt'ring scene,
Oh! teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart — Beware!
With caution let me hear the Syren's voice,
And doubtful, with a trembling heart rejoice.
If friendless in a vale of tears I stray, [way,
Where briers wound, and thorns perplex my
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence, lay hold on thee:
With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resign'd to die, or resolute to live;
Prepar'd to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.
I read his awful name emblazon'd high
With golden letters on th' illumin'd sky.

Nor

Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flow'r, inscrib'd on ev'ry tree:
In ev'ry leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees;
With thee in shady solitudes I walk
With thee in busy crowded cities talk;
In ev'ry creature own thy forming pow'r,
In each event thy providence adore.
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control.
Thus shall I rest unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee
Then, when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand, and stretch my view to either state;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And, having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

§ 54. *A Summer Evening's Meditation.*

Mrs. Barbauld.

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine.
YOUNG.

'Tis past! the sultry tyrant of the south
Has spent his short-liv'd rage: more grateful hours
Move silent on: the skies no more repel
The dazzled sight; but, with mild maiden beams
Of temper'd light, invite the cherish'd eye
To wander o'er their sphere; where hung aloft
Dian's bright crescent, like a silver bow
New strung in heaven, lifts high its beamy horns,
Impatient for the night, and seems to push
Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines,
Ev'n in the eye of day; with sweetest beam
Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood
Of soften'd radiance from her dewy locks.
The shadows spread apace; while meeken'd Eve,
Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires
Thro' the Hesperian gardens of the west,
And shuts the gates of day. 'Tis now the hour
When Contemplation, from her sunless haunts,
The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth
Of unpierc'd woods, were wrapt in silent shade,
She mus'd away the gaudy hours of noon,
And fed on thoughts unripenn'd by the sun,
Moves forward; and with radiant finger points
To yon blue concave swell'd by breath divine,
Where, one by one, the living eyes of heaven
Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of æther
One boundless blaze; ten thousand trembling fires,
And dancing lustres, where the unsteady eye,
Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfin'd
O'er all this field of glories: spacious field,
And worthy of the master: he whose hand,
With hieroglyphics elder than the Nile,
Inscrib'd the mystic tablet; hung on high
To public gaze; and said, Adore, O man,
The finger of thy God! From what pure wells
Of milky light, what soft o'erflowing urn,
Are all these lamps so fill'd? these friendly lamps,
For ever streaming o'er the azure deep
To point our path and light us to our home.
How soft they slide along their lucid spheres!
And, silent as the foot of time, fulfil
Their destin'd courses: Nature's self is hush'd,
And, but a scatter'd leaf which rustles thro'
The thick-woven foliage, not a sound is heard
To break the midnight air; tho' the rais'd ear,
Intensely listning, drinks in ev'ry breath.
How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise!
But are they silent all? or is there not
A tongue in ev'ry star that talks with man,
And wooes him to be wise? nor wooes in vain:
This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.
At this still hour the self-collected soul
Turns inward and beholds a stranger there
Of high descent, and more than mortal rank;
An embryo God; a spark of fire divine,
Which must burn on for ages, when the sun
(Fair transitory creature of a day)
Has clos'd his golden eye, and wrapt in shades,
Forgets his wonted journey thro' the east.
Ye citadels of light, and seats of Gods!
Perhaps my future home, from whence the soul,
Revolving periods past, may oft look back,
With recollected tenderness, on all
The various busy scenes she left below,
Its deep-laid projects and its strange events,
As on some fond and doting tale that sooth'd
Her infant hours—O be it lawful now
To tread the hallow'd circle of your courts,
And with mute wonder and delighted awe
Approach your burning confines!——Seiz'd in
On fancy's wild and roving wing I sail (thought,
From the green borders of the peopled earth,
And the pale moon, her dutcous fair attendant!
From solitary Mars; from the vast orb
Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk
Dances in ether like the lightest leaf;
To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,
Where cheerless Saturn 'midst his watry moons,
Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,
Sits like an exil'd monarch: fearless thence
I launch into the trackless deeps of space,
Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear,
Of elder beam; which ask no leave to shine
Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light
From the proud regent of our scanty day;
Sons of the morning, first-born of creation,
And only less than him who marks their track,
And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop,
Or is there aught beyond? What hand unseen
Impels me onward thro' the glowing orbs
Of habitable nature, far remote,
To the dread confines of eternal night,
To solitudes of vast unpeopled space,
The deserts of creation, wide and wild,
Where embryo systems and unkindled suns
Sleep in the womb of chaos? Fancy droops,
And thought astonish'd stops her bold career.
But, oh thou mighty Mind! whose pow'r'ful word

Said, Thus let all things be, and thus they were.
Where shall I seek thy presence? how unblam'd
Invoke thy dread perfection?———
Have the broad eyelids of the morn beheld thee?
Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion
Support thy throne! O look with pity down
On erring, guilty man! not in thy names
Of terror clad; not with those thunders arm'd
That conscious Sinai felt, when fear appall'd
The scatter'd tribes! Thou hast a gentler voice
That whispers comfort to the swelling heart,
Abash'd, yet longing to behold her Maker.
But now my soul, unus'd to stretch her pow'rs
In flights so daring, drops her weary wing,
And seeks again the known accustom'd spot,
Drest up with sun, and shade, and lawns, and streams;
A mansion fair and spacious for its guest,
And full replete with wonders. Let me here,
Content and grateful, wait the appointed time,
And ripen for the skies; the hour will come
When all these splendors bursting on my sight
Shall stand unveil'd, and to my ravish'd sense
Unlock the glories of the world unknown.

§ 55. *Hymn to Content.* Mrs. Barbauld.

———natura beatos
Omnibus esse dedit, si quis cognoverit uti. Claud.

O thou, the Nymph with placid eye!
O seldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temp'rate vow.
Not all the storms that shake the pole,
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
And smooth unalter'd brow,
O come, in simple vest array'd,
With all thy sober cheer display'd,
To bless my longing sight:
Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaste subdu'd delight.
No more by varying passions beat
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell;
Where in some pure and equal sky
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye
The modest virtues dwell.
Simplicity in Attic vest,
And Innocence with candid breast,
And clear undaunted eye;
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair op'ning thro' this vale of tears
A vista to the sky.
There Health, thro' whose calm bosom glide
The temp'rate joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow;
And patience there, thy sister meek,
Presents her mild unvarying cheek
To meet the offer'd blow.
Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
A tyrant's master's wanton rage
With settled smiles to meet;
Inur'd to toil and bitter bread,
He bow'd his meek submitted head,
And kiss'd thy sainted feet.

But thou O Nymph, retir'd and coy!
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
To tell thy tender tale?
The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss-rose and violet blossom round,
And lily of the vale.
O say what soft propitious hour
I best may choose to hail thy pow'r,
And court thy gentle sway?
When Autumn, friendly to the Muse,
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
And shed thy milder day:
When Eve, her dewy star beneath,
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,
And ev'ry storm is laid;
If such an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy soothing voice
Low whisp'ring thro' the shade.

§ 56. *To Wisdom.* Mrs. Barbauld.

Dona præsentis rape lætus horæ, ac
Linque severa. Horat.

O wisdom! if thy soft control
Can sooth the sickness of the soul,
Can bid the warring passions cease,
And breathe the calm of tender peace;
Wisdom! I bless thy gentle sway,
And ever, ever will obey.
But if thou com'st with frown austere
To nurse the brood of care and fear;
To bid our sweetest passions die,
And leave us in their room a sigh?
Or if thine aspect stern have pow'r
To wither each poor transient flow'r
That cheers this pilgrimage of woe,
And dry the springs whence hope should flow;
Wisdom, thine empire I disclaim,
Thou empty boast of pompous name!
In gloomy shade of cloisters dwell,
But never haunt my cheerful cell.
Hail to pleasure's frolic train!
Hail to fancy's golden reign!
Festive mirth and laughter wild,
Free and sportful as the child!
Hope with eager sparkling eyes,
And easy faith and fond surprise!
Let these, in fairy colors drest,
For ever share my careless breast:
Then, tho' wise I may not be,
The wise themselves shall envy me.

§ 57. *Despondency. An Ode.* Burns.

Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I sit me down and sigh:
O life! thou art a galling load,
A long a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!

Dim

Dim backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear?
What sorrows yet may pierce me through,
Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing
Must be my bitter doom:
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb!

Happy! ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard!
Ev'n when the wished end's denied,
Yet while the busy means are plied,
They bring their own reward:
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet ev'ry sad returning night
And joyless morn the same.
You, bustling and justling
Forget each grief and pain;
I, listless yet restless
Find ev'ry prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within this humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well!
Or haply to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint-collected dream:
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to Heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less fit to play the part,
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop and just to move,
With self-respecting art:
But ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The Solitary can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest!
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate!
Whilst I here, must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate!

Oh! enviable early days,
When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,
To Care, to Guilt unknown!
How ill exchang'd for riper times,
To feel the follies or the crimes
Of others, or my own!
Ye tiny elves, that guiltless sport
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage;
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining age!

§ 58. *The Frailty and Folly of Man.* Prior.

Great Heav'n! how frail thy creature Man is made!
How by himself insensibly betray'd!
In our own strength unhappily secure,
Too little cautious of the adverse pow'r;
And, by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,
We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd.
On pleasure's flow'ry brink we idly stray,
Masters as yet of our returning way:
Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind,
And give our conduct to the waves and wind:
Then in the flow'ry mead, or verdant shade,
To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,
And smiling see the nearer waters roll:
Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise,
Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies;
And, swift into the boundless ocean borne,
Our foolish confidence too late we mourn:
Round our devoted heads the billows beat;
And from our troubled view the lessen'd lands retreat.

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§ 59. *A Paraphrase on the latter Part of the Sixth Chapter of St. Matthew.* Thomson.

When my breast labors with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;
While all my warring passions are at strife,
Oh let me listen to the words of life!
Raptures deep felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart:

Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof the howling tempest bears;
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe these shiv'ring limbs again.
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
And the fair body its investing weed?
Behold! and look away your low despair —
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them nor stores nor granaries belong,
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song;
Yet your kind heav'nly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.
To him they sing when spring renews the plain,
To him they cry in winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their music or their plaint in vain;
He hears the gay and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
What regal vestments can with them compare?
What king so shining, or what queen so fair?

If ceaseless thus the fowls of heav'n he feeds,
If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads,
Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say?
Is he unwise? or are ye less than they?

§ 60. *The Sluggard.* Watts.

'Tis the voice of a sluggard—I heard him complain, [again."
"You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed [head.
Turns his sides and his shoulders, and his heavy

"A little more sleep and a little more slumber."
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number;
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about saunt'ring, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags;
And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had took better care for improving his mind;
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating & drinking,
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me;
That man's but a picture of what I might be;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding, [reading!"
Who taught me betimes to love working and

§ 61. *The Rose.* Watts.

How fair is the Rose! what a beautiful flow'r!
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flow'rs of the field: [lost,
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colors are
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Tho' they bloom and look gay like the rose;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain;
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty:
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

§ 62. *The Ant, or Emmet.* Watts.

These emmets, how little they are in our eyes!
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,
Without our regard or concern:
Yet as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
There's many a sluggard, and many a fool,
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores:
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms,
And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time:
When death or old age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime!

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are in bloom, [shall come,
Let me think what will serve me when sickness
And pray that my sins be forgiven:
Let me read in good books, and believe and obey,
That, when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

§ 63. *A Summer Evening.* Watts.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there follow'd some droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays all are gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretels a bright rising again.
Just such is the Christian: his course he begins
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out & shines,
And travels his heavenly way:
But, when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days
Of rising in brighter array!

§ 64. *The Nunc Dimitis.* Merrick.

'Tis enough—the hour is come:
Now within the silent tomb
Let this mortal frame decay,
Mingled with its kindred clay;
Since thy mercies, oft of old
By thy chosen seers foretold,
Faithful now and stedfast prove,
God of truth, and God of love!
Since at length my aged eye
Sees the day-spring from on high!
Son of righteousness, to thee,
Lo! the nations bow the knee;
And the realms of distant kings
Own the healing of thy wings.
Those whom death had overspread
With his dark and dreary shade,
Lift their eyes, and from afar
Hail the light of Jacob's Star;
Waiting till the promis'd ray
Turn their darkness into day.
See the beams intensely shed,
Shine o'er Sion's favor'd head!
Never may they hence remove,
God of truth and God of love!

§ 65. *The Benedicite paraphrased.* Merrick.

Ye works of God, on him alone,
In earth his footstool, heav'n his throne,
Be all your praise bestow'd;
Whose hand the beauteous fabric made,
Whose eye the finish'd work survey'd,
And saw that all was good.

Ye angels, that with loud acclaim
Admiring view'd the new-born frame,
And hail'd the Eternal King,
Again proclaim your Maker's praise,
Again your thankful voices raise,
And touch the tuneful string.

Praise him, ye blest æthereal plains,
Where, in full majesty, he deigns
To fix his awful throne:
Ye waters that above him roll,
From orb to orb, from pole to pole,
O make his praises known!

Ye thrones, dominions, virtues, pow'rs,
Join ye your joyful songs with ours;
With us your voices raise!
From age to age extend the lay,
To Heaven's Eternal Monarch pay
Hymns of eternal praise.

Celestial orb! whose powerful ray
Opes the glad eyelids of the day,
Whose influence all things own;
Praise him, whose courts effulgent shine
With light as far excelling thine,
As thine the paler moon.

Ye glitt'ring planets of the sky,
Whose lamps the absent sun supply,
With him the song pursue;
And let himself submissive own,
He borrows from a brighter Sun
The light he lends to you.

Ye show'rs and dews, whose moisture shed
Calls into life the op'ning seed,
To him your praises yield,
Whose influence wakes the genial birth,
Drops fatness on the pregnant earth,
And crowns the laughing field.

Ye winds, that oft tempestuous sweep
The ruffled surface of the deep,
With us confess your God;
See thro' the heav'ns the King of kings,
Upborne on your expanded wings,
Come flying all abroad.

Ye floods of fire, where'er ye flow,
With just submission humbly bow
To his superior pow'r,
Who stops the tempest on its way,
Or bids the flaming deluge stray,
And gives its strength to roar.

Ye summer's heat, and winter's cold,
By turns in long succession roll'd,
The drooping world to cheer,
Praise him who gave the sun and moon
To lead the various seasons on,
And guide the circling year.

Ye frosts, that bind the wat'ry plain,
Ye silent show'rs of fleecy rain,
Pursue the heav'nly theme;
Praise him who sheds the driving snow,
Forbids the harden'd waves to flow,
And stops the rapid stream.

Ye days and nights, that swiftly borne
From morn to eve, from eve to morn,
Alternate glide away,
Praise him, whose never-varying light,
Absent, adds horror to the night,
But, present, gives the day.

Light, from whose rays all beauty springs;
Darkness, whose wide-expanded wings
Involve the dusky globe;
Praise him who, when the heav'ns he spread,
Darkness his thick pavilion made,
And light his regal robe.

Praise him, ye lightnings, as ye fly
Wing'd with his vengeance thro' the sky,
And red with wrath divine;
Praise him, ye clouds that wand'ring stray,
Or, fix'd by him, in close array
Surround his awful shrine.

Exalt, O Earth! thy Heav'nly King,
Who bids the plants that form the spring
With annual verdure bloom;
Whose frequent drops of kindly rain,
Prolific swell the rip'ning grain,
And bless thy fertile womb.

Ye mountains, that ambitious rise,
And heave your summits to the skies,
Revere his awful nod;
Think how you once affrighted fled;
When Jordan sought his fountain-head,
And own'd the approaching God.

Ye trees, that fill the rural scene;
Ye flow'rs, that o'er the enamell'd green
In native beauty reign;
O praise the Ruler of the skies,
Whose hand the genial sap supplies,
And clothes the smiling plain.

Ye secret springs, ye gentle rills,
That murm'ring rise among the hills,
Or fill the humble vale;
Praise him, at whose Almighty nod
The rugged rock dissolving flow'd,
And form'd a springing well.

Praise him, ye floods, and seas profound,
Whose waves the spacious earth surround,
And roll from shore to shore,
Aw'd by his voice, ye seas, subside;
Ye floods within your channels glide,
And tremble and adore.

Ye whales, that stir the boiling deep,
Or in its dark recesses sleep,
Remote from human eye,
Praise him by whom ye all are fed;
Praise him, without whose heavenly aid
Ye languish, faint, and die.

Ye

Ye birds, exalt our Maker's name;
Begin, and with th' important theme
Your artless lays improve;
Wake with your songs the rising day,
Let music sound on ev'ry spray,
And till the vocal grove.

Praise him, ye beasts, that nightly roam
Amid the salutary gloom,
Th'expected prey to seise;
Ye slaves of the laborious plough,
Your stubborn necks submissive bow,
And bend your wearied knees.

Ye sons of men, his praise display,
Who stamp'd his image on your clay,
And gave it pow'r to move,
Ye that in Judah's confines dwell,
From age to age successive tell
The wonders of his love.

Let Levi's tribe the lay prolong,
Till angels listen to the song,
And bend attention down,
Let wonder seise the heavenly train,
Pleas'd while they hear a mortal strain
So sweet, so like their own.

And you your thankful voices join,
That oft at Salem's sacred shrine
Before his altars kneel;
Where thron'd in majesty he dwells,
And from thy mystic cloud reveals
The dictates of his will.

Ye spirits of the just and good,
That, eager for the bless'd abode,
To heavenly mansions soar;
O let your songs his praise display,
Till heaven itself shall melt away,
And time shall be no more!

Praise him, ye meek and humble train,
Ye saints, whom his decrees ordain
The boundless bliss to share;
O praise him, till ye take your way
To regions of eternal day,
And reign for ever there.

Let us, who now impassive stand,
Aw'd by the tyrant's stern command,
Amid the fiery blaze;
While thus we triumph in the flame,
Rise, and our Maker's love proclaim,
In hymns of endless praise.

§ 66. *The Ignorance of Man.* Merrick.

Behold yon new-born infant griev'd
With hunger, thirst, and pain;
That asks to have the wants reliev'd,
It knows not to complain.

Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
And utters, as it can,
The woes that in its bosom rise,
And speak its nature — man.

That infant, whose advancing hour
Life's various sorrows try;
(Sad proof of sin's transmissive pow'r),
That infant, Lord, am I.

A childhood yet my thoughts confess,
Though long in years mature;
Unknowing whence I feel distress,
And where, or what, its cure.

Author of good! to thee I turn:
Thy ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern;
Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel;
That fear all fears beside.

And, oh! by error's force subdued,
Since oft my stubborn will
Prepost'rous shuns the latent good,
And grasps the specious ill;

Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply:
Unask'd, what good thou knowest grant;
What ill, tho' ask'd, deny.

§ 67. *The Trials of Virtue.* Merrick.

Plac'd on the verge of youth, my mind
Life's op'ning scene survey'd:
I view'd its ills of various kind,
Afflicted and afraid.

But chief my fear the dangers mov'd,
That virtue's path inclose:
My heart the wise pursuit approv'd;
But, oh, what toils oppose!

For see! ah see! while yet her ways
With doubtful step I tread,
A hostile world its terrors raise,
Its snares delusive spread.

Oh how shall I, with heart prepar'd,
Those terrors learn to meet?
How from the thousand snares to guard
My unexperienc'd feet?

As thus I mov'd oppressive sleep
Soft o'er my temples drew
Oblivion's veil. — The wat'ry deep,
An object strange and new,

Before me rose: on the wide shore
Observant as I stood,
The gathering storms around me roar,
And heave the boiling flood.

Near and more near the billows rise;
Ev'n now my steps they lave!
And death to my affrighted eyes
Approach'd in ev'ry wave.

What hope, or whither to retreat!
Each nerve at once unstrung,
Chill fear had fetter'd fast my feet,
And chain'd my speechless tongue.

I feel

I feel my heart within me die;
When sudden to mine ear
A voice, descending from on high,
Reprov'd my erring fear:

'What tho' the swelling surge thou see
'Impatient to devour;
'Rest, mortal, rest on God's decree,
'And thankful own his pow'r.

'Know, when he bade the deep appear,
"Thus far," th' Almighty said,
"Thus far, nor farther, rage; and here
"Let thy proud waves be stay'd."

I heard; and, lo! at once control'd,
The waves, in wild retreat,
Back on themselves reluctant roll'd,
And murmuring left my feet.

Deeps to assembling deeds in vain,
Once more the signal gave:
The shores the rushing weight sustain,
And check th' usurping wave.

Convinc'd, in Nature's volume wise,
The imag'd truth I read;
And sudden from my waking eyes
Th' instructive vision fled.

'Then why thus heavy, O my soul!
'Say why, distrustful still,
'Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
'O'er scenes of future ill?

'Let faith suppress each rising fear,
'Each anxious doubt exclude;
'Thy Maker's will has plac'd thee here,
'A Maker wise and good!

'He to thy ev'ry trial knows
'Its just restraint to give;
'Attentive to behold thy woes,
'And faithful to relieve.

'Then why thus heavy, O my soul!
'Say why, distrustful still,
'Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
'O'er scenes of future ill?

'Tho' griefs unnumber'd throng thee round
'Still in thy God confide,
'Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
'And curbs the headlong tide.'

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§ 68. *Christ's Passion: from a Greek Ode of Mr.* Masters, *formerly of New College.* Pitt

No more of earthly subjects sing;
To heaven, my muse, aspire;
To raise the song, charge ev'ry string,
And strike the living lyre.
Begin, in lofty numbers show
Th' Eternal King's unfathom'd love,
Who reigns the Sov'reign God above
And suffers on the cross below.
Prodigious pile of wonders! rais'd too high
For the dim ken of frail mortality.
What numbers shall I bring along?
From whence shall I begin the song
The mighty mystery I'll sing, inspir'd,
Beyond the reach of human wisdom wrought,
Beyond the compass of an angel's thought,
How by the rage of man his God expir'd.
I'll make the trackless depths of mercy known,
How to redeem his foe God render'd up his Son:
I'll raise my voice to tell mankind
The victor's conquest o'er his doom;
How in the grave he lay confin'd,
To seal more sure the rav'nous tomb.
Three days, th' infernal empire to subdue,
He pass'd triumphant through the coasts of woe;
With his own dart the tyrant Death he slew,
And led Hell captive through her realms below.
A mingled sound from Calvary I hear,
And the loud tumult thickens on my ear,
The shouts of murd'rers, that insult the slain,
The voice of torment, and the shrieks of pain.
I cast my eyes with horror up
To the curst mountain's guilty top;
See there! whom hanging in the midst I view!
Ah! how unlike the other two!
I see him high above his foes,
And gently bending from the wood
His head in pity down to those
Whose guilt conspires to shed his blood.
His wide-extended arms I see
Transfix'd with nails, and fasten'd to the tree.
Man, senseless man! canst thou look on,
Nor make thy Saviour's pains thy own?
The rage of all thy grief exert,
Rend thy garments and thy heart:
Beat thy breast, and grovel low,
Beneath the burden of thy woe;
Bleed through thy bowels, tear thy hairs,
Breathe gales of sighs, and weep a flood of tears.
Behold thy King, with purple cover'd round;
Not in the Tyrian tinctures dyed,
Nor dipt in poison of Sidonian pride;
But in his own rich blood that streams from every wound.
Dost thou not see the thorny circled red?
The guilty wreath that blushes round his head!
And with what rage the bloody scourge applied
Curls round his limbs, and ploughs into his side.
At such a sight let all thy anguish rise;
Break up, break up the fountains of thy eyes.
Here bid thy tears in gushing torrents flow,
Indulge thy grief, and give a loose to woe.
Weep from thy soul, till earth be drown'd;
Weep, till thy sorrows drench the ground.
Canst thou, ungrateful man! his torments see,
Nor drop a tear for him, who pours his blood for thee?

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§ 69. *A Funeral Hymn.* Mallet.

Ye midnight shades, o'er nature spread!
Dumb silence of the dreary hour!
In honor of th' approaching dead,
Around your awful terrors pour.
Yes, pour around
On this pale ground

Through

Through all this deep surrounding gloom,
The sober thought,
The tear untaught,
Those meetest mourners at a tomb.

Lo! as the surplic'd train drew near
To this last mansion of mankind,
The slow sad bell, the sable bier,
In holy musing wrapt the mind!
And while their beam,
With trembling stream,
Attending tapers faintly dart;
Each mould'ring bone,
Each sculptur'd stone,
Strikes mute instruction to the heart!

Now let the sacred organ blow,
With solemn pause, and sounding slow;
Now let the voice due measure keep,
In strains that sigh, and words that weep;
Till all the vocal current blended roll,
Not to depress, but lift the soaring soul.

To lift it in the Maker's praise,
Who first inform'd our frame with breath;
And, after some few stormy days,
Now, gracious, gives us o'er to death.
No King of Fears
In him appears,
Who shuts the scene of human woes.
Beneath his shade
Securely laid,
The dead alone find true repose.

Then, while we mingle dust with dust,
To One, supremely good and wise,
Raise hallelujahs! God is just,
And man most happy when he dies!
His winter past,
Fair spring at last
Receives him on her flow'ry shore!
Where pleasure's rose
Immortal blows,
And sin and sorrow are no more!

§ 70. *Veni Creator Spiritus, paraphrased.* Dryden.

Creator Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit ev'ry pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind.
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.
O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promis'd Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.
Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose pow'r does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown thy gift with eloquence!
Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.
Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow,
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
Make us eternal truth receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thyself that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
Thy Saviour son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee!

§ 71. *A Night Piece.* Miss Carter.

While night in solemn shade invests the pole,
And calm reflection soothes the pensive soul,
While reason undisturb'd asserts her sway,
And life's deceitful colors fade away;
To thee! all-conscious Presence! I devote
This peaceful interval of sober thought:
Here all my better faculties confine;
And be this hour of sacred silence thine!
If, by the day's illusive scenes misled,
My erring soul from virtue's path has stray'd;
Snar'd by example, or by passion warm'd,
Some false delight my giddy sense has charm'd;
My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
And my best hopes are centred in thy love.
Depriv'd of this can life one joy afford?
Its utmost boast a vain unmeaning word.
But, ah! how oft my lawless passions rove,
And break those awful precepts I approve!
Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,
And violate the virtue I adore!
Oft when thy better Spirit's guardian care
Warn'd my fond soul to shun the tempting snare,
My stubborn will his gentle aid repress'd,
And check'd the rising goodness in my breast;
Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by false desires,
Still'd his soft voice, and quench'd his sacred fires.
With grief oppress'd, and prostrate in the dust,
Shouldst thou condemn, I own thy sentence just.
But, oh! thy softer titles let me claim,
And plead my cause by Mercy's gentle name.
Mercy! that wipes the penitential tear,
And dissipates the horrors of despair!
From righteous justice steals the vengeful hour,
Softens the dreadful attribute of pow'r,
Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood!
All pow'rful Grace, exert thy gentle sway,
And teach my rebel passions to obey;
Lest lurking Folly, with insidious art,
Regain my volatile inconstant heart!

Shall

Shall every high resolve Devotion frames
Be only lifeless sounds and specious names?
Oh rather, while thy hopes and fears control,
In this still hour, each motion of my soul,
Secures its safety by a sudden doom,
And be the soft retreat of sleep my tomb!
Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
Till the last morn its orient beam disclose:
Then, when the great archangel's potent sound
Shall echo thro' creation's ample round,
Wak'd from the sleep of death, with joy survey
The opening splendors of eternal day.

§ 72. *Ode to Melancholy.* Carter.

Come, Melancholy! silent pow'r,
Companion of my lonely hour,
To sober thought confin'd!
Thou sweetly sad ideal guest,
In all thy soothing charms confest,
Indulge my pensive mind.

No longer wildly hurried through
The tides of mirth, that ebb and flow
In folly's noisy stream,
I from the busy crowd retire,
To court the objects that inspire
Thy philosophic dream.

Thro' yon dark grove of mournful yews
With solitary steps I muse,
By thy direction led:
Here, cold to pleasures tempting forms,
Consociate with my sister worms,
And mingle with the dead.

Ye midnight horrors, awful gloom!
Ye silent regions of the tomb,
My future peaceful bed:
Here shall my weary eyes be clos'd,
And ev'ry sorrow lie repos'd
In death's refreshing shade.

Ye pale inhabitants of night,
Before my intellectual sight
In solemn pomp ascend;
O tell how trifling now appears
The train of idle hopes and fears,
That varying life attend!

Ye faithless idols of our sense,
Here own how vain the fond pretence,
Ye empty names of joy!
Your transient forms like shadows pass,
Frail offspring of the magic glass,
Before the mental eye.

The dazzling colors, falsely bright,
Attract the gazing vulgar sight
With superficial state:
Thro' reason's clearer optics view'd,
How stripp'd of all its pomp, how rude,
Appears the painted cheat!

Can wild ambition's tyrant pow'r,
Or ill got wealth's superfluous store,
The dread of death control?
Can pleasure's more bewitching charms
Avert or sooth the dire alarms
That shake thy parting soul?

Religion! ere the hand of Fate
Shall make reflection plead too late,
My erring senses teach,
Amidst the flatt'ring hopes of youth,
To meditate the solemn truth
These awful relics preach.

Thy penetrating beams disperse
The mist of error, whence our fears
Derive their fatal spring:
'Tis thine the trembling heart to warm,
And soften to an angel form
The pale terrific king.

When, sunk by guilt in sad despair,
Repentance breathe her humble pray'r,
And owns thy threat'nings just:
Thy voice the shudd'ring suppliant cheers,
With mercy calms her torturing fears,
And lifts her from the dust.

Sublim'd by thee, the soul aspires
Beyond the range of low desires,
In nobler views elate:
Unmov'd her distant change surveys,
And, arm'd by faith, intrepid pays
The universal debt.

In death's soft slumber lull'd to rest,
She sleeps by smiling visions blest,
That gently whisper peace;
Till the last morn's fair op'ning ray
Unfolds the bright eternal day
Of active life and bliss.

§ 73. *Written at Midnight in a Thunder Storm.* Carter.

Let coward Guilt, with pallid Fear,
To shelt'ring caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate
That thunders through the sky.

Protected by that hand, whose law
The threat'ning storms obey,
Intrepid virtue smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightning's lurid glare,
It views the same all-gracious Pow'r
That breathes the vernal air.

Thro' Nature's ever-varying scene,
By different ways pursued,
The one eternal end of Heav'n
Is universal good:

With like beneficent effect
O'er flaming æther glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
Or blushes in the rose.

By reason taught to scorn those fears
That vulgar minds molest,
Let no fantastic terrors break
My dear-Narcissa's rest.

Thy

Thy life may all the tend'rest care
Of Providence defend;
And delegated angels round
Their guardian wings extend!

When thro' creation's vast expanse
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the rising soul;

Unmov'd may'st thou the final storm
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the glad serene
Of everlasting day!

§ 74. *The Vanity of Human Wishes.*
Johnson.

In Imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal.

Let * observation with extensive view
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life:
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good:
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice:
How nations sink by darling schemes oppress,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows?
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death. [bold

† But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;
Wide-wasting pest, that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind!
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws:
Wealth heap'd on wealth nor truth nor safety buys;
The dangers gather as the treasures rise. [buys;

Let hist'ry tell, where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madden'd land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord:
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Tho' confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seise thee? crush th' upbraiding joy;
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy.
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade;
Nor light nor darkness brings his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

* Ver. 1---11. † Ver. 12---22.

Yet ‡ still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once § more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings drest,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:
Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner died;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause;
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye,
To thee were solemn toys or empty show,
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search ev'ry state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.

|| Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
A thirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rides th' indignant wall.
But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foe's doom, or guard her fav'rites zeal?
Thro' Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels, and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign;
Thro' him the rays of regal bounty shine; [sign,
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honor flows,
His smile alone security bestows:

‡ Ver. 23---27. § Ver. 28---55.
|| Ver. 56---107.

Still

Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r;
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seise.
At length his sov'reign frowns — the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly:
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.
Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent!
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
Or weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
Why but to sink, beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulphs below?
What *gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?
When † first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:
O'er Bodley's dome his future labors spread,
And ‡ Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty Doubt resistless day:
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantom's haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause a while from learning, to be wise:
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life §, and Galileo's end.
Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;
See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seise on Laud.
From meaner minds, tho' smaller fines content,
The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent;
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts he meets the shock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.
The ‖ festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
For such the steady Romans shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name.
And mortgag'd states their grandsires wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.
On ¶ what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'r combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;

* Ver. 108--113. † Ver. 114--132.

‡ There is a tradition, that the study of friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it.

§ A very learned divine and mathematician, fellow of New College Oxford, and rector of Okerton near Banbury. He wrote, among many others, a Latin Treatise, De Natura Cœli, &c. in which he attacked the sentiments of Scaliger and Aristotle; not bearing to hear it urged that some things are true in philosophy and false in divinity. He made above six hundred sermons on the harmony of the Evangelists. Being unsuccessful in publishing his works, he lay in the prison of Bocardo at Oxford, and the king's-bench, till bishop Usher, Dr. Laud, Sir William Boswell, and Dr. Pink, released him by paying his debts. He petitioned King Charles I. to be sent into Ethiopia, &c. to procure MSS. Having spoken in favor of monarchy and bishops, he was plundered by the parliament forces, and twice carried away prisoner from his rectory; and afterwards had not a shirt to shift him in three months, unless he borrowed it, and he died very poor in 1648.

‖ Ver. 133--146. ¶ Ver. 147--167.

Peace

Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd, he cries, till nought remain,
"On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
"And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;—
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands,
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All * times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant, to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattl'd at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seise the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more;
Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains:
Th' incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Thro' purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway,
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince in honor's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
His foes derision, and his subjects blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

'Enlarge † my life with multitude of days;'
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.

Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r—
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend:
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, or ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter's petulance, the son's expence,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguish'd Av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The ‡ teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;

* Ver. 168—187. † Ver. 188—288. ‡ Ver. 289—345.

Yet

Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring:
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night,
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart,
What care, what rules your heedless charms shall save,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry rein,
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom, and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd;
To Int'rest, Prudence; and to Flatt'ry, Pride.
Here beauty falls betray'd, despis'd distrest,
And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.
Where* then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Enquirer, cease, petitions yet remain
Which Heav'n may hear nor deem religion vain;
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice,
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r,
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the Happiness she does not find.

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§ 75. *Elegy on the Death of Lady Coventry. Written in* 1760. Mason.

The midnight clock has toll'd—and, hark the bell [found?
Of death beats slow! heard ye the note pro-
It pauses now; and now, with rising knell,
Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.

Yes—Coventry is dead. Attend the strain,
Daughters of Albion! ye that, light as air,
So oft have tripp'd in her fantastic train,
With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair.

For she was fair beyond your brightest bloom;
(This envy owns, since now her bloom is fled),
Fair as the forms that, wove in Fancy's loom,
Float in light vision round the poet's head.

Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!

Each look, each motion, wak'd a new-born grace,
That o'er her form its transient glory cast:
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last.

That bell again! It tells us what she is;
On what she was, no more the strain prolong;
Luxuriant fancy, pause! an hour like this
Demands the tribute of a serious song.

Maria claims it from that sable bier,
Where cold and wan the slumb'rer rests her head;
In still small whispers to reflection's ear
She breathes the solemn dictates of the dead.

O catch the awful notes, and lift them loud!
Proclaim the theme by sage, by fool rever'd,
Hear it, ye young, ye vain, ye great, ye proud!
'Tis Nature speaks, and Nature will be heard.

Yes; ye shall hear, and tremble as ye hear,
While, high with health, your hearts exulting leap;
E'en in the midst of pleasure's mad career,
The mental monitor shall wake and weep!

For say, than Coventry's propitious star,
What brighter planet on your births arose?
Or gave of fortune's gifts an ampler share,
In life to lavish, or by death to lose?

Early to lose! While, borne on busy wing,
Ye sip the nectar of each varying bloom;
Nor fear, while basking in the beams of spring,
The wint'ry storm that sweeps you to the tomb;

Think of her fate! revere the heavenly hand
That led her hence, tho' soon by steps so slow;
Long at her couch Death took his patient stand,
And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow.

To give reflection time, with lenient art,
Each fond delusion from her soul to steal!
Teach her from folly peaceably to part,
And wean her from a world she lov'd so well.

Say, are you sure his mercy shall extend
To you so long a span? Alas, ye sigh! [friend,
Make then, while yet ye may, your God your
And learn with equal ease to sleep or die!

Nor think the Muse, whose sober voice ye hear,
Contracts with bigot frown her sullen brow;
Casts round religion's orb the mists of fear, [glow.
Or shades with horrors what with smiles should

No—she would warn you with seraphic fire,
Heirs as ye are of heaven's eternal day;
Would bid you boldly to that heaven aspire,
Nor sink and slumber in your cells of clay.

* Ver. 346—366.

Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
In yon ethereal founts of bliss to lave:
Force then, secure in faith's protection shield,
Thesting from death, the vict'ry from the grave!

Is this the bigot's rant? Away, ye vain! [steep:
Your hopes, your fears, in doubt, in dullness
Go sooth your souls in sickness, grief, or pain,
With the sad solace of eternal sleep!

Yet will I praise you, triflers as you are,
More than those preachers of your fav'rite creed,
Who proudly swell the brazen throat of war,
Who from the phalanx, bid the battle bleed,

Nor wish for more; who conquer but to die.
Hear, Folly, hear, and triumph in the tale!
Like you they reason, not like you enjoy
The breeze of bliss, that fills your silken sail:

On pleasure's glitt'ring stream ye gaily steer
Your little course to cold oblivion's shore;
They dare the storm, and thro' th' inclement year
Stem the rough surge, and brave the torrent's roar.

Is it for glory? That just Fate denies;
Long must the warrior moulder in his shroud,
Ere from her trump the heaven-breath'd accents
That lift the hero from the fighting crowd! [rise

Is it his grasp of empire to extend?
To curb the fury of insulting foes?
Ambition, cease! the idle contest end:
'Tis but a kingdom thou canst win or lose.

And why must murder'd myriads lose their all
(If life be all), why desolation low'r
With famish'd frown on this affrighted ball,
That thou mayst flame the meteor of an hour?

Go, wiser ye, that flutter life away,
Crown with the mantling juice the goblet high?
Weave the light dance, with festive freedom gay,
And live your moment, since the next ye die!

Yet know, vain sceptics! know, th' Almighty Mind,
Who breath'd on man a portion of his fire,
Bade his free soul, by earth nor time confin'd,
To heav'n, to immortality aspire.

Nor shall the pile of hope his mercy rear'd
By vain philosophy be e'er destroy'd:
Eternity, by all or wish'd or fear'd,
Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd!

Note. In a book of French verses, intitled, *Ouvres du Philosophe de Sans Souci*, and lately reprinted at Berlin by authority, under the title of *Poesies Diverses*, may be found an Epistle to Marshal Keith, written professedly against the immortality of the soul. By way of specimen of the whole, take the following lines:

De l'avenir, cher Keith, jugeons par le passé:
Comme avant que je fusse il n'avoit point pensé;
De même, après ma mort, quand toutes mes parties
Par la corruption seront anéanties,
Par un même destin il ne pensera plus!
Non, rien n'est plus certain, soyons en convaincu.

It is to this Epistle that the latter part of the Elegy alludes.

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§ 76. *Elegy to a young Nobleman leaving the University.* Mason.

Ere yet, ingenuous youth, thy steps retire [vale,
From Cam's smooth margin, and the peaceful
Where Science call'd thee to her studious quire,
And met thee musing in her cloisters pale;
O let thy friend (and may he boast the name!)
Breathe from his artless reed one parting lay:
A lay like this thy early virtues claim,
And this let voluntary friendship pay.

Yet know, the time arrives, the dang'rous time,
When all those virtues, op'ning now so fair,
Transplanted to the world's tempestuous clime,
Must learn each passion's boist'rous breath to bear;

There, if ambition, pestilent and pale,
Or luxury should taint their vernal glow;
If cold self-interest, with her chilling gale, [blow;
Should blast th' unfolding blossoms ere they

If mimic hues, by art or fashion spread,
Their genuine simple coloring should supply;
O may with them these laureate honors fade,
And with them (if it can) my friendship die!

Then do not blame, if, tho' thyself inspire,
Cautious I strike the panegyric string;
The Muse full oft pursues a meteor fire,
And, vainly vent'rous, soars on waxen wing:

Too actively awake at friendship's voice,
The poet's bosom pours the fervent strain,
Till sad reflection blames the hasty choice,
And oft invokes oblivion's aid in vain.

Call we the shade of Pope from that blest bow'r,
Where thron'd he sits with many a tuneful sage;
Ask, if he ne'er bemoans that hapless hour
When St. John's name illumin'd glory's page.

Ask, if the wretch, who dar'd his mem'ry stain;
Ask, if his country's, his religion's foe,
Deserv'd the meed that Marlbro' fail'd to gain;
The deathless meed he only could bestow:

The bard will tell thee, the misguided praise
Clouds the celestial sunshine of his breast;
Ev'n now, repentant of his erring lays,
He heaves a sigh amid the realms of rest.

If Pope thro' friendship fail'd, indignant view,
Yet pity, Dryden — hark, whene'er he sings,
How adulation drops her courtly dew
On titled rhymers and inglorious kings!

See, from the depths of his exhaustless mine,
His glitt'ring stores the tuneful spendthrift throws:
Where fear or int'rest bids, behold they shine;
Now grace a Cromwell's, now a Charles's brows.

Born with too gen'rous or too mean a heart,
Dryden! in vain to thee those stores were lent;

Thy

Thy sweetest numbers but a trifling art:
Thy strongest diction idly eloquent.

The simplest lyre, if truth directs its lays,
Warbles a melody ne'er heard from thine:
Not to disgust with false or venal praise,
Was Parnell's modest fame, and may be mine.

Go then, my friend, nor let thy candid breast
Condemn me, if I check the plausive string;
Go to the wayward world; complete the rest;
Be what the purest Muse would wish to sing.

Be still thyself: that open path of truth,
Which led thee here, let manhood firm pursue;
Retain the sweet simplicity of youth;
And all thy virtue dictates dare to do.

Still scorn, with conscious pride, the mask of art,
On vice's front let fearful caution low'r;
And teach the diffident, discreeter part
Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for pow'r.

So, round thy brow when age's honors spread,
When death's cold hand unstrings thy Mason's lyre,
When the green turf lies lightly on his head,
Thy worth shall some superior bard inspire:

He to the amplest bounds of time's domain
On raptures plume shall give thy name to fly;
For trust, with rev'rence trust, this Sabine strain,
'The Muse forbids the virtuous man to die.'

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§ 77. *The Choice of Hercules: from the Greek of Prodicus. Bp.* Lowth.

Now had the son of Jove, mature, attain'd
The joyful prime; when youth, elate and gay,
Steps into life, and follows unrestrain'd [way.
Where passion leads, or prudence points the
In the pure mind, at those ambiguous years,
Or vice, rank weed, first strikes her pois'nous
Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears [root;
By just degrees, fair bloom of fairest fruit!
For, if on youth's untainted thought imprest,
The gen'rous purpose still shall warm the manly breast.
As on a day, reflecting on his age
For highest deeds now ripe, Alcides sought
Retirement, nurse of contemplation sage,
Step following step, and thought succeeding thought;
Musing, with steady pace the youth pursued
His walk, and lost in meditation stray'd
Far in a lonely vale, with solitude
Conversing; while intent his mind survey'd
The dubious path of life: before him lay, [way.
Here virtue's rough ascent, there pleasure's flow'ry
Much did the view divide his wav'ring mind:
Now glow'd his breast with gen'rous thirst of fame;
Now love of ease to softer thoughts inclin'd
His yielding soul, and quench'd the rising flame:
When, lo! far off two female forms he spies:
Direct to him their steps they seem to bear;
Both large and tall, exceeding human size;
Both, far exceeding human beauty, fair.
Graceful, yet each with different grace they move
This striking sacred awe; that, softer winning love.

The first in native dignity surpass'd;
Artless and unadorn'd she pleas'd the more;
Heal'th o'er her looks a genuine lustre cast;
A vest more whit: than new-fallen snow she wore:
August she trod, yet modest was her air;
Serene her eye, yet darting heavenly fire;
Still she drew near, and nearer still more fair,
More mild, appear'd: yet such as might inspire
Pleasure corrected with an awful fear;
Majestically sweet, and amiably severe.

The other dame seem'd even of fairer hue;
But bold her mien, unguarded rov'd her eye,
And her flush'd cheeks confess'd at nearer view
The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye.
All soft and delicate, with airy swim
Lightly she danc'd along; her robe betray'd
Thro' the clear texture every tender limb,
Heighten'ing the charms it only seem'd to shade:
And as it flow'd adown, so loose and thin, [skin.
Her stature slow'd more tall, more snowy whiter

Oft with a smile she view'd herself askance;
Even on her shade a conscious look she threw:
Then all around her cast a careless glance,
To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.
As they came near, before that other maid
Approaching decent, eagerly she press'd
With hasty step; nor of repulse afraid, [dress'd;
With freedom bland the wond'ring youth ad-
With winning fondness on his neck she hung;
Sweet as the honey-dew flow'd her enchanting tongue:

"Dear Hercules, whence this unkind delay?
Dear youth, what doubts can thus distract thy mind?
Securely follow where I lead the way,
And range thro' wilds of pleasure unconfin'd.
With me retire from noise, and pain, and care,
Embath'd in bliss, and wrapt in endless ease:
Rough is the road to fame, thro' blood and war;
Smooth is my way, and all my paths are peace.
With me retire, from toils and perils free,
Leave honor to the wretch! pleasures were made for thee.

"Then will I grant thee all thy soul's desire;
All that may charm thine ear, and please thy sight;
All that the thought can frame, or wish require,
To steep thy ravish'd senses in delight:
The sumptuous feast, enhanc'd with music's sound,
Fittest to tune the melting soul to love,
Rich odors, breathing choicest sweets around;
The fragrant bow'r, cool fountain, shady grove;
Fresh flow'rs to strew thy couch, and crown thy head: [thy bed.
Joy shall attend thy steps, and ease shall smooth

"These will I freely, constantly supply,
Pleasure's not earn'd with toil, nor mix'd with woe;
Far from thy rest repining want shall fly,
Nor labor bathe in sweat thy careful brow.
Mature the copious harvest shall be thine,
Let the laborious hind subdue the soil;

Leave the rash soldier spoils of war to win,
Won by the soldier thou shalt share the spoil:
These softer cares my best allies employ,
New pleasures to invent, to wish, and to enjoy."

Her winning voice the youth attentive caught:
He gaz'd impatient on the smiling maid;
Still gaz'd, and listen'd; then her name besought:
"My name, fair youth, is Happiness," she said.
"Well can my friends this envied truth maintain:
They share my bliss, the best can speak my praise:
Tho' Slander call me Sloth (detraction vain!),
Heed not what Slander, vain detractor, says;
Slander, still prompt true merit to defame, [name."
To blot the brightest worth, and blast the fairest

By this arriv'd the fair majestic Maid:
She all the while, with the same modest pace,
Compos'd advanc'd: "Know, Hercules," she said
With manly tone, "thy birth of heav'nly race:
Thy tender age, that lov'd instruction's voice,
Promis'd thee generous, patient, brave, and wise:
When manhood should confirm thy glorious choice,
Now expectation waits to see thee rise.
Rise, youth! exalt thyself and me; approve
Thy high descent from heaven, and dare be worthy Jove. [disguise:
"But what truth prompts, my tongue shall not
The steep ascent must be with toil subdued;
Watching and cares must win the lofty prize
Propos'd by Heaven—true bliss and real good.
Honor rewards the brave and bold alone;
She spurns the timorous, indolent, and base:
Danger and toil stand stern before her throne,
And guard (so Jove commands) the sacred place,
Who seeks her, must the mighty cost sustain,
And pay the price of fame—labor, and care, and pain.

"Wouldst thou engage the gods peculiar care?
O Hercules, th' immortal pow'rs adore!
With a pure heart, with sacrifice, and pray'r,
Attend their altars, and their aid implore.
Or, wouldst thou gain thy country's loud applause,
Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd?
Be thou the bold asserter of her cause;
Her voice in council, in the fight her sword:
In peace, in war, pursue thy country's good;
For her, bare thy bold breast, and pour thy generous blood.

Wouldst thou, to quell the proud and lift th' oppress,
In arts of war and matchless strength excel?
First conquer thou thyself: to ease, to rest,
To each soft thought of pleasure, bid farewell.
The night alternate, due to sweet repose,
In watches waste; in painful march, the day:
Congeal'd amidst the rigorous winter's snows,
Scorch'd by the summer's thirst-inflaming ray,
Thy harden'd limbs shall boast superior might:
Vigor shall brace thine arm, resistless in the fight."

"Hear'st thou what monsters then thou must encage! [prove?"
What dangers, gentle youth, she bids thee

(Abrupt says Sloth) — "I'll fit thy tender age
Tumult and wars, fit age for joy and love.
Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love, and joy!
To these I lead: no monsters here shall stay
Thine easy course; no cares thy peace annoy;
I lead to bliss a nearer, smoother way:
Short is my way, fair, easy, smooth, and plain:
Turn, gentle youth—with me eternal pleasures reign."
[thine?"
"What pleasures, vain mistaken wretch, are
(Virtue with scorn replied) "who sleep's tinease
Insensate; whose soft limbs the toil decline
That seasons bliss, and makes enjoyment please:
Draining the copious bowl ere thirst require;
Feasting ere hunger to the feast invite:
Whose tasteless joys anticipate desire,
Whom luxury supplies with appetite:
Yet nature loaths, and you employ in vain
Variety and art to conquer her disdain.
"The sparkling nectar cool'd with summer snows,
The dainty board with choicest viands spread,
To thee are tasteless all! sincere repose
Flies from thy flow'ry couch and downy bed.
For thou art only tired with indolence;
Nor is thy sleep with toil and labor bought,
Th' imperfect sleep, that lulls shy languid sense
In dull oblivious interval of thought;
That kindly steals th' inactive hours away [the day.
From the long ling'ring space, that lengthens out
"From bounteous nature's unexhausted stores
Flows the pure fountain of sincere delights:
Averse to her, you waste the joyless hours;
Sleep drowns thy days, and riot rules thy nights.
Immortal tho' thou art, indignant Jove
Hurl'd thee from heav'n, th' immortals bliss-ful place,
For ever banish'd from the realms above,
To dwell on earth with man's degenerate race:
Fitter abode! on earth alike disgrac'd; [rejected by the wise, and by the fool embrac'd.

"Fond wretch, that vainly weenest all delight
To gratify the sense, reserv'd for thee!
Yet the most pleasing object to the sight,
Thine own fair action never didst thou see.
Tho' lull'd with softest sounds thou liest along,
Soft music, warbling voices, melting lays, [song
Ne'er didst thou hear, more sweet than sweetest
Charming the soul, thou ne'er didst hear thy praise!
No—to thy revels let the fool repair; [tempting snare.
To such go smooth thy speech, and spread thy

"Vast happiness enjoy thy gay allies!
A youth of follies, an old age of cares:
Young yet enervate, old yet never wise,
Vice wastes their vigor, and their mind impairs.
Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtless ease, [spend;
Reserving woes for age, their prime they
All wretched, hopeless, in the evil days,
With sorrow to the verge of life they tend.
Griev'd with the present, of the past asham'd,
They live and are despis'd; they die, nor more are nam'd.

"But

"But with the gods, and godlike men I dwell;
Me, his supreme delight, th' Almighty Sire
Regards well pleas'd: whatever works excel,
All, or divine or human I inspire.
Counsel with strength, and industry with art,
In union meet conjoin'd with me reside:
My dictates arm, instruct, and mend the heart,
The surest policy, the wisest guide. [bind
With me true friendship dwells: she deigns to
Those generous souls alone, whom I before
have join'd.

"Nor need my friends the various costly feast,
Hunger to them th' effects of art supplies;
Labor prepares their weary limbs to rest;
Sweet is their sleep; light, cheerful, strong,
they rise. [nown
Thro' health, thro' joy, thro' pleasure and re-
They tread my paths: and by a soft descent
At length to age all gently sinking down,
Look back with transport at a life well spent,
In which no hour flew unimprov'd away; [day.
In which some gen'rous deed distinguish'd ev'ry

"And when the destin'd term at length 's com-
Their ashes rest in peace, eternal fame [plete,
Sounds wide their praise: triumphant o'er fate,
In sacred song for ever lives their name.
This, Hercules, is happiness! obey
My voice, and live: let thy celestial birth
Lift and enlarge thy thoughts: behold the way
That leads to fame, and raises thee from earth,
Immortal! Lo, I guide thy steps. Arise, [skies."
Pursue the glorious path and claim thy native

Her words breathe fire celestial, and impart
New vigor to his soul, that sudden caught
The generous flame: with great intent his heart
Swells full, and labors with exalted thought.
The mist of errors from his eyes dispell'd,
Thro' all her fraudful arts, in clearest light,
Sloth in her native form he now beheld;
Unveil'd she stood confest before his sight.
False Siren!—All her vaunted charms, that shone
So fresh erewhile and fair, now wither'd, pale,
and gone.

No more the rosy bloom in sweet disguise [grace
Masks her dissembled looks; each borrow'd
Leaves her wan cheek; pale sickness clouds her
Livid and sunk, and passions dim her face. [eyes
As when fair Iris has awhile display'd
Her wat'ry arch with gaudy painture gay,
While yet we gaze the glorious colors fade,
And from our wonder gently steal away:
Where shone the beauteous phantom, erst so
bright,
Now low'rs the low-hung cloud, all gloomy to
the sight.

But Virtue more engaging, all the while [rene
Discles'd new charms, more lovely, more se-
Beaming sweet influence, a milder smile
Soften'd the terrors of her lofty mien.
"Lead, goddess; I am thine!" transported cried
Alcides; "O propitious pow'r, thy way
Teach me! possess my soul! be thou my guide
From thee oh never, never let me stray!"
While ardent thus the youth his vows address'd,
With all the goddess fill'd, already glow'd his
breast.

The heav'nly maid with strength divine endued
His daring soul; there all her pow'rs con-
Firm constancy, undaunted fortitude, [bin'd:
Enduring patience, arm'd his mighty mind.
Unmov'd in toils, in dangers undismay'd,
By many a hardy deed and bold emprize,
From fiercest monsters, thro' her powerful aid,
He freed the earth! thro' her he gain'd the skies.
'Twas Virtue plac'd him in the blest abode; [god
Crown'd with eternal youth, among the gods a

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§ 78. *The Hermit.* Parnell.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell:
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,
Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself till one suggestion rose—
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey:
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast, [grow,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending
And skies beneath with answering colors glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide, [glow;
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun;
Banks, trees, and skies in thick disorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books or swains report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before!
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets way'd his hair:
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried:
And "Hail, my son!" the rev'rend sire replied.
Words followed words, from question answer
flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose:
When near the road a stately palace rose. [pass,
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good. drown,
Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the Zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests obedient to the call; [ful,
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master fore'd the guests to taste,
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.
As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seem'd the sire, when far upon the road
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask, to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat:
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping caus'd a desart there.
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran,
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest):
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in th' shiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls, [calls:
And nature's fervor through their limbs re-
Bread of the coarser sort with meagre wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine:
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
In one so rich a life so poor and rude;
And why should such (within himself he cried)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place
In ev'ry settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before.
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk the Pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear;
'Twas there a vice; and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
Again the wand'rers want a place to lie:
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.

The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low nor idly great,
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears and thus replies:

"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose
Before the Pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and
Horror of horrors! what! his only son? [died,
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies; but, trembling fails to fly with speed,
His steps the youth pursues: the country lay
Perplex'd with roads; a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before:
Long arms of oak an open bridge supplied, [glide.
And deep the waves beneath the bending branches
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in

Plunging

Plunging he falls; and rising lifts his head;
Then flashing turns and sinks among the dead.
Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes;
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!"—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man.
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odors breathe through purpled air;
And wings whose colors glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the Pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke):

"Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky—
Nay, cease to kneel!—thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends;
'Tis thus withdrawn in state from human eye,
The pow'r exerts his attributes on high;
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

"What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just;
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

"The great vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine;
Has with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor,
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friends in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father took the son.
To all but thee in fits he seem'd to go;
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

"But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew;
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky:
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a pray'r began:
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.
Then, gladly turning, sought his antient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

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§ 79. *The Fire-Side.* Cotton.

Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In Folly's maze advance:
Tho' singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we 'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we 'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Tho' fools from Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutor'd right, they 'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise:
We 'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that 's manly, good and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They 'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:

They 'll grow in virtue ev'ry day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys, they 're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot.
Monarchs! we envy not your state;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need!
For nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We 'll therefore relish, with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleas'd with favors given;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We 'll ask no long protracted treat,
Since winter life is seldom sweet;
But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful, from table we 'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes
The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, thro' life we 'll go;
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we 'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

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§ 80. *VISIONS for the Entertainment and Instruction of younger Minds.* Cotton.

Virginibus puerisque canto. HOR.

TO THE READER.

AUTHORS, you know, of greatest fame,
Thro' modesty suppress their name*;
And would you wish me to reveal
What these superior wits conceal?
Forego the search, my curious friend,
And husband time to better end.

All my ambition is, I own,
To profit and to please unknown;
Like streams supplied from springs below,
Which scatter blessings as they flow.
Were you diseas'd, or press'd with pain,
Straight you 'd apply to Warwick Lane.
The thoughtful Doctor feels your pulse
(No matter whether Mead or Hulse),
Writes — Arabic to you and me —
Then signs his hand, and takes his fee.
Now, should the sage omit his name,
Would not the cure remain the same?
Not but physicians sign their bill,
Or when they cure, or when they kill.
'Tis often known, the mental race
Their fond ambitious sires disgrace.
Dar'd I avow a parent's claim,
Critics might sneer, and friends might blame.
This dang'rous secret let me hide,
I 'll tell you ev'ry thing beside:
Not that it boots the world a tittle,
Whether the author's big or little;
Or whether fair, or black, or brown:
No writer's hue concerns the town.
I pass the silent rural hour,
No slave to wealth, no tool to pow'r.
My mansion's warm, and very neat;
You 'd say, 'A pretty snug retreat!'
My rooms no costly paintings grace,
The humbler print supplies their place.
Behind the house my garden lies,
And opens to the southern skies:
The distant hills gay prospects yield,
And plenty smiles in ev'ry field.
The faithful mastiff is my guard:
The feather'd tribes adorn my yard;
Alive my joy, my treat when dead,
And their soft plumes improve my bed.
My cow rewards me all she can
(Brutes leave ingratitude to man);
She daily thankful to her lord,
Crowns with nectarious sweets my board:
Am I diseas'd? the cure is known,
Her sweeter juices mend my own.
I love my house, and seldom roam;
Few visits please me more than home:
I pity that unhappy elf
Who loves all company but self;
By idle passions borne away
To opera, masquerade, or play;
Fond of those hives where Folly reigns,
And Britain's peers receive her chains;
Where the pert virgin slights a name,
And scorns to redden into shame.
But know, my fair, to whom belong
The poet and his artless song,
When female cheeks refuse to glow,
Farewell to virtue here below!
Our sex is lost to ev'ry rule;
Our sole distinction, knave or fool
'Tis to your innocence we run:
Save us, ye fair, or we 're undone;

* Though Dr. Cotton is well known to have been the author of these Visions, they have generally been published without prefixing his name.

Maintain

Maintain your modesty and station,
So women shall preserve the nation.
Mothers, 'tis said, in days of old,
Esteem'd their girls more choice than gold;
Too well a daughter's worth they knew,
To make her cheap by public view:
Few, who their diamond's value weigh,
Expose those diamonds every day.
Then, if sir Plume drew near, and smil'd,
The parent trembled for her child:
The first advance alarm'd her breast;
And fancy pictur'd all the rest.
But now no mother fears a foe;
No daughter shudders at a beau.
Pleasure is all the reigning theme;
Our noon-day thought, our midnight dream.
In Folly's chace our youths engage,
And shameless crowds of tott'ring age.
The die, the dance, th' intemperate bowl,
With various charms engross the soul.
Are gold, fame, health, the terms of vice?
The frantic tribes shall pay the price.
But tho' to ruin post they run,
They 'll think it hard to be undone.
Do not arraign my want of taste,
Or sight, to ken where joys are plac'd.
They widely err who think me blind;
And I disclaim a stoic's mind.
Like yours are my sensations quite;
I only strive to feel aright.
My joys, like streams, glide gently by;
Tho' small their channel, never dry;
Keep a still, even, fruitful wave,
And bless the neighb'ring meads they lave.
My fortune (for I'll mention all,
And more than you dare tell, is small;
Yet ev'ry friend partakes my store,
And want goes smiling from my door.
Will forty shillings warm the breast
Of worth or industry distrest—
This sum I cheerfully impart,
'Tis fourscore pleasures to my heart;
And you may make, by means like these,
Five talents ten, whene'er you please.
'Tis true, my little purse grows light;
But then I sleep so sweet at night!
This grand specific will prevail
When all the doctor's opiates fail.
You ask what party I pursue;
Perhaps you mean, 'Whose fool are you?'
The names of party I detest;
Badges of slavery at best:
I 've too much grace to play the knave,
And too much pride to turn a slave.
I love my country from my soul,
And grieve when knaves or fools control:
I 'm pleased when vice and folly smart,
Or at the gibbet or the cart:
Yet always pity where I can;
Abhor the guilt, but mourn the man.
Now the religion of your poet—
Does not this little preface show it!
My Visions if you scan with care,
'Tis ten to one you 'll find it there.
And if my actions suit my song,
You can 't in conscience think me wrong.

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§ 81. *Vision* I. *Slander. Inscribed to Miss S****.*

My lovely girl, I write for you,
And pray believe my Visions true;
They 'll form your mind to ev'ry grace;
They 'll add new beauties to your face;
And when old age impairs your prime,
You 'll triumph o'er the spoils of time.
Childhood and youth engage my pen;
'Tis labor lost to talk to men:
Youth may perhaps reform when wrong;
Age will not listen to my song.
He who at fifty is a fool,
Is far too stubborn grown for school.
What is that vice which still prevails,
When almost ev'ry passion fails;
Which with our very dawn begun,
Nor ends but with our setting sun;
Which, like a noxious weed can spoil
The fairest flow'rs, and choke the soil!
'Tis Slander—and, with shame I own,
The vice of human kind alone.
Be Slander, then, my leading dream,
Tho' you 're a stranger to the theme;
Thy softer breast, and honest heart,
Scorn the defamatory art;
Thy soul asserts her native skies,
Nor asks detraction's wings to rise;
In foreign spoils let others shine,
Intrinsic excellence is thine.
The bird in peacock's plumes who shone
Could plead no merit of her own;
The silly theft betray'd her pride,
And spoke her poverty beside.
Th' insidious sland'ring thief is worse
Than the poor rogue who steals your purse.
Say, he purloins your glitt'ring store;
Who takes your gold, takes trash—no more;
Perhaps he pilfers—to be fed—
Ah! guiltless wretch who steals for bread!
But the dark villain who shall aim
To blast my fair, my spotless name,
He 'd steal a precious gem away,
Steal what both Indies can 't repay!
Here the strong pleas of want are vain,
Or the more pious pleas of gain.
No sinking family to save!
No gold to glut th' insatiate knave!
Improve the hint of Shakspeare's tongue;
'Twas thus immortal Shakspeare sung *:
And trust the bard's unerring rule,
For nature was that poet's school.
As I was nodding in my chair,
I saw a rueful wild appear;
No verdure met my aching sight,
But hemlock and cold aconite;
Two very pois'nous plants, 'tis true,
But not so bad as vice to you.
The dreary prospect spread around;
Deep snow had whiten'd all the ground:

* Othello.

A bleak

A bleak and barren mountain nigh,
Expos'd to ev'ry friendless sky!
Here foul-mouth'd Slander lay reclin'd,
Her snaky tresses hiss'd behind;
'A bloated toad-stool rais'd her head,
'The plumes of ravens were her bed *;'
She fed upon the viper's brood,
And slak'd her impious thirst with blood.
The rising sun, and western ray,
Were witness to her distant sway.
The tyrant claim'd a mightier host
Than the proud Persian e'er could boast.
No conquest grac'd Darius' son †,
By his own numbers half undone:
Success attended Slander's pow'r;
She reap'd fresh laurels ev'ry hour:
Her troops a deeper scarlet wore
Than ever armies knew before.
No plea diverts the fury's rage,
The fury spares nor sex nor age.
E'en Merit, with destructive charms,
Provokes the vengeance of her arms.
Whene'er the tyrant sounds to war,
Her canker'd trump is heard afar.
Pride, with a heart unknown to yield,
Commands in chief, and guides the field;
He stalks with vast gigantic stride,
And scatters fear and ruin wide:
So the impetuous torrents sweep
At once whole nations to the deep.
Revenge, that base Hesperian ‡, known
A chief support of Slander's throne,
Amidst the bloody crowd is seen,
And treach'ry brooding in his mien;
The monster often chang'd his gait,
But march'd resolv'd and fix'd as fate.
Thus the fell kite, whom hunger stings,
Now slowly moves his outstretch'd wings;
Now swift as lightning bears away,
And darts upon his trembling prey.
Envy commands a sacred band,
With sword and poison in her hand.
Around her haggard eye-balls roll;
A thousand fiends possess her soul.
The artful unsuspected sprite
With fatal aim attacks by night.
Her troops advance with silent tread,
And stab the hero in his bed;
Or shoot the wing'd malignant lie,
And female honors pine and die.
So prowling wolves, when darkness reigns,
Intent on murder, scour the plains;
Approach the folds where lambs repose,
Whose guileless breasts suspect no foes;
The savage gluts his fierce desires,
And bleating innocence expires.

Slander smil'd horribly, to view
How wide her conquests daily grew:
Around the crowded levees wait,
Like oriental slaves of state;
Of either sex whole armies prest,
But chiefly of the fair and best.
Is it a breach of friendship's law,
To say what female friends I saw?
Slander assumes the idol's part,
And claims the tribute of the heart;
The best in some unguarded hour,
Have bow'd the knee, and own'd her pow'r.
Then let the poet not reveal
What candor wishes to conceal.
If I beheld some faulty fair,
Much worse delinquents crowded there:
Prelates in sacred lawn I saw,
Grave physic, and loquacious law;
Courtiers, like summer flies, abound;
And hungry poets swarm around.
But now my partial story ends,
And makes my females full amends.
If Albion's isle such dreams fulfils,
'Tis Albion's isle which cures the ills;
Fertile of ev'ry worth and grace,
Which warm the heart and flush the face.
Fancy disclos'd a smiling train
Of British nymphs that tripp'd the plain.
Good-nature first, a sylvan queen,
Attir'd in robes of cheerful green;
A fair and smiling virgin she!
With ev'ry charm that shines in thee.
Prudence assum'd the chief command,
And bore a mirror in her hand;
Grey was the matron's head by age,
Her mind by long experience sage;
Of ev'ry distant ill afraid,
And anxious for the simp'ring maid.
The Graces danc'd before the fair;
And white-rob'd Innocence was there.
The trees with golden fruits were crown'd
And rising flow'rs adorn'd the ground;
The sun display'd each brighter ray,
And shone in all the pride of day:
When Slander sicken'd at the sight,
And skulk'd away to shun the light.

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§ 82. *Vision* II. *Pleasure.*

Hear, ye fair mothers of our isle,
Nor scorn your Poet's homely style.
What tho' my thoughts be quaint or new,
I'll warrant that my doctrine 's true:
Or, if my sentiments be old,
Remember truth is sterling gold.
You judge it of important weight,
To keep your rising offspring straight;

* Garth's Dispensatory.

† Xerxes, king of Persia, and son of Darius. He invaded Greece with an army consisting of more than a million of men (some say more than two millions); who, together with their cattle, perished in a great measure through the inability of the countries to supply such a vast host with provision.

‡ Hesperia includes Italy as well as Spain; and the inhabitants of both are remarkable for their revengeful dispositions.

For

For this such anxious moments feel,
And ask the friendly aids of steel;
For this import the distant cane,
Or slay the monarch of the main.
And shall the soul be warp'd aside
By passion, prejudice, and pride?
Deformity of heart I call
The worst deformity of all.
Your cares to body are confin'd;
Few fear obliquity of mind.
Why not adorn the better part?
This is a noble theme for art.
For what is form, or what is face,
But the soul's index, or its case?
Now take a simile at hand,
Compare the mental soil to land.
Shall fields be till'd with annual care,
And minds lie fallow ev'ry year?
Oh, since the crop depends on you,
Give them the culture which is due:
Hoe ev'ry weed, and dress the soil,
So harvest shall repay your toil.
If human minds resemble trees,
(As ev'ry moralist agrees),
Prune all the stragglers of your vine,
Then shall the purple clusters shine.
The gard'ner knows that fruitful life
Demands that salutary knife:
For ev'ry wild luxuriant shoot
Or robs the bloom, or starves the fruit.
A satirist * in Roman times,
When Rome, like Britain, groan'd with crimes,
Asserts it for a sacred truth,
That pleasures are the bane of youth;
That sorrows such pursuits attend,
Or such pursuits in sorrows end:
That all the wild advent'rer gains,
Are perils, penitence, and pains.
Approve, ye fair, the Roman page,
And bid your sons revere the sage;
In study spend their midnight oil,
And string their nerves by manly toil.
Thus shall they grow, like Temple, wise;
Thus future Lockes and Newtons rise;
Or hardy chiefs to wield the lance,
And save us from the chains of France.
Yes, bid your sons betimes forego
Those treach'rous paths where pleasures grow,
Where the young mind is Folly's slave;
Where ev'ry virtue finds a grave.
Let each bright character be nam'd,
For wisdom or for valor fam'd.
Are the dear youths to science prone?
Tell how th' immortal Bacon shone!
Who, leaving meaner joys to kings,
Soar'd high on contemplation's wings;
Rang'd the fair fields of nature o'er,
Where never mortal trod before:
Bacon! whose vast capacious plan
Bespoke him angel more than man!
Does love of martial fame inspire?
Cherish, ye fair, the gen'rous sire;
Teach them to spurn inglorious rest,
And rouse the hero in his breast:

* Persius.

Paint Cressy's vanquish'd field anew,
Their souls shall kindle at the view;
Resolv'd to conquer or to fall,
When Liberty and Britain call.
Thus shall they rule the crimson plain;
Or hurl their thunders thro' the main;
Gain with their blood, nor grudge the cost,
What their degen'rate sires have lost:
The laurel thus shall grace their brow,
As Churchill's once, or Warren's now.
One summer evening as I stray'd
Along the silent moon-light glade,
With these reflections in my breast,
Beneath an oak I sunk to rest;
A gentle slumber intervenes,
And fancy dress'd instructive scenes.
Methought a spacious road I spied,
And stately trees adorn'd its side;
Frequented by a giddy crowd
Of thoughtless mortals, vain and loud;
Who tripp'd with jocund heel along,
And bade me join their smiling throng.
I straight obey'd — persuasion hung
Like honey on the speaker's tongue:
A cloudless sun improv'd the day,
And pinks and roses strew'd our way.
Now as our journey we pursue,
A beauteous fabric rose to view;
A stately dome, and sweetly grac'd
With ev'ry ornament of taste.
This structure was a female's claim,
And Pleasure was the Monarch's name.
The hall we enter'd uncontrol'd,
And saw the queen enthron'd on gold:
Arabian sweets perfum'd the ground,
And laughing Cupids flutter'd round;
A flowing vest adorn'd the fair,
And flow'ry chaplets wreath'd her hair.
Fraud taught the queen a thousand wiles,
A thousand soft insidious smiles;
Love taught her lisping tongue to speak,
And form'd the dimple in her cheek;
The lily and the damask rose
The tincture of her face compose;
Nor did the god of wit disdain
To mingle with the shining train.
Her vot'ries flock from various parts,
And chiefly youth resign'd their hearts;
The old in sparing numbers press'd,
But awkward devotees at best!
'Now let us range at large,' we cried,
'Thro' all the garden's boasted pride.'
Here jasmines spread the silver flow'r,
To deck the wall, or weave the bow'r;
The woodbines mix in am'rous play,
And breathe their fragrant lives away.
Here rising myrtles form a shade:
There roses blush, and scent the glade;
The orange, with a vernal face,
Wears ev'ry rich autumnal grace;
While the young blossoms here unfold,
There shines the fruit like pendent gold.
Citrons their balmy sweets exhale,
And triumph in the distant gale.

Now

Now fountains, murm'ring to the song,
Roll their translucent streams along;
Thro' all the aromatic groves
The faithful turtles coo their loves;
The lark ascending pours his notes,
And linnets swell their rapt'rous throats.
Pleasure, imperial fair! how gay
Thy empire, and how wide thy sway!
Enchanting queen, how soft thy reign!
How man, fond man! implores thy chain!
Yet thine each meretricious art,
That weakens and corrupts the heart:
The childish toys, and wanton page,
Which sink and prostitute the stage!
The masquerade, that just offence
To virtue, and reproach to sense!
The midnight dance, the mantling bowl,
And all that dissipate the soul;
All that to ruin man combine,
Yes, specious harlot! all are thine.
Whence sprung th' accursed lust of play,
Which beggars thousands in a day?
Speak, sorc'ress, speak (for thou canst tell),
Who call'd the treach'rous card from hell:
Now man profanes his reas'ning pow'rs,
Profanes sweet friendship's sacred hours;
Abandon'd to inglorious ends,
And faithless to himself and friends;
A dupe to ev'ry artful knave,
To ev'ry abject wish a slave:
But who against himself combines,
Abets his enemy's designs.
When rapine meditates a blow,
He shares the guilt who aids the foe.
Is man a thief who steals my pelf—
How great his theft who robs himself?
Is man, who gulls his friend, a cheat—
How heinous, then, is self-deceit?
Is murder justly deem'd a crime—
How black is guilt who murders time!
Should custom plead, as custom will,
Grand precedents to palliate ill;
Shall modes and forms avail with me,
When reason disavows the plea?
Who games is felon of his wealth,
His time, his liberty, his health·
Virtue forsakes his sordid mind,
And Honor scorns to stay behind.
From man when these bright cherubs part,
Ah, what's the poor deserted heart!
A savage wild that shocks the sight!
Or chaos, and impervious night!
Each gen'rous principle destroy'd,
And dæmons crowd the frightful void.
Shall Siam's elephant supply
The baneful desolating die!
Against the honest sylvan's will,
You taught his iv'ry tusk to kill.
Heaven, fond its favors to dispense,
Gave him that weapon for defence:
That weapon for his guard design'd,
You render'd fatal to mankind.
He plann'd no death for thoughtless youth;
You gave the venom to his tooth.
Blush, tyrant, blush! for, oh! 'tis true,
That no fell serpent bites like you.
The guests were order'd to depart;
Reluctance sat on every heart:
A porter show'd a diff'rent door,
Not the fair portal known before.
The gates, methought were open'd wide;
The crowds descended in a tide:
But oh! ye heavens, what vast surprise
Struck the advent'rers frighted eyes!
A barren heath before us lay,
And gath'ring clouds obscur'd the day;
The darkness rose in smoky spires;
The lightnings flash'd their livid fires;
Loud peals of thunder rent the air,
With vengeance chill'd our hearts with fear.
Five ruthless tyrants sway'd the plain,
And triumph'd o'er the mangled slain.
Here sat Distaste, with sickly mien,
And more than half devour'd with spleen;
There stood Remorse with thought opprest,
And vipers feeding on his breast:
Then Want, dejected, pale, and thin,
With bones just starting thro' his skin;
A ghastly fiend!—and close behind,
Disease his aching head reclin'd;
His everlasting thirst confess'd
The fires which rag'd within his breast
Death clos'd the train! the hideous form
Smil'd, unrelenting, in the storm;
When straight a doleful shriek was heard:
I 'woke—she vision disappear'd.
Let not the unexperienc'd boy
Deny that pleasures will destroy;
Or say that dreams are vain and wild,
Like fairy tales to please a child.
Important hints the wise may reap
From sallies of the soul in sleep;
And since there's meaning in my dream,
The moral merits your esteem.

83. *Vision* III. *Health.*

Attend my Visions, thoughtless youths,
Ere long you 'll think them weighty truths;
Prudent it were to think so now,
Ere age has silver'd o'er your brow:
For he, who at his early years
Has sown in vice, shall reap in tears.
If folly has possess'd his prime,
Disease shall gather strength in time;
Poison shall rage in ev'ry vein;
Nor penitence dilute the stain:
And when each hour shall urge his fate,
Thought, like the doctor, comes too late.
The subject of my song is Health,
A good superior far to wealth.
Can the young mind distrust its worth?
Consult the monarchs of the earth:
Imperial czars, and sultans, own
No gem so bright that decks their throne;
Each for this pearl his crown would quit,
And turn a rustic, or a cit.

Mark

Mark, tho' the blessing's lost with ease,
'Tis not recover'd when you please.
Say not that gruels shall avail;
For salutary gruels fail;
Say not, Apollo's sons succeed;
Apollo's Son is Egypt's * reed.
How fruitless the physician's skill,
How vain the penitential pill,
The marble monuments proclaim;
The humbler turf confirms the same!
Prevention is the better cure;
So says the proverb, and 'tis sure.
Would you extend your narrow span,
And make the most of life you can;
Would you, when med'cines cannot save,
Descend with ease into the grave—
Calmly retire, like ev'ning light,
And cheerful bid the world good night?
Let Temp'rance constantly preside;
Our best physician, friend, and guide!
Would you to wisdom make pretence,
Proud to be thought a man of sense?
Let Temp'rance (always friend to fame)
With steady hand direct your aim!
Or, like an archer in the dark,
Your random shaft will miss the mark:
For they who slight her golden rules,
In wisdom's volume stand for fools.
But morals, unadorn'd by art,
Are seldom known to reach the heart:
I 'll therefore strive to raise my theme
With all the scenery of a dream.
Soft were my slumbers, sweet my rest,
Such as the infant's on the breast;
When fancy, ever on the wing,
And fruitful as the genial spring,
Presented in a blaze of light,
A new creation to my sight.
A rural landscape I descried,
Drest in the robes of summer pride;
The herds adorn'd the sloping hills;
That glitter'd with their tinkling rills;
Below the fleecy mothers strav'd,
And round their sportive lambkins play'd.
Nigh to a murm'ring brook I saw
An humble cottage, thatch'd with straw;
Behind, a garden, that supplied
All things for use, and none for pride:
Beauty prevail'd thro' ev'ry part;
But more of nature than of art.
'Hail, thou sweet, calm, unenvied seat!'
I said, and bless'd the fair retreat;
'Here would I pass my remnant days,
'Unknown to censure or to praise;
'Forget the world, and be forgot,
'As Pope describes his vestal's lot.'
While thus I mus'd, a beauteous maid
Stepp'd from a thicket's neighbouring shade;
Not Hampton's gallery can boast,
Nor Hudson's paint, so fair a toast:
She claim'd the cottage for her own:
To Health a cottage is a throne.

The annals say (to prove her worth)
The Graces solemniz'd her birth.
Garlands of various flow'rs they wrought,
The orchard's blushing pride they brought:
Hence in her face the lily speaks,
And hence the rose which paints her cheeks;
The cherry gave her lips to glow:
Her eyes were debtors to the sloe;
And, to complete the lovely fair,
'Tis said the chesnut stain'd her hair.
The virgin was averse to courts,
But often seen in rural sports:
When in her rosy vest the morn
Walks o'er the dew-bespangled lawn,
The nymph is first to form the race,
Or wind the horn, and lead the chace.
Sudden I heard a shouting train;
Glad acclamations fill'd the plain;
Abundant joy improv'd the scene,
For Health was loud proclaim'd a queen.
Two smiling cherubs grac'd her throne
(To modern courts, I fear, unknown):
One was the nymph that loves the light,
Fair Innocence, array'd in white;
With sister Peace in close embrace,
And heaven all opening in her face.
The reign was long, the empire great,
And Virtue minister of state.
In other kingdoms, ev'ry hour,
You hear of Vice preferr'd to power:
Vice was a perfect stranger here;
No knaves engross'd the royal ear:
No fools obtain'd this monarch's grace;
Virtue dispos'd of ev'ry place.
What sickly appetites are ours,
Still varying with the varying hours!
And tho' from good to bad we range,
'No matter,' says the fool, 'tis change.'
Her subjects now express'd apace
Dissatisfaction in their face;
Some view the state with Envy's eye;
Some were displeas'd, they knew not why;
When Faction, ever bold and vain,
With rigor tax'd their monarch's reign.
Thus, should an angel from above,
Fraught with benevolence and love,
Descend to earth, and here impart
Important truths to mend the heart,
Would not th' instructive guest dispense
With passion, appetite, and sense,
We should his heavenly lore despise,
And send him to his former skies.
A dang'rous hostile pow'r arose
To Health, whose household were her foes:
A harlot's loose attire she wore,
And Luxury the name she bore.
This princess of unbounded sway,
Whom Asia's softer sons obey,
Made war against the queen of Health
Assisted by the troops of Wealth.
The queen was first to take the field,
Arm'd with her helmet and her shield;

* An allusion to 2 Kings, xviii. 21.

Temper'd

Temper'd with such superior art,
That both were proof to ev'ry dart.
Two warlike chiefs approach'd the green,
And wond'rous fav'rites with the queen;
Both were of Amazonian race;
Both high in merit and in place.
Here Resolution march'd, whose soul
No fear could shake, no pow'r control;
The heroine wore a Roman vest;
A lion's heart inform'd her breast.
There prudence shone, whose bosom wrought
With all the various plans of Thought;
'Twas hers to bid the troops engage,
And teach the battle where to rage.
And now the Syren's armies press;
Their van was headed by Excess;
The mighty wings that form'd the side,
Commanded by that giant Pride;
While Sickness, and her sisters, Pain
And Poverty, the centre gain:
Repentance, with a brow severe,
And Death were station'd in the rear!
Health rang'd her troops with matchless art,
And acted the defensive part:
Her army posted on a hill,
Plainly bespoke superior skill.
Hence were discover'd, through the plain,
The motions of the hostile train:
While Prudence, to prevent surprise,
Oft sallied with her trusty spies;
Explor'd each ambuscade below,
And reconnoitred well the foe.
Afar when Luxury descried
Inferior force by art supplied,
The Syren spake — 'Let Fraud prevail,
'Since all my num'rous hosts must fail;
'Henceforth hostilities shall cease;
'I'll send to Health and offer peace.'
Straight she dispatch'd, with pow'rs complete,
Pleasure, her minister, to treat.
This wicked strumpet topp'd her part,
And sow'd sedition in the heart!
Thro' ev'ry troop the poison ran;
All were infected to a man.
The wary generals were won
By Pleasure's wiles, and both undone
Jove held the troops in high disgrace,
And bade diseases blast the race;
Look'd on the queen with melting eyes,
And snatch'd his darling to the skies.
Who still regards those wiser few,
That dare her dictates to pursue.
For where her stricter law prevails,
Tho' passion prompts or vice assails,
Long shall they cloudless skies behold,
And their calm sun-set beam with gold.

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§ 84. *Vision* IV. *Content.*

Man is deceiv'd by outward show —
'Tis a plain homespun truth I know;
The fraud prevails at ev'ry age,
So says the school-boy and the sage.
Yet still we hug the dear deceit,
And still exclaim against the cheat.
But whence this inconsistent part?
Say, moralists, who know the heart:
If you'll this labyrinth pursue,
I'll go before, and find the clue.
I dream'd ('twas on a birth-day night)
A sumptuous palace rose to sight:
The builder had, thro' ev'ry part,
Observ'd the chastest rules of art;
Raphael and Titian had display'd
All the full force of light and shade:
Around the liveried servants wait;
An aged porter kept the gate.
As I was traversing the hall,
Where Brussels looms adorn'd the wall
(Whose tap'stry shows, without my aid,
A nun is no such useless maid),
A graceful person came in view
(His form, it seems, is known to few);
His dress was unadorn'd with lace,
But charms! a thousand in his face.
'This, Sir, your property?' I cried;
'Master and mansion coincide:
'Where all, indeed, is truly great,
'And proves that bliss may dwell with state:
'Pray, Sir, indulge a stranger's claim,
'And grant the favor of your name.'
'Content!' the lovely form replied;
'But think not here that I reside:
'Here lives a courtier, base and sly;
'An open, honest rustic, I.
'Our taste and manners disagree;
'His levee boasts no charms for me:
'For titles, and the smiles of kings,
'To me are cheap, unheeded things.
'('Tis virtue can alone impart
'The patent of a ducal heart:
'Unless this herald speaks him great,
'What shall avail the glare of state?)
'Those secret charms are my delight,
'Which shine remote from public sight —
'Passions subdued, desires at rest:
'And hence his chaplain shares my breast.
'There was a time (his grace can tell)
'I knew the duke exceeding well;
'Knew ev'ry secret of his heart;
'In truth, we never were apart:
'But when the court became his end,
'He turn'd his back upon his friend.
'One day I call'd upon his grace,
'Just as the duke had got a place:
'I thought (but thought amiss, 'tis clear)
'I should be welcome to the peer;
'Yes, welcome to a man in pow'r;
'And so I was — for half an hour:
'But he grew weary of his guest,
'And soon discarded me his breast;
'Upbraided me with want of merit,
'But most for poverty of spirit.
'You relish not the great man's lot!
'Come, hasten to my humbler cot;
'Think me not partial to the great,
'I'm a sworn foe to pride and state!

'No

'No monarch shares my kind embrace;
'There's scarce a monarch knows my face;
'Content shuns courts, and oftner dwells
'With modest worth in rural cells;
'There's no complaint, tho' brown the bread,
'Or the rude turf sustain the head;
'Tho' hard the couch, and coarse the meat,
'Still the brown loaf and sleep are sweet.
'Far from the city I reside,
'And a thatch'd cottage all my pride.
'True to my heart, I seldom roam,
'Because I find my joys at home:
'For foreign visits then begin
'When the man feels a void within.
'But tho' from towns and crowds I fly,
'No humorist, nor cynic, I.'
'Amidst sequester'd shades I prize
'The friendships of the good and wise.
'Bid Virtue and her sons attend,
'Virtue will tell thee, I'm her friend;
'Tell thee I'm faithful, constant, kind,
'And meek, and lowly, and resign'd;
'Will say, there's no distinction known,
'Betwixt her household and my own.'

AUTHOR.

If these the friendships you pursue,
Your friends, I fear, are very few.
So little company, you say,
Yet fond of home from day to day!
How do you shun Detraction's rod?
I doubt your neighbours think you odd!

CONTENT.

I commune with myself at night,
And ask my heart if all be right:
If 'Right' replies my faithful breast,
I smile, and close my eyes to rest.

AUTHOR.

You seem regardless of the town:
Pray, Sir, how stand you with the gown?

CONTENT.

The clergy say they love me well;
Whether they do, they best can tell:
They paint me modest, friendly wise,
And always praise me to the skies:
But if conviction's at the heart,
Why not a correspondent part?
For shall the learned tongue prevail,
If actions preach a diff'rent tale?
Who 'll seek my door, and grace my walls,
When neither dean nor prelate calls?
With those my friendships must obtain,
Who prize their duty more than gain;
Soft flow the hours whene'er we meet,
And conscious virtue is our treat;
Our harmless breasts no envy know,
And hence we fear no secret foe;
Our walks Ambition ne'er attends,
And hence we ask no pow'rful friends:
We wish the best to church and state,
But leave the steerage to the great;
Careless who rises or who falls,
And never dream of vacant stalls.
Much less, by pride or int'rest drawn,
Sigh for the mitre and the lawn.
Observe the secrets of my art,
I'll fundamental truths impart;
If you 'll my kind advice pursue,
I'll quit my hut, and dwell with you.
The passions are a num'rous crowd,
Imperious, positive, and loud:
Curb these licentious sons of strife;
Hence chiefly rise the storms of life:
If they grow mutinous, and rave,
They are thy masters, thou their slave.
Regard the world with cautious eye,
Nor raise your expectation high.
See that the balanc'd scales be such,
You neither fear nor hope too much:
For disappointment's not the thing;
'Tis pride and passion point the sting.
Life is a sea, where storms must rise;
'Tis folly talks of cloudless skies;
He who contracts his swelling sail,
Eludes the fury of the gale.
Be still, nor anxious thoughts employ;
Distrust embitters present joy:
On God for all events depend;
You cannot want when God's your friend.
Weigh well your part, and do your best;
Leave to your Maker all the rest.
The hand which form'd thee in the womb,
Guides from the cradle to the tomb.
Can the fond mother slight her boy?
Can she forget her prattling joy?
Say then, shall sov'reign love desert
The humble and the honest heart?
Heav'n may not grant thee all thy mind;
Yet say not thou, that Heav'ns unkind.
God is alike both good and wise
In what he grants and what denies:
Perhaps, what Goodness gives to-day,
To-morrow Goodness takes away.
You say, that troubles intervene;
That sorrows darken all the scene.
True—and this consequence you see,
The world was ne'er design'd for thee:
You're like a passenger below,
That stays perhaps a night or so;
But still his native country lies
Beyond the bound'ries of the skies.
Of Heav'n ask virtue, wisdom, health,
But never let thy pray'r be wealth.
If food be thine (tho' little gold),
And raiment to repel the cold;
Such as may Nature's wants suffice,
Not what from pride and folly rise:
If soft the motions of thy soul,
And a calm conscience crown the whole;
Add but a friend to all this store,
You can't in reason wish for more:
And if kind Heav'n this comfort brings,
'Tis more than Heav'n bestows on kings.
He spake—the airy spectre flies,
And straight the sweet illusion dies,
The vision, at the early dawn,
Consign'd me to the thoughtful morn;

To

To all the cares of waking clay,
And inconsistent dreams of day.

§ 85. *Vision V. Happiness.*

Ye ductile youths, whose rising sun
Hath many circles still to run;
Who wisely wish the pilot's chart,
To steer thro' life th' unsteady heart;
And, all the thoughtful voyage past,
To gain a happy port at last:
Attend a Seer's instructive song;
For moral truths to dreams belong.

I saw this wondrous Vision soon,
Long ere my sun had reach'd its noon;
Just when the rising beard began
To grace my chin, and call me man.

One night, when balmy slumbers shed
Their peaceful poppies o'er my head,
My fancy led me to explore
A thousand scenes unknown before.
I saw a plain extended wide,
And crowds pour'd in from ev'ry side;
All seem'd to start a diff'rent game,
Yet all declar'd their views the same:
The chace was Happiness, I found;
But all, alas! enchanted ground.

Indeed, I judg'd it wondrous strange,
To see the giddy numbers range
Thro' roads, which promis'd nought, at best,
But sorrow to the human breast.
Methought, if bliss was all their view,
Why did they diff'rent paths pursue?
The waking world has long agreed,
That Bagshot's not the road to Tweed:
And he who Berwick seeks thro' Staines,
Shall have his labor for his pains.

As Parnell says *, my bosom wrought
With travail of uncertain thought;
And, as an angel help'd the dean,
My angel chose to intervene.
The dress of each was much the same;
And virtue was my seraph's name.
When thus the angel silence broke;
Her voice was music as she spoke:

'Attend, O man! nor leave my side,
'And safety shall thy footsteps guide;
'Such truths I'll teach, such secrets show,
'As none but favor'd mortals know.

She said—and straight we march'd along
To join Ambition's active throng:
Crowds urg'd on crowds with eager pace,
And happy he who led the race.
Axes and daggers lay unseen
In ambuscade along the green:
While vapors shed delusive light,
And bubbles mock'd the distant sight.

We saw a shining mountain rise,
Whose tow'ring summit reach'd the skies;
The slopes were steep, and form'd of glass,
Painful and hazardous to pass:
Courtiers and statesmen led the way;
The faithless paths their steps betray;
This moment seen aloft to soar,
The next to fall, and rise no more.
'Twas here Ambition kept her court,
A phantom of gigantic port:
The fav'rite that sustain'd her throne
Was falsehood by her vizard known;
Next stood Mistrust, with frequent sighs,
Disorder'd look, and squinting eye;
While meagre Envy claim'd a place;
And Jealousy, with jaundic'd face.

'But where is Happiness?' I cried.
My guardian turn'd, and thus replied:

'Mortal, by Folly still beguil'd,
'Thou hast not yet outstripp'd the child;
'Thou who hast twenty winters seen
'(I hardly think thee past fifteen)
'To ask if happiness can dwell
'With ev'ry dirty imp of hell!
'Go to the school-boy; he shall preach
'What twenty winters cannot teach;
'He 'll tell thee, from his weekly theme,
'That thy pursuit is all a dream;
'That bliss ambitious vows disowns,
'And, self-dependent, laughs at thrones;
'Prefers the shades, and lowly seats,
'Whither fair Innocence retreats.
'So the coy lily of the vale
'Shuns eminence, and loves the dale.'

I blush'd; and now we cross'd the plain,
To find the money-getting train;
Those silent, snug, commercial bands,
With busy looks, and dirty hands.
Amidst these thoughtful crowds, the old
Plac'd all their happiness in gold;
And surely, if there's bliss below,
These hoary heads the secret know.
We journey'd with the plodding crew,
When soon a temple rose to view;
A Gothic pile! with moss o'ergrown;
Strong were the walls, and built with stone;
Without a thousand mastiffs wait;
A thousand bolts secure the gate.
We sought admission long in vain,
For here all favors sell for gain.
The greedy porter yields to gold;
His fee receiv'd, the gates unfold.
Assembled nations here we found,
And view'd the cringing herds around,
Who daily sacrific'd to Wealth
Their honor, conscience, peace, and health.
I saw no charms that could engage;
The god appear'd like sordid age,
With hooked nose, and famish'd jaws,
But serpent's eyes, and harpy's claws:
Behind stood Fear, that restless sprite,
Which haunts the watches of the night;
And viper Care, that stings so deep,
Whose deadly venom murders sleep.

We hasten now to Pleasure's bow'rs,
Where the gay tribes sat crown'd with flow'rs;
Here beauty ev'ry charm display'd,
And love inflam'd the yielding maid;

* See the Hermit, page 69.

Delicious

Delicious wine our taste employs;
His crimson bowl exalts our joys.
I felt its gen'rous pow'r, and thought
The pearl was found that long I sought.
Determin'd here to fix my home,
I bless'd the change, nor wish'd to roam:
The seraph disapprov'd my stay;
Spread her fair plumes, and wing'd away.
Alas! whene'er we talk of bliss,
How prone is man to judge amiss!
See, a long train of ills conspires
To scourge our uncontrol'd desires;
Like summer swarms diseases crowd,
Each bears a crutch, or each a shroud:
Fever, that thirsty fury came,
With inextinguishable flame;
Consumption, sworn ally of Death!
Crept slowly on with panting breath;
Gout roar'd, and show'd his throbbing feet;
And Dropsy took the drunkard's seat;
Stone brought his tort'ring racks: and near
Sat Palsy, shaking in his chair.
A mangled youth, beneath a shade,
A melancholy scene display'd:
His noseless face, and loathsome stains,
Proclaim'd the poison in his veins;
He rais'd his eyes, he smote his breast,
He wept aloud, and thus address'd;
'Forbear the harlot's false embrace,
'Tho' lewdness wear an angel's face:
'Be wise, by my experience taught;
'I die, alas! for want of thought!'
As he who travels Lybia's plains,
Where the fierce lion lawless reigns,
Is seis'd with fear and wild dismay,
When the grim foe obstructs his way;
My soul was pierc'd with equal fright,
My tott'ring limbs oppos'd my flight:
I call'd on Virtue, but in vain;
Her absence quicken'd ev'ry pain.
At length the slighted angel heard;
The dear refulgent form appear'd:
'Presumptuous youth! she said, and frown'd
(My heart-strings flutter'd at the sound);
'Who turns to me reluctant ears,
'Shall shed repeated floods of tears.
'These rivers shall for ever last;
'There's no retracting what is past:
'Nor think avenging ills to shun;
'Play a false card, and you 're undone.
'Of Pleasure's gilded baits beware,
'Nor tempt the Syren's fatal snare:
'Forego this curs'd detested place;
'Abhor the strumpet, and her race.
'Had you those softer paths pursu'd,
'Perdition, stripling, had ensued:
'Yes, fly—you stand upon its brink!
'To-morrow is too late to think.
'Indeed, unwelcome truths I tell,
'But mark my sacred lesson well;
'With me whoever lives at strife,
'Loses his better friend for life;
'With me, who lives in friendship's ties,
'Finds all that 's sought for by the wise.
'Folly exclaims, and well she may,
'Because I take her mask away;
'If once I bring her to the sun,
'The painted harlot is undone.
'But prize, my child, oh prize my rule,
'And leave Deception to her fools.
'Ambition deals in tinsel toys;
'Her traffic gewgaws, fleeting joys,
'An errant juggler in disguise,
'Who holds false optics to your eyes.
'But ah! how quick the shadows pass!
'Tho' the bright visions thro' her glass
'Charm at a distance! yet, when near,
'The baseless fabrics disappear.
'Nor riches boast intrinsic worth;
'Their charms, at best, superior earth:
'These oft the heaven-born mind enslave,
'And make an honest man a knave.'
"Wealth cures my wants!" the miser cries·
'Be not deceiv'd—the miser lies;
'One want he has, with all his store,
'That worst of wants—the want of more.'
"Take Pleasure, Wealth, and Pomp away,
"And where is Happiness," you say.
'Tis here—and may be yours—for, know,
'I'm all that 's Happiness below.
'To Vice I leave tumultuous joys;
'Mine is the still and softer voice!
'That whispers peace when storms invade,
'And music through the midnight shade.
'Come, then, be mine in ev'ry part,
'Nor give me less than all your heart,
'When troubles discompose your breast,
'I'll enter there a cheerful guest:
'My converse shall your cares beguile,
'The little world within shall smile.
'And then it scarce imports a jot,
'Whether the great world frowns or not.
'And when the closing scenes prevail,
'When wealth, state, pleasure, all shall fail;
'All that a foolish world admires,
'Or Passion craves, or Pride inspires:
'At that important hour of need,
'Virtue shall prove a friend indeed!
'My hands shall smooth thy dying bed,
'My arms sustain thy drooping head:
'And when the painful struggle's o'er,
'And that vain thing, the world, no more;
'I'll bear my fav'rite son away
'To rapture and eternal day.'

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§ 86. *Vision* VI. *Friendship.*

Friendship! thou soft propitious pow'r!
Sweet regent of the social hour!
Sublime thy joys, nor understood
But by the virtuous and the good!
Cabal and Riot take thy name,
But 'tis a false affected claim;
In heaven if Love and Friendship dwell,
Can they associate e'er with hell?
Thou art the same thro' change of times,
Thro' frozen zones and burning climes;
From the equator to the pole,
The same kind angel through the whole:

And, since thy choice is always free,
I bless thee for thy smiles on me.
When sorrows swell the tempest high,
Thou, a kind port, art always nigh;
For aching hearts a sov'reign cure,
Not soft nepenthe * half so sure!
And, when returning comforts rise,
Thou the bright sun that gilds our skies.
While these ideas warm'd my breast,
My weary eyelids stole to rest;
When fancy re-assum'd the theme,
And furnish'd this instructive dream:
I sail'd upon a stormy sea
(Thousands embark'd alike with me);
My skiff was small, and weak beside,
Not built, methought, to stem the tide.
The winds along the surges sweep,
The wrecks lie scatter'd through the deep;
Aloud the foaming billows roar;
Unfriendly rocks forbid the shore.
While all our various course pursue,
A spacious isle salutes our view:
Two queens with tempers diff'ring wide,
This new-discover'd world divide:
A river parts their proper claim,
And Truth its celebrated name.
One side a beauteous tract of ground
Presents, with living verdure crown'd:
The seasons temp'rate, soft, and mild,
And a kind sun that always smil'd:
Few storms molest the natives here;
Cold is the only ill they fear.
This happy clime and grateful soil,
With plenty crowns the laborer's toil.
Here Friendship's happy kingdom grew:
Her realms were small, her subjects few:
A thousand charms the palace grace;
A rock of adamant its base.
Tho' thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
This structure braves th' inclement sky:
E'en time, which other piles devours,
And mocks the pride of human pow'rs,
Partial to Friendship's pile alone,
Cements the joints, and binds the stone:
Ripens the beauties of the place,
And calls to life each latent grace.
Around the throne in order stand,
Four Amazons, a trusty band!
Friends ever faithful to advise,
Or to defend when dangers rise.
Here Fortitude, in coat of mail;
There Justice lifts her golden scale;
Two hardy chiefs, who persevere,
With form erect, and brow severe:
Who smile at perils, pains, and death,
And triumph with their latest breath.
Temp'rance, that comely matron's near,
Guardian of all the virtues here;
Adorn'd with ev'ry blooming grace,
Without one wrinkle in her face.
But Prudence most attracts the sight,
And shines pre-eminently bright.
To view her various thoughts that rise,
She holds a mirror to her eyes;
The mirror, faithful to its charge,
Reflects the virgin's soul in large.
A Virtue with a softer air
Was handmaid to the regal fair:
This nymph, indulgent, constant, kind,
Derives from heaven her spotless mind;
When actions wear a dubious face,
Puts the best meaning on the case;
She spreads her arms, and bares her breasts,
Takes in the naked and distress'd;
Prefers the hungry orphan's cries,
And from her queen obtains supplies.
The maid, who acts this lovely part,
Grasp'd in her hand a bleeding heart.
Fair Charity, be thou my guest,
And be thy constant couch my breast!
But virtues of inferior name
Crowd round the throne with equal claim,
In Loyalty by none surpass'd,
They hold allegiance to the last:
Not antient records e'er can show
That one deserted to the foe.
The river's other side display'd
Alternate plots of flow'rs and shade,
Where poppies shone with various hue,
Where yielding willows plenteous grew:
And humble plants †, by trav'llers thought
With slow but certain poison fraught.
Beyond these scenes the eye descried
A pow'rful realm extended wide;
Whose bound'ries from north-east begun,
And stretch'd to meet the south-west sun.
Here Flatt'ry boasts despotic sway,
And basks in all the warmth of day.
Long practis'd in Deception's school,
The tyrant knew the arts to rule;
Elated with th' imperial robe,
She plans the conquest of the globe;
And, aided by her servile trains,
Leads kings, and sons of kings, in chains.
Her darling minister is Pride
(Who ne'er was known to change his side),
A friend to all her int'rests just,
And active to discharge his trust;
Caress'd alike by high and low,
The idol of the belle and beau:
In ev'ry shape he shows his skill,
And forms her subjects to his will:
Enters their houses and their hearts,
And gains his point before he parts;
Sure never minister was known
So zealous for his sov'reign's throne!
Three sisters, similar in mien,
Were maids of honor to the queen;
Who farther favors shar'd beside,
As daughters of her statesman, Pride.

* Nepenthe is an herb which, being infused in wine, dispels grief. It is unknown to the moderns; but some believe it a kind of opium, and others take it for a species of bugloss. Plin. xvi. 21. f. & xxv. 2.

† The humble plant bends down before the touch, as the sensitive plant shrinks from the touch; and is said by some to be the slow poison of the Indians.

The

The first, Conceit, with tow'ring crest,
Who look'd with scorn upon the rest;
Fond of herself, nor less, I deem,
Than duchess in her own esteem.
Next Affectation, fair and young,
With half-form'd accents on her tongue;
Whose antic shapes, and various face,
Distorted ev'ry native grace.
Then Vanity, a wanton maid,
Flaunting in brussels and brocade;
Fantastic, frolicsome, and wild,
With all the trinkets of a child.
The people, loyal to the queen,
Wore their attachment in their mien;
With cheerful heart they homage paid,
And happiest he who most obey'd;
While they who sought their own applause,
Promoted most their sov'reign's cause.
The minds of all were fraught with guile;
Their manners dissolute and vile;
And ev'ry tribe, like Pagans, run
To kneel before the rising sun.
But now some clam'rous sounds arise,
And all the pleasing vision flies.
Once more I clos'd my eyes to sleep,
And gain'd th' imaginary deep;
Fancy presided at the helm,
And steer'd me back to Friendship's realm.
But, oh! with horror I relate
The revolutions of her state;
The Trojan chief could hardly more
His Asiatic tow'rs deplore.
For Flatt'ry view'd those fairer plains
With longing eyes, where Friendship reigns:
With envy heard her neighbour's fame,
And often sigh'd to gain the same;
At length, by pride and int'rest fir'd,
To Friendship's kingdom she aspir'd.
And, now commencing open foe,
She plans in thought some mighty blow;
Draws out her forces on the green,
And marches to invade the queen.
The river Truth the hosts withstood,
And roll'd her formidable flood:
Her current strong, and deep, and clear;
No fords were found, no ferries near,
But as the troops approach'd the waves,
Their fears suggest a thousand graves;
They all retir'd with haste extreme,
And shudder'd at the dang'rous stream.
Hypocrisy the gulph explores;
She forms a bridge, and joins the shores.
Thus often art or fraud prevails,
When military prowess fails:
The troops an easy passage find,
And vict'ry follows close behind.
Friendship with ardor charg'd her foes,
And now the fight promiscuous grows;
But Flatt'ry threw a poison'd dart,
And pierc'd the empress to the heart.
The Virtues all around were seen
To fall in heaps about the queen.
The tyrant stripp'd the mangled fair;
She wore her spoils, assum'd her air:
And, mounting next the sufferer's throne,
Claim'd the queen's titles as her own.
'Ah, injur'd maid!' aloud I cried;
'Ah, injur'd maid!' the rocks replied.
But judge my griefs, and share them too,
For the sad tale pertains to you;
Judge, reader, how severe the wound,
When Friendship's foes were mine, I found;
When the sad scene of pride and guile
Was Britain's poor degen'rate isle!
The Amazons, who propp'd the state,
Haply survey'd the gen'ral fate.
Justice to Powis House is fled,
And Yorke sustains her radiant head.
The virtue, Fortitude, appears
In open day at Ligonier's;
Illustrious heroine of the sky,
Who leads to vanquish or to die!
'Twas she our vet'rans breasts inspir'd,
When Belgia's faithless sons retir'd:
For Tournay's treach'rous tow'rs can tell
Britannia's children greatly fell.
No partial Virtue of the plain!
She rous'd the lions of the main:
Hence Vernon's little fleet succeeds *,
And hence the gen'rous Cornwall bleeds †,
Hence Grenville glorious ‡!—for she smil'd
On the young hero from a child.
Tho' in high life such virtues dwell,
They 'll suit plebeian breasts as well.
Say, that the mighty and the great
Blaze, like meridian suns of state;
Effulgent excellence display,
Like Hallifax, in floods of day;
Our lesser orbs may pour their light,
Like the mild crescent of the night.
Tho' pale our beams, and small our sphere,
Still we may shine serene and clear.
Give to the judge the scarlet gown;
To martial souls the civic crown:
What then? Is merit their's alone?
Have we no worth to call our own?
Shall we not vindicate our part
In the firm breast and upright heart?
Reader, these virtues may be thine,
Tho' in superior life they shine.
I can't discharge great Hardwicke's trust;
True—but my soul may still be just:
And tho' I can't the state defend,
I 'll draw the sword to serve my friend.
Two golden virtues are behind,
Of equal import to the mind;
Prudence, to point out Wisdom's way,
Or to reclaim us when we stray;
Temp'rance, to guard the youthful heart,
When Vice and Folly throw the dart:
Each virtue, let the world agree,
Daily resides with you and me.
And when our souls in friendship join,
We 'll deem the social bond divine;

* At Porto Bello. † Died in a late engagement with the French fleet.
‡ Against the combined fleets of France and Spain.

Thro' ev'ry scene maintain our trust,
Nor e'er be timid or unjust.
That breast, where Honor builds his throne,
That breast, which Virtue calls her own,
Nor Int'rest warps, nor Fear appals,
When Danger frowns, or Lucre calls.
No! the true friend collected stands,
Fearless his heart, and pure his hands:
Let Int'rest plead, let storms arise,
He dares be honest, tho' he dies!

§ 87. *Vision* VII. *Marriage. Inscribed to Miss* **.

Fairest, this Vision is thy due;
I form'd th' instructive plan for you.
Slight not the rules of thoughtful age;
Your welfare actuates ev'ry page;
But ponder well my sacred theme,
And tremble while you read my dream.
These awful words, 'till death do part,'
May well alarm the youthful heart:
No after-thought when once a wife,
The die is cast, and cast for life;
Yet thousands venture ev'ry day,
As some base passion leads the way.
Pert Sylvia talks of wedlock scenes,
Tho' hardly enter'd on her teens;
Smiles on her whining spark, and hears
The sugar'd speech with raptur'd ears;
Impatient of a parent's rule,
She leaves her sire, and weds a fool.
Want enters at the guardless door,
And Love is fled, to come no more.
Some few they are of sordid mould,
Who barter youth and bloom for gold,
Careless with what or whom they mate;
Their ruling passion 's all for state,
But Hymen, gen'rous, just, and kind,
Abhors the mercenary mind;
Such rebels groan beneath his rod;
For Hymen 's a vindictive god:
'Be joyless ev'ry night,' he said;
'And barren be their nuptial bed!'
Attend, my fair, to wisdom's voice;
A better fate shall crown thy choice.
A married life, to speak the best,
Is all a lottery contest:
Yet, if my fair one will be wise,
I will ensure my girl a prize,
Tho' not a prize to match thy worth:
Perhaps thy equal 's not on earth!
'Tis an important point, to know
There 's no perfection here below.
Man 's an odd compound, after all;
And ever has been since the fall.
Say, that he loves you from his soul,
Still man is proud, nor brooks control;
And tho' a slave in love's soft school,
In wedlock claims his right to rule.
The best, in short, has faults about him;
If few those faults, you must not flout him.
With some, indeed, you can't dispense,
As want of temper and of sense:
For when the sun deserts the skies,
And the dull winter evenings rise,
Then for a husband's social pow'r
To form the calm, conversive hour;
The treasures of thy breast explore,
From that rich mine to draw the ore:
Fondly each gen'rous thought refine,
And give thy native gold to shine;
Show thee, as really thou art,
Tho' fair, yet fairer still at heart.
Say, when life's purple blossoms fade,
As soon they must, thou charming maid!
When in thy cheek the roses die,
And sickness clouds that brilliant eye;
Say, when or age or pains invade,
And those dear limbs shall call for aid;
If thou art fetter'd to a fool,
Shall not his transient passion cool?
And, when thy health and beauty end,
Shall thy weak mate persist a friend?
But to a man of sense, my dear,
E'en then thou lovely shalt appear;
He 'll share the griefs that wound thy heart,
And, weeping, claim the larger part:
Tho' age impairs that beauteous face,
He 'll prize the pearl beyond it's case.
In wedlock when the sexes meet,
Friendship is only then complete.
'Bless'd state! where souls each other draw;
'Where love is liberty and law!'
The choicest blessing found below,
That man can wish, or Heaven bestow!
Trust me, these raptures are divine,
For lovely Chloe once was mine!
Nor fear the varnish of my style;
Tho' poet, I'm estrang'd to guile.
Ah me! my faithful lips impart
The genuine language of my heart!
When bards extol their patrons high,
Perhaps 'tis gold extorts the lie;
Perhaps the poor reward of bread —
But who burns incense to the dead?
He, whom a fond affection draws,
Careless of censure or applause;
Whose soul is upright and sincere,
With nought to wish, and nought to fear.
Now to my visionary scheme
Attend, and profit by my dream.
Amidst the slumbers of the night,
A stately temple rose to sight;
And antient as the human race,
If Nature's purposes you trace:
This fane, by all the wise rever'd,
To wedlock's pow'rful god was rear'd.
Hard by I saw a graceful sage,
His locks were frosted o'er by age;
His garb was plain, his mind serene,
And wisdom dignified his mien.
With curious search his name I sought,
And found 'twas Hymen's fav'rite, Thought.
Apace the giddy crowds advance,
And a lewd satyr led the dance.
I griev'd to see whole thousands run,
For oh! what thousands were undone!

The

The sage, when these mad troops he spied,
In pity flew to join their side:
The disconcerted pairs began
To rail against him to a man;
Vow'd they were strangers to his name,
Nor knew from whence the dotard came.
But mark the sequel — for this truth
Highly concerns impetuous youth.
Long ere the honey-moon could wane,
Perdition seis'd on every twain;
At ev'ry house, and all day long,
Repentance plied her scorpion thong:
Disgust was there with frowning mien,
And ev'ry wayward child of spleen.
Hymen approach'd his awful fane,
Attended by a num'rous train.
Love, with each soft and nameless grace,
Was first in favor and in place:
Then came the god, with solemn gait,
Whose ev'ry word was big with fate;
His hand a flaming taper bore,
That sacred symbol, fam'd of yore.
Virtue, adorn'd with every charm,
Sustain'd the god's incumbent arm;
Beauty improv'd the glowing scene
With all the roses of eighteen.
Youth led the gaily smiling fair;
His purple pinions wav'd in air;
Wealth, a close hunks, walk'd hobbling nigh,
With vulture-claw, and eagle-eye,
Who threescore years had seen, or more
('Tis said his coat had seen a score):
Proud was the wretch, tho' clad in rags,
Presuming much upon his bags.
A female next her arts display'd;
Poets alone can paint the maid:
Trust me, Hogarth (tho' great thy fame),
'Twould pose thy skill to draw the same;
And yet thy mimic pow'r is more
Than ever painter's was before.
Now she was fair as cygnet's down,
Now as Mat Prior's Emma brown;
And, changing as the changing flow'r,
Her dress she varied ev'ry hour.
'Twas Fancy, child — you know the fair,
Who pins your gown, and sets your hair.
Lo! the god mounts his throne of state,
And sits the arbiter of fate:
His head, with radiant glories drest,
Gently reclin'd on Virtue's breast.
Love took his station on the right:
His quiver beam'd with golden light:
Beauty usurp'd the second place,
Ambitious of distinguish'd grace;
She claim'd this ceremonial joy,
Because related to the boy;
Said it was hers to point his dart,
And speed his passage to the heart;
While on the god's inferior hand
Fancy and Wealth obtain'd their stand.
And now the hallow'd rites proceed,
And now a thousand heart-strings bleed
I saw a blooming, trembling bride,
A toothless lover join'd her side;
Averse she turn'd her weeping face,
And shudder'd at the cold embrace.
But various baits their force impart;
Thus titles lie at Celia's heart.
A passion, much too foul to name,
Costs supercilious prudes their fame:
Prudes wed to publicans and sinners;
The hungry poet weds for dinners.
The god with frown indignant view'd
The rabble covetous or lewd;
By ev'ry vice his altar stain'd,
By ev'ry fool his rites profan'd:
When Love complain'd of Wealth aloud,
Affirming Wealth debauch'd the crowd;
Drew up in form his heavy charge,
Desiring to be heard at large.
The god consents, the throng divide,
The young espous'd the plaintiff's side;
The old declar'd for the defendant,
For age is money's sworn attendant.
Love said, that wedlock was design'd
By gracious Heaven to match the mind;
To pair the tender and the just,
And his the delegated trust:
That Wealth had play'd a knavish part,
And taught the tongue to wrong the heart
But what avails the faithless voice?
The injur'd heart disdains the choice.
Wealth straight replied, that Love was blind,
And talk'd at random of the mind:
That killing eyes, and bleeding hearts,
And all th' artillery of darts,
Were long ago exploded fancies,
And laugh'd at even in romances.
Poets indeed style love a treat,
Perhaps for want of better meat:
And love might be delicious fare,
Could we, like poets, live on air.
But grant that angels feast on love
(Those purer essences above),
Yet Albion's sons, he understood,
Preferr'd a more substantial food.
Thus while with gibes he dress'd his cause,
His grey admirers hemm'd applause.
With seeming conquest pert and proud,
Wealth shook his sides, and chuckled loud;
When Fortune, to restrain his pride,
And fond to favor Love beside,
Op'ning the miser's tape-tied vest,
Disclos'd the cares which stung his breast:
Wealth stood abash'd at his disgrace,
And a deep crimson flush'd his face.
Love sweetly simper'd at the sight;
His gay adherents laugh'd outright.
The god, tho' grave his temper, smil'd;
For Hymen dearly priz'd the child.
But he who triumphs o'er his brother,
In turn is laugh'd at by another.
Such cruel scores we often find
Repaid the criminal in kind:
For Poverty, that famish'd fiend!
Ambitious of a wealthy friend,
Advanc'd into the miser's place,
And star'd the stripling in the face;

Whose lips grew pale, and cold as clay:
I thought the chit would swoon away.
The god was studious to employ
His cares to aid the vanquish'd boy;
And therefore issued his decree,
That the two parties straight agree:
When both obey'd the god's commands,
And Love and Riches join'd their hands.
What wond'rous change in each was wrought,
Believe me, fair, surpasses thought.
If love had many charms before,
He now had charms ten thousand more:
If Wealth had serpents in his breast,
They now were dead, or lull'd to rest.
Beauty, that vain, affected thing,
Who join'd the hymeneal ring,
Approach'd, with round unthinking face;
And thus the trifler states her case:
She said that Love's complaints, 'twas known,
Exactly tallied with her own:
That Wealth had learn'd the felon's arts,
And robb'd her of a thousand hearts;
Desiring judgement against Wealth,
For falsehood, perjury, and stealth:
All which she could on oath depose;
And hop'd the court would slit his nose.
But Hymen, when he heard her name,
Call'd her an interloping dame;
Look'd through the crowd with angry state,
And blam'd the porter at the gate
For giving entrance to the fair,
When she was no essential there.
To sink this haughty tyrant's pride,
He order'd Fancy to preside.
Hence, when debates on beauty rise,
And each bright fair disputes the prize,
To Fancy's court we straight apply,
And wait the sentence of her eye;
In beauty's realms she holds the seals,
And her awards preclude appeals.

§ 88. *Vision* VIII. *Life.*

Let not the young my precepts shun;
Who slight good counsels are undone.
Your poet sung of love's delights,
Of halcyon days and joyous nights;
To the gay fancy lovely themes;
And fain I 'd hope they 're more than dreams.
But, if you please, before we part,
I 'd speak a language to your heart.
We 'll talk of Life, tho' much I fear
Th' ungrateful tale will wound your ear.
You raise your sanguine thoughts too high,
And hardly know the reason why:
But say, Life's tree bears golden fruit,
Some canker shall corrode the root;
Some unexpected storm shall rise,
Or scorching suns, or chilling skies;
And (if experienced truths avail)
All your autumnal hopes shall fail.
'But, poet, whence such wide extremes?
'Well may you style your labors dreams.
'A son of sorrow thou, I ween,
'Whose Visions are the brats of Spleen.
'Is bliss a vague, unmeaning name?
'Speak then the passions' use or aim;
'Why rage desires without control,
'And rouse such whirlwinds in the soul?
'Why Hope erects her tow'ring crest,
'And laughs and riots in the breast!
'Think not my weaker brain turns round;
'Think not I tread on fairy ground;
'Think not your pulse alone beats true—
'Mine makes as healthful music too.
'Our joys, when Life's soft spring we trace,
'Put forth their early buds apace
'See the bloom loads the tender shoot;
'The bloom conceals the future fruit.
'Yes, manhood's warm meridian sun
'Shall ripen what in spring begun.
'Thus infant roses, ere they blow,
'In germinating clusters grow;
'And only wait the summer's ray,
'To burst and blossom to the day.'
What said the gay unthinking boy?
Methought Hilario talk'd of joy!
Tell, if thou canst, whence joys arise,
Or what those mighty joys you prize.
You 'll find (and trust superior years)
The vale of life a vale of tears.
Could wisdom teach where joys abound,
Or riches purchase them when found,
Would sceptred Solomon complain
That all was fleeting, false, and vain?
Yet sceptred Solomon could say,
Returning clouds obscur'd his day.
Those maxims, which the preacher drew,
The royal sage experienc'd true.
He knew the various ills that wait
Our infant and meridian state;
That toys our earliest thoughts engage,
And diff'rent toys maturer age;
That grief at ev'ry stage appears,
But diff'rent griefs at diff'rent years;
That vanity is seen, in part,
Inscrib'd on ev'ry human heart;
In the child's breast the spark began,
Grows with his growth, and glares in man.
But when in life we journey late,
If follies die, do griefs abate?
Ah! what is life at fourscore years? [and tears.
One dark, rough road, of sighs, groans, pains,
Perhaps you 'll think I act the same
As a sly sharper plays his game:
You triumph ev'ry deal that 's past,
He 's sure to triumph at the last!
Who often wins some thousands more
Than twice the sums you won before.
But I 'm a loser with the rest;
For life is all a deal at best,
Where not the prize of wealth or fame
Repays the trouble of the game—
(A truth no winner e'er denied,
An hour before that winner died).
Not that with me these prizes shine;
For neither fame nor wealth is mine.
My cards, a week plebeian band,
With scarce an honor in my hand!

And

And, since my trumps are very few,
What have I more to boast than you?
Nor am I gainer by your fall;
That harlot Fortune bubbles all!
'Tis truth (receive it ill or well),
'Tis melancholy truth I tell.
Why should the preacher take your pence,
And smoother truth to flatter sense?
I'm sure physicians have no merit,
Who kill thro' lenity of spirit.
That life's a game, divines confess;
This says at cards, and that at chess:
But, if our views be centred here,
'Tis all a losing game I fear.
Sailors, you know, when wars obtain,
And hostile vessels crowd the main,
If they discover from afar
A bark as distant as a star,
Hold the perspective to their eyes,
To learn its colors, strength, and size;
And, when this secret once they know,
Make ready to receive the foe,
Let you and I from sailors learn
Important truths of like concern.
I clos'd the day, as custom led,
With reading till the time of bed;
Where Fancy, at the midnight hour,
Again display'd her magic pow'r—
(For know that Fancy, like a sprite,
Prefers the silent scenes of night).
She lodg'd me in a neighb'ring wood,
No matter where the thicket stood;
The Genius of the place was nigh,
And held two pictures to my eye.
The curious painter had pourtray'd
Life in each just and genuine shade.
They, who have only known its dawn,
May think these lines too deeply drawn;
But riper years, I fear, will show
The wiser artists paint too true.
One piece presents a rueful wild,
Where not a summer's sun had smil'd;
The road with thorns is cover'd wide,
And Grief sits weeping by the side;
Her tears with constant tenor flow,
And form a mournful lake below;
Whose silent waters, dark and deep,
Thro' all the gloomy valley creep.
Passions that flatter, or that slay,
Are beasts that fawn, or birds that prey.
Here Vice assumes the serpent's shape;
There Folly personates the ape:
Here Av'rice gripes with harpy's claws;
There Malice grins with tiger's jaws;
While sons of Mischief, Art, and Guile,
Are alligators of the Nile.
E'en Pleasure acts a treach'rous part;
She charms the sense, but stings the heart:
And when she gulls us of our wealth,
Or that superior pearl, our health,
Restores us nought but pains and woe,
And drowns us in the lake below.

There a commission'd angel stands,
With desolation in his hands!
He sends the all-devouring flame,
And cities hardly boast a name:
Or wings the pestilential blast,
And, lo! ten thousands breathe their last.
He speaks—obedient tempests roar,
And guilty nations are no more:
He speaks—the fury Discord raves,
And sweeps whole armies to their graves;
Or Famine lifts her mildew'd hand,
And Hunger howls thro' all the land.
'Oh! what a wretch is man!' I cried;
'Expos'd to death on ev'ry side!
'And sure as borne to be undone
'By evils which he cannot shun!
'Besides a thousand baits to sin,
'A thousand traitors lodg'd within!
'For soon as Vice assaults the heart,
'The rebels take the dæmon's part.'
I sigh, my aching bosom bleeds;
When straight the milder plan succeeds.
The lake of tears, the dreary shore,
The same as in the piece before;
But gleams of light are here display'd,
To cheer the eye, and gild the shade;
Affliction speaks a softer style,
And Disappointment wears a smile:
A group of virtue's blossom near;
Their roots improve by ev'ry tear.
Here Patience, gentle maid! is nigh,
To calm the storm, and wipe the eye;
Hope acts the kind physician's part,
And warms the solitary heart:
Religion nobler comfort brings,
Disarms our griefs, or blunts their stings;
Points out the balance on the whole,
And Heaven rewards the struggling soul.
But while these raptures I pursue,
The Genius suddenly withdrew.

§ 89. *Vision the last. Death.*

'Tis thought my Visions are too grave *;
A proof I'm no designing knave.
Perhaps, if int'rest held the scales,
I had devis'd quite diff'rent tales;
Had join'd the laughing, low buffoon,
And scribbled satire and lampoon;
Or stirr'd each source of soft desire,
And fann'd the coals of wanton fire:
Then had my paltry Visions sold;
Yes, all my dreams had turn'd to gold;
Had prov'd the darling of the town,
And I—a Poet of renown!
Let not my awful theme surprise;
Let no unmanly fears arise.
I wear no melancholy hue;
No wreaths of cypress, or of yew.
The shrowd, the coffin, pall, or hearse,
Shall ne'er deform my softer verse.
Let me consign the fun'ral plume,
The herald's paint, the sculptur'd tomb,

* See the Monthly Review of New Books, for February 1751.

And all the solemn farce of graves,
To undertakers and their slaves.
You know that moral writers say,
The world 's a stage, and life a play;
That in this drama to succeed,
Requires much thought and toil indeed!
There still remains one labor more,
Perhaps a greater than before.
Indulge the search, and you shall find
The harder task is still behind:
That harder task, to quit the stage
In early youth or riper age;
To leave the company and place
With firmness, dignity, and grace.
Come, then, the closing scenes survey;
'Tis the last act which crowns the play.
Do well this grand decisive part,
And gain the plaudit of your heart.
Few greatly live in Wisdom's eye —
But, oh! how few who greatly die!
Who, when their days approach an end,
Can meet the foe as friend meets friend.
Instructive heroes! tell us whence
Your noble scorn of flesh and sense!
You part from all we prize so dear;
Nor drop one soft reluctant tear;
Part from those tender joys of life,
The friend, the parent, child, and wife.
Death's black and stormy gulph you brave,
And ride exulting on the wave;
Deem thrones but trifles all! — no more —
Nor send one wishful look to shore.
For foreign ports, and lands unknown,
Thus the firm sailor leaves his own;
Obedient to the rising gale,
Unmoors his bark, and spreads his sail;
Defies the ocean and the wind,
Nor mourns the joys he left behind.
Is Death a pow'rful monarch? True:
Perhaps you dread the tyrant too!
Fear, like a fog, precludes the light,
Or swells the object to the sight.
Attend my visionary page,
And I'll disarm the tyrant's rage.
Come, let this ghastly form appear;
He 's not so terrible when near.
Distance deludes th' unwary eye;
So clouds seem monsters in the sky:
Hold frequent converse with him now,
He 'll daily wear a milder brow,
Why is my theme with terror fraught?
Because you shun the frequent thought.
Say, when the captive pard is nigh,
Whence thy pale cheek and frighted eye?
Say, why dismay'd thy manly breast,
When the grim lion shakes his crest;
Because these savage sights are new;
No keeper shudders at the view:
Keepers accustom'd to the scene,
Approach the dens with looks serene?
Fearless their grisly charge explore,
And smile to hear the tyrants roar.
'Ay — but to die! to bid adieu!
'An everlasting farewell too!
'Farewell to ev'ry joy around!
'Oh, the heart sickens at the sound!'
Stay, strippling — thou art poorly taught:
Joy, didst thou say? discard the thought.
Joys are a rich celestial fruit,
And scorn a sublunary root:
What wears the face of joy below,
Is often found but splendid woe.
Joys here, like unsubstantial fame,
Are nothings but a pompous name;
Or else, like comets in the sphere,
Shine with destruction in their rear.
Passions, like clouds, obscure the sight,
Hence mortals seldom judge aright.
The world's a harsh unfruitful soil,
Yet still we hope, and still we toil;
Deceive ourselves with wond'rous art,
And disappointment wrings the heart.
Thus, when a mist collects around,
And hovers o'er a barren ground,
The poor deluded trav'ller spies
Imagin'd trees and structures rise;
But, when the shrouded sun is clear,
The desert and the rocks appear.
'Ah — but when youthful blood runs high,
'Sure 'tis a dreadful thing to die!
'To die! and what exalts the gloom,
'I 'm told that men survives the tomb!
'O! can the learned prelate find
'What future scenes await the mind!
'Where wings the soul, dislodg'd from clay?
'Some courteous angel point the way!
'That unknown somewhere in the skies,
'Say, where that unknown somewhere lies;
'And kindly prove, when life is o'er,
'That pains and sorrows are no more;
'For doubtless, dying is a curse,
'If present ills be chang'd for worse.'
Hush, my young friend, forego the theme,
And listen to your poet's dream.
Ere while I took an ev'ning walk,
Honorio join'd in social talk.
Along the lawns the zephyrs sweep;
Each ruder wind was lull'd asleep.
The sky, all beauteous to behold,
Was streak'd with azure, green, and gold:
But tho' serenely soft and fair,
Fever hung brooding in the air;
Then settled on Honorio's breast,
Which shudder'd at the fatal guest.
No drugs the kindly wish fulfil;
Disease eludes the doctor's skill:
The poison spread thro' all the frame,
Ferments, and kindles into flame.
From side to side Honorio turns,
And now with thirst insatiate burns:
His eyes resign their wonted grace,
Those friendly lamps expire apace!
The brain's an useless organ grown;
And Reason tumbled from his throne.
But, while the purple surges glow,
The currents thicken as they flow:
The blood in ev'ry distant part
Stagnates and disappoints the heart;

Defrauded

Defrauded of its crimson store,
The vital engine plays no more.
Honorio dead, the fun'ral bell
Call'd ev'ry friend to bid farewell.
I join'd the melancholy bier,
And dropp'd the unavailing tear.
The clock struck twelve—when nature sought
Repose from all the pangs of thought;
And, while my limbs were sunk to rest,
A Vision sooth'd my troubled breast.
I dream'd the spectre Death appear'd!
I dream'd his hollow voice I heard!
Methought th' imperial tyrant wore
A state no prince assum'd before;
All nature fetch'd a general groan,
And lay expiring round his throne.
I gaz'd — when straight arose to sight
The most detested fiend of night.
He shuffled with unequal pace,
And conscious shame deform'd his face.
With jealous leer he squinted round,
Or fix'd his eyes upon the ground.
From hell this frightful monster came;
Sin was his sire, and Guilt his name.
This fury, with officious care,
Waited around the sov'reign's chair;
In robes of terror dress'd the king,
And arm'd him with a baneful sting;
Gave fierceness to the tyrant's eye,
And hung the sword upon his thigh.
Diseases next, a hideous crowd!
Proclaim'd their master's empire loud,
And all, obedient to his will,
Flew in commission'd troops to kill.
A rising whirlwind shakes the poles,
And lightning glares, and thunder rolls.
The monarch and his train prepare
To range the foul tempestuous air.
Straight to his shoulders he applies
Two pinions of enormous size!
Methought I saw the ghastly form
Stretch his black wings and mount the storm.
When Fancy's airy horse I strode,
And join'd the army on the road.
As the grim conqu'ror urg'd his way,
He scatter'd terror and dismay.
Thousands a pensive aspect wore,
Thousands who sneer'd at death before.
Life's records rise on ev'ry side,
And conscience spreads those volumes wide;
Which faithful registers were brought
By pale-eyed Fear and busy Thought.
Those faults which artful men conceal,
Stand here, engrav'd with pen of steel,
By Conscience, that impartial scribe!
Whose honest palm disdains a bribe:
Their actions all like critics view,
And all like faithful critics too.
As Guilt had stain'd life's various stage,
What tears of blood bedew'd the page!
All shudder'd at the black account,
And scarce believ'd the vast amount!
All vow'd a sudden change of heart,
Would death relent, and sheath his dart
But, when the awful foe withdrew,
All to their follies fled anew.
So when a wolf, who scours at large,
Springs on the shepherd's fleecy charge,
The flock in wild disorder fly,
And cast behind a frequent eye;
But when the victim's borne away,
They rush to pasture and to play.
Indulge my dream, and let my pen
Paint those unmeaning creatures, men.
Carus, with pain and sickness worn,
Chides the slow night, and sighs for morn,
Soon as he views the eastern ray
He mourns the quick return of day.
Hourly laments protracted breath,
And courts the healing hand of death.
Verres, oppress'd with guilt and shame,
Shipwreck'd in fortune, health, and fame:
Pines for his dark, sepulchral bed,
To mingle with th' unheeded dead.
With fourscore years grey Natho bends,
A burden to himself and friends!
And with impatience seems to wait
The friendly hand of ling'ring Fate.
So hirelings wish their labor done,
And often eye the western sun.
The monarch hears their various grief;
Descends, and brings the wish'd relief.
On Death with wild surprise they star'd;
All seem'd averse! all unprepar'd!
As torrents sweep with rapid force,
The grave's pale chief pursued his course.
No human pow'r can or withstand,
Or shun, the conquests of his hand.
Oh! could the prince of upright mind,
And as a guardian angel kind,
With ev'ry heart-felt worth beside,
Turn the keen shaft of death aside,
When would the brave Augustus join
The ashes of his sacred line!
But Death maintains no partial war;
He mocks a sultan or a czar:
He lays his iron hand on all —
Yes, kings, and sons of kings, must fall!
A truth Britannia lately felt,
And trembled to her centre —— *!
Could ablest statesmen ward the blow,
Would Grenville own this common foe?
For greater talents ne'er were known
To grace the fav'rite of a throne.
Could genius save — wit, learning, fire —
Tell me would Chesterfield expire?
Say, would his glorious sun decline,
And set like your pale star or mine?
Could ev'ry virtue of the sky —
Would Herring †, Butler ‡, Secker §, die?

* Referring to the death of his late Royal Highness Frederic Prince of Wales.
† Archbishop of Canterbury. ‡ Late Bishop of Durham. § Bishop of Oxford.

Why

Why this address to peerage all?
Untitled Allen's virtue's call!
If Allen's worth demands a place,
Lords with your leave, 'tis no disgrace.
Though high your ranks in heralds rolls,
Know, Virtue too ennobles souls.
By her that private man's renown'd
Who pours a thousand blessings round.
While Allen takes Affliction's part,
And draws out all his gen'rous heart,
Anxious so seise the fleeting day,
Lest unimprov'd it steal away;
While thus he walks with jealous strife,
Through goodness, as he walks through life;
Shall not I mark his radiant path?—
Rise, Muse, and sing the Man of Bath!
Publish abroad, could goodness save,
Allen would disappoint the grave;
Translated to the heavenly shore,
Like Enoch, when his walk was o'er.
Nor Beauty's pow'rful pleas restrain:
Her pleas are trifling, weak, and vain;
For women pierce with shrieks the air,
Smite the bare breasts, and rend their hair;
All have a doleful tale to tell,
How friends, sons, daughters, husbands fell!
Alas! is life our fav'rite theme—
'Tis all a vain or painful dream;
A dream which fools or cowards prize,
But slighted by the brave or wise.
Who lives, for others ills must groan,
Or bleed for sorrows of his own;
Must journey on with weeping eye,
Then pant, sink, agonize, and die.
'And shall a man arraign the skies,
'Because man lives, and mourns, and dies?'
'Impatient Reptile!' Reason cried;
'Arraign thy passion and thy pride;
'Retire, and commune with thy heart,
'Ask whence thou cam'st, and what thou art;
'Explore thy body and thy mind,
'Thy station too, why here assign'd.
'The search shall teach thee life to prize,
'And make thee grateful, good, and wise.
'Why do you roam to foreign climes,
'To study nations, modes, and times;
'A science often dearly bought,
'And often what avails you nought?
'Go, man, and act a wiser part,
'Study the science of your heart:
'This home philosophy, you know,
'Was priz'd some thousand years ago*.
'Then why abroad a frequent guest?
'Why such a stranger to your breast?
'Why turn so many volumes o'er,
'Till Dodsley can supply no more?
'Not all the volumes on thy shelf
'Are worth that single volume, Self:
'For who, this sacred book declines,
'Howe'er in other arts he shines,
'Tho' smit with Pindar's noble rage,
'Or vers'd in Tully's manly page;
'Tho' deeply read in Plato's school,
'With all his knowledge, is a fool.
'Proclaim the truth—Say, what is man?
'His body from the dust began;
'And when a few short years are o'er,
'The crumbling fabric is no more.
'But whence the soul?—From heaven it came!
'O prize this intellectual flame!
'This nobler self with rapture scan;
'Tis mind alone which makes the man.
'Trust me, there 's not a joy on earth,
'But from the soul derives its birth,
'Ask the young rake, (he 'll answer right),
'Who treats by day and drinks by night,
'What makes his entertainment shine?
'What gives the relish to his wine?
'He'll tell thee (if he scorns the beast)
'That social pleasures form the feast.
'The charms of beauty too shall cloy,
'Unless the soul exalts the joy.
'The mind must animate the face,
'Or cold and tasteless ev'ry grace.
'What! must the soul her pow'rs dispense,
'To raise and swell the joys of sense?
'Know, too, the joys of sense control
'And clog the motions of the soul;
'Forbid her pinions to aspire,
'Damp and impair her native fire;
'And sure as sense, that tyrant! reigns,
'She holds the empress Soul in chains:
'Inglorious bondage to the mind,
'Heaven born, sublime, and unconfin'd!
'She's independent, fair, and great,
'And justly claims a large estate;
'She asks no borrow'd aids to shine;
'She boasts within a golden mine;
'But, like the treasures of Peru,
'Her wealth lies deep, and far from view.
'Say, shall the man who knows her worth,
'Debase her dignity and birth?
'Or e'er repine at Heaven's decree,
'Who kindly gave her leave to be;
'Call'd her from nothing into day,
'And built her tenement of clay?
'Hear and accept me for your guide
'(Reason shall ne'er desert your side)
'Who listens to my wiser voice,
'Can't but applaud his Maker's choice;
'Pleas'd with that first and sov'reign cause,
'Pleas'd with unerring Wisdom's laws:
'Secure, since sov'reign goodness reigns;
'Secure, since sov'reign pow'r obtains.
'With curious eyes review thy frame;
'This science shall direct thy claim.
'Dost thou indulge a double view,
'A long, long life, and happy too?
'Perhaps a farther boon you crave—
'To lie down easy in the grave.
'Know, then, my dictates must prevail,
'Or surely each fond wish shall fail.
'Come, then, is happiness thy aim?
'Let mental joys be all thy game.

* 'Know thyself,' a celebrated saying of Chilo, one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece.

Repeat

' Repeat the search, and mend your pace,
' The capture shall reward the chace.
' Let ev'ry minute, as it springs,
' Convey fresh knowledge on its wings;
' Let ev'ry minute, as it flies,
' Record thee good, as well as wise.
' While such pursuits your thoughts engage,
' In a few years you 'll live an age.
' Who measures life by rolling years?
' Fools measure by revolving spheres.
' Go thou, and fetch th' unerring rule
' From Virtue's and from Wisdom's school.
' Who well improves life's shortest day
' Will scarce regret its setting ray;
' Contented with his share of light,
' Nor fear nor wish th' approach of night:
' And when disease assaults the heart,
' When sickness triumphs over art,
' Reflection on a life well past
' Shall prove a cordial to the last:
' This med'cine shall the soul sustain,
' And soften or suspend the pain;
' Shall break Death's fell tyrannic pow'r,
' And calm the troubled dying hour.'
Blest rules of cool prudential age!
I listen'd and rever'd the sage,
When, lo! a form divinely bright
Descends, and bursts upon my sight;
A seraph of illustrious birth
(Religion was her name on earth),
Supremely sweet her radiant face,
And blooming with celestial grace!
Three shining seraphs form'd her train,
Wav'd their light wings, and reach'd the plain,
Faith, with sublime and piercing eye,
And pinions flutt'ring for the sky;
Here Hope, that smiling angel, stands,
And golden anchors grace her hands;
There Charity in robes of white
Fairest and fav'rite maid of light!
The seraph spake — ' 'Tis reason's part
' To govern and to guard the heart;
' To lull the wayward soul to rest,
' When hopes and fears distract the breast;
' Reason may claim this doubtful strife,
' And steer thy bark thro' various life.
' But when the storms of Death are nigh,
' And midnight darkness veils the sky,
' Shall reason then direct thy sail,
' Disperse the clouds, or sink the gale?
' Stranger, this skill alone is mine,
' Skill that transcends his scanty line.
' That hoary sage has counsell'd right
' Be wise, nor scorn his friendly light.
' Revere thyself — thou 'rt near allied
' To angels on thy better side.
' How various e'er their ranks or kinds,
' Angels are but unbodied minds:
' When the partition walls decay,
' Men emerge angels from their clay;
' Yes, when the frailer body dies,
' The soul asserts her kindred skies:
' But minds, tho' sprung from heavenly race,
' Must first be tutor'd for the place:
' (The joys above are understood
' And relish'd only by the good).
' Who shall assume this guardian care?
' Who shall secure their birthright there!
' Souls are my charge — to me 'tis given
' To train them for their native heaven
' Know, then — Who bow the early knee,
' And give the willing heart to me;
' Who wisely, when temptation waits,
' Elude her frauds, and spurn her baits;
' Who dare to own my injur'd cause,
' Tho' fools deride my sacred laws;
' Or scorn to deviate to the wrong,
' Tho' Persecution lifts her thong;
' Tho' all the sons of hell conspire
' To raise the stake, and light the fire —
' Know, that for such superior souls
' There lies a bliss beyond the poles;
' Where spirits shine with purer ray,
' And brighten to meridian day;
' Where love, where boundless Friendship rules,
' (No friends that change, no love that cools!)
' Where rising floods of knowledge roll,
' And pour, and pour upon the soul!
' But where 's the passage to the skies? —
' The road thro' Death's black valley lies.
' Nay, do not shudder at my tale;
' Tho' dark the shades, yet safe the vale.
' This path the best of men have trod,
' And who 'd decline the road to God?
' Oh! 't is a glorious boon to die!
' This favor can't be priz'd too high.'
While thus she spake, my looks express'd
The raptures kindling in my breast:
My soul a fix'd attention gave;
When the stern monarch of the grave
With haughty strides approach'd — amaz'd
I stood, and trembled as I gaz'd
The seraph calm'd each anxious fear,
And kindly wip'd the falling tear;
Then hasten'd with expanded wing
To meet the pale, terrific king.
But now what milder scenes arise!
The tyrant droops his hostile guise:
He seems a youth divinely fair;
In graceful ringlets waves his hair;
His wings their whit'ning plumes display,
His burnish'd plumes reflect the day;
Light flows his shining azure vest,
And all the angel stands confest.
I view'd the change with sweet surprise,
And, oh! I panted for the skies;
Thank'd Heaven that e'er I drew my breath,
And triumph'd in the thoughts of Death.

FABLES by the late Mr. Gay.

Introduction to the Fables. *Part the First*

§ 90. *The Shepherd and the Philosopher.*

Remote from cities liv'd a swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;

In

In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;
His hours in cheerful labor flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew;
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.
A deep Philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought:
Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd?
And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown
By various fates on realms unknown,
Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?
The Shepherd modestly replied:
I ne'er the paths of learning tried:
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
To read mankind, their laws, and arts;
For man is practis'd in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes:
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from simple nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.
The daily labors of the bee
Awake my soul to industry.
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air
With pious wing protects her care,
And ev'ry fowl that flies at large,
Instructs me in a parent's charge.
From nature too I take my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule:
I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear.
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn hour despise?
My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain:
We from the wordy torrent fly;
Who listens to the chatt'ring pye?
Nor would I, with felonious flight,
By stealth invade my neighbour's right;
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate
Do not we just abhorrence find
Again the toad and serpent kind?
But envy, calumny, and spite
Bear stronger venom in their bite.
Thus ev'ry object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation;
And from the most minute and mean
A virtuous mind can morals glean.
Thy fame is just, the Sage replies;
Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men:
But he who studies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good, and wise.

To his Highness William *Duke of* Cumberland.

§91. FABLE I. *The Lion, the Tiger, and the Traveller.*

Accept, young Prince, the moral lay,
And in these tales mankind survey;
With early virtues plant your breast,
The specious arts of vice detest.
Princes, like beauties, from their youth
Are strangers to the voice of truth:
Learn to contemn all praise betimes;
For flattery 's the nurse of crimes.
Friendship by sweet reproof is shown
(A virtue never near a throne);
In courts such freedom must offend,
There none presumes to be a friend.
To those of your exalted station
Each courtier is a dedication.
Must I too flatter like the rest,
And turn my morals to a jest?
The Muse disdains to steal from those
Who thrive in courts by fulsome prose.
But shall I hide your real praise,
Or tell you what a nation says?
They in your infant bosom trace
The virtues of your royal race,
In the fair dawning of your mind
Discern you gen'rous, mild, and kind.
They see you grieve to hear distress,
And pant already to redress.
Go on, the height of good attain,
Nor let a nation hope in vain:
For hence we justly may presage
The virtues of a riper age.
True courage shall your bosom fire,
And future actions own your sire.
Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.
A Tiger, roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a Trav'ller in the way;
The prostrate game a Lion spies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies:
With mingled roar resounds the wood,
Their teeth, their claws, distil with blood;
Till, vanquish'd by the Lion's strength,
The spotted foe extends his length.
The man besought the shaggy lord,
And on his knees for life implor'd;
His life the gen'rous hero gave:
Together walking to his cave,

The

The lion thus bespoke his guest:
What hardy beast shall dare contest
My matchless strength? You saw the fight,
And must attest my pow'r and right.
Forc'd to forego their native home,
My starving slaves at distance roam;
Within these woods I reign alone,
The boundless forest is my own.
Bears, wolves, and all the savage brood,
Have dyed the regal den with blood.
These carcases on either hand,
Those bones that whiten all the land.
My former deeds and triumphs tell,
Beneath these jaws what numbers fell.
True, says the man, the strength I saw
Might well the brutal nation awe:
But shall a monarch, brave like you,
Place glory in so false a view?
Robbers invade their neighbours' right:
Be lov'd; let justice bound your might.
Mean are ambitious heroes boasts
Of wasted lands and slaughtered hosts:
Pirates their pow'r by murders gain;
Wise kings by love and mercy reign.
To me your clemency hath shown
The virtue worthy of a throne.
Heaven gives you pow'r above the rest,
Like Heaven to succour the distrest.
The case is plain, the monarch said;
False glory hath my youth misled;
For beasts of prey, a servile train,
Have been the flatt'rers of my reign.
You reason well. Yet tell me, friend,
Did ever you in courts attend?
For all my fawning rogues agree,
That human heroes rule like me.

§ 92. FABLE II. *The Spaniel and the Cameleon.*

A SPANIEL, bred with all the care
That waits upon a fav'rite heir;
Ne'er felt correction's rigid hand:
Indulg'd to disobey command,
In pamper'd ease his hours were spent;
He never knew what learning meant.
Such forward airs, so pert, so smart,
Were sure to win his lady's heart:
Each little mischief gain'd him praise;
How pretty were his fawning ways!
The wind was south, the morning fair,
He ventures forth to take the air:
He ranges all the meadow round,
And rolls upon the softest ground;
When near him a Cameleon seen
Was scarce distinguish'd from the green.
Dear emblem of the flatt'ring host,
What, live with clowns? a genius lost!
To cities and the court repair,
A fortune cannot fail thee there;
Preferment shall thy talents crown:
Believe me, friend; I know the town.
Sir, says the sycophant, like you,
Of old, politer life I knew:
Like you, a courtier born and bred,
Kings lean'd an ear to what I said.
My whisper always met success;
The ladies prais'd me for address.
I knew to hit each courtier's passion,
And flatter'd ev'ry vice in fashion.
But Jove, who hates the liar's ways,
At once cut short my prosp'rous days;
And, sentenc'd to retain my nature,
Transform'd me to this crawling creature.
Doom'd to a life obscure and mean,
I wander in this sylvan scene.
For Jove the heart alone regards;
He punishes what man rewards.
How different is thy case and mine!
With men at least you sup and dine;
While I, condemned to thinnest fare,
Like those I flatter'd, feed on air.

§ 93. FABLE III. *The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy.*

GIVE me a son. The blessing sent,
Were ever parents more content?
How partial are their doating eyes!
No child is half so fair and wise.
Wak'd to the morning's pleasing care,
The mother rose, and sought her heir.
She saw the Nurse, like one possest,
With wringing hands, and sobbing breast.
Sure some disaster has befel:
Speak, Nurse! I hope the boy is well?
Dear Madam, think not me to blame;
Invisible the Fairy came:
Your precious babe is hence convey'd,
And in the place a changeling laid.
Where are the father's mouth and nose,
The mother's eyes, as black as sloes?
See here, a shocking, awkward creature,
That speaks a fool in ev'ry feature.
The woman 's blind, the mother cries;
I see wit sparkle in his eyes.
Lord, Madam, what a squinting leer!
No doubt the Fairy hath been here.
Just as she spoke, a pigmy Sprite,
Pops through the key-hole, swift as light;
Perch'd on the cradle's top he stands,
And thus her folly reprimands:
Whence sprung the vain conceited lie,
That we the world with fools supply?
What! give our sprightly race away,
For the dull helpless sons of clay!
Besides, by partial fondness shown,
Like you, we doat upon our own.
Where yet was ever found a mother,
Who 'd give her booby for another?
And should we change with human breed,
Well might we pass for fools indeed.

§ 94. FABLE IV. *The Eagle and the Assembly of Animals.*

As Jupiter's all-seeing eye
Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky,
From this small speck of earth were sent
Murmurs and sounds of discontent;

For

For ev'ry thing alive complain'd
That he the hardest life sustain'd.
Jove calls his Eagle. At the word
Before him stands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from heaven's height
Downward directs his rapid flight;
Then cited ev'ry living thing
To hear the mandates of his king.
Ungrateful creatures! whence arise
These murmurs which offend the skies?
Why this disorder? say the cause;
For just are Jove's eternal laws.
Let each his discontent reveal;
To you sour Dog I first appeal.
Hard is my lot, the Hound replies:
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies!
While I, with weary step and slow,
O'er plains, and vales, and mountains go.
The morning sees my chace begun,
Nor ends it till the setting sun.
When (says the Greyhound) I pursue,
My game is lost, or caught in view;
Beyond my sight the prey's secure:
The Hound is slow, but always sure!
And had I his sagacious scent,
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent.
The Lion crav'd the Fox's art;
The Fox the Lion's force and heart;
The Cock implor'd the Pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light;
The Pigeon strength of wing despis'd,
And the Cock's matchless valor priz'd;
The Fishes wish'd to graze the plain;
The beasts to skim beneath the main.
Thus, envious of another's state,
Each blam'd the partial hand of Fate.
The Bird of Heaven then cried aloud:
Jove bids disperse the murm'ring crowd;
The God rejects your idle prayers,
Would ye, rebellious mutineers,
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envied creature?
What! silent all, and none consent?
Be happy then, and learn content:
Nor imitate the restless mind,
And proud ambition of mankind.

§ 95. FABLE V. *The Wild Boar and the Ram.*

Against an elm a sheep was tied,
The butcher's knife in blood was dyed;
The patient flock, in silent fright,
From far beheld the horrid sight:
A savage Boar, who near them stood,
Thus mock'd to scorn the fleecy brood:
All cowards should be serv'd like you;
See, see, your murd'rer is in view!
With purple hands, and reeking knife,
He strips the skin yet warm with life:
Your quarter'd sires, your bleeding dams,
The dying bleat of harmless lambs,
Call for revenge. O stupid race!
The heart that wants revenge is base.
I grant, an antient Ram replies,
We bear no terror in our eyes:
Yet think us not of soul so tame,
Which no repeated wrongs inflame,
Insensible of ev'ry ill,
Because we want thy tusks to kill.
Know, those who violence pursue,
Give to themselves the vengeance due;
For in these massacres they find
The two chief plagues that waste mankind.
Our skins supplies the wrangling bar;
It wakes their slumb'ring sons to war;
And well revenge may rest contented,
Since drums and parchment were invented.

§ 96. FABLE VI. *The Miser and Plutus.*

The wind was high, the window shakes;
With sudden start the Miser wakes;
Along the silent room he stalks;
Looks back, and trembles as he walks!
Each lock and ev'ry bolt he tries,
In ev'ry creek and corner pries;
Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now, with sudden qualms possest,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breast;
By conscience stung, he wildly stares,
And thus his guilty soul declares:
Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
But virtue's sold! Good gods! what price
Can recompense the pangs of vice?
O bane of good! seducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy pow'r defeat?
Gold banish'd honor from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill;
Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill:
'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
In treachery's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
Virtue resides on earth no more!
He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood,
Plutus, his god, before him stood.
The Miser, trembling, lock'd his chest;
The vision frown'd, and thus address'd:
Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
Each sordid rascal's daily cant?
Did I, base wretch, corrupt mankind!
The fault 's in thy rapacious mind.
Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
E'en virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;
And pow'r (when lodg'd in their possession)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppression,
Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast;
'Tis av'rice, insolence, and pride;
And ev'ry shocking vice beside:
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses like the dews of heaven;
Like heaven, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.
Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,
Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay?

Let

Let bravoes then (when blood is spilt)
Upbraid the passive sword with guilt.

§ 97. FABLE VII. *The Lion, the Fox, and the Geese.*

A Lion, tir'd with state affairs,
Quite sick of pomp, and worn with cares;
Resolv'd (remote from noise and strife)
In peace to pass his latter life.
It was proclaim'd: the day was set:
Behold the gen'ral council met.
The Fox, was viceroy nam'd. The crowd
To the new regent humbly bow'd.
Wolves, bears, and mighty tigers bend,
And strive who most shall condescend.
He straight assumes a solemn grace,
Collects his wisdom in his face.
The crowd admire his wit, his sense;
Each word hath weight and consequence.
The flatt'rer all his art displays,
He who hath pow'r is sure of praise.
A fox stepp'd forth before the rest,
And thus the servile throng address'd:
How vast his talents, born to rule,
And train'd in virtue's honest school:
What clemency his temper sways!
How uncorrupt are all his ways!
Beneath his conduct and command
Rapine shall cease to waste the land,
His brain hath stratagem and art:
Prudence and mercy rule his heart.
What blessings must attend the nation
Under this good administration!
He said. A Goose who distant stood,
Harangu'd apart the cackling brood:
Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me shun his worthy friend
What praise! what mighty commendation!
But 'twas a Fox who spoke th' oration.
Foxes this government may prize,
As gentle, plentiful, and wise:
If they enjoy the sweets, 'tis plain,
We Geese must feel a tyrant reign.
What havock now shall thin our race,
When ev'ry petty clerk in place,
To prove his taste and seem polite,
Will feed on Geese both noon and night!

§ 98. FABLE VIII. *The Lady and the Wasp.*

What whispers must the beauty bear!
What hourly nonsense haunts her ear!
Where'er her eyes dispense their charms,
Impertinence around her swarms.
Did not the tender nonsense strike,
Contempt and scorn might soon dislike:
Forbidding airs might thin the place;
The slightest flap a fly can chase.
But who can drive the num'rous breed!
Chase one, another will succeed,
Who knows a fool, must know his brother,
One fop will recommend another:
And with this plague she 's rightly curst,
Because she listen'd to the first.

As Doris, at her toilet's duty,
Sat meditating on her beauty,
She now was pensive, now was gay,
And loll'd the sultry hours away.
As thus in indolence she lies,
A giddy Wasp around her flies.
He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aspires.
Her fan in vain defends her charms;
Swift he returns, again alarms:
For by repulse he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and sipp'd the dew.
She frowns, she frets. Good gods! she cries,
Protect me from these teasing flies!
Of all the plagues that heaven hath sent,
A Wasp is most impertinent.
The hov'ring insect thus complain'd:
Am I then slighted, scorn'd, disdain'd?
Can such offence your anger wake?
'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake.
Those cherry lips that breathe perfume,
That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me with strong desire pursue
The fairest peach that ever grew.
Strike him not, Jenny, Doris cries,
Nor murder Wasps like vulgar flies:
For though he 's free, (to do him right)
The creature's civil and polite.
In ecstasies away he posts;
Where'er he came the favor boasts;
Brags how her sweetest tea he sips,
And shows the sugar on his lips.
The hint alarm'd the forward crew:
Sure of success, away they flew.
They share the dainties of the day,
Round her with airy music play,
And now they flutter, now they rest,
Now soar again, and skim her breast.
Nor were they banish'd till she found
That Wasps have stings, and felt the wound.

§ 99. FABLE IX. *The Bull and the Mastiff.*

Seek you to train your fav'rite Boy?
Each caution, ev'ry care employ:
And ere you venture to confide,
Let his preceptor's heart be tried:
Weigh well his manners, life, and scope:
On these depends thy future hope.
As on a time, in peaceful reign,
A Bull enjoy'd the flow'ry plain,
A Mastiff pass'd; inflam'd with ire,
His eye-balls shot indignant fire:
He foam'd, he rag'd with thirst of blood,
Spurning the ground the monarch stood,
And roar'd aloud—Suspend the fight;
In a whole skin go sleep to-night:
Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
What wrongs provoke thee to engage?
Is it ambition fires thy breast,
Or av'rice, that ne'er can rest?
From these alone unjustly springs
The world-destroying wrath of kings.
The surly Mastiff thus returns;
Within my bosom glory burns.

Like

Like heroes of eternal name,
Whom poets sing, I fight for fame.
The butcher's spirit-stirring mind
To daily war —my youth inclin'd;
He train'd me to heroic deed;
Taught me to conquer or to bleed.
Curs'd Dog! the Bull replied; no more
I wonder at thy thirst of gore;
For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,
Whose hands with cruelty are stain'd,
His daily murders in thy view)
Must, like the tutor, blood pursue.
Take then thy fate. With goring wound,
At once he lifts him from the ground:
Aloft the sprawling hero flies;
Mangled he falls, he howls, and dies.

§ 100. FABLE X. *The Elephant and the Bookseller.*

The man who with undaunted toils
Sails unknown seas to unknown soils,
With various wonders feasts his sight:
What stranger wonders does he write!
We read, and in description view
Creatures which Adam never knew:
For, when we risque no contradiction,
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction,
Those things that startle me or you,
I grant are strange, yet may be true.
Who doubts that Elephants are found
For science and for sense renown'd?
Borri records their strength of parts,
Extent of thought, and skill in arts;
How they perform the law's decrees,
And save the state the hangman's fees:
And how by travel understand
The language of another land.
Let those who question this report,
To Pliny's antient page resort;
How learn'd was that sagacious breed!
Who now like them the Greek can read!
As one of these, in days of yore,
Rummag'd a shop of learning o'er;
Not, like our modern deeds, minding
Only the margin's breadth and binding;
A book his curious eye detains,
Where with exactest care and pains
Were ev'ry beast and bird pourtray'd,
That e'er the search of man survey'd.
Their natures and their pow'rs were writ
With all the pride of human wit.
The page he with attention spread,
And thus remark'd on what he read:
Man with strong reason is endow'd;
A beast scarce instinct is allow'd.
But let this author's work be tried:
'Tis plain that neither was his guide.
Can he discern the different natures,
And weigh the pow'r of other creatures,
Who by the partial work hath shown
He knows so little of his own?
How falsely is the spaniel drawn!
Did man from him first learn to fawn?
A dog proficient in the trade!
He the chief flatt'rer nature made!
Go, Man, the ways of courts discern,
You 'll find a spaniel still might learn.
How can the Fox's theft and plunder
Provoke his censure or his wonder?
From courtier tricks, and lawyers arts,
The fox might well improve his parts.
The lion, wolf, and tiger's brood,
He curses for their thirst of blood:
But is not man to man a prey?
Beasts kill for hunger, men for pay.
The Bookseller, who heard him speak,
And saw him turn a page of Greek,
Thought, what a genius have I found?
Then thus address'd with bow profound:
Learn'd Sir, if you 'd employ your pen
Against the senseless sons of men,
Or write the history of Siam,
No man is better pay than I am;
Or, since your learn'd in Greek, let 's see
Something against the Trinity.
When, wrinkling with a sneer his trunk,
Friend, quoth the Elephant, you 're drunk;
E'en keep your money, and be wise;
Leave man on man to criticise:
For that you ne'er can want a pen
Among the senseless sons of men.
They unprovok'd will court the fray;
Envy 's a sharper spur than pay.
No author ever spar'd a brother;
Wits are game-cocks to one another.

§ 101. FABLE XI. *The Peacock, the Turkey, and the Goose.*

In beauty faults conspicuous grow;
The smallest speck is seen on snow.
As near a barn, by hunger led,
A Peacock with the poultry fed;
All view'd him with an envious eye,
And mock'd his gaudy pageantry.
He, conscious of superior merit,
Contemns their base reviling spirit;
His state and dignity assumes,
And to the sun displays his plumes;
Which, like the heav'ns o'er-arching skies,
Are spangled with a thousand eyes:
The circling rays, and varied light,
At once confound their dazzled sight:
On ev'ry tongue detraction burns,
And malice prompts their spleen by turns:
Mark with what insolence and pride
The creature takes his haughty stride,
The Turkey cries. Can spleen contain?
Sure never bird was half so vain!
But, were intrinsic merit seen,
We Turkeys have the whiter skin.
From tongue to tongue they caught abuse;
And next was heard the hissing Goose:
What hideous legs! what filthy claws!
I scorn to censure little flaws.
Then what a horrid squalling throat!
Ev'n owls are frighted at the note.

True

True — those are faults, the Peacock cries ;
My scream, my shanks, you may despise :
But such blind critics rail in vain :
What ! overlook my radiant train !
Know, did my legs (your scorn and sport)
The Turkey or the Goose support,
And did ye scream with harsher sound,
Those faults in you had ne'er been found!
To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemish strikes an envious mind.
Thus in assemblies have I seen
A nymph of brightest charms and mien,
Wake envy in each ugly face ;
And buzzing scandal fills the place.

§ 102. FABLE XII. *Cupid, Hymen, and Plutus.*

As Cupid in Cythera's grove
Employ'd the lesser pow'rs of love;
Some shape the bow, or fit the string ;
Some give the taper shaft its wing,
Or turn the polish'd quiver's mould,
Or head the darts with temper'd gold.
Amidst their toil and various care,
Thus Hymen, with assuming air,
Address'd the god : Thou purblind chit,
Of awkward and ill-judging wit,
If matches are not better made,
At once I must forswear my trade.
You send me such ill-coupled folks,
That 'tis a shame to sell them yokes ;
They squabble for a pin, a feather,
And wonder how they came together.
The husband's sullen, dogged, shy ;
The wife grows flippant in reply ;
He loves command and due restriction,
And she as well likes contradiction :
She never slavishly submits ;
She'll have her will, or have her fits :
He this way tugs, she t'other draws ;
The man grows jealous, and with cause :
Nothing can save him but divorce :
And here the wife complies of course.

When, says the boy, had I to do
With either your affairs or you ?
I never idly spent my darts ;
You trade in mercenary hearts.
For settlements the lawyer's feed ;
Is my hand witness to the deed?
If they like cat and dog agree,
Go rail at Plutus, not at me.

Plutus appear'd, and said — 'Tis true,
In marriage gold is all their view ;
They seek no beauty, wit, or sense ;
And love is seldom the pretence.
All offer incense at my shrine,
And I alone the bargain sign.
How can Belinda blame her fate ?
She only ask'd a great estate.
Doris was rich enough, 'tis true ;
Her lord must give her title too :
And ev'ry man, or rich or poor,
A fortune asks, and asks no more.

Av'rice, whatever shape it bears,
Must still be coupled with its cares.

§ 103. FABLE XIII. *The Tame Stag.*

As a young Stag the thicket pass'd,
The branches heid his antlers fast ;
A clown, who saw the captive hung,
Across the horns his halter flung.
Now safely hamper'd in the cord,
He bore the present to his lord.
His lord was pleas'd ; as was the clown,
When he was tipp'd with half-a-crown.
The stag was brought before his wife !
The tender lady begg'd his life.
How sleek the skin ! how speck'd like ermine !
Sure never creature was so charming!
At first within the yard confin'd,
He flies, and hides from all mankind ;
Now, bolder grown, with fix'd amaze,
And distant awe, presumes to gaze :
Munches the linen on the lines,
And on a hood or apron dines ;
He steals my little master's bread,
Follows the servants to be fed :
Nearer and nearer now he stands,
To feel the praise of patting hands ;
Examines ev'ry fist for meat,
And, though repuls'd, disdains retreat ;
Attacks again with levell'd horns ;
And man, that was his terror, scorns
Such is the country maiden's fright,
When first a red-coat is in sight ;
Behind the door she hides her face ;
Next time at distance eyes the lace ;
She now can all his terrors stand,
Nor from his squeeze withdraws her hand.
She plays familiar in his arms,
And ev'ry soldier hath his charms,
From tent to tent she spreads her flame ;
For custom conquers fear and shame.

§ 104. FABLE XIV. *The Monkey who had seen the World.*

A Monkey, to reform the times,
Resolved to visit foreign climes :
For men in distant regions roam
To bring politer manners home.
So forth he fares, all toil defies ;
Misfortune serves to make us wise.
At length the treach'rous snare was laid ;
Poor Pug was caught, to town convey'd,
There sold. How envied was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room !
Proud as a lover of his chains,
He day by day her favor gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day
The toilet calls, with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other gentleman.
In visits too his parts and wit,
When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.
Proud with applause, he thought his mind
In ev'ry courtly art refin'd ;

Like Orpheus burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the Monkey weal:
So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
And sought his native woods again.
The hairy sylvans round him press,
Astonish'd at his strut and dress.
Some praise his sleeve; and others glote
Upon his rich embroider'd coat;
His dapper periwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending:
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary frost or fleecy snow;
But all with envy and desire
His flutt'ring shoulder-knot admire.
Hear and improve, he pertly cries;
I come to make a nation wise.
Weigh your own worth, support your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I pass'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.
Their dress, their courtly manners see;
Reform your state, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive? in flatt'ry deal;
Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.
Seem only to regard your friends,
But use them for your private ends.
Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.
Bend all your force to spatter merit;
Scandal is conversation's spirit.
Boldly to ev'ry thing attend,
And men your talents shall commend.
I knew the great. Observe me right;
So shall you grow like man polite.
He spoke, and bow'd. With mutt'ring jaws
The wond'ring circle grinn'd applause.
Now, warm with malice, envy, spite,
Their most obliging friends they bite;
And, fond to copy human ways,
Practice new mischiefs all their days.
Thus the dull Lad, too tall for school,
With travel finishes the fool;
Studious of ev'ry coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dresses, whores, and swears;
O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts;
For vice his fitted to his parts.

§ 105. TABLE XV. *The Philosopher and the Pheasants.*

The Sage, awak'd at early day,
Thro' the deep forest took his way;
Drawn by the music of the groves,
Along the winding gloom he roves:
From tree to tree the warbling throats
Prolong the sweet alternate notes.
But where he pass'd he terror threw;
The song broke short, the warblers flew;
The thrushes chatter'd with affright,
And nightingales abhorr'd his sight;
All animals before him ran,
To shun the hateful sight of man.
Whence is this dread of ev'ry creature?
Fly they our figure, or our nature?

As thus he walk'd in musing thought,
His ear imperfect accents taught;
With cautious steps he nearer drew:
By the thick shade conceal'd from view,
High on the branch a Pheasant stood;
Around her all her list'ning brood;
Proud of the blessings of her nest,
She thus a mother's care express'd:
No dangers here shall circumvent;
Within the woods enjoy content.
Sooner the hawk or vulture trust
Than Man, of animals the worst;
In him ingratitude you find;
A vice peculiar to the kind.
The sheep, whose annual fleece is dyed
To guard his health, and serve his pride,
Forc'd from his fold and native plain,
Is in the cruel shambles slain.
The swarms who, with industrious skill,
His hives with wax and honey fill.
In vain whole summer days employ'd,
Their stores are sold, their race destroy'd.
What tribute from the goose is paid!
Does not her wing all science aid?
Does it not lovers' hearts explain,
And drudge to raise the merchant's gain?
What now rewards this gen'ral use?
He takes the quills, and eats the goose.
Man then avoid, detest his ways;
So safety shall prolong your days.
When services are thus acquitted,
Be sure we Pheasants must be spitted.

§ 106. TABLE XVI. *The Pin and the Needle.*

A Pin, who long had serv'd a beauty,
Proficient in the toilet's duty,
Had form'd her sleeve, confin'd her hair,
Or given her knot a smarter air,
Now nearest to her heart was plac'd,
Now in her mantua's tail disgrac'd;
But could she partial fortune blame,
Who saw her lover serv'd the same.

At length from all her honors cast,
Through various turns of life she pass'd;
Now glitter'd on a taylor's arm,
Now kept a beggar's infant warm;
Now, rang'd within a miser's coat,
Contributes to his yearly groat:
Now rais'd again from low approach,
She visits in the doctor's coach!
Here, there, by various fortune tost,
At last in Gretham-hall was lost.
Charm'd with the wonders of the show,
On ev'ry side, above, below,
She now of this or that inquires;
What least was understood admires.
'Tis plain, each thing so struck her mind,
Her head's of virtuoso kind.

And pray what's this, and this, dear Sir?
A Needle, says the interpreter.
She knew the name: and thus the fool
Address'd her as a taylor's tool.

A needle

A needle with that filthy stone,
Quite idle, all with rust o'ergrown!
You better might employ your parts,
And aid the sempstress in her arts.
But tell me how the friendship grew,
Between that paltry flint and you.
Friend, says the Needle, cease to blame;
I follow real worth and fame.
Know'st thou the loadstone's pow'r and art,
That virtue virtues can impart?
Of all his talents I partake;
How can I such a friend forsake!
'Tis I direct the pilot's hand
To shun the rocks and treach'rous sand;
By me the distant world is known,
And either India is our own.
Had I with milliners been bred,
What had I been? the guide of thread,
And drudg'd as vulgar needles do,
Of no more consequence than you.

§ 107. FABLE XVII. *The Shepherd's Dog and the Wolf.*

A Wolf, with hunger fierce and bold,
Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold;
Deep in the wood secure he lay;
The thefts of night regal'd the day.
In vain the shepherd's wakeful care
Had spread the toils, and watch'd the snare;
In vain the Dog pursued his pace,
The fleeter robber mock'd the chace.
'As Lightfoot rang'd the forest round,
By chance his foe's retreat he found.
A truce, replies the Wolf. 'Tis done.
The Dog the parley thus begun:
How can that strong intrepid mind
Attack a weak defenceless kind?
Those jaws should prey on nobler food,
And drink the boar's and lion's blood;
Great souls with gen'rous pity melt,
Which coward tyrants never felt.
How harmless is our fleecy care!
Be brave, and let thy mercy spare.
Friend, says the Wolf, the matter weigh;
Nature design'd us beasts of prey;
As such, when hunger finds a treat,
'Tis necessary Wolves should eat.
If, mindful of the bleating weal,
Thy bosom burn with real zeal,
Hence, and thy tyrant lord beseech;
To him repeat the moving speech:
A Wolf eats sheep but now and then;
Ten thousands are devour'd by men.
An open foe may prove a curse;
But a pretended friend is worse.

§ 108. FABLE XVIII. *The Painter who pleased nobody and every body.*

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The trav'ller leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes ev'n his real courage doubted:
But flatt'ry never seems absurd,
The flatter'd always take your word:
Impossibilities seem just;
They take the strongest praise on trust.
Hyberboles, tho' ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.
So very like, a Painter drew,
That ev'ry eye the picture knew;
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So just, the life itself was there.
No flatt'ry with his colors laid,
To bloom restor'd the faded maid;
He gave each muscle all its strength;
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length,
His honest pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.
He lost his friends, his practice fail'd;
Truth should not always be reveal'd;
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.
Two bustos, fraught with ev'ry grace,
A Venus and Apollo's face,
He plac'd in view; resolv'd to please
Whoever sat, he drew from these;
From these corrected ev'ry feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.
All things were set; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb,
My Lord appear'd; and, seated right
In proper attitude and light,
The Painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,
Then dipp'd his pencil, talk'd of Greece.
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;
Those eyes, my Lord, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The features fraught with sense and wit,
You 'll grant, are very hard to hit;
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do.
Observe the work. My Lord replied,
Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Besides, my nose is somewhat long;
Dear Sir, for me 'tis far too young.
Oh pardon me! the artist cried,
In this the painters must decide.
The piece ev'n common eyes must strike;
I warrant it extremely like.
My Lord examin'd it anew;
No looking-glass seem'd half so true.
A Lady came, with borrow'd grace,
He from his Venus form'd her face.
Her lover prais'd the Painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!
To ev'ry age some charm he lent;
Ev'n beauties were almost content.
Thro' all the town his art they prais'd;
His custom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likeness shown,
Would any man the picture own?
But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeness in his thought.

§ 109. FABLE XIX. *The Lion and the Cub.*

How fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and base!
These cannot bear an equal nigh,
But from superior merit fly.
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
And lose their hours in ale and smoke,
There o'er some petty club preside;
So poor, so paltry is their pride!
Nay, ev'n with fools whole nights will sit,
In hopes to be supreme in wit.
If these can read, to these I write,
To set their worth in truest light.

A Lion-cub, of sordid mind,
Avoided all the lion-kind;
Fond of applause he sought the feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
With asses all his time he spent;
Their club's perpetual president,
He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
An ass in ev'ry thing but ears!
If e'er his highness meant a joke,
They grinn'd applause before he spoke;
But at each word what shouts of praise!
Good gods! how natural he brays!

Elate with flatt'ry and conceit,
He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
Forward, and fond to show his parts,
His highness brays: the lion starts:

Puppy! that curs'd vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation:
Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace.

Why so severe? the Cub replies;
Our senate always held me wise.

How weak is pride! returns the sire;
All fools are vain when fools admire!
But know, what stupid asses prize,
Lions and noble beasts despise.

§ 110. FABLE XX. *The old Hen and the Cock.*

Restrain your child: you'll soon believe
The text which says, 'We spring from Eve.'

As an old Hen led forth her train,
And seem'd to peck to show the grain;
She rak'd the chaff, she scratch'd the ground,
And glean'd the spacious yard around.
A giddy Chick, to try her wings,
On the well's narrow margin springs,
And prone she drops. The mother's breast
All day with sorrow was possest.

A Cock she met; her son she knew,
And in her heart affection grew.

My son, says she, I grant your years
Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares.
I see you vig'rous, strong, and bold;
I hear with joy your triumphs told.
'Tis not from Cocks thy fate I dread;
But let thy ever-wary tread
Avoid yon well; the fatal place
Is sure perdition to our race.
Print this my counsel on thy breast
To the just god I leave the rest.

He thank'd her care; yet day by day
His bosom burn'd to disobey;
And ev'ry time the well he saw,
Scorn'd in his heart the foolish law:
Near and more near each day he drew,
And long'd to try the dang'rous view.

Why was this idle charge? he cries;
Let courage female fears despise.
Or did she doubt my heart was brave,
And therefore this injunction gave?
Or does her harvest store the place,
A treasure for her younger race?
And would she thus my search prevent?
I stand resolv'd, and dare th' event.

Thus said, he mounts the margin's round,
And pries into the depth profound.
He stretch'd his neck; and from below
With stretching neck advanc'd a foe:
With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears,
The foe with ruffled plumes appears:
Threat answer'd threat; his fury grew;
Headlong to meet the war he flew;
But when the wat'ry death he found,
He thus lamented as he drown'd:

I ne'er had been in this condition,
But for my mother's prohibition.

§ 111. FABLE XXI. *The Rat-Catcher and Cats.*

The rats by night such mischief did,
Betty was ev'ry morning chid:
They undermin'd whole sides of bacon;
Her cheese was sapp'd, her tarts were taken;
Her pasties, fenc'd with thickest paste,
Were all demolish'd and laid waste.
She curs'd the Cat for want of duty,
Who left her foes a constant booty.
An Engineer of noted skill
Engag'd to stop the growing ill.

From room to room he now surveys
Their haunts, their works, their secret ways,
Finds where they 'scape an ambuscade,
And whence the nightly sally's made.

An envious Cat from place to place,
Unseen attends his silent pace.
She saw that, if his trade went on,
The purring race must be undone;
So secretly removes his baits,
And ev'ry stratagem defeats.

Again he sets the poison'd toils,
And Puss again the labor foils.

"What foe (to frustrate my designs)
"My schemes thus nightly countermines?"
Incens'd, he cries: "this very hour
"The wretch shall bleed beneath my pow'r."

So said — a pond'rous trap he brought,
And in the fact poor Puss was caught.

"Smuggler," says he, "thou shalt be made
"A victim to our loss of trade."

The captive Cat, with piteous mews,
For pardon, life, and freedom sues.
"A sister of the science spare;
"One int'rest is our common care."

"What insolence!" the man replied;
"Shall Cats with us the game divide?

"Were

" Were all your interloping band
" Extinguish'd, or expell'd the land,
" We Rat-catchers might raise our fees,
" Sole guardians of a nation's cheese!"
A Cat, who saw the lifted knife,
Thus spoke, and sav'd her sister's life:
' In ev'ry age and clime we see,
' Two of a trade can ne'er agree.
' Each hates his neighbour for encroaching;
' 'Squire stigmatises 'squire for poaching;
' Beauties with beauties are in arms,
' And scandal pelts each other's charms;
' Kings too their neighbour kings dethrone,
' In hope to make the world their own.
' But let us limit our desires;
' Not war like beauties, kings, and 'squires;
' For tho' we both one prey pursue,
' There 's game enough for us and you.'

§ 112. FABLE XXII. *The Goat without a Beard.*

'Tis certain that the modish passions
Descend among the crowd, like fashions.
Excuse me, then, if pride, conceit
(The manners of the fair and great),
I give to monkeys, asses, hogs,
Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and dogs.
I say that these are proud: what then?
I never said they equal men.
A Goat (as vain as Goat can be)
Affected singularity.
Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
He roll'd upon the fragrant ground;
And then with fond attention stood,
Fix'd o'er his image in the flood.
" I hate my frowsy beard," he cries;
" My youth is lost in this disguise.
" Did not the females know my vigor,
" Well might they loath this rev'rend figure."
Resolv'd to smooth his shaggy face,
He sought the barber of the place.
A flippant monkey, spruce and smart,
Hard by profess'd the dapper art;
His pole with pewter basons hung;
Black rotten teeth in order strung;
Rang'd cups that in the window stood,
Lin'd with red rags, to look like blood,
Did well his threefold trade explain:
Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.
The Goat he welcomes with an air,
And seats him in his wooden chair:
Mouth, nose, and cheek the lather hides;
Light, smooth, and swift, the razor glides.
' I hope your custom, sir,' says pug;
' Sure never face was half so smug.'
The Goat, impatient for applause,
Swift to the neighb'ring hill withdraws;
The shaggy people grinn'd and star'd:
' Heighday! what 's here, without a beard?
' Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace?
' What envious hand hath robb'd your face?'
—When thus the fop, with smiles of scorn:
" Are beards by civil nations worn?
E'en Muscovites have mow'd their chins.
Shall we, like formal Capuchins,
Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
And bear about the hairy load?
Whene'er we through the village stray,
Are we not mock'd along the way,
Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,
By boys our beards disgrac'd and torn?"
' Were you no more with Goats to dwell,
Brother, I grant you reason well,'
Replies a bearded chief.—' Beside,
If boys can mortify thy pride,
How wilt thou stand the ridicule
Of our whole flock? Affected fool!
Coxcombs distinguish'd from the rest,
To all but coxcombs are a jest.'

§ 113. FABLE XXIII. *The Old Woman and her Cats.*

Who friendship with a knave hath made,
Is judg'd a partner in the trade.
The matron who conducts abroad
A willing nymph, is thought a bawd;
And if a modest girl is seen
With one who cures a lover's spleen,
We guess her not extremely nice,
And only wish to know her price.
'Tis thus that on the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.
A wrinkled Hag, of wicked fame,
Beside a little smoky flame
Sat hov'ring, pinch'd with age and frost:
Her shrivell'd hands, with veins embost,
Upon her knees her weight sustains,
While palsy shook her crazy brains:
She mumbles forth her backward pray'rs,
An untam'd scold of fourscore years.
About her swarm'd a num'rous brood
Of Cats, who lank with hunger mew'd.
Teas'd with their cries, her choler grew;
And thus she sputter'd: ' Hence, ye crew!
Fool that I was, to entertain
Such imps, such fiends, a hellish train;
Had ye been never hous'd and nurs'd,
I for a witch had ne'er been curs'd.
To you I owe that crowds of boys
Worry me with eternal noise;
Straws laid across my pace retard;
The horse-shoe's nail'd (each threshold's guard),
The stunted broom the wenches hide,
For fear that I should up and ride;
They stick with pins my bleeding seat,
And hid me show my secret teat.'
" To hear you prate would vex a saint:
Who hath most reason of complaint?"
Replies a Cat. " Let 's come to proof:
Had we ne'er starv'd beneath your roof,
We had, like others of our race,
In credit liv'd, as beasts of chace.
'Tis infamy to serve a hag;
Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag;
And boys against our lives combine,
Because 'tis said your cats have nine."

§ 114. FABLE XXIV. *The Butterfly and Snail.*

All upstarts insolent in place
Remind us of their vulgar race.

As, in the sun-shine of the morn,
A Butterfly but newly born
Sat proudly perking on a rose,
With pert conceit his bosom glows;
His wings, all glorious to behold,
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes, and various hue.
His now-forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail,
Crawls o'er the grass; whom when he spies,
In wrath he to the gard'ner cries:
"What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From choking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why glows the peach with crimson hue?
And why the plum's inviting blue?
Were they to feast his taste design'd,
That vermin of voracious kind?
Crush then the slow, the pilf'ring race;
So purge thy garden from disgrace."
'What arrogance!' the Snail replied;
'How insolent is upstart pride!
Had thou not thus, with insult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth.
For scarce nine suns had wak'd the hours,
To swell the fruit and paint the flow'rs,
Since I thy humbler life survey'd,
In base and sordid guise array'd;
A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
You dragg'd a slow and noisome train;
And from your spider-bowels drew
Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and Snail shall end.
And what's a Butterfly? At best
He's but a caterpillar drest;
And all thy race (a num'rous seed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed.'

§ 115. FABLE XXV. *The Scold and the Parrot.*

The husband thus reprov'd his wife:
"Who deals in slander lives in strife.
Art thou the herald of disgrace,
Denouncing war to all thy race?
Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,
Which spares no friend, nor sex, nor age?
That vixen tongue of yours, my dear,
Alarms our neighbours far and near.
Good gods! 'tis like a rolling river,
That murm'ring flows, and flows for ever!
Ne'er tir'd, perpetual discord sowing!
Like fame, it gathers strength by going."
'Heighday!' the flippant tongue replies,
'How solemn is the fool, how wise!
Is nature's choicest gift debarr'd?
Nay, frown not, for I will be heard.
Women of late are finely ridden;
A parrot's privilege forbidden!
You praise his talk, his squalling song;
But wives are always in the wrong.'

Now reputations flew in pieces,
Of mothers, daughters, aunts, and nieces;
She ran the parrot's language o'er,
Bawd, hussy, drunkard, slattern, whore;
On all the sex she vents her fury;
Tries and condemns without a jury.
At once the torrent of her words
Alarm'd cat, monkey, dogs, and birds;
All join their forces to confound her;
Puss spits, the monkey chatters round her;
The yelping cur her heels assaults;
The magpye blabs out all her faults;
Poll, in the uproar, from his cage,
With this rebuke out-scream'd her rage:
"A Parrot is for talking priz'd,
But prattling women are despis'd.
She who attacks another's honor
Draws ev'ry living thing upon her.
Think, madam, when you stretch your lungs,
That all your neighbours too have tongues.
One slander must ten thousand get;
The world with int'rest pays the debt."

§ 116. FABLE XXVI. *The Cur and the Mastiff.*

A SNEAKING Cur, the master's spy,
Rewarded for his daily lie,
With secret jealousies and fears
Set all together by the ears.
Poor Puss to-day was in disgrace,
Another cat supplied her place:
The Hound was beat, the Mastiff chid;
The Monkey was the room forbid:
Each to his dearest friend grew shy,
And none could tell the reason why.
A plan to rob the house was laid:
The thief with love seduc'd the maid;
Cajol'd the Cur, and strok'd his head,
And bought his secrecy with bread.
He next the Mastiff's honor tried;
Whose honest jaws the bribe defied.
He stretch'd his hand to proffer more;
The surly dog his fingers tore.
Swift ran the Cur; with indignation
The master took his information.
Hang him, the villain's curst, he cries;
And round his neck the halter ties.
The Dog his humble suit preferr'd,
And begg'd in justice to be heard.
The master sat. On either hand
The cited Dogs confronting stand.
The Cur the bloody tale relates,
And, like a lawyer, aggravates.
Judge not unheard, the Mastiff cried,
But weigh the cause of either side.
Think not that treach'ry can be just;
Take not informers' words on trust.
They ope their hand to ev'ry pay,
And you and me by turns betray.
He spoke; and all the truth appear'd:
The Cur was hang'd, the Mastiff clear'd.

§ 117. FABLE XXVII. *The Sick Man and the Angel.*

Is there no hope? the sick Man said;
The silent doctor shook his head,

And

And took his leave with signs or sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.
When thus the Man, with gasping breath;
I feel the chilling wound of death.
Since I must bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade;
'Tis self-defence in each profession:
Sure self-defence is no transgression.
The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands,
Is well increas'd. If, unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail;
If I by writ, or bond or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need,
My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heaven and earth 'twill then be known,
My charities were amply shown.
An Angel came. Ah friend! he cried,
No more in flatt'ring hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action 's in thy pow'r,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is sincere.
This instant give a hundred pound:
Your neighbours want, and you abound.
But why such haste? the sick Man whines;
Who knows as yet what Heaven designs?
Perhaps I may recover still;
That sum and more are in my will.
Fool! says the Vision, now 'tis plain,
Your life, your soul, your heaven was gain.
From ev'ry side, with all your might,
You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own.
While there is life there 's hope, he cried;
Then why such haste? So groan'd and died.

§ 18. FABLE XXVIII. *The Persian, the Sun, and the Cloud.*

Is there a bard whom genius fires,
Whose ev'ry thought the god inspires?
When envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines;
Her hissing snakes with venom swell;
She calls her venal train from hell.
The servile fiends her nod obey,
And all Curl's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up calumny and spite;
Thus shadow owes its birth to light.
As prostrate to the god of day,
With heart devout, a Persian lay,
His invocation thus began:
Parent of light, all-seeing Sun!
Prolific beam, whose rays dispense
The various gifts of Providence?
Accept our praise, our daily pray'r,
Smile on our fields, and bless the year!
A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with sudden darkness hung;
With pride and envy swell'd aloud,
A voice thus thunder'd from the Cloud:
Weak is this gaudy god of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to shine.
Shall I nor vows nor incense know!
Where praise is due, the praise bestow.
With fervent zeal the Persian mov'd,
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd:
It was that god, who claims my pray'r,
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there;
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
Thy substance is but plainer shown.
A passing gale, a puff of wind,
Dispels thy thickest troops combin'd.
The gale arose; the vapor, tost
(The sport of winds) in air, was lost.
The glorious orb the day refines;
Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.

§ 19. FABLE XXIX. *The Fox at the Point of Death.*

A Fox in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay;
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His num'rous race around him stand,
To learn their dying sire's command:
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone:
Ah, sons! from evil ways depart;
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See, see, the murder'd geese appear!
Why are those bleeding turkeys there?
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chickens slain?
The hungry Foxes round them star'd,
And for the promis'd feast prepar'd.
Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here;
These are the phantoms of your brain,
And your sons lick their lips in vain.
O gluttons! says the drooping sire,
Restrain inordinate desire;
Your liquorish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns destroy our race?
Thieves dread the searching eye of pow'r,
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old age (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein,
So live in credit and esteem;
And the good name you lost redeem.

The counsel's good, a Fox replies,
Could we perform what you advise.
Think what our ancestors have done;
A line of thieves from son to son:
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath mark'd our race.
Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
Honest in thought, in word, and deed,
Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The change shall never be believ'd;
A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd.
Nay, then, replies the feeble Fox,
(But, hark! I hear a hen that clocks!)
Go, but be moderate in your food;
A chicken too might do me good.

§ 120. FABLE XXX. *The Setting Dog and the Partridge.*

The raging Dog the stubble tries,
And searches ev'ry breeze that flies;
The scent grows warm; with cautious fear
He creeps, and points the covey near;
The men, in silence, far behind,
Conscious of game, the net unbind.
A Partridge, with experience wise,
The fraudful preparation spies:
She mocks their toils, alarms her brood;
The covey springs, and seeks the wood;
But ere her certain wing she tries,
Thus to the creeping Spaniel cries:
Thou fawning slave to man's deceit,
Thou pimp of lux'ry, sneaking cheat,
Of thy whole species thou disgrace;
Dogs shall disown thee of their race!
For, if I judge their native parts,
They're born with open, honest hearts;
And ere they serv'd man's wicked ends,
Were gen'rous foes, or real friends.
When thus the Dog, with scornful smile!
Secure of wing, thou dar'st revile.
Clowns are to polish'd manners blind;
How ign'rant is the rustic mind!
My worth sagacious courtiers see,
And to preferment rise, like me.
The thriving pimp, who beauty sets,
Hath oft enhanc'd a nation's debts:
Friend sets his friend, without regard;
And ministers his skill reward:
Thus train'd by man, I learnt his ways,
And growing favor feasts my days.
I might have guess'd, the Partridge said,
The place where you were train'd and fed;
Servants are apt, and in a trice,
Ape to a hair their master's vice.
You came from court, you say? adieu!
She said, and to the covey flew.

§ 121. FABLE XXXI. *The Universal Apparition.*

A RAKE, by ev'ry passion rul'd,
With ev'ry vice his youth had cool'd;
Disease his tainted blood assails;
His spirits droop, his vigor fails:
With secret ills at home he pines,
And, like infirm old age, declines.
As twing'd with pain he pensive sits;
And raves, and prays, and swears by fits;
A ghastly phantom, lean and wan,
Before him rose, and thus began:
My name, perhaps, hath reach'd your ear;
Attend, and be advis'd by Care.
Nor love, nor honor, wealth, nor pow'r,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour
When health is lost. Be timely wise:
With health all taste of pleasure flies.
Thus said, the phantom disappears;
The wary counsel wak'd his fears;
He now from all excess abstains;
With physic purifies his veins;
And, to procure a sober life,
Resolves to venture on a wife.
But now again the Sprite ascends:
Where'er he walks his car attends;
Insinuates that beauty's frail;
That perseverance must prevail;
With jealousies his brain inflames,
And whispers all her lovers' names.
In other hours she represents
His household charge, his annual rents,
Increasing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for his younger sons.
Straight all his thought to gain he turns,
And with the thirst of lucre burns.
But, when possess'd of fortune's store,
The Spectre haunts him more and more,
Sets want and misery in view,
Bold thieves, and all the murd'ring crew;
Alarms him with eternal frights,
Infests his dream, or wakes his nights.
How shall he chase this hideous guest?
Pow'r may perhaps protect his rest.
To pow'r he rose: again the Sprite
Besets him morning, noon, and night;
Talks of Ambition's tott'ring seat,
How envy persecutes the great;
Of rival hate, of treach'rous friends,
And what disgrace his fall attends.
The court he quits, to fly from Care,
And seeks the peace of rural air:
His groves, his fields, amus'd his hours;
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flow'rs,
But Care again his steps pursues;
Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,
Of plund'ring insects, snails, and rains,
And droughts that starv'd the labor'd plains.
Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there:
In vain we seek to fly from Care.
At length he thus the Ghost address'd:
Since thou must be my constant guest,
Be kind, and follow me no more;
For Care by right should go before.

§ 122. FABLE XXXII. *The Two Owls and the Sparrow.*

Two formal Owls together sat,
Conferring thus in solemn chat:

How

How is the modern taste decay'd!
Where 's the respect to wisdom paid?
Our worth the Grecian sages knew;
They gave our sires the honor due;
They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
And pried into the depth of Owls.
Athens, the seat of learned fame,
With gen'ral voice rever'd our name;
On merit title was conferr'd,
And all ador'd th' Athenian bird.

Brother, you reason well, replies
The solemn mate, with half-shut eyes:
Right — Athens was the seat of learning;
And truly wisdom is discerning.
Besides, on Pallas' helm we sit,
The type and ornament of wit;
But now, alas! we 're quite neglected,
And a pert sparrow's more respected!

A sparrow, who was lodg'd beside,
O'erhears them sooth each other's pride,
And thus he nimbly vents his heat:
Who meets a fool must find conceit.
I grant, you were at Athens grac'd:
And on Minerva's helm were plac'd:
But ev'ry bird that wings the sky,
Except an Owl, can tell you why.
From hence they taught their schools to know
How false we judge by outward show;
That we should never looks esteem,
Since fools as wise as you might seem.
Would ye contempt and scorn avoid,
Let your vainglory be destroy'd:
Humble your arrogance of thought;
Pursue the ways by Nature taught:
So shall your delicious fare,
And grateful farmers praise your care;
So shall sleek mice your chace reward,
And no keen cat find more regard.

§ 123. FABLE XXXIII. *The Courtier and Proteus.*

Whene'er a courtier's out of place,
The country shelters his disgrace;
Where, doom'd to exercise and health,
His house and gardens own his wealth,
He builds new schemes, in hope to gain
The plunder of another reign;
Like Philip's son, would fain be doing,
And sighs for other realms to ruin.

As one of these (without his wand)
Pensive, along the winding strand
Employ'd the solitary hour,
In projects to regain his pow'r,
The waves in spreading circles ran,
Proteus arose, and thus began:

Came you from court? for in your mien
A self-important air is seen.
He frankly own'd his friends had trick'd him,
And how he fell his party's victim.

Know, says the god, by matchless skill,
I change to ev'ry shape at will;
But yet I'm told, at court you see
Those who presume to rival me.

Thus said — a snake, with hideous trail,
Proteus extends his scaly mail.

Know, says the man, though proud in place,
All courtiers are of reptile race.
Like you, they take that dreadful form,
Bask in the sun, and fly the storm;
With malice hiss, with envy glote,
And for convenience change their coat;
With new got lustre rear their head,
Though on a dunghill born and bred.

Sudden the god a lion stands;
He shakes his mane, he spurns the sands;
Now a fierce lynx, with fiery glare,
A wolf, an ass, a fox, a bear.

Had I ne'er lived at court, he cries,
Such transformation might surprise;
But there, in quest of daily game,
Each abler courtier acts the same.
Wolves, lions, lynxes, while in place,
Their friends and fellows are their chace.
They play the bear's and fox's part;
Now rob by force, now steal with art.
They sometimes in the senate bray;
Or, chang'd again to beasts of prey,
Down from the lion to the ape
Practise the frauds of ev'ry shape.

So said, upon the god he flies;
In cords the struggling captive ties.

Now, Proteus, now, (to truth compell'd)
Speak, and confess thy art excell'd.
Use, strength, surprise, or what you will,
The courtier finds evasions still:
Not to be bound by any ties,
And never forc'd to leave his lies.

§ 124. FABLE XXXIV. *The Mastiffs.*

Those who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

A Mastiff, of true English blood,
Lov'd fighting better than his food.
When dogs were snarling for a bone,
He long'd to make the war his own;
And often found (when two contend)
To interpose obtain'd his end:
He glory'd in his limping pace;
The scars of honor seam'd his face;
In ev'ry limb a gash appears,
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.

As on a time he heard from far
Two Dogs engag'd in noisy war,
Away he scours, and lays about him,
Resolv'd no fray should be without him.
Forth from his yard a tanner flies,
And to the bold intruder cries:
A cudgel shall correct your manners;
Whence sprung this cursed hate to tanners?
While on my dog you vent your spite,
Sirrah! 't is me you dare not bite.
To see the battle thus perplex'd,
With equal rage a butcher vex'd,
Hoarse screaming from the circled crowd:
To the curs'd Mastiff cries aloud:

Both

Both Hockley-hole and Mary-bone
The combats of my Dog have known.
He ne'er, like bullies coward-hearted,
Attacks in public to be parted.
Think not, rash fool, to share his fame;
Be his the honor or the shame.
Thus said, they swore, and rav'd like thunder;
Then dragg'd their fasten'd Dogs asunder;
While clubs and kicks from ev'ry side
Rebounded from the Mastiff's hide.
All reeking now with sweat and blood,
Awhile the parted warriors stood,
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe,
Who, worried, howl'd and sprawl'd below!
He rose; and limping from the fray,
By both sides mangled, sneak'd away.

§ 125. FABLE XXXV. *The Barley-Mow and the Dunghill.*

How many saucy airs we meet
From Temple-bar to Aldgate-street!
Proud rogues, who shar'd the South-sea prey,
And spring like mushrooms in a day!
They think it mean to condescend
To know a brother or a friend;
They blush to hear a mother's name,
And by their pride expose their shame.
As 'cross his yard, at early day,
A careful farmer took his way,
He stopp'd, and, leaning on his fork,
Observ'd the flail's incessant work.
In thought he measur'd all his store,
His geese, his hogs, he number'd o'er.
In fancy weigh'd the fleeces shorn,
And multiplied the next year's corn.
A Barley-mow, which stood beside,
Thus to its musing master cried:
Say, good Sir, is it or right
To treat me with neglect and slight?
Me, who contribute to your cheer,
And raise your mirth with ale and beer,
Why thus insulted, thus disgrac'd,
And that vile Dunghill near me plac'd?
Are those poor sweepings of a groom,
That filthy sight, that nauseous fume,
Meet objects here? Command it hence:
A thing so mean must give offence.
The humble Dunghill thus replied:
Thy master hears, and mocks thy pride:
Insult not thus the meek and low;
In me thy benefactor know:
My warm assistance gave thee birth,
Or thou hadst perish'd low in earth;
But upstarts to support their station,
Cancel at once all obligation.

§ 126. FABLE XXXVI. *Pythagoras and the Countryman.*

Pythag'ras rose at early dawn,
By soaring meditation drawn,
To breathe the fragrance of the day,
Through flow'ry fields he took his way
In musing contemplation warm,
His steps misled him to a farm,
Where, on the ladder's topmost round,
A peasant stood: the hammer's sound
Shook the weak barn. Say, friend, what care
Calls for thy honest labor there?
The Clown, with surly voice, replies:
Vengeance aloud for justice cries.
This kite, by daily rapine fed,
My hens' annoy, my turkies' dread,
At length his forfeit life hath paid;
See on the wall his wings display'd;
Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,
My fowls shall future safety find;
My yard the thriving poultry feed,
And my barn's refuge fat the breed.
Friend, says the Sage, the doom is wise;
For public good the murd'rer dies.
But if these tyrants of the air
Demand a sentence so severe;
Think how the glutton man devours;
What bloody feasts regale his hours!
O, impudence of pow'r and might,
Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
When thou perhaps, carniv'rous sinner,
Hadst pullets yesterday for dinner!
Hold! cried the Clown, with passion heated,
Shall kites and men alike be treated?
When Heaven the world with creatures stor'd,
Man was ordain'd their sov'reign lord.
Thus tyrants boast, the sage replied,
Whose murders spring from power and pride,
Own then this manlike kite is slain
Thy greater lux'ry to sustain;
For * "Petty rogues submit to fate,
"That great ones may enjoy their state."

§ 127. FABLE XXXVII. *The Farmer's Wife and the Raven.*

Why are those tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other husband dead?
Or does a worse disgrace betide;
Hath no one since his death applied?
Alas! you know the cause too well:
The salt is spilt, to me it fell.
Then to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across;
On Friday too! the day I dread!
Would I were safe at home in bed!
Last night (I vow to heaven 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell;
God send my Cornish friends be well!
Unhappy widow, cease thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears:
Let not thy stomach be suspended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended!
And when the butler clears the table,
For thy desert I'll read my fable.
Betwixt her swagging panniers' load
A farmer's wife to market rode,
And jogging on, with thoughtful care,
Summ'd up the profits of her ware;

* Garth's Dispensary.

When

When starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream:
That Raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak!)
Bodes me no good. No more she said,
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread,
Fell prone; o'erturn'd the panniers lay,
And her mash'd eggs bestrew'd the way.
She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, swore, and curs'd: Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whoreson throat!
I knew misfortune in the note.
Dame, quoth the Raven, spare your oaths,
Unclench your fist, and wipe your clothes.
But why on me those curses thrown?
Goody, the fault was all your own;
For had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,
Through all the Ravens of the hundred
With croaking had your tongue out-thunder'd,
Sure-footed Dun had kept his legs,
And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs.

§ 128. FABLE XXXVIII. *The Turkey and the Ant.*

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye;
Each little speck and blemish find;
To our own stronger errors blind.
A Turkey, tir'd of common food,
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood;
Behind her ran her infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.
Draw near, my birds, the mother cries,
This hill delicious fare supplies;
Behold, the busy Negro race:
See, millions blacken all the place!
Fear not. Like me with freedom eat;
An Ant is most delightful meat.
How bless'd, how envied were our life,
Could we but 'scape the poult'rer's knife!
But man, curs'd man! on Turkey preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days;
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the sav'ry chine.
From the low peasant to the lord,
The Turkey smokes on ev'ry board.
Sure men for gluttony are curs'd:
Of the seven deadly sins the worst.
An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
Thus answer'd from the neighb'ring beach:
Ere you remark another's sin,
Bid thy own conscience look within;
Control thy more voracious bill,
Not for a breakfast nations kill.

§ 129. FABLE XXXIX. *The Father and Jupiter.*

The Man to Jove his suit preferr'd:
He begg'd a wife; his pray'r was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing:
For how precarious is the blessing!
A wife he takes. And now for heirs
Again he worries Heaven with prayers.
Jove nods assent. Two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.
No more solicitous he grew,
And set their future lives in view;
He saw that all respect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to pow'r, and beauty.
Once more he cries, Accept my pray'r;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care.
Let me first hope my fav'rite boy,
All fortune's richest gifts enjoy.
My next with strong ambition fire;
May favor teach him to aspire,
Till he the step of pow'r ascend,
And courtiers to their idol bend!
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If heaven approve, a Father's blest:
Jove smiles, and grants his full request.
The first, a miser at the heart,
Studious of ev'ry griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increase,
He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace;
In fancied want (a wretch complete!)
He starves, and yet he dares not eat.
The next to sudden honors grew:
The thriving art of courts he knew:
He reach'd the height of pow'r and place,
Then fell the victim of disgrace.
Beauty with early bloom supplies
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.
The vain coquette each suit disdains,
And glories in her lover's pains.
With age she fades, each lover flies,
Contem'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.
When Jove the Father's grief survey'd,
And heard him Heaven and Fate upbraid,
Thus spoke the god: By outward show
Men judge of happiness and woe:
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' Eternal Will?
Seek virtue: and, of that possest,
To Providence resign the rest.

§ 130. FABLE XL. *The Two Monkeys.*

The learned, full of inward pride,
The Fops of outward show deride:
The Fop, with learning at defiance,
Scoffs at the pedant, and the science:
The Don, a formal, solemn strutter,
Despises Monsieur's airs and flutter;
While Monsieur mocks the formal fool,
Who looks, and speaks, and walks by rule.
Britain, a medley of the twain,
As pert as France, as grave as Spain,
In fancy wiser than the rest,
Laughs at them both, of both the jest.
Is not the poet's chiming close
Censur'd by all the sons of prose?
While bards of quick imagination
Despise the sleepy prose narration.
Men laugh at apes, they men contemn;
For what are we but apes to them?
Two Monkeys went to Southwark fair,
No critics had a sourer air:

They

They forc'd their way thro' draggled folks,
Who gap'd to catch jack-pudding's jokes;
Then took their tickets for the show,
And got by chance the foremost row.
To see their grave, observing face,
Provok'd a laugh through all the place.
Brother, says Pug, and turn'd his head,
The rabble 's monstrously ill-bred!
Now through the booth loud hisses ran;
Nor ended till the show began.
The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,
With somersets he shakes the ground;
The cord beneath the dancer springs;
Aloft in air the vaulter swings;
Distorted now, now prone depends,
Now through his twisted arm ascends:
The crowd in wonder and delight,
With clapping hands applaud the sight.
With smiles, quoth Pug, If pranks like these
The giant apes of reason please,
How would they wonder at our arts!
They must adore us for our parts.
High on the twig I 've seen you cling,
Play, twist, and turn in airy ring;
How can those clumsy things, like me,
Fly with a bound from tree to tree?
But yet, by this applause we find
These emulators of our kind
Discern our worth, our parts regard,
Who our mean mimics thus reward.
Brother, the grinning mate replies,
In this I grant that man is wise.
While good example they pursue,
We must allow some praise is due;
But when they strain beyond their guide,
I laugh to scorn the mimic pride;
For how fantastic is the sight,
To meet men always bolt upright,
Because we sometimes walk on two!
I hate the imitating crew.

§ 131. FABLE XLI. *The Owl and the Farmer.*

An Owl of grave deport and mien,
Who (like the Turk) was seldom seen,
Within a barn had chose his station,
As fit for prey and contemplation.
Upon a beam aloft he sits,
And nods, and seems to think, by fits.
So have I seen a man of news
Or Post-boy or Gazette peruse;
Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,
And fix the fate of Europe round.
Sheaves pil'd on sheaves hid all the floor.
At dawn of morn, to view his store,
The Farmer came. The hooting guest
His self-importance thus express'd:
Reason in man is mere pretence:
How weak, how shallow is his sense!
To treat with scorn the Bird of Night,
Declares his folly or his spite.
Then too, how partial is his praise!
The lark's, the linnet's chirping lays,
To his ill-judging ears are fine,
And nightingales are all divine.
But the more knowing feather'd race
See wisdom stamp'd upon my face.
Whene'er to visit light I deign,
What flocks of fowl compose my train!
Like slaves, they crowd my flight behind,
And own me of superior kind.
The Farmer laugh'd, and thus replied:
Thou dull important lump of pride,
Dar'st thou, with that harsh grating tongue,
Depreciate birds of warbling song?
Indulge thy spleen. Know, men and fowl
Regard thee as thou art, an Owl.
Besides proud blockhead, be not vain
Of what thou call'st thy slaves and train.
Few follow wisdom, or her rules;
Fools in derision follow fools.

§ 132. FABLE XLII. *The Jugglers.*

A Juggler long through all the town
Had rais'd his fortune and renown:
You 'd think (so far his art transcends)
The devil at his fingers' ends.
Vice heard his fame, she read his bill,
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and from the crowd
Defied the man of art aloud:
Is this then he so fam'd for slight?
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight?
Dares he with me dispute the prize?
I leave it to impartial eyes.
Provok'd, the Juggler cried, 'Tis done;
In science I submit to none.
Thus said, the cups and balls he play'd,
By turns this here, that there, convey'd;
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.
His little boxes change the grain;
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He shakes his bag, he shows all fair;
His fingers spread, and nothing there;
Then bids it rain with showers of gold:
And now his ivory eggs are told;
But when from thence the hen he draws,
Amaz'd spectators hum applause.
Vice now stepp'd forth, and took the place
With all the forms of his grimace.
This magic looking-glass she cries,
(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes.
Each eager eye the sight desir'd,
And ev'ry man himself admir'd.
Next, to a senator addressing,
See this bank-note; observe the blessing,
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass! 'tis gone.
Upon his lips a padlock shone.
A second puff the magic broke;
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.
Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,
All full, with heady liquor stor'd,
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now, two bloody swords are there.
A purse she to a thief expos'd;
At once his ready fingers clos'd.
He opes his fist, the treasure 's fled;
He sees a halter in its stead.

She

She bids ambition hold a wand;
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.
A box of charity she shows:
Blow here; and a churchwarden blows.
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.
She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.
She next a meagre rake address'd:
This picture see; her shape, her breast!
What youth, and what inviting eyes:
Hold her, and have her. With surprise.
His hand expos'd a box of pills,
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.
A counter in a miser's hand
Grew twenty guineas at command.
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.
A guinea with her touch you see
Take ev'ry shape, but Charity:
And not one thing you saw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was first in view.
The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this submission own'd her art:
Can I such matchless slight withstand?
How practise hath improv'd your hand!
But now and then I cheat the throng;
You ev'ry day, and all day long.

§ 133. FABLE XLIII. *The Council of Horses.*

UPON a time, a neighing Steed,
Who graz'd among a num'rous breed,
With mutiny had fir'd the train,
And spread dissension through the plain.
On matters that concern'd the state
The council met in grand debate.
A Colt, whose eye-balls flam'd with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire,
In haste stepp'd forth before the rest,
And thus the list'ning throng address'd:
Good gods! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to slav'ry and disgrace!
Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our sires have borne the chain?
Consider, friends, your strength and might;
'Tis conquest to assert your right.
How cumbrous is the gilded coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we design'd for daily toil,
To drag the plough-share through the soil,
To sweat in harness through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!
What force is in our nerves combin'd!
Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty man my back bestride?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
Forbid it, Heavens! Reject the rein;
Your shame, your infamy disdain.
Let him the lion first control,
And still the tiger's famish'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name.
A gen'ral nod approv'd the cause,
And all the circle neigh'd applause.
When lo! with grave and solemn pace,
A Steed advanc'd before the race;
With age and long experience wise.
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes;
And to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain:
When I had health and strength like you,
The toils of servitude I knew;
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains.
At will I crop the year's increase;
My latter life is rest and peace.
I grant, to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains:
But doth not he divide the car,
Through all the labors of the year?
How many thousand structures rise,
To fence us from inclement skies!
For us he bears the sultry day,
And stores up all our winter's hay.
He sows, he reaps the harvest's grain;
We share the toil, and share the gain.
Since ev'ry creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appease your discontented mind,
And act the part by Heaven assign'd.
The tumult ceas'd. The Colt submitted,
And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

§ 134. FABLE XLIV. *The Hound and the Huntsman.*

IMPERTINENCE at first is borne
With heedless slight, or smiles of scorn;
Teas'd into wrath, what patience bears
The noisy fool who perseveres?
The morning wakes, the Huntsman sound,
At once rush forth the joyful hounds.
They seek the wood with eager pace;
Thro' bush, thro' brier, explore the chace.
Now, scatter'd wide, they try the plain,
And snuff the dewy turf in vain.
What care, what industry, what pains!
What universal silence reigns!
Ringwood, a dog of little fame,
Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
At once displays his babbling throat;
The pack, regardless of the note,
Pursue the scent; with louder strain
He still persists to vex the train.
The Huntsman to the clamor flies;
The smacking lash he smartly plies.
His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone
The Puppy thus express'd his moan:
I know the music of my tongue
Long since the pack with envy stung.
What will not spite? These bitter smarts
I owe to my superior parts.
When puppies prate, the Huntsman cried,
They show both ignorance and pride;
Fools may our scorn, not envy raise;
For envy is a kind of praise.

Had

Had not thy forward noisy tongue
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,
Thou might'st have mingled with the rest,
And ne'er thy foolish noise confess'd.
But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known.

§ 135. FABLE XLV. *The Poet and the Rose.*

I HATE the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.
Thus prudes by characters o'erthrown
Imagine that they raise their own.
Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
Think slander can transplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride:
With both all rivals are decried.
Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
Must call her sister awkward creature;
For the kind flattery's sure to charm,
When we some other nymph disarm.
As in the cool of early day
A Poet sought the sweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And ev'ry stalk with odor bends.
A Rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus singing, as the Muse inspir'd:
Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace:
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envied place
With never-fading love!
There, Phœnix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die!
Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there;
I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
With envy and despair!
One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love.
Spare your comparisons, replied
An angry Rose who grew beside,
Of all mankind you should not flout us;
What can a Poet do without us?
In ev'ry love-song roses bloom;
We lend you color and perfume.
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To found her praise on our abuse?
Must we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?

§ 136. FABLE XLVI. *The Cur, the Horse, and the Shepherd's Dog.*

THE lad of all sufficient merit
With modesty ne'er damps his spirit;
Presuming on his own deserts,
On all alike his tongue exerts;
His noisy jokes at random throws,
And pertly spatters friends and foes.
In wit and war the bully race
Contribute to their own disgrace.
Too late the forward youth shall find
That jokes are sometimes paid in kind;
Or, if they canker in the breast,
He makes a foe who makes a jest.

A village-cur, of snappish race,
The pertest Puppy of the place,
Imagin'd that his treble throat
Was blest with music's sweetest note;
In the mid road he basking lay,
The yelping nuisance of the way;
For not a creature pass'd along,
But had a sample of his song.
Soon as the trotting steed he hears,
He starts, he cocks his dapper ears;
Away he scours, assaults his hoof;
Now near him snarls, now barks aloof;
With shrill impertinence attends;
Nor leaves him till the village ends.
It chanc'd, upon his evil day,
A Pad came pacing down the way:
The cur, with never-ceasing tongue,
Upon the passing trav'ller sprung.
The Horse, from scorn provok'd to ire,
Flung backward: rolling in the mire
The Puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay;
The Pad in peace pursued his way.
A Shepherd's Dog, who saw the deed,
Detesting the vexatious breed,
Bespoke him thus: When coxcombs prate,
They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate;
Thy teasing tongue had judgement tied,
Thou had'st not like a Puppy died.

§ 137. FABLE XLVII. *The Court of Death.*

DEATH, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror fate:
Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train!
Crowd the vast Court. With hollow tone,
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne;
This night our minister we name,
Let ev'ry servant speak his claim;
Merit shall bear this ebon wand.—
All, at the word, stretch'd forth their hand.
Fever, with burning heat possest,
Advanc'd, and for the wand address'd:
I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let those express my fervent zeal;
On ev'ry slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere.
Next Gout appears, with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And ev'ry joint and sinew plies;
Still working when he seems suppress't —
A most tenacious stubborn guest.
A haggard Spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due:
'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of Love destroy:
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretention to the place.
Stone urg'd his ever-growing force;
And next Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferr'd:
Let none object my ling'ring way,
Again, like Fabius, by delay;

Fatigue

Fatigue and weaken ev'ry foe
By long attack — secure, though slow.
Plague represents his rapid pow'r,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.
All spoke their claim, and hop'd the wand.
Now expectation hush'd the band,
When thus the monarch from the throne:
Merit was ever modest known.
What, no Physician speaks his right?
None here! but fees their toils requite.
Let then Intemp'rance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You Fever, Gout, and all the rest,
Whom wary men as foes detest.
Forego your claim; no more pretend;
Intemp'rance is esteem'd a friend;
He shares their mirth, their social joys,
And as a courted guest destroys.
The charge on him must justly fall,
Who finds employment for you all.

§ 138. FABLE XLVIII. *The Gardener and the Hog.*

A GARD'NER of peculiar taste
On a young Hog his favor plac'd,
Who fed not with the common herd;
His tray was to the hall preferr'd.
He wallow'd underneath the board,
Or in his master's chamber snor'd;
Who fondly strok'd him ev'ry day,
And taught him all the puppy's play.
Where'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er fail'd his pleasure to attend.
As on a time the loving pair
Walk'd forth to tend the garden's care,
The Master thus address'd the Swine:
My house, my garden, all is thine;
On turnips feast whene'er you please,
And riot in my beans and pease;
If the potatoe's taste delights,
Or the red carrot's sweet invites,
Indulge thy morn and ev'ning hours,
But let due care regard my flow'rs.
My tulips are my garden's pride,
What vast expence those beds supplied!
The Hog, by chance, one morning roam'd
Where with new ale the vessels foam'd:
He munches now the streaming grains;
Now with full swill the liquor drains.
Intoxicating fumes arise;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;
Then, stagg'ring, through the garden scours,
And treads down painted ranks of flow'rs.
With delving snout he turns the soil,
And cools his palate with the spoil.
The Master came, the ruin spied;
Villain, suspend thy rage! he cried:
Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot!
My charge, my only charge forgot?
What, all my flow'rs! No more he said,
But gaz'd, and sigh'd, and hung his head.
The Hog with stutt'ring speech returns,
Explain, Sir, why your anger burns,
See there, untouch'd, your tulips strewn,
For I devour'd the roots alone.
At this the Gard'ner's passion grows;
From oaths and threats he fell to blows.
The stubborn brute the blows sustains,
Assaults his leg, and tears his veins.
Ah, foolish swain! too late you find,
That sties were for such friends design'd.
Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on past disgrace.
Who cherishes a brutal mate
Shall mourn the folly soon or late.

§ 139. FABLE XLIX. *The Man and the Flea.*

WHETHER in earth, in air, or main,
Sure ev'ry thing alive is vain!
Does not the hawk all fowls survey
As destin'd only for his prey?
And do not tyrants, prouder things,
Think men were born for slaves to kings?
When the crab views the pearly strands,
Or Tagus, bright with golden sands;
Or crawls beside the coral grove,
And hears the ocean roll above;
Nature is too profuse, says he,
Who gave all these to pleasure me!
When bord'ring pinks and roses bloom,
And ev'ry garden breathes perfume;
When peaches glow with sunny dyes,
Like Laura's cheek when blushes rise;
When with huge figs the branches bend,
When clusters from the vine depend;
The snail looks round on flow'r and tree,
And cries, All these were made for me!
What dignity's in human nature!
Says Man, the most conceited creature,
As from a cliff he cast his eyes,
And view'd the sea and arched skies:
The sun was sunk beneath the main;
The moon and all the starry train,
Hung the vast vault of heaven. The Man
His contemplation thus began:
When I behold this glorious show,
And this wide wat'ry world below,
The scaly people of the main,
The beasts that range the wood or plain,
The wing'd inhabitants of air,
The day, the night, the various year,
And know all these by Heaven design'd
As gifts to pleasure human kind;
I cannot raise my worth too high:
Of what vast consequence am I!
Not of th' importance you suppose,
Replies a Flea upon his nose:
Be humble, learn thyself to scan;
Know, pride was never made for Man.
'Tis vanity that swells thy mind,
What heaven and earth for thee design'd!
For thee made only for our need,
That more important Fleas might feed.

§ 140. FABLE L. *The Hare and many Friends.*

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.

'Tis

'Tis thus in friendship; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A Hare, who in a civil way
Complied with ev'ry thing, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was, never to offend;
And ev'ry creature was her friend.
As forth she went, at early dawn,
To taste the dew, besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies:
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
'Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay.
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appear'd in view!
Let me, says she, your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight:
To friendship ev'ry burthen's light.
The Horse replied, Poor honest Puss!
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near;
For all your friends are in the rear.
She next the stately Bull implor'd,
And thus replied the mighty lord:
Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind.
The Goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
My back, says he, may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.
The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd
His sides a load of wool sustain'd:
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears;
For hounds eat Sheep as well as Hares.
She now the trotting Calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.
Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by:
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then. You know my heart,
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu!
For, see, the hounds are just in view.

YOUNG's Night-thoughts.

§ 141. Night I. *Sleep.*

Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose
I wake: How happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd, desponding thought,
From wave to wave of fancy'd misery
At random drove, her helm of reason lost:
Tho' now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
A bitter change; severer for severe:
The day too short for my distress! and night
Ev'n in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine, to the color of my fate.

§ 142. *Night.*

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world:
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor listning ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause, prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd:
Fate! drop the curtain: I can lose no more.

§ 143. *Invocation to Silence and Darkness.*

Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From antient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve,
(That column of true majesty in man)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom: There this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine:
But what are ye? Thou who didst put to flight
Primeval Silence, when the morning stars
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O Thou! whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my soul.
My soul which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
Thro' this opaque of nature, and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer: O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it thro' various scenes of Life and Death,
And from each scene, the noblest truths inspire
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song;
Nor let the vial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

§ 144. *Time.*

The bell strikes one: We take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours;

Where

Where are they? with the years beyond the Flood?
It is the signal that demands dispatch;
How much is to be done! my hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

§ 145. *Man.*

How poor! how rich! how abject! how august!
How complicate! how wonderful is Man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures marvellously mixt,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal sullied, and absorb'd!
Tho' sullied, and dishonor'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god! I tremble at myself;
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd aghast,
And wond'ring at her own: how reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distress'd, what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life, or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

§ 146. *Dreams.*

'Tis past conjecture: all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs Sleep's soft dominion spread,
What tho' my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathless woods; or down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
Or scal'd the cliff or danc'd on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, tho' devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aerial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall:
Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul immortal:
Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day:
For human weal, heaven husbands all events,
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

§ 147. *Vanity of Lamentation over the Dead.*

Why then their loss deplore, that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
In infidel distress? are angels there?
Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
Of tenderness, let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly number'd with the dead:
This is the desert, this the solitude:
How populous! how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades;
All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed;
How solid all, where change shall be no more!

§ 148. *Life and Eternity.*

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free.
From real life, but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumbering in his sire.
Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell.
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods—O transport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh:
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes: wing'd by heaven
To fly at infinite, and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow
In his full beam, and ripen for the Just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust!
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather or to drown a fly.
Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms myself.
How was my heart encrusted by the world!
O how self-fetter'd was my groveling soul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In silken thought, which reptile Fancy spun,
Till darken'd Reason lay quite clouded o'er
With soft conceit of endless comfort here,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!
Our waking dreams are fatal: how I dreamt
Of things impossible! (could sleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys!
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
Till at Death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting, I woke, and found myself undone!

Where now my phrensy's pompous furniture!
The cobweb'd cottage with its ragged wall
Of mould'ring mud, is royalty to me!
The spider's thread is cable to man's tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.

§ 149. *Time and Death.*

O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!
Full above measure! lasting beyond bound!
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres,
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitudes on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions every hour;
And rarely for the better; or the best,
More mortal than the common births of fate:
Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root; each moment plies
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.
Bliss! sublunary bliss! proud worlds, and vain!
Implicit treason to divine decree!
A bold invasion of the rights of heaven!
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air,
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart!
Death! great proprietor of all! 'Tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars:
The sun himself by thy permission shines;
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean?
Why thy peculiar rancour wreck'd on me?
Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.
O Cynthia! why so pale? dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour? grieve, to see thy wheel
Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life?
In ev'ry varied posture, place, and hour,
How widow'd every thought of every joy!
Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace,
Thro' the dark postern of time long elaps'd
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
Strays, wretched rover! o'er the pleasing past,
In quest of wretchedness, perversely strays;
And finds all desert now; and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys, a numerous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweet comfort's blasted clusters make me sigh:
I tremble at the blessings once so dear;
And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.
Yet why complain? or why complain for one?
I mourn for millions: 'Tis the common lot;
In this shape, or in that, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than sure heirs of pain.

§ 150. *Oppression, Want, and Disease.*

War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,
Intestine broils, oppression with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind:
God's image, disinherited of day,
Here plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made;
There beings, deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life:
And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair:
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valor sav'd,
If so the tyrant, or his minion doom;
Want and incurable Disease (fell pair!)
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seise
At once; and make a refuge of the grave:
How groaning hospitals eject their dead!
What numbers groan for sad admission there!
What numbers, once in Fortune's lap high fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!
To shock us more, solicit it in vain!
Not Prudence can defend, or Virtue save;
Disease invades the chastest temperance;
And punishment the guiltless; and alarm
Thro' thickest shades pursues the fond of peace:
Man's caution often into danger turns,
And, his guard falling, crushes him to death.
Not Happiness itself makes good her name;
Our very wishes gives us not our wish;
How distant oft the thing we dote on most,
From that for which we dote, felicity!
The smoothest course of nature has its pains,
And truest friends, thro' error, wound our rest;
Without misfortune, what calamities!
And what hostilities without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth:
But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.

§ 151. *Reflections on viewing a Map of the World.*

A part how small of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man! the rest a waste,
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands;
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death:
Such is earth's melancholy map! but, far
More sad; this earth is a true map of man:
So bounded are its haughty lord's delights
To woe's wide empire; where deep troubles toss;
Loud sorrows howl; envenom'd passions bite;
Ravenous calamities our vitals seise,
And threat'ning fate wide opens to devour.

§ 152. *Sympathy.*

What then am I, who sorrow for myself?
In age, in infancy, from other's aid
Is all our hope; to teach us to be kind.
That, Nature's first, last lesson to mankind:
The

The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels;
More generous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts,
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor Virtue, more than Prudence, bids me give
Swoln thought a second channel; who divide,
They weaken too, the torrent of their grief.
Take then, O world! thy much indebted tear:
How sad a sight is human happiness [hour!
To those whose thought can pierce beyond an
O thou! whate'er thou art, whose heart exults!
Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy fate?
I know thou wouldst; thy pride demands it from
Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs, [me,
The salutary censure of a friend: [blest;
Thou happy wretch! by blindness art thou
By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles:
Know, smiler! at thy peril art thou pleas'd;
Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay;
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
To sting thee more, and double thy distress.

§ 153. *The Instability and Insufficiency of Human Joys.*

Lorenzo! Fortune makes her court to thee,
Thy fond heart dances, while the syren sings.
I would not damp, but to secure thy joys:
Think not that fear is sacred to the storm:
Stand on thy guard against the smiles of fate.
Is heaven tremendous in its frown! most sure:
And in its favors formidable too;
Its favors here are trials, not rewards:
A call to duty, not discharge from care;
And should alarm us, full as much as woes;
O'er our scarm'd conduct give a jealous eye;
Awe Nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,
Lest, while we clasp we kill them; may invert,
To worse than simple misery, their charms:
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,
With rage envenom'd rise against our peace.
Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire:
Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.
Mine died with thee, Philander! thy last sigh
Dissolv'd the charm; the disenchanted earth
Lost all her lustre; where, her glittering towers?
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd
To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears! [down
The great magician's dead! thou poor pale piece
Of outcast earth, in darkness! what a change
From yesterday! thy darling hope so near, [in
(Long-labor'd prize!) death's subtle seed with-
(Sly, treach'rous miner!) working in the dark,
Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beck-
The worm to riot on that rose so red. [on'd
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!

§ 154. *Man short-sighted.*

The present moment terminates our sight;
Clouds thick as those on doomsday, drown the next;
We penetrate, we prophesy in vain.
Time is dealt out by particles: and each,
Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,
By fate's inviolable oath is sworn
Deep silence, "Where eternity begins."

§ 155. *Presumption of depending on To-morrow.*

By Nature's law, what may be, may be now;
There's no prerogative in human hours:
In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this perhaps,
This peradventure, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant we build
Our mountain hopes; spin out eternal schemes,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.

§ 156. *Sudden Death.*

Not ev'n Philander had bespoke his shroud;
Nor had he cause, a warning was deny'd.
How many fall as sudden, not as safe!
As sudden, tho' for years admonish'd home.
Of human ills the last extreme beware,
Beware, Lorenzo! a slow-sudden death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead!
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life;
Procrastination is the thief of time,
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene!
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

§ 157. *Man's Proneness to postpone Improvement.*

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "that all men are about to live."
For ever on the brink of being born:
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They, one day, shall not drivel; and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least their own, their future selves applauds;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodg'd in their own hands is folly's vails;
That lodg'd in fate's, to wisdom they consign.
All promise is poor dilatory man, [deed,
And that thro' every stage: when young, in-
In full content, we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise:
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves: then dies the same.

§ 158. *Man insensible of his own Mortality.*

And why! because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themselves;

Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close, where pass'd the shaft, no trace is found:
As, from the wing no scar the sky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the keel:
So dies in human hearts the thought of death:
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget Philander? that were strange;
O my full heart! but should I give it vent,
The longest night, tho' longer far, would fail,
And the lark listen to my midnight song.

§ 159. Night II. *Avarice of Time recommended.*

He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.
Where is that thrift, that avarice of Time,
(Blest av'rice!) which the thought of death inspires.
O time! than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead, to tools; and fools reputed wise.
What moment granted man without account?
What years are squander'd, wisdom's debt unpaid?
Haste, haste, it lies in wait, he's at the door,
Insidious death, should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the prisoner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Fast binds; and vengeance claims the full arrear.
How late I shudder'd on the brink! how late
Life call'd for her last refuge in despair!
For what calls thy disease? for moral aid.
Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.
Youth is not rich in time; it may be, poor:
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth:
And what its worth, ask death-beds, they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come.
Is this our duty, wisdom, glory, gain?
And sport we like the natives of the bough,
When vernal suns inspire? Amusement reigns
Man's great demand: to trifle is to live:
And is it then a trifle, too, to die?—
Who wants amusement in the flame of battle?
Is it not treason to the soul immortal,
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
Will toys amuse, when med'cines cannot cure?
When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes
Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight?
(As lands, and cities with their glitt'ring spires
To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm
Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there)
Will toys amuse?—no: thrones will then be toys,
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.
Redeem we time?—its loss we dearly buy:
What pleads Lorenzo for his high-priz'd sports?
He pleads time's numerous blanks; he loudly pleads
The straw-like trifles on life's common stream.
From whom those blanks and trifles, but from
No blank, no trifle, nature made or meant: [thee?
Virtue, or purpos'd virtue, still be thine:
That cancels thy complaint at once; this leaves
In act no trifle, and no blank in time.
This greatens, fills, immortalizes all!
This, the blest art of turning all to gold;
This, the good heart's prerogative to raise
A royal tribute, from the poorest hours.
Immense revenue! every moment pays.
If nothing more than purpose in thy power,
Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed:
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly, angels could no more.
Our outward act, indeed, admits restraint;
'Tis not in things o'er thought to domineer;
Guard well thy thoughts; our thoughts are heard in heaven.
On all-important time, thro' every age,
Tho' much, and warm, the wise have urg'd; the
Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour. [man
"I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cry'd,
Had been an emperor without his crown;
He spoke, as if deputed by mankind.
So should all speak: so reason speaks in all:
From the soft whispers of that god in man,
Why fly to folly, why to phrensy fly,
For rescue from the blessing we possess?
Time, the supreme!—Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give,
Pregnant with all that makes arch-angels smile
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A pow'r ethereal, only not ador'd.

§ 160. *Inconsistency of Man.*

Ah! how unjust to nature, and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure nature for a span too short;
That span too short, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the ling'ring moments into speed;
And whirl us (happy riddance) from ourselves.
Art, brainless art! our furious charioteer,
Drives headlong towards the precipice of death;
Death, most our dread, death thus more dreadful made.
O what a ridicule of absurdity!
Leisure is pain; take off our chariot wheels:
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Blest leisure is our curse; like that of Cain
It makes us wander, wander earth around
To fly that tyrant, Thought. As Atlas groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amusement:
Yet when Death kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments shrink.
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when past by; what then is seen
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast! cry out at his career.

§ 161. *Waste of Time.*

Leave to thy foes these errors, and these ills:
To nature just, their cause and cure explore;
No niggard, nature; men are prodigals.

We

We throw away our suns, as made for sport;
We waste, not use our time: we breathe, not live;
And barely breathing, man, to live ordain'd,
Wrings, and oppresses with enormous weight
And why? since time was given for use, not waste,
Enjoy'd to fly, with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man:
Time's use was doom'd a pleasure; waste, a pain,
That man might feel his error, if unseen;
And, feeling, fly to labor for his cure. [sign'd;
Life's cares are comforts; such by heav'n de-
He that has none, must make them, or be wretch-
Cares are employments; and without employ[ed.
The soul is on a rack, the rack of rest;
To souls most adverse; action all their joy.
Here, then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds;
Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
We rave, we wrestle with great nature's plan;
We thwart the Deity; and 't is decreed,
Who thwart his will, shall contradict their own.
Hence our unnatural quarrel with ourselves;
Our thoughts at enmity; our bosom-broil.
We push time from us; and we wish him back;
Life we think long, and short; death seek, and
Oh the dark days of vanity! while here, [shun.
How tasteless! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us
The spirit walks of ev'ry Day deceas'd, [still;
And smiles an angel; or a fury frowns.
Nor death nor life delights us. If time past,
And time possest, both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
Time us'd. The man who consecrates his hours,
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death:
He walks with nature; and her paths are peace.
Our error's cause, and cure, are seen: see next
Time's nature, origin, importance, speed,
And thy great gain from urging his career. —
He looks on time as nothing: Nothing else
Is truly man's: what wonders can he do?
And will: to stand blank neuter he disdains.
Not on those terms was time (heaven's stran-
On his important embassy to man. [ger!) sent
When the dread sire, on emanation bent
And big with nature, arising in his might,
Call'd forth creation (for then a time was born)
By godhead streaming thro' a thousand worlds:
Not on those terms, from the great days of
From old eternity's mysterious orb, [heaven,
Was time cut off; and cast beneath the skies;
The skies which watch him in his new abode,
Measuring his motions by revolving spheres:
Hours, days, and months, and years, his children, play
Like numerous wings, around him, as he flies:
Or rather, as unequal plumes, they shape
His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,
To gain his goal, to reach his antient rest,
And join anew eternity his sire; [hing'd
When worlds, that count his circles now, un-
(Fate the loud signal sounding) headlong rush
To timeless night, and chaos, whence they rose.
Why spur the speedy? why with levities
New wing thy short, short day's too rapid flight?
Man flies from time, and time from man: too
In sad divorce this double flight must end; [soon
And then, where are we? where, Lorenzo! then,
Thy sports? thy pomp?—I grant thee, in a state
Not unambitious; in the ruffled shroud,
Thy Parian tomb's triumphant arch beneath,
Has death his fopperies! then well may life
Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.

§ 162. *False Delicacy.*

Ye well-array'd! ye lilies of our land!
Ye lilies male! who neither toil, nor spin;
Ye delicate! who nothing can support,
Yourselves most insupportable! for whom
The winter rose must blow, and silky soft
Favonius breathe still softer, or be chid;
And other worlds send odors, sauce, and song,
And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!
O ye who deem one moment unamus'd,
A misery, say, dreamers of gay dreams!
How will you weather an eternal night,
Where such expedients fail? where wit 's a fool:
Mirth mourns; dreams vanish; laughter sinks in tears.

§ 163. *Conscience.*

O treacherous conscience! while she seems to sleep,
On rose and myrtle, lull'd with syren song;
While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong appetite the slacken'd rein,
The sly informer minutes every fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills:
Not the gross act alone employs her pen;
She dawning purposes of heart explores,
Unnoted, notes each moment misapply'd;
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass
Writes our whole history; which death shall read
In ev'ry pale delinquent's private ear;
And judgement publish: publish to more worlds
Than this: and endless age in groans resound.
And think'st thou still thou canst be wise too soon?

§ 164. *Man's Supineness.*

Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
Hell threatens; all exerts; in effort, all;
More than creation labors! — Labors more?
And is there in creation, what, amidst
This tumult universal, wing'd dispatch,
And ardent energy, supinely yawns! — [fate,
Man sleeps; and man alone; and man, whose
Fate irreversible, entire, extreme, [gulph
Endless, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the
A moment trembles; drops! man, the sole cause
Of this surrounding storm! and yet he sleeps,
As the storm rock'd to rest.—Throw years away?
Throw empires, and be blameless! moments seise,
Heaven's on their wing: a moment we may wish
When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid day stand still,
Bid him drive back his car, recall, retake [still,

Fate's hasty prey! implore him, re-import
The period past; re-give the given hour!
Lorenzo—O for yesterday to come!
Such is the language of the man awake;
And is his ardor vain? Lorenzo! no!
To-day is yesterday return'd; return'd
Full power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
And reinstate us on the rock of peace.
Let it not share its predecessor's fate;
Nor like its elder sisters, die a fool.
Shall we be pourer for the plenty pour'd?
More wretched for the clemencies of heaven?

§ 165. *The Depravity of Man.*

Where shall I find him? angels, tell me where!
You know him; he is near you: point him out;
Shall I see glories beaming from his brow?
Or trace his footsteps by the rising flow'rs?
Your golden wings, now hov'ring o'er him, shed
Protection, now, are waving in applause
To that blest son of foresight! lord of fate!
That awful independent on To-morrow!
Whose work is done; who triumphs in the past;
Whose yesterdays look backwards with a smile;
Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly.
If not by guilt, they wound us by their flight,
If folly bounds our prospect by the grave:
All feeling of futurity benumb'd!
All relish of realties expir'd:
Renounc'd all correspondence with the skies;
Embruted every faculty divine;
Heart-buried in the rubbish of the world:
The world, that gulph of souls, immortal souls,
Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire
To reach the distant skies, and triumph there
On thrones, which shall not mourn their masters chang'd,
Tho' we from earth; ethereal, they that fell.
Such veneration due, O man, to man!

§ 166. *Instability of Life.*

Who venerate themselves the world despise.
For what, gay friend! is this escutcheon'd world,
Which hangs out, Death is one eternal night?
A night that glooms us in the noontide ray,
And wraps our thoughts, at banquets, in the shroud.
Life's little stage is a small eminence.
Inch high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: we gaze around,
We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
We sigh, we sink; and are what we deplor'd;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!
Is death at distance! no: he has been on thee;
And given sure earnest of his final blow. [now?
Those hours which lately smil'd, where are they
Pallid to thought, and ghastly! drown'd, all drown'd
In that great deep, which nothing disembogues:
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
The rest are on the wing: how fleet their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire;
A moment, and the world's blown up to thee;
The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.

§ 167. *Vanity of Human Enjoyments, taught by Experience.*

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them, what report they bore to heaven; [news.
And how they might have borne more welcome
Their answers form what men experience call:
If Wisdom's friend, her best: if not, worst foe.
O reconcile them! kind Experience cries.
"There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;
The more our joy, the more we know it vain;
And by success are tutor'd to despair."
Nor is it only thus, but must be so:
Who knows not this, tho' grey, is still a child.
Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

§ 168. *Death unavoidable.*

Since by life's passing breath, blown up from earth,
Light as the summer's dust, we take in air
A moment's giddy flight; and fall again;
Join the dull mass, increase the trodden soil,
And sleep till earth herself shall be no more;
Since then (as emmets their small world o'erthrown)
We, sore amaz'd, from out earth's ruin crawl,
And rise to fate extreme, of foul or fair,
As man's own choice, controller of the skies!
As man's despotic will, this hour, decrees;
Should not each warning give a strong alarm?
Warning, far less than that of bosom torn
From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead?
Sould not each dial strike us as we pass,
Portentous, as the written wall, which struck,
O'er midnight bowls, the proud Assyrian pale?
Like that, the dial speaks; and points to thee;
"O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee;
And, while it lasts, is emptier than my shade."
Know, like the Median, fate is in thy walls:
Man's make incloses the sure seeds of death;
Life feeds the murderer: ingrate! he thrives
On her own meal: and then his nurse devours.

§ 169. *Life compared to the Sun-dial.*

That solar shadow, as it measures life,
If life resembles too: life speeds away
From point to point, tho' seeming to stand still;
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth:
Too subtle is the movement to be seen,
Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger, gnomons, time:
As these are useless when the sun is set;
So those, but when more glorious reason shines.
Reason should judge in all; in reason's eye,
That sedentary shadow travels hard:
But all mankind mistake their time of day;
Even age itself: fresh hopes are hourly sown
In furrow'd brows. So gentle life's descent,
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain:

We

We take fair days in winter, for the spring:
We turn our blessings into bane; since oft
Man must compute that age he cannot feel:
He scarce believes he 's older for his years
Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest;
The disappointment of a promis'd hour.

§ 170. *Death of the good Man.*

So sung Philander, O! the cordial warmth,
And elevating spirit, of a friend,
For twenty summers ripening by my side;
All feculence of falsehood long thrown down;
All social virtues rising in his soul;
As crystal clear; and smiling, as they rise!
On earth how lost! Philander is no more.
How blessings brighten as they take their flight!
His flight Philander took; it were profane
To quench a glory lighted at the skies,
And cast in shadows his illustrious close.
Strange! the theme most affecting, most sublime,
Momentous most to man, should sleep unsung!
Man's highest triumph! man's profoundest fall!
The death-bed of the just! is yet undrawn
By mortal hand; it merits a divine:
Angels should paint it, angels ever there;
There, on a post of honor, and of joy.
The chamber where the good man meets his [fate
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven,
Fly, ye profane! or else draw near with awe,
For, here, resistless demonstration dwells;
Here tir'd dissimulation drops her mask,
Here real and apparent are the same.
You see the man; you see his hold on heaven:
Heaven waits not the last moment, owns its friends
On this side death; and points them out to [men;
A lecture, silent, but of sovereign pow'r,
To vice, confusion; and to virtue, peace!
Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death;
And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns,
Philander! he severely frown'd on thee,
"No warning given! unceremonious fate!
"A sudden rush from life's meridian joys!
"A restless bed of pain! a plunge opaque
"Beyond conjecture! feeble nature's dread!
"Strong reason shudders at the dark unknown!
"A sun extinguished! a just opening grave!
"And oh! the last, last: what? (can words express? [friend!"
"Thought reach?) the last, last—silence of a
Thro' nature's wreck, thro' vanquish'd agonies,
Like the stars struggling thro' this midnight gloom. [peace!
What gleams of joy! what more than human
Where the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?
No, not in death, the mortal to be found.
His comforters he comforts; great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur, gives, not yields
His soul sublime; and closes with his fate.
How our hearts burnt within us at the scene!
Whence this brave bound o'er limits fixt to man!
His God sustains him in his final hour!
His final hour brings glory to his God!
Man's glory heaven vouchsafes to call its own.
Amazement strikes! devotion bursts to flame!
Christians adore! and infidels believe.
At that black hour, which general horror sheds
On the low level of the inglorious throng,
Sweet peace, and heavenly hope, and humble [joy,
Divinely beam on his exalted soul;
Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies.
Life, take thy chance; but oh for such an end!

§ 171. NIGHT III. *Picture of Narcissa, Description of her Funeral, and a Reflection upon Man.*

Sweet harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!
And happy (if aught happy here) as good!
For fortune fond had built her nest on high.
Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,
Transfix'd by fate (who loves a lofty mark)
How from the summit of the grove she fell,
And left it unharmonious! all its charms
Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song!
Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear,
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
(O to forget her!) thrilling thro' my heart!
Song, Beauty, Youth, Love, Virtue, Joy! this [group
Of bright ideas, flow'rs of paradise,
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel, and present it to the skies; as all
We guess of heaven, and these were all her own:
And she was mine; and I was — was! — most [blest —
Gay title of the deepest misery!
As bodies grow more pond'rous robb'd of life.
Good lost weighs more in grief than gain'd in joy.
Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there;
Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.
And will not the severe excuse a sigh?
Scorn the proud man that is asham'd to weep;
Our tears indulg'd indeed deserve our shame.
Ye that e'er lost an angel! pity me.
Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day of human sight;
And on her cheek, the residence of spring,
Pale omen sat, and scatter'd fears around
On all that saw, (and who could cease to gaze
That once had seen?)—with haste, parental haste,
I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
Her native bed, on which black Boreas blew,
And bore her nearer to the sun; the sun
(As if the sun could envy) check'd his beam,
Denied his wonted succour; nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
Of lilies; fairest lilies, not so fair!
Queen lilies! and ye painted populace
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives:
In morn and ev'ning dew your beauties bathe,
And drink the sun; which gives your cheeks to [glow;
And out-blush (mine excepted) every fair
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,

Which often cropp'd your odors, incense meet
To thought so pure! Ye lovely fugitives!
Coeval race with man! for man you smile;
Why not smile at him too? You share indeed
His sudden pass, but not his constant pain.
So man is made, nought ministers delight,
But what his glowing passions can engage;
And glowing passions, bent on aught below,
Must soon or late with anguish turn the scale;
And anguish, after rapture, how severe!
Rapture? Bold man! who tempts the wrath di-
By plucking fruit denied to mortal taste, [vine,
While here presuming on the rights of Heaven.
For transport dost thou call on ev'ry hour,
Lorenzo? At thy friends expence be wise;
Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the
A broken reed at best, but oft a spear; [heart:
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.
Turn, hopeless thoughts! turn from her: — thought repell'd
Resenting rallies, and wakes ev'ry woe.
Snatch'd ere thy prime, and in thy bridal hour!
And when kind fortune, with thy lover, smil'd!
And when high flavor'd thy fresh op'ning joys!
And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss complete!
And on a foreign shore, where strangers wept!
Strangers to thee; and, more surprising still,
Strangers to kindness wept: their eyes let fall
Inhuman tears; strange tears! that trickled down
From marble hearts! obdurate tenderness!
A tenderness that call'd them more severe;
In spite of nature's soft persuasion, steel'd;
While nature melted, superstition rav'd;
That mourn'd the dead, and *this* denied a grave.
Their sighs incens'd, sighs foreign to the will!
Their will the tiger suck'd, outrag'd the storm.
For, oh! the curs'd ungodliness of zeal!
While sinful flesh relented, spirit nurs'd
In blind infallibility's embrace,
The sainted spirit petrified the breast:
Denied the charity of dust, to spread
O'er dust! a charity the dogs enjoy. [source?
What could I do? what succour? what re-
With pious sacrilege a grave I stole,
With impious piety that grave I wrong'd;
Short in my duty, coward in my grief!
More like her murderer than friend, I crept
With soft suspended step, and muffled deep
In midnight darkness whisper'd my last sigh.
I whisper'd what should echo thro' their realms;
Nor writ her name whose tomb should pierce the skies.
Presumptuous fear! how durst I dread her foes,
While nature's loudest dictates I obey'd?
Pardon necessity, blest shade! Of grief
And indignation rival bursts I pour'd;
Half execration mingled with my pray'r;
Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd;
Sore grudg'd the savage land her sacred dust;
Stamp'd the curs'd soil, and with humanity
(Denied Narcissa) wish'd them all a grave.
Glows my resentment into guilt? What guilt
Can equal violations of the dead?
The dead how sacred! Sacred is the dust
Of this heaven-labor'd form, erect, divine;
This heaven-assum'd majestic robe of earth
He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
With azure bright, and cloth'd the sun in gold.
When ev'ry passion sleeps that can offend;
When strikes us ev'ry motive that can melt;
When man can wreak his rancour uncontrol'd.
That strongest curb on insult and ill-will;
Then spleen to dust? the dust of innocence?
An angel's dust?—This Lucifer transcends:
When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride;
The strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.
Far less than this is shocking, in a race
Most wretched but from streams of mutual
And uncreated but for love divine; [love,
And, but for love divine, this moment lost,
By fate resorb'd, and sunk in endless night.
Man hard of heart to man! of horrid things
Most horrid! 'Mid stupendous, highly strange!
Yet oft his courtesies are smoother wrongs;
Pride brandishes the favors he confers,
And contumelious his humanity:
What then his vengeance? hear it not, ye stars!
And thou, pale moon! turn paler at the sound!
Man is to man the sorest, surest ill,
A previous blast foretels the rising storm;
O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;
Volcanos bellow ere they disembogue;
Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
And smoke betrays the wide consuming fire:
Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,
And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were!
Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but himself
That hideous sight, a naked human heart!

§ 172. NIGHT IV. *Death not to be dreaded.*

How deep implanted in the breast of man
The dread of death! I sing its sov'reign cure.
Why start at death? where is he? death arriv'd,
Is past: not come, or gone, he 's never here.
Ere hope, sensation fails; black-boding man
Receives, not suffers, death's tremendous blow.
The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave;
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve, [worm;
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
Imagination's fool, and error's wretch,
Man makes a death which nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls;
And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one.

§ 173. *Death desirable to the Aged.*

But was death frightful, what has age to fear?
If prudent, age should meet the friendly foe,
And shelter in his hospitable gloom.
I scarce can meet a monument but holds
My younger: every date cries—"Come away!"
And what recalls me? look the world around,
And tell me what: the wisest cannot tell.
Should any born of woman give his thought

Full

Full range, on just dislike's unbounded field;
Of things, the vanity; of men, the flaws;
Flaws in the best: the many, flaw all o'er,
As leopards spotted, or as Æthiops, dark;
Vivacious ill; good dying immature;
And at its death bequeathing endless pain;
His heart tho' bold would sicken at the sight,
And spend itself in sighs, for future scenes.
But grant to life some perquisites of joy;
A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,
Long rifled life of sweet can yield no more,
But from our comment on the comedy,
Pleasing reflections on parts well-sustain'd,
Or purpos'd emendations where we fail'd,
Or hopes of plaudits from our candid judge,
When, on their exit, souls are bid unrobe,
And drop this mask of flesh behind the scene.
With me, that time is come; my world is dead:
A new world rises, and new manners reign:
What a pert race starts up! the strangers gaze,
And I at them; my neighbour is unknown.

§ 174. *Folly of Human Pursuits.*

Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at rest beneath this humble shed!
The world 's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril;
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms;
And meditate on scenes, more silent still;
Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of death.
Here like a shepherd, gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager ambition's fiery chace I see;
I see the circling hunt of noisy men
Burst law's inclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey;
As wolves, for rapine; as the fox for wiles;
Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What, tho' we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?
Earth's highest station ends in "here he lies,"
And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.
If this song lives, posterity shall know
One, tho' in Britain born, with courtiers bred,
Who thought even gold might come a day too late;
Nor on his subtle death-bed plann'd his scheme
For future vacancies in church, or state;
Some avocation deeming it — to die;
Unbit by rage canine of dying rich:
Guilt's blunder! and the loudest laugh of hell.

§ 175. *Folly of the Love of Life in the Aged.*

O my coevals! remnant of yourselves!
Poor human ruins, tott'ring o'er the grave!
Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,
Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling.
Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil? [out,
Shall our pale, wither'd hands be still stretch'd
Trembling, at once with eagerness and age?
With avarice, and convulsions grasping hard?
Grasping at air! for what has earth beside?
Man wants but little; nor that little, long:
How soon must he resign his very dust,
Which frugal nature lent him for an hour?
Years unexperienc'd rush on numerous ills;
And soon as man, expert from time, has found
The key of life, it opes the gates of death.
When in this vale of years I backward look,
And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,
Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
And stricter on their guard, and fitter far
To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe
I still survive, and am I fond of life,
Who scarce can think it possible I live?
Alive by miracle! if still alive,
Who long have bury'd what gives life to live,
Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.
Life's lee is not more shallow, than impure,
And vapid; sense and reason show the door,
Call for my bier, and point me to the dust.

§ 176. *Address to the Deity.*

O thou great arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial sun!
Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,
To drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence; and could'st know
No motive, but my bliss; with Abraham's joy,
Thy call I follow to the land unknown;
I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust;
Or life or death is equal; neither weighs,
All weight in this — O let me live to thee!

§ 177. *Fears of Death extinguished by Man's Redemption.*

Tho' nature's terrors, thus, may be repress;
Still frowns grim death; gilt points the tyrant's spear.
Who can appease its anguish? how it burns!
What hand the barb'd, envenom'd thought can draw?
What healing hand can pour the balm of peace
And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb?
With joy, — with grief, that healing hand I
Ah! too conspicuous! it is fix'd on high! [see;
On high? — What means my phrenzy? I blaspheme,
Alas! how low! how far beneath the skies!
The skies it form'd; and now it bleeds for me —
But bleeds the balm I want — yet still it bleeds:
Draw the dire steel — ah no! — the dreadful blessing
What heart or can sustain? or dares forego?
There hangs all human hope: that nail supports
Our falling universe: that gone, we drop:
Horror receives us, and the dismal wish
Creation had been smother'd in her birth.
Darkness his curtain, and his bed the dust,
When stars and sun are dust beneath his throne!
In heaven itself can such indulgence dwell?
O what a groan was there? A groan not his,

He

He stis'd our dreadful right, the load sustain'd,
And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.
A thousand worlds so bought, were bought too
Sensations new in angels' bosoms rise! [dear.
Suspend their song; and silence is in heaven.
O for their song to reach my lofty theme!
Inspire me, Night, with all thy tuneful spheres!
Much rather, Thou! who dost those spheres
inspire;
Lest I blaspheme my subject with my song.
Thou most indulgent, most tremendous, power!
Still more tremendous, for thy wond'rous love!
That arms, with awe more awful, thy commands;
And foul transgression dips in sevenfold night,
How our hearts tremble at thy love immense!
In love immense, inviolably just! [stretch'd arms.
O'er guilt, (how mountainous!) with out-
Stern justice, and soft-smiling love, embrace,
Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne,
When seem'd its majesty to need support,
Or that, or man inevitably lost.
What, but the fathomless of thought divine
Could labor such expedient from despair,
And rescue both? Both rescue! both exalt!
O how are both exalted by the deed!
A wonder in omnipotence itself!
A mystery, no less to gods than men!
Not, thus, our infidels th' Eternal draw,
A God all o'er, consummate, absolute,
Full orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete:
They set at odds heaven's jarring attributes;
And with one excellence another wound;
Maim heaven's perfection, break its equal beams,
Bid mercy triumph over — God himself,
Undeify'd by their opprobrious praise;
A God all mercy, is a God unjust.
Ye brainless wits, ye baptiz'd infidels,
The ransom was paid down; the fund of heaven
Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
All price beyond: tho' curious to compute,
Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum:
Its value vast, ungrasp'd by minds create,
For ever hides, and glows in the supreme.
And was the ransom paid? It was: and paid
(What can exalt the bounty more?) for you.
The sun beheld it — no' the shocking scene
Drove back his chariot; midnight veil'd his face
Not such as this; not such as nature makes;
A midnight, nature shudder'd to behold;
A midnight new! from her Creator's frown!
Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? or start
At that enormous load of human guilt, [cross;
Which bow'd his bless'd head; o'erwhelmed his
Made grown the centre; burst earth's marble womb,
With pangs, strange pangs! deliver'd of her dead:
Hell howl'd; and heav'n, that hour, let fall a tear;
Heav'n wept, that man might smile! heaven bled,
That man might never die —
What heart of stone but glows at thoughts
like these? [mount
Such contemplations mount us: and should
The mind still higher; nor even glance on man,
Unraptur'd, uninflam'd; where roll my thoughts
To rest from wonders? How my soul is caught!
Heav'n's sov'reign blessings clust'ring from the
cross,
Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round,
The prisoner of amaze! — In his blest life,
I see the path, and, in his death, the price,
And in his great ascent, the proof supreme
Of immortality. — And did he rise?
Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
He rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And give the king of glory to come in!
Who is the king of glory? he who left
His throne of glory, for the pang of death:
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And give the king of glory to come in!
Who is the king of glory? He who slew
The ravenous foe, that gorg'd all human race?
The king of glory, he, whose glory fill'd
Heaven with amazement at his love to man;
And with divine complacency beheld
Powers most illumin'd wilder'd in the theme.
The theme, the joy, how then shall man sustain?
Oh the burst gates! crush'd sting! demolish'd
throne! [heaven,
Last gasp! of vanquish'd death. Shout earth and
This sum of good to man: whose nature, then,
Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb!
Then, then, I rose; then first humanity [bliss!
Triumphant pass'd the crystal ports of light,
And seis'd eternal youth. Mortality
Was then transferr'd to death; and heaven's du-
ration
Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,
This child of dust. — Man, all-immortal! hail;
Hail, heaven! all lavish of strange gifts to man!
Thine all the glory! man's the boundless bliss.
Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,
On christian joy's exulting wing, above
Th' Aonian mount? — Alas! small cause for joy?
What if to pain, immortal? if extent
Of being, to preclude a close of woe?
Where, then, my boast of immortality?
I boast it still, tho' cover'd o'er with guilt;
For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd.
'Tis guilt alone can justify his death;
Nor that, unless his death can justify
Relenting guilt in heaven's indulgent sight.
If sick of folly, I relent; he writes
My name in heaven, with that inverted spear
(A spear deep dipt in blood!) which pierc'd his side,
And open'd there a font for all mankind
Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live:
This, only this, subdues the fear of death.

§ 178. *Greatness of the Redemption.*

And what is this? — Survey the wond'rous
cure:
And, at each step, let higher wonder rise!
"Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon
"Thro' means that speak its value infinite!
"A pardon bought with blood! with blood di-
vine!
"With blood divine of him I made my foe;
"Persisted to provoke! tho' woo'd and aw'd,
"Bless'd, and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still!
"A rebel

" A rebel 'midst the thunders of his throne!
" Nor I alone! a rebel universe!
" My species up in arms! not one exempt!
" Yet for the foulest of the foul he dies."
Bound every heart! and every bosom burn!
Oh what a scale of miracles is here!
Its lowest round, high-planted on the skies:
Its tow'ring summit lost beyond the thought
Of man, or angel: Oh that I could climb
The wonderful ascent, with equal praise!
Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high heaven
More fragrant than Arabia sacrific'd;
And all her spicy mountains in a flame.

§ 179. *Praise, bestowed on Men, due to Heaven.*

From courts and thrones return, apostate praise!
Thou prostitute! to thy first love return.
Thy first, thy greatest, once, unrivall'd theme.
Back to thy fountain! to that parent power,
Who gives the tongue to sound, the thought to soar,
The soul to be. Men homage pay to men,
Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful eye they
In mutual awe profound of clay to clay, [bow,
Of guilt to guilt, and turn their backs on thee,
Great sire! whom thrones celestial ceaseless sing.
Oh the presumption, of man's awe for man!
Man's author! end! restorer! law! and judge!
Thine, all; day thine, and thine this gloom of night;
With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds:
What night eternal, but a frown from thee?
What heav'ns meridian glory, but thy smile?
And shall not praise be thine? not human praise,
While heaven's high host on Hallelujah's live?

§ 180. *Magnificence and Omnipresence of the Deity.*

Oh may I breathe no longer, than I breathe
My soul in praise to him, who gave my soul,
And all her infinite of prospect fair,
Cut thro' the shades of hell, great love! by thee!
Where shall that praise begin, which ne'er should end?
Where'er I turn, what claim on all applause!
How is night's sable mantle labor'd o'er,
How richly wrought, with attributes divine!
What wisdom shines! what love! This midnight pomp,
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlay'd,
Built with divine ambition! nought to thee:
For others this profusion: thou apart,
Above, beyond! oh tell me, mighty mind,
Where art thou? shall I dive into the deep?
Call to the sun, or ask the roaring winds,
For their Creator? shall I question loud
The thunder, if in that th' Almighty dwells?
Or holds the furious storms in streighten'd reins,
And bids fierce whirlwinds wheel his rapid car?
What mean these questions? — trembling I retract;
My prostrate soul adores the present God:
Praise I a distant Deity? he hears
My voice (if tun'd); the nerve, that writes, sustains;
Wrapp'd in his being, I resound his praise:
But tho' past all diffus'd, without a shore,
His essence: local is his throne (as meet),
To gather the disperst, to fix a point,
A central point, collective of his sons,
Since finite every nature but his own.
The nameless He, whose nod is nature's birth;
And nature's shield, the shadow of his hand:
Her dissolution, his suspended smile;
The great first last! pavilion'd high he sits
In darkness, from excessive splendor born.
His glory, to created glory, bright
As that to central horrors; he looks down
On all that soars, and spans immensity.

§ 181. *Inability of sufficiently praising God.*

Down to the centre should I send my thought
Thro' beds of glittering ore, and glowing gems,
Their beggar'd blaze wants lustre for my lay;
Goes out in darkness: if, on tow'ring wing,
I send it thro' the boundless vault of stars;
The stars, tho' rich, what dross their gold to thee,
Great! good! wise! wonderful! eternal King?
If those conscious stars thy throne around,
Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing bliss,
I ask their strain; they want it, more they want;
Languid their energy, their ardor cold,
Indebted still, their highest rapture burns;
Short of its mark, defective, tho' divine
Still more—This theme is man's, and man's alone:
Their vast appointments reach it not; they see
On earth a bounty, not indulg'd on high;
And downward look for heaven's superior praise.
First-born of æther! high in fields of light!
View man, to see the glory of your God!
You sung creation (for in that you shar'd),
How rose in melody, the child of love!
Creation's great superior, man! is thine;
Thine is redemption; eternize the song!
Redemption! 'twas creation more sublime;
Redemption! 'twas the labor of the skies;
Far more than labor—It was death in heaven.
Here pause and ponder; was there death in heaven? [blow?
What then on earth? on earth which struck the
Who struck it? Who?—O how is man enlarg'd,
Seen thro' this medium! How the pigmy tow'rs!
How counterpois'd his origin from dust!
How counterpois'd, to dust his sad return!
How voided his vast distance from the skies!
How near he presses on the seraph's wing!
How this demonstrates thro' the thickest cloud
Of guilt, and clay condens'd, the son of heav'n!
The double son; the made, and the re-made!
And shall heaven's double property be lost?
Man's double madness only can destroy him,
To man the bleeding cross has promis'd all;
The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace:
Who gave his life, what grace shall he deny?
O ye, who from this Rock of Ages leap
Disdainful,

Disdainful, plunging headlong in the abyss!
What cordial joy, what consolation strong,
Whatever winds arise, or billows roll,
Our interest in the master of the storm [smile;
Cling there, and in wreck'd nature's ruins
While vile apostates tremble in a calm.

§ 182. *Man.*

Man! know thyself: all wisdom centres there.
To none man seems ignoble, but to man;
Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire:
How long shall human nature be their book,
Degenerate mortal! and unread by thee?
The beam dim reason sheds shows wonders there;
What high contents! illustrious faculties!
But the grand comment which displays at full
Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine,
By heaven compos'd, was publish'd on the cross!
Who looks on that, and sees not in himself
An awful stranger, a terrestrial god?
A glorious partner with the Deity
In that high attribute, immortal life!
I gaze, and as I gaze, my mounting soul
Catches strange fire! eternity! at thee.
He, the great father! kindled at one flame
The world of rationals; one spirit pour'd
From spirit's awful fountain: pour'd himself
Thro' all their souls; but not in equal stream
Profuse, or frugal of th' inspiring God,
As his wise plan demanded: and when past
Their various trials in their various spheres,
If they continue rational, as made,
Resorbs them all into himself again; [crown.
His throne their centre, and his smile their
Why doubt we then the glorious truth to sing?
Angels are men of a superior kind;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight:
And men are angels, loaded for an hour,
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
And slippery step, the bottom of the steep:
Yet summon'd to the glorious standard soon,
Which flames eternal crimson thro' the skies.

§ 183. *Religion.*

Religion's all. Descending from its sire
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out this world, and in her right, the next:
Religion! the sole voucher man is man:
Supporter sole of man above himself.
Religion! providence! an after state!
Here is firm footing; here is solid rock;
This can support us; all is sea besides;
Sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.
Religion! thou the soul of happiness;
And groaning Calvary of thee! There shine
The noble truths; there strongest motives sting!
Can love allure us? or can terror awe?
He weeps! — the falling drop puts out the sun;
He sighs — the sigh earth's deep foundation shakes.
If, in his love, so terrible, what then
His wrath inflam'd? his tenderness on fire?
Can prayer, can praise avert it?—Thou, my all!
My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth! my world!
My light in darkness! and my life in death!
My boast thro' time! bliss thro' eternity!
Eternity too short to speak thy praise,
Or fathom thy profound of love to man!

§ 184. *God's Love to Man.*

O how omnipotence is lost in love!
Father of angels! but the friend of man!
Thou, who didst save him, snatch the smoking brand
From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood!
How art thou pleas'd, by bounty to disarm!
To make us groan beneath our gratitude,
To challenge, and to distance, all return!
Of lavish love stupendous heights to soar,
And leave praise panting in the distant vale!
But since the naked will obtains thy smile,
Beneath this monument of praise unpaid,
For ever lie entomb'd my fear of death,
And dread of ev'ry evil, but thy frown.
O for an humbler heart and loftier song!
Thou, my much-injur'd theme! with that soft eye
Which melted o'er doom'd Salem, deign to look
Compassion to the coldness of my breast;
And pardon to the winter in my strain.

§ 185. *Lukewarm Devotion.*

Or ye cold hearted, frozen formalists!
On such a theme 'tis impious to be calm;
Shall Heaven which gave us ardor, and has shown
Its own for man so strongly, not disdain
What smooth emollients in theology,
Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,
That prose of piety, a lukewarm praise?
Rise odors sweet from incense unin flam'd?
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout.

§ 186. *Death, where is thy Sting?*

Or when will death (now stingless), like a friend,
Admit me of that choir? Oh when will death,
This mould'ring, old partition-wall thrown down,
Give beings, one in nature, one abode? [down,
Oh death divine that gives us to the skies,
Great future! glorious patron of the past,
And present, when shall I thy shrine adore?
From Nature's continent immensely wide,
Immensely blest, this little isle of life
Divides us. Happy day, that breaks our chain;
That re-admits us, thro' the guardian hand
Of elder brothers, to our Father's throne:
Who hears our Advocate, and thro' his wounds
Beholding man, allows that tender name.
'Tis this makes Christian triumph, a command:
'Tis this makes joy a duty to the wise.
Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight?
Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds

On

On gazing nations, from his fiery train
Of length enormous, takes his ample round
Thro' depths of ether, coasts unnumber'd worlds
Of more than solar glory; doubles wide
Heav'n's mighty cape, and then revisits earth,
From the long travel of a thousand years.
Thus, at the destin'd period, shall return
He, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze;
And with him all our triumph o'er the tomb.

§ 187. *Faith enforced by our Reason.*

Nature is dumb on this important point:
Or hope precarious in low whisper breathes:
Faith speaks aloud, distinct; even adders hear,
But turn and dart into the dark again.
Faith builds a bridge across the bridge of death,
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore.
Death's terror is the mountain Faith removes;
That mountain barrier between man and peace:
'Tis Faith disarms destruction; and absolves
From ev'ry clamorous charge the guiltless tomb.
Why shouldst thou disbelieve?—"'tis Reason bids,
"All sacred Reason."—Hold her sacred still;
Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame.
Reason! my heart is thine: Deep in its folds,
Live thou with life; live dearer of the two.
My reason rebaptis'd me, when adult;
Weigh'd true and false in her impartial scale;
And made that choice, which once was but my fate.
Reason pursu'd is faith: and unpursu'd
Where proof invites, 'tis reason then no more;
And such our proof, that, or our faith is right,
Or Reason lies, and Heaven design'd it wrong:
Absolve we this? What then is blasphemy?
Fond as we are, and justly fond of faith,
Reason, we grant, demands our first regard,
The mother honor'd, as the daughter dear:
Reason the root, fair Faith is but the flow'r:
The fading flow'r shall die; but Reason lives
Immortal, as her Father in the skies.
Wrong not the Christian, think not reason yours:
'Tis Reason our great Master holds so dear;
'Tis Reason's injur'd rights his wrath resents.
Believe, and show the reason of a man;
Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb:
Thro' Reason's wounds alone, thy faith can die;
Which dying, tenfold terrors gives to Death,
And dips in venom his twice-mortal sting.

§ 188. *False Philosophy.*

Learn hence what honors due to those who push
Our antidote aside; those friends to reason,
Whose fatal love stabs every joy, and leaves
Death's terror heighten'd gnawing on his heart.
Those pompous sons of reason idoliz'd,
And vilify'd at once; of reason dead,
Then deified, as monarchs were of old.
While love of truth thro' all their camp resounds
They draw pride's curtain o'er the noon-tide ray
Spike up their inch of reason, on the point
Of philosophic wit, call'd argument,
And then exulting in their taper; cry,
"Behold the sun:" and, Indian-like, adore.
Talk they of morals? O thou bleeding Love;
Thou maker of new morals to mankind!
The grand morality is love of thee.
A Christian is the highest style of man.
And is there, who the blessed cross wipes off
As a foul blot from his dishonor'd brow?
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight:
The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge,
More struck with grief or wonder, who can tell?

§ 189. *The mere Man of the World.*

Ye sold to sense, ye citizens of earth,
(For such alone the Christian banner fly)
Know ye how wise your choice, how great your gain?
Behold the picture of earth's happiest man:
"He calls his wish, it comes; he sends it back,
"And says, he call'd another; that arrives,
"Meets the same welcome; yet he still calls on,
"Till one calls on him, who varies not his call,
"But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,
"Till nature dies, and judgement sets him free:
"A freedom far less welcome than his chain."
But grant man happy; grant him happy long;
Add to life's highest prize her latest hour;
That hour so late, comes on in full career:
How swift the shuttle flies, that weaves thy shroud!
Where is the fable of thy former years! [thee
Thrown down the gulph of time; as far from
As they had ne'er been thine; the day in hand,
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going;
Scarce now possest, so suddenly 'tis gone;
And each swift moment fled, is death advanc'd
By strides as swift: Eternity is all;
And whose eternity? Who triumphs here?
Bathing for ever in the font of bliss?
For ever basking in the Deity!
Conscience reply, O give it leave to speak;
For it will speak ere long. Oh hear it now.
While useful its advice, its accents mild.
Truth is deposited with man's last hour;
An honest hour, and faithful to her trust.
Truth, eldest daughter of the Deity;
Truth, of his council when he made the worlds,
Nor less when he shall judge the worlds he made,
Tho' silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound,
Than from her cavern in the soul's abyss,
The goddess bursts in thunder and in flame,
"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

§ 190. NIGHT V. *Darkness.*

Let Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond
Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore:
Darkness has more divinity for me:
It strikes thought inward, it drives back the soul
To settle on herself, our point supreme!
There lies our theatre; there sits our judge.
Darkness

Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene;
'Tis the kind hand of Providence stretcht out
'Twixt man and vanity: 'tis Reason's reign,
And Virtue's too; these tutelary shades
Are man's asylum from the tainted throng.

§ 191. *The Futility of Man's Resolutions.*

Virtue for ever frail, as fair below,
Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on the world, without a stain:
The world's infectious; few bring back at eve
Immaculate the manners of the morn,
Something we thought, is blotted; we resolv'd,
Is shaken; we renounc'd, returns again.
Each salutation may slide in a sin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
Nor is it strange, light, motion, concourse, noise,
All scatter us abroad; thought outward bound,
Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.

§ 192. *The Power of Example.*

Present example gets within our guard,
And acts by double force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition; love of gain
Strikes like a pestilence from breast to breast;
Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapors breathe!
And inhumanity is caught from man;
From smiling man. A slight, a single glance,
And shot at random, often has brought home
A sudden fever to the throbbing heart,
Of envy, rancour, or impure desire.
We see, we hear with peril; safety dwells
Remote from multitude; the world's a school
Of wrong, and what proficients swarm around!
We must or imitate, or disapprove;
Must list as their accomplices, or foes; [peace.
That stains our innocence; this wounds our
From nature's birth, hence, wisdom has been smit
With sweet recess, and languish'd for the shade.

§ 193. *Midnight.*

This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.
Few are the faults we flatter when alone:
Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By night an atheist half believes a God.
Night is fair Virtue's immemorial friend;
The conscious moon, through every distant age,
Has held a lamp to Wisdom, and let fall
On contemplation's eye her purging ray.
Hail precious moments! stol'n from the black waste
Of murder'd time: auspicious midnight hail!
The world excluded, every passion hush'd,
And open'd a calm intercourse with heav'n;
Here the soul sits in council, ponders past,
Predestines future actions; sees, not feels,
Tumultuous life; and reasons with the storm;
All her lies answers, and thinks down her charms.

§ 194. *Little to be expected from Man.*

What are we! how unequal! now we soar,
And now we sink: how dearly pays the soul
For lodging ill; too dearly rents her clay!
Reason, a baffled counsellor! but adds
The blush of weakness to the bane of woe.
The noblest spirit fighting her hard fate,
In this damp, dusky region, charg'd with storms,
But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly.
'Tis vain to seek in men for more than man.
Tho' proud in promise, big in previous thought,
Experience damps our triumph. I, who hate,
Emerging from the shadows of the grave,
Threw wide the gates of everlasting day,
And call'd mankind to glory, down I rush,
In sorrow drown'd — But not, in sorrow, lost.
How wretched is the man, who never mourn'd!
I dive for precious pearls, in sorrow's stream:
Not so the thoughtless man that grieves
Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain,
(Inestimable gain!) and gives heaven leave
To make him but more wretched, not more wise.

§ 195. *Wisdom.*

If wisdom is our lesson, (and what else
Ennobles man? what else have angels learnt?)
Grief, more proficients in thy school are made,
Than genius, or proud learning ere could boast,
Voracious learning, often over-fed,
Digests not into sense her motley meal.
This forager on others' wisdom leaves
Her native farm, her reason quite untill'd:
With mixt manure she surfeits the rank soil,
Dung'd, but not drest; and rich to beggary:
A pomp untameable of weed prevails: [mourns,
Her servants's wealth encumber'd wisdom
And what says Genius? "Let the dull be wise;"
It pleads exemption from the laws of sense;
Considers Reason as a leveller,
And scorns to share a blessing with the crowd.
That wise it could be, thinks an ample claim
To glory, and pleasure gives the rest.
Wisdom less shudders at a fool, than wit.
But Wisdom smiles, when humbled mortals weep.
When sorrow wounds the breast, as ploughs the glebe,
And hearts obdurate feel her softening shower:
Her seed celestial, then glad Wisdom sows,
Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil,
If so, I'll gain by my calamity,
And reap rich compensation from my pain.
I'll range the plenteous intellectual field;
And gather every thought of sovereign power,
To chase the moral maladies of man; [skies,
Thoughts, which may bear transplanting to the
Tho' natives of this coarse penurious soil,
Nor wholly wither there, where seraph's sing:
Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd in heaven.

§ 196. *Reflections in a Church-yard.*

Say, on what themes shall puzzled choice
descend?
"Th' importance of contemplating the tomb;
"Why

"Why men decline it; Suicide's foul birth;
"The various kinds of grief; the faults of age:
"And Death's dread character—invite my song."
And first, th' importance of our end survey'd.
Friends counsel quick dismission of our grief;
Mistaken kindness! our hearts heal too soon.
Are they more kind than HE who struck the blow?
Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,
And banish peace till nobler guests arrive,
And bring it back a true and endless peace?
Calamities are friends: as glaring day
Of these unnumber'd lustres robs our sight;
Prosperity puts our unnumber'd thoughts
Of import high, and light divine to man.
The man how blest, who, sick of gaudy scenes,
(Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves!)
Is led by choice to take his favorite walk
Beneath Death's gloomy, silent cypress shades,
Unpierc'd by Vanity's fantastic ray;
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!
Lorenzo, read with me Narcissa's stone;
Few orators so tenderly can touch
The feeling heart. What pathos in the date!
Apt words can strike, and yet in them we see
Faint images of what we here enjoy.
What cause have we to build on length of life?
Temptations seise when fear is laid asleep;
And ill-foreboding is our strongest guard.
See from her tomb, Truth sallies on my soul,
And puts Delusion's dusky train to flight;
Dispels the mists our sultry passions raise,
And shows the real estimate of things,
Which no man, unafflicted, ever saw;
Pulls off the veil from Virtue's rising charms;
Detects Temptation in a thousand lies.
Truth bids me look on men, as autumn's leaves,
And all they bleed for, as the summer's dust,
Driven by the whirlwind: lighted by her beams,
I widen my horizon, gain new powers,
See things invisible, feel things remote,
Am present with futurities; think nought
To man so foreign, as the joys possest,
Nought so much his as those beyond the grave.
No folly keeps its color in her sight:
Pale worldly wisdom loses all her charms.
How differ worldly wisdom, and divine?
Just as the waning and the waxing moon.
More empty worldly wisdom every day;
And every day more fair her rival shines.
But soon our term for wisdom is expir'd,
And everlasting fool is writ in fire,
Or real wisdom wafts us to the skies.
What grave prescribes the best?—a friend's; and yet
From a friend's grave how soon we disengage,
Even to the dearest, as his marble, cold!
Why are friends ravish'd from us! 'tis to bind,
By soft Affection's ties, on human hearts,
The thought of death, which Reason, too supine,
Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens there.
Nor Reason, nor Affection, no, nor both
Combin'd can break the witchcrafts of the world.
Behold th' inexorable hour at hand!
Behold th' inexorable hour forgot!
And to forget it, the chief aim of life;
Tho' well to ponder it is life's chief end.

§ 197. *Little Attention paid to the Warnings of Death.*

Is Death, that ever threat'ning ne'er remote,
That all-important, and that only sure,
(Come when he will) an unexpected guest?
Nay, tho' invited by the loudest calls
Of blind imprudence, unexpected still?
Tho' numerous messengers are sent before
To warn his great arrival. What the cause,
The wond'rous cause, of this mysterious ill?
All heaven looks down astonish'd at the sight.

§ 198. *Life compared to a Stream.*

Is it, that Life has sown her joys so thick,
We can't thrust in a single care between?
Is it, that life has such a swarm of cares,
The thought of death can't enter for the throng?
Is it that time steals on with downy feet,
Nor wakes indulgence from her golden dream?
To-day is so like yesterday, it cheats;
We take the lying sister for the same.
Life glides away, Lorenzo, like a brook;
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
In the same brook none ever bath'd him twice:
To the same life none ever twice awoke.
We call the brook the same; the same we think
Our life, though still more rapid in its flow;
Nor mark the much irrevocably laps'd,
And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say
(Retaining still the brook to bear us on)
That life is like a vessel on the stream?
In life embark'd, we smoothly down the tide
Of time descend, but not on time intent,
Amus'd, unconscious of the gliding wave;
Till on a sudden we perceive a shock;
We start, awake, look out; our bark is burst.
Is this the cause death flies all human thought?
Or is it judgement by the will struck blind,
That domineering mistress of the soul!
Or is it fear turns startled reason back,
From looking down a precipice so steep?
'Tis dreadful; and the dread is wisely plac'd,
By nature conscious of the make of man.
A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
A flaming sword to guard the tree of life.
By that unaw'd, man on each pique of pride,
Or gloom of humor, would give rage the rein,
Bound o'er the barrier, rush into the dark,
And mar the schemes of Providence below.

§ 199. *Suicide.*

WHAT groan was that? There took his gloomy flight,
On wing impetuous, a black sullen soul,
Blasted from hell, with horrid lust of death.
Thy friend, the brave, the gallant Altamont
So call'd, so thought—and then he fled the field.
Less base the fear of death, than fear of life.
O Britain!

O Britain! infamous for suicide;
An island in thy manners! far disjoin'd
From the whole world of rationals beside,
In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
Wash the dire stain, nor shock the continent.
But thou be shock'd, while I detect the cause
Of self-assault, expose the monster's birth,
And bid abhorrence hiss it round the world.
Blame not thy clime, nor chide the distant sun;
Immoral climes kind nature never made.
The cause I sing in Eden might prevail,
And proves it is thy folly, not thy fate.
The soul of man (let man in homage bow
Who names his soul) a native of the skies!
High-born, and free, her freedom should maintain,
Unsold, unmortgag'd for earth's little bribes.
Th' illustrious stranger, in this foreign land
Like strangers, jealous of her dignity,
Studious of home, and ardent to return,
Of earth suspicious, earth's enchanted cup
With cool reserve light-touching, should indulge
On immortality her godlike taste;
There take large draughts; make her chief banquet there.
But some reject this sustenance divine;
To beggarly vile appetites descend;
Ask alms of earth for gifts that came from heaven;
Sink into slaves; and sell, for present hire,
Their rich reversion, and (what shares its fate)
Their native freedom, to the prince who sways
This nether world. And when his payments fail,
When his full basket gorges them no more;
Or their pall'd palates loath the basket full,
Are, instantly, with wild demoniac rage,
For breaking all the chains of Providence,
And bursting their confinement; tho' fast barr'd
By laws divine and human; guarded strong
With horrors doubled to defend the pass,
The blackest nature, or dire guilt can raise;
And moated round with fathomless destruction,
Sure to receive, and whelm them in their all.
Such Britons! is the cause, to you unknown,
Or worse, o'erlook'd; o'erlook'd by magistrates,
Thus, criminals themselves. I grant the deed
Is madness; but the madness of the heart.
And what is that? our utmost bound of guilt.
A sensual, unreflecting life is big
With monstrous births, and suicide, to crown
The black infernal brood. The bold to break
Heaven's law supreme, and desperately rush
Thro' sacred nature's murder, on their own,
Because they never think of death, they die.
When by the bed of languishment we sit,
Or, o'er our dying friends, in anguish hang,
Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head,
Number their moments, and in ev'ry clock,
Start at the voice of an eternity;
See the dim lamp of life just feebly lift
An agonizing beam, at us to gaze.
Then sink again, and quiver into death.
(That most pathetic herald of our own;)
How read we such sad scenes? as sent to man
In perfect vengeance? no; in pity sent,
To melt him down, like wax, and then impress
Indelible, death's image on his heart;
Bleeding for others, trembling for himself.
We bleed, we tremble; we forget, we smile:
The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry:
Our quick returning folly cancels all:
As the tide rushing rases what is writ
In yielding sands, and smooths the letter'd shore.

§ 200. *Tears.*

Lorenzo! hast thou ever weigh'd a sigh?
Or studied the philosophy of tears?
Hast thou descended deep into the breast,
And seen their source? If not, de-scend with me,
And trace these briny riv'lets to their springs.
Our funeral tears from diff'rent causes rise:
Of various kinds they flow. From tender hearts,
By soft contagion call'd, some burst at once,
And stream obsequious to the leading eye.
Some ask more time, by curious art distill'd.
Some hearts, in secret hard, unapt to melt,
Struck by the public eye, gush out amain.
Some weep to share the fame of the deceas'd,
So high in merit, and to them so dear: [share.
They dwell on praises, which they think they
Some mourn in proof that something they could love.
They weep not to relieve their grief, but show.
Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,
As conscious all their love is in arrear.
Some mischievously weep, not unappriz'd,
Tears, sometimes, aid the conquest of an eye.
As seen through crystal, how their roses glow,
While liquid pearl runs trickling down their cheek.
By kind construction some are deem'd to weep,
Because a decent veil conceals their joy.
Some weep in earnest; and yet weep in vain;
As deep in indiscretion, as in woe.
Passion, blind passion! impotently pours
Tears, that deserve more tears; while reason sleeps
Or gazes, like an idiot, unconcern'd;
Nor comprehends the meaning of the storm.
They weep impetuous, as the summer storm,
And full as short! the cruel grief soon tam'd,
They make a pastime of the stingless tale!
Far as the deep-resounding knell, they spread
The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.
No grain of wisdom pays them for their woe.
When the sick soul, her wonted stay withdrawn,
Reclines on earth, and sorrows in the dust;
Instead of learning there her true support,
She crawls to the next shrub, or bramble vile,
The stranger weds, and blossoms as before,
In all the fruitless fopperies of life.

§ 201. *Inattention to the Voice of Death.*

What thus infatuates? what enchantment plants
The phantom of an age, 'twixt us and death,
Already at the door? He knocks, we hear him,
And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
Our untouch'd hearts? what miracle turns off
The

The pointed thought, which from a thousand
Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd; [quivers
We stand as in a battle, throngs on throngs
Around us falling; wounded oft ourselves;
Tho' bleeding with our wounds, immortal still!
We see time's furrows on another's brow,
And death intrench'd, preparing his assault;
How few themselves, in that just mirror, see!
Absurd Longevity! More, more, it cries:
More life, more wealth, more trash of every kind!
And wherefore mad for more, when relish fails?
Shall folly labor hard to mend the bow,
While nature is relaxing ev'ry string?
Ask thought for joy; grow rich and hoard within.
Think you the soul, when this life's rattles cease,
Has nothing of more manly to succeed?
Contract the taste immortal; learn even now
To relish what alone subsists hereafter:
Divine or none, henceforth your joys for ever.
Of age, the glory is to wish to die.
That wish is praise and promise; it applauds
Past life, and promises our future bliss.
What weakness see not children in their sires?
Grand-climacterical absurdities!
Grey-hair'd authority to faults of youth,
How shocking! it makes folly thrice a fool;
And our first childhood might our last despise.
What folly can be ranker? like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.
No wish should loiter, then, this side the grave.
Our hearts should leave the world, before the
Calls for our carcases to mend the soil. [knell
Enough to live in tempest; die in port.
Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
Defects of judgement, and the will subdue;
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon;
And put good works on board; and wait the wind
That shortly blows us into worlds unknown;
If unconsider'd, too, a dreadful scene!

§ 202. *Little Learning required, to be Good.*

But you are learn'd; in volumes deep you sit;
In wisdom shallow: pompous ignorance!
Learn well to know how much need not be known:
And what that knowledge, which impairs your sense.
Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field;
And bids all welcome to the vital feast.
You scorn what lies before you in the page
Of nature and experience, moral truth;
And dive in science for distinguish'd names,
Sinking in virtue, as you rise in fame.
Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout.
If you would learn death's character, attend.
All casts of conduct, all degrees of health,
All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,
Together shook in his impartial urn,
Come forth at random. Or if choice is made,
The choice is quite sarcastic, and insults
All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.

§ 203. *The Caprice and universal Power of Death.*

Like other tyrants, Death delights to smite,
What smitten most proclaims the pride of power,
And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,
To bid the wretch survive the fortunate;
The feeble wrap th' athletic in his shroud;
And weeping fathers build their children's tomb;
Me thine, Narcissa!—what tho' short thy date?
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
That life is long, which answers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name:
The man of wisdom is the man of years.
In hoary youth Methusalems may die,
O how misdated on their flattering tombs!
All more than common menaces an end:
A blaze betokens brevity of life.
To plant the soul on her eternal guard,
In awful expectation of our end, [but so
Thus runs Death's dread commission; "Strike,
"As most alarms the living by the dead."
Hence stratagem delights him, and surprise,
And cruel sport with man's securities.
Not simple conquest, triumph is his aim, [most.
And where least fear'd, there conquest triumphs.
What are his arts to lay our fears asleep!
Tiberian arts his purposes wrap up
In deep dissimulation's darkest night.
Like princes unconfest in foreign courts,
Who travel under cover, Death assumes
The name and look of life, and dwells among us.
Behind the rosy bloom he loves to lurk,
Or ambush in a smile; or wanton dive
In dimples deep; love's eddies, which draw in
Unwary hearts, and sink them in despair.
Most happy they whom least his arts deceive.
One eye on Death, and one full fix'd on heaven,
Becomes a mortal and immortal man.
Where is not death? sure as night follows day,
Death treads in Pleasure's footsteps round the
world, [shuns,
When Pleasure treads the paths which Reason
When, against reason, riot shuts the door,
And gaiety supplies the place of sense.
Then foremost at the banquet and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or damps the deadly dice;
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.
Gaily carousing to his gay compeers,
Inly he laughs, to see them laugh at him,
As absent far: and when the revel burns,
When fear is banish'd, and triumphant thought
Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
Against him turns the key: and bids him sup
With their progenitors.—He drops his mask;
Frowns out at full; they start, despair, expire!
Scarce with more sudden terror and surprise,
From his black mask of nitre, touch'd by fire
He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.
And is not this triumphant treachery,
And more than simple conquest in the fiend?
And now, gay trifler, dost thou wrap thy soul
In soft security, because unknown
Which moment is commission'd to destroy?
In death's uncertainty thy danger lies.

Is death uncertain? therefore thou be fix'd;
Fix'd as a sentinel, all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe.
Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear,
Lest slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,
And fate surprise thee nodding. Watch, be strong;
Thus give each day the merit, and renown,
Of dying well; tho' doom'd but once to die;
Nor let life's period hidden (as from most),
Hide too from thee, the precious use of life.
Does wealth with youth and gaiety conspire
To weave a triple wreath of happiness?
That shining mark invites the tyrant's spear.
As if to damp our elevated aims,
And strongly preach humility to man,
O how portentous is prosperity!
How, comet-like, it threatens while it shines!
Few years but yield us proof of Death's ambition
To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With recent honors, bloom'd with ev'ry bliss;
Set up in ostentation, made to gaze,
The gaudy centre of the public eye;
When fortune, thus, has toss'd her child in air,
Snatch'd from the covert of an humble state,
How often have I seen him dropp'd at once,
Our mornings envy, and our ev'ning's sigh!
As if her bounties were the signal giv'n,
The flow'ry wreath, to mark the sacrifice,
And call Death's arrows on the destin'd prey.

§ 204. NIGHT VI. *The Death of Narcissa.*

She (for I know not yet her name in heaven)
Not early, like Narcissa, left the scene;
Nor sudden, like Philander. What avail?
This seeming mitigation but inflames;
This fancy'd medicine heightens the disease.
The longer known, the closer still she grew;
And gradual parting is a gradual death.
O the long dark approach thro' years of pain,
Death's gallery with sable terror hung;
Sick hope's pale lamp its only glimmering ray!
There fate my melancholy walk ordain'd.
How oft I gaz'd, prophetically sad!
How oft I saw her dead while yet in smiles!
In smiles she sunk her grief to lessen mine:
She spoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain.
Like powerful armies trenching at a town,
By slow and silent, but resistless sap,
In his pale progress gently gaining ground,
Death urg'd his deadly siege: in spite of art,
Of all the balmy blessings nature lends
To succour frail humanity. Ye stars!
And thou, O moon! bear witness; many a night
He tore the pillow from beneath my head,
Tied down my sore attention to the shock,
By ceaseless depredations on a life,
Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful post
Of observation! darker every hour!
Less dread the day that drove me to the brink,
And pointed at eternity below.
When my soul shudder'd at futurity,
When, on a moment's point, th' important die
Of life and death, spun doubtful, ere it fell,
And turn'd up life; my title to more woe.
But why more woe? more comfort let it be.
Nothing is dead, but that which wish'd to die;
Nothing is dead, but wretchedness and pain:
Nothing is dead, but what encumber'd, gall'd,
Block'd up the pass, and barr'd from real life.
Where dwells that wish most ardent of the wise?
Too dark the sun to see it; highest stars
Too low to reach it; death, great death alone,
O'er stars and sun triumphant, lands us there.
Nor dreadful our transition: tho' the mind,
An artist at creating self-alarms,
Rich in expedients for inquietude,
Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
Death's portrait true? the tyrant never sat.
Our sketch, all random strokes, conjecture all;
Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single tale.
Death, and his image rising in the brain,
Bear faint resemblance: never are alike;
Fear shakes the pencil, Fancy loves excess,
Dark Ignorance is lavish of her shades;
And these the formidable picture draw.
But grant the worst; 'tis past; new prospects rise;
And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.
Far other views our contemplation claim,
Views that o'erpay the rigors of our life;
Views that suspend our agonies in death.
Wrapt in the thought of immortality,
Long life, might lapse, age unperceiv'd come on;
And find the soul unsated with her theme.
Its nature, proof, importance, fire my song.

§ 205. *Reflections on Man and Immortality*

Thy nature, immortality, who knows?
And yet who knows it not? It is but life
In stronger thread of brighter color spun,
And spun for ever; black and brittle here!
How short our correspondence with the sun!
And while it lasts, inglorious! our best deeds,
How wanting in their weight! our highest joys,
Small cordials to support us in our pain,
And give us strength to suffer. But how great
To mingle interests, converse, amities,
With all the sons of Reason, scatter'd wide
Through habitable space, wherever born,
Howe'er endow'd! to live free citizens
Of universal Nature! to lay hold
By more than feeble faith on the Supreme!
To call heaven's rich unfathomable mines
Our own! to rise in science as in bliss,
Initiate in the secrets of the skies!
To read creation; read its mighty plan
In the bare bosom of the Deity!
The plan and execution to collate!
To see, before each glance of piercing thought,
All cloud, all shadow blown remote; and leave
No mystery — but that of love divine,
Which lifts us on the seraph's flaming wing,
From earth's Aceldama, this field of blood,
Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,
From darkness, and from dust, to such a scene!
Love's

Love's element! true joy's illustrious home!
From earth sad contrast (now deplor'd) more fair.
These are the thoughts that aggrandise the great.
How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
And every moment fear to sink beneath
The clod we tread; soon trodden by our sons)—
How great, in the wild whirl of time's pursuits,
To stop, and pause, involv'd in high presage;
Through the long vista of a thousand years,
To stand contemplating our distant selves,
As in a magnifying mirror seen,
Enlarg'd, ennobled, elevate, divine!
To prophesy our own futurities!
To gaze in thought on what all thought transcends!
To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys,
As far beyond conception, as desert,
Ourselves th' astonish'd talkers and the tale!
When mount we? when these shackles cast? when quit
This cell of the creation? this small nest,
Stuck in a corner of the universe,
Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-spun-air?
Fine-spun to sense, but gross and feculent
To souls celestial; souls ordain'd to breathe
Ambrosial gales; and drink a purer sky;
Greatly triumphant on time's farther shore.
In an eternity what scenes shall strike!
What webs of wonder shall unravel there!
What dull day pour on all the paths of heaven.
And light th' Almighty's footsteps in the deep!
How shall the blessed day of our discharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinth's of fate,
And straighten its inextricable maze!
If inextinguishable thirst in man
To know; how rich, how full our banquet here!
Here, not the moral world alone unfolds;
The world material lately seen in shades,
And in those shades, by fragments only seen,
And seen those fragments by the laboring eye,
Unbroken, now, illustrious, and entire,
Its ample sphere, its universal frame,
In full dimensions, swells to the survey;
And enters, at one glance, the ravish'd sight.
How shall the stranger man's illumin'd eye,
In the vast ocean of unbounded space,
Behold an infinite of floating worlds
Divide the crystal waves of ether pure,
In endless voyage, without port! the least
Of these disseminated orbs how great!
Yet what are these to the stupendous whole?
As particles, as atoms ill-perceiv'd.
If admiration is a source of joy, [heaven.
What transport hence! Yet this the least in
What this to that illustrious robe He wears,
Who toss'd this mass of wonders from his hand,
A specimen, an earnest of his power!
'Tis, to that glory, whence all glory flows,
As the mead's meanest flow'ret to the sun,
Which gave it birth. But what, this Sun of heaven!
This bliss supreme of the supremely blest!
Death, only death, the question can resolve.
By death cheap-bought th' ideas of our joy;
The bare ideas! solid happiness
So distant from its shadow chas'd below!
And chase we still the phantom thro' the fire,
O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, 'till death?
And toil we still for sublunary pay?
Defy the dangers of the field, and flood,
Or, spider-like, spin out our precious all,
Our more than vitals spin in curious webs
Of subtile thought, and exquisite design;
(Fine net-work of the brain!) to catch a fly?
The momentary buz of vain renown!
A name, a mortal immortality.

§ 206. *Genius connected with Ignominy.*

Genius and art, ambition's boasted wings,
Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid!
Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
When I behold a genius bright and base,
Of towering talents, and terrestrial aims;
Methinks, I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
With rubbish mixt, and glittering in the dust.
Hearts are proprietors of all applause,
Right ends, and means, make wisdom: worldly-wise
Is but half-witted, at its highest praise. [wise

§ 207. *Exalted Station.*

——What is station high?
'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts, and begs;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity.
Monarchs and ministers are awful names;
Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.
Religion, public order, both exact
External homage, and a supple knee,
To beings pompously set up, to serve
The meanest slave; all more is merit's due;
Her sacred and inviolable right,
Nor ever paid the monarch, but the man.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth;
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
Fools indeed drop the man in their account,
And vote the mantle into majesty.
Let the small savage boast his silver fur;
His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
His own, descending fairly from his sires.
Shall man be proud to wear his livery,
And souls in ermine scorn a soul without?
Can place or lessen us, or aggrandise?
Pigmies are pigmies still, tho' perch't on alps,
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:
Virtue alone out-builds the pyramids;
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.
Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause?
The cause is lodg'd in immortality.
Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for pow'r;
'Tis thine. And art thou greater than before?
Then thou before was something less than man.
Has thy new post betray'd the into pride?
That pride defames humanity, and calls [raise.
The being mean, which staffs or strings can

§ 208. *True Greatness.*

That prince, and that alone, is truly great,
Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly sheaths;
On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
And makes his throne a scaffold to the skies.
Why this so rare? because forgot of all
The day of death; that venerable day,
Which sits as judge: that day which shall pronounce
On all our days, absolve them, or condemn.
Lorenzo! never shut thy thought against it;
Be levees ne'er so full, afford it room,
And give it audience in the cabinet.
That friend consulted, flatteries apart,
Will tell thee fair, if thou art great, or mean.
To doat on aught may leave us, or be left,
Is that ambition? then let flames descend,
Point to the centre their inverted spires:
When blind ambition quite mistakes her road,
And downward pores, for that which shines above,
Substantial happiness, and true renown;
Then, like an idiot gazing on the brook,
We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud;
At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.

§ 209. *The Torment of Ambition.*

Ambition! powerful source of good and ill!
Thy strength in man, like length of wing in birds,
When disengag'd from earth, with greater ease
And swifter flight, transports us to the skies.
By toys entangled, or in guilt pennir'd,
It turns a curse; it is our chain, and scourge,
In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie,
Close-grated by the sordid bars of sense;
All prospect of eternity shut out;
And but for execution ne'er set free.

§ 210. *True Riches.*

With error in ambition, justly charg'd,
Find we Lorenzo wiser in his wealth?
Where thy true treasure; Gold says, "not in me,"
And, "not in me," the diamond. Gold is poor;
India's insolvent: seek it in thyself;
Seek in thy naked self, and find it there:
In being so descended, form'd, endow'd;
Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race!
Erect, immortal, rational, divine!
In senses, which inherit earth and heaven;
Enjoy the various riches nature yields:
Far nobler! give the riches they enjoy;
Give taste to fruits; and harmony to groves;
Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright
Take in at once the landscape of the world, [sire;
At a small inlet, which a grain might close,
And half create the wond'rous world they see.
Our senses, as our reason, are divine.
But for the magic organ's powerful charm,
Earth were a rude, uncolor'd chaos still.
Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
Which beautifies creation's ample dome.
Say then, shall man, his thoughts all sent abroad,
Superior wonders in himself forgot,
His admiration waste on objects round,
When heaven makes him the soul of all he sees?
Absurd! not rare! so great, so mean, is man.
What wealth in senses such as these! what
In fancy, fir'd to form a fairer scene [wealth
Than sense surveys! in memory's firm record,
Which, should it perish, could this world recall,
From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years!
In colors fresh, originally bright
Preserve its portrait, and report its fate!
What wealth in intellect, that sovereign power!
Which sense, and fancy, summons to the bar;
Interrogates, approves, or reprehends:
And from the mass those underlings import,
From their materials sifted, and refin'd,
Forms art, and science, government, and law.
What wealth in souls that soar, dive, range around.
Disdaining limit, or from place, or time,
And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear
Th' almighty fiat, and the trumpet's sound!
Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view
What was, and is, and more than e'er shall be;
Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
Creations new, in fancy's field to rise!
Souls, that can grasp whate'er th' Almighty made;
And wander wild through things impossible;
What wealth, in faculties of endless growth,
In liberty to choose, in power to reach,
And in duration (how thy riches rise!)
Duration to perpetuate—boundless bliss!

§ 211. *The Vanity of Wealth.*

High-built abundance, heap on heap! for what?
To breed new wants, and beggar us the more;
Then make a richer scramble for the throng:
Soon as this feeble pulse, which leaps so long,
Almost by miracles is tir'd with play,
Like rubbish, from disploding engines thrown,
Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly;
Fly diverse; fly to foreigners, to foes;
New masters court, and call the former fool,
(How justly?) for dependence on their stay.
Wide scatter first, our play-things, then our dust.
Much learning shows how little mortals know:
Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy:
At best it babies us with endless toys;
And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
As monkies at a mirror stand amaz'd,
They fail to find what they so plainly see;
Thus men in shining riches see the face
Of happiness, nor know it is a shade;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wish, and wonder it is absent still.
How few can rescue opulence from want!
Who lives to nature, rarely can be poor;
Who lives to fancy, never can be rich.
Poor is the man in debt; the man of gold,
In debt to fortune, trembles at her pow'r.
The man of reason smiles at her, and death.
O what a patrimony, this! a being
Of such inherent strength and majesty,

Not

Not worlds possest can raise it; worlds destroy'd
Can't injure; which hold on its glorious course.
When thine, O nature, ends; too blest to mourn
Creation's obsequies. What treasure, this!
The monarch is a beggar to the man.

§ 212. *Immortality.*

Immortal! ages past, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
Unshorten'd by progression infinite!
Futurity for ever future! life
Beginning still, where computation ends!
'Tis the description of a Deity!
'Tis the description of the meanest slave.
Immortal! what can strike the sense so strong,
As this the soul? it thunders to the thought;
Reason amazes; gratitude o'erwhelms;
No more we slumber on the brink of fate;
Rous'd at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends,
And breathes her native air; an air that feeds
Ambition high, and fans ethereal fires;
Quick-kindles all that is divine within us;
Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the stars.
Immortal! was but one immortal, how
Would others envy! how would thrones adore!
Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost?
How this ties up the bounteous hand of Heaven!
O vain, vain, vain! all else: eternity!
A glorious, and a needful refuge that,
From vile imprisonment in abject views.
'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,
Amidst life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.
Eternity depending covers all;
Sets earth at distance, casts her into shades;
Blends her distinctions; abrogates her pow'rs;
The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,
Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,
Make one promiscuous, and neglected heap,
The man beneath; if I may call him man,
Whom immortality's full force inspires.
Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought;
Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,
By minds quite conscious of their high descent,
Their present province, and their future prize;
Divinely darting upward every wish,
Warm on the wing, in glorious absence lost.
Doubt you this truth? why labors your belief?
If earth's whole orb by some due distance'd eye
Was seen at once, her tow'ring alps would sink,
And level'd Atlas leave an even sphere.
Thus earth, and all that earthly minds admire,
Is swallow'd in eternity's vast round.
To that stupendous view when souls awake,
So large of late, so mountainous to man,
Time's toys subside; and equal all below.

§ 213. *Man ignorant of his real Greatness.*

In spite of all the truths the Muse has sung,
Are there who wrap the world so close about them,
They see no farther than the clouds; and dance
On heedless vanity's fantastic toe,
Till stumbling at a straw, in their career,
Headlong they plunge, where end both dance and song?
Are there on earth (let me not call them men)
Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts;
Unconscious as the mountain of its ore,
Or rock, of its inestimable gem? [these
When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish,
Shall know their treasure; treasure, then, no more.

§ 214. *Disbelief of a Future State.*

Are there (still more amazing!) who resist
The rising thought? who smother in its birth
The glorious truth? who struggle to be brutes?
Who thro' this bosom-barrier burst their way,
And, with rever'd ambition, strive to sink?
Who labor downwards thro' th' opposing pow'rs,
Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,
To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock
Of endless night? night darker than the grave's?
Who fight the proofs of immortality?
To contradict them see all nature rise!
What object, what event, the moon beneath,
But argues, or endears, an after-scene?
To reason proves, or weds it to desire?
All things proclaim it needful; some advance
One precious step beyond, and prove it sure.
A thousand arguments swarm round my pen,
From heaven, and earth, and man. Indulge a few,
By nature, as her common habit worn.
Thou! whose all-providential eye surveys,
Whose hand directs, whose Spirit fills, and warms
Creation, and holds empire far beyond!
Eternity's inhabitant august!
Of two eternities amazing Lord!
One past, ere man's, or angel's, had begun;
Aid, while I rescue from the foe's assault
Thy glorious immortality in man.

§ 215. *Man's Immortality proved by Nature.*

Nature, thy daughter, ever-changing birth
Of thee the great Immutable, to man
Speaks wisdom; is his oracle supreme;
And he who most consults her, is most wise.
Look nature through, 'tis revolution all.
All change, no death. Day follows night; and night
The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise;
Earth takes th' example. See the summer gay,
With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flow'rs,
Droops into pallid autumn; winter grey,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows autumn, and his golden fruits away,
Then melts into the spring; soft spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish, fades:
As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend:
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.
With this minute distinction, emblems just,
Nature revolves, but man advances; both
Eternal, that a circle, this a line.

That gravitates, this soars. Th' aspiring soul
Ardent, and tremulous, like flame ascends;
Zeal, and humility, her wings to heaven.
The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life born from death
Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.
No single atom, once in being, lost,
With change of counsel charges the Most High.
Matter, immortal? and shall spirit die?
Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? shall man alone,
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?
Is man, whom alone is power to prize
The bliss of being, or with previous pain
Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate
Severely doom'd death's single unredeem'd?

§ 216. NIGHT VII. *Discontent.*

Why discontent for ever harbor'd there;
Incurable consumption of our peace!
Resolve me, why, the cottager, and king,
He whom sea-sever'd realms obey, and he
Who steals his whole dominion from the waste,
Repelling winter's blast, with mud and straw,
Disquietude alike, draw sigh for sigh,
In fate so distant, in complaint so near.
Is it, that things terrestrial can't content?
Deep in rich pasture, will thy flocks complain?
Not so; but to their master is deny'd
To share their sweet serene. Man, ill at ease,
In this, not his own place, this foreign field,
Where nature fodders him with other food
Than was ordain'd his cravings to suffice,
Poor in abundance, famish'd at a feast,
Sighs on for something more, when most enjoy'd.
Is heaven then kinder to thy flocks, than thee?
Not so; thy pasture richer, but remote;
In part, remote; for that remoter part
Man bleats from instinct, tho', perhaps, debauch'd
By sense, his reason sleeps, nor dreams the cause.
The cause how obvious, when his reason wakes!
His grief is but his grandeur in disguise;
And discontent is immortality.
Shall sons of æther, shall the blood of heav'n,
Set up their hopes on earth, and stable here,
With brutal acquiescence in the mire?
No, no, my friend: they shall be nobly pain'd;
The glorious foreigners distrest, shall sigh
On thrones; and thou congratulate the sigh:
Man's misery declares him born for bliss;
His anxious heart asserts the truth I sing.
Our heads, our hearts, our passions, and our pow'rs,
Speak the same language; call us to the skies.
Unripen'd these, in this inclement clime,
Scarce rise above conjecture, and mistake;
And for this land of trifles, those too strong,
Tumultuous rise, and tempest human life;
What prize on earth can pay us for the storm?
Meet objects for our passions Heav'n ordain'd,
Objects that challenge all their fire, and leave
No fault, but in defect: blest Heav'n! avert
A bounded ardor for unbounded bliss!
O for a bliss unbounded! far beneath
A soul immortal, is a mortal joy.
Nor are our powers to perish, immature;
But, after feeble effort here beneath,
A brighter sun, and in a nobler soil,
Transplanted from this sublunary bed,
Shall flourish fair, and put forth all their bloom.

§ 217. *Reason and Instinct.*

Reason progressive, instinct is complete;
Swift instinct leaps; slow reason feebly climbs.
Brutes soon their zenith reach; their little all
Flows in at once; in ages they no more
Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
Was man to live coeval with the sun,
The patriarch-pupil would be learning still;
Yet, dying, leave his lesson half unlearnt.
Men perish in advance, as if the sun
Should set ere noon, in eastern oceans drown'd.
To man, why, stepdame nature, so severe?
Why thrown aside thy master-piece half-wrought,
While meaner efforts thy last hand enjoy?
Or, if abortively poor man must die, [dread?
Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in
Why curst with foresight? wise to misery?
Why of his proud prerogative the prey?
Why less pre-eminent in rank than pain? —
His immortality alone can tell,
Full ample fund to balance all amiss,
And turn the scale in favor of the just.

§ 218. *Human Hope.*

His immortality alone can solve
That darkest of ænigmas, human hope;
Of all the darkest if at death we die.
Hope, eager hope, th' assassin at our joy,
All present blessings treading under foot,
Is scarce a milder tyrant than despair.
With no past toils content, still planning new,
Hope turns us o'er to death alone for ease.
Possession, why more tasteless than pursuit?
Why is a wish far dearer than a crown?
That wish accomplish'd, why the grave of bliss?
Because in the great future bury'd deep,
Beyond our plans of empire, and renown,
Lies all that man with ardor should pursue;
And he who made him, bent him to the right.
Man's heart th' Almighty to the future sets
By secret and inviolable springs;
And makes his hope his sublunary joy.
Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry still;
"More, more, the glutton cries:" for something new
So rages appetite, if man can't mount,
He will descend. He starves on the possest.
Hence the world's master, from ambition's spire,
In Caprea plung'd; and div'd beneath the brute,
In that rank sty why wallow'd empire's son
Supreme? Because he could no higher fly;
His riot was ambition in despair,

See

See restless hope, for ever on the wing!
High perch'd o'er ev'ry thought that falcon sits,
To fly at all that rises in her sight;
And never stooping, but to mount again!
Next moment, she betrays her aim's mistake,
And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.
Here should it fail us (it must fail us here,
If being fails) more mournful riddles rise,
And virtue vies with hope in mystery.
Why virtue? Where its praise, its being, fled?
Virtue is true self-interest pursued;
What, true self-int'rest of quite mortal man?
To close with all that makes him happy here,
If vice (as sometimes) is our friend on earth,
Then vice is virtue, 'tis our sov'reign good.
The rigid guardian of a blameless heart,
So long rever'd, so long reputed wise,
Is weak; with rank knight-errantries o'errun.
Why beats thy bosom with illustrious dreams
Of gallant enterprise, and glorious death?
Die for thy country? — thou romantic fool!
Seise, seise the plank thyself; and let her sink!
Thy country! what to thee? (I speak with awe)
The godhead, what? tho' he should bid thee bleed?
If, with thy blood, thy final hope is split,
Nor can Omnipotence reward the blow,
Be deaf; preserve thy being; disobey.

§ 219. *The Madness of Infidelity.*

Since virtue's recompense is doubtful, here,
If man dies wholly, well may we demand,
Why is man suffer'd to be good in vain?
Why to be good in vain, is man enjoin'd?
Why to be good in vain, is man betray'd?
Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breast,
By sweet complacencies from virtue felt?
Why whispers nature lies on virtue's parts?
Or if blind instinct (which assumes the name
Of sacred conscience) plays the fool in man,
Why reason made accomplice in the cheat?
Why are the wisest, loudest in her praise?
Can man by reason's beam be led astray?
Or, at his peril, imitate his God?
Since virtue sometimes ruins us on earth,
Or, both are true, or man survives the grave.
Or man survives the grave, or own, Lorenzo,
Thy boast supreme, a wild absurdity.
Dauntless thy spirit; cowards are thy scorn.
Grant man immortal, and thy scorn is just.
The man immortal, rationally brave,
Dares rush on death, — because he cannot die.
But if man loses all, when life is lost;
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
A daring infidel (and such there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure heroical defect of thought),
Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.
When, to the grave, we follow the renown'd
For valor, virtue, science, all we love,
And all we praise; for worth, whose noontide beam
Mends our ideas of ethereal pow'rs;
Dream we, that lustre of the moral world
Goes out in stench, and rottenness the close?
Why was he wise to know, and warm to praise,
And strenuous to transcribe, in human life,
The mind almighty? could it be, that fate,
Just when the lineaments began to shine, ever?
Should snatch the draught, and blot it out for
Shall we, this moment, gaze on God in man?
The next, lose man for ever in the dust?
From dust we disengage, or man mistakes;
And there, where least his judgement fears a flaw!
Wisdom, and worth, how boldly he commends
Wisdom and worth are sacred names; rever'd;
Where not embrac'd; applauded! deify'd!
Why not compassion'd too? If spirits die,
Both are calamities, inflicted both,
To make us but more wretched; wisdom's ye.
Acute, for what? To spy more miseries;
And worth, so recompens'd, new points their stings:
Or man the grave surmounts, or gain is loss,
And worth exalted humbles us the more.
Were then capacities divine conferr'd,
As a mock diadem, in savage-sport,
Rank insult of our pompous poverty, fair?
Which reaps but pain, from seeming claims so
In future age lies no redress? and shuts
Eternity the door on our complaint?
If so, for what strange ends were mortals made?
The worst to wallow, and the best to weep.
Can we conceive a disregard in heaven,
What the worst perpetrate, or best endure?
This cannot be. To love, and know, in man
Is boundless appetite, and boundless pow'r;
And these demonstrate boundless objects too.
Objects, pow'rs, appetites, heav'n suits in all;
Nor, nature thro', e'er violates this sweet,
Eternal concord, on her tuneful string.
Is man the sole exception from her laws?
Eternity struck off from human hope,
Man is a monster, the reproach of heav'n,
A stain, a dark impenetrable cloud
On nature's beauteous aspect; and deforms,
(Amazing blot!) deforms her with her lord.
Or own the soul immortal, or invert
All order. Go, mock-majesty! go, man,
And bow to thy superiors of the stall;
Thro' every scene of sense superior far:
They graze the turf untill'd; they drink the stream
Unbrew'd, and ever full, and unimbitter'd
With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, despairs,
Mankind's peculiar! reason's precious dow'r!
No foreign clime they ransack for their robes,
Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar:
Their good is good entire, unmixt, unmarr'd;
They find a paradise in ev'ry field,
On boughs forbidden, where no curses hang;
Their ill no more than strikes the sense, unstretcht
By previous dread or murmur in the rear;
When the worst comes, it comes unfear'd; one stroke
Begins and ends their woe: they die but once;
Blest, incommunicable privilege! stars,
For which who rules the globe, and reads the
Philosopher, or here, sighs in vain.

Account for this prerogative in brutes:
No day, no glimpse of day to solve the knot,
But what beams on it from eternity.
O sole and sweet solution! that unites
The difficult, and softens the severe;
The cloud on nature's beauteous face dispels;
Restores bright order; casts the brute beneath;
And re-inthrones us in supremacy
Of joy, ev'n here, admit immortal life,
And virtue is knight-errantry no more:
Each virtue brings in hand a golden dow'r,
Far richer in reversion: hope exults;
And, tho' much bitter in our cup is thrown,
Predominates, and gives the taste of heav'n.
O wherefore is the Deity so kind?
Heav'n our reward — for heav'n enjoy'd below.
Still unsubdu'd thy stubborn heart? For there
The traitor lurks, who doubts the truth I sing:
Reason is guiltless; will alone rebels.
What, in that stubborn heart, if I should find
New, unexpected witnesses against thee?
Ambition, and the fateless love of gain! [soul
Canst thou suspect that these, which make the
The slave of earth, should own her heir of heav'n?
Canst thou suspect, what makes us disbelieve
Our immorality, should prove it sure?

§ 220. *Ambition and Fame.*

First, then, ambition summon to the bar:
Ambition's shame, extravagance, disgust,
And inextinguishable nature, speak:
Each much deposes: hear them in their turn.
Thy soul how passionately fond of fame!
How anxious that fond passion to conceal!
We blush detected in designs on praise,
Tho' for best deeds, and from the best of men:
And why? because immortal. Art divine
Has made the body tutor to the soul:
Heav'n kindly gives our blood a moral flow;
Bids it ascend the glowing cheek, and there
Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim,
Which stoops to court a character from man;
While o'er us, in tremendous judgement, sit
Far more than man, with endless praise, and blame.
Ambition's boundless appetite out-speaks
The verdict of its shame. When souls take fire
At high presumptions of their own desert,
One age is poor applause; the mighty shout,
The thunder by the living few begun,
Late time must echo! worlds unborn resound:
We wish our names eternally to live: [thought.
Wild dream! which ne'er had haunted human
Had not our natures been eternal too.
Instinct points out an int'rest in hereafter;
But our blind reason sees not where it lies;
Or, seeing, gives the substance for the shade.
Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow; soon as caught,
Contemn'd; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
Consult the ambitious; 'tis ambition's cure.
"And is this all?" cry'd Cæsar, at his height,
Disgusted. This third proof ambition brings
Of immortality. The first in fame,
Observe him near, your envy will abate:
Sham'd at the disproportion vast between
The passion, and the purchase, he will sigh
At such success, and blush at his renown:
And why? because far richer prize invites
His heart; far more illustrious glory calls.
And can ambition a fourth proof supply?
It can, and stronger than the former three.
Tho' disappointments in ambition pain,
And tho' success disgusts, yet still we strive
In vain to pluck it from us: man must soar:
An obstinate activity within,
An insuppressive spring will toss him up,
In spite of fortune's load. Not kings alone,
Each villager has his ambition too:
No Sultan prouder than his fetter'd slave:
Slaves build their little Babylons of straw,
Echo the proud Assyrian, in their hearts.
And cry,—"Behold the wonders of my might!"
And why? because immortal as their lord:
And souls immortal must for ever heave
At something great; the glitter, or the gold;
The praise of mortals, or the praise of heav'n.

§ 221. *Avarice.*

Thus far ambition. What says avarice?
This her chief maxim, which has long been thine,
"The wise and wealthy are the same." I grant
To store up treasure, with incessant toil, [it.
This is man's province, this his highest praise.
To this great end keen instinct stings him on;
To guide that instinct, reason! is thy charge;
'Tis thine to tell us where true treasure lies:
But reason failing to discharge her trust,
A blunder follows, and blind industry,
O'erloading, with the cares of distant age,
The jaded spirits of the present hour,
Providing for eternity below.
Whence inextinguishable thirst of gain?
From inextinguishable life in man:
Man, if not meant by worth to reach the skies,
Had wanted wing to fly so far in guilt.
Sour grapes I grant ambition, avarice;
Yet still their root is immortality.
These its wild growths religion can reclaim,
Refine, exalt, throw down their pois'nous ice,
And make them sparkle in the bowl of bliss.

§ 222. *Address to Unbelievers.*

"Know all; know infidels, unapt to know,
'Tis immortality your nature solves;
'Tis immortality decyphers man,
And opens all the myst'ries of his make.
Without it half his instincts are a riddle:
Without it, all his virtues are a dream:
His very crimes attest his dignity;
His fateless appetite of gold, and fame,
Declares him born for blessings infinite.
What, less than infinite, makes unabsurd
Passions, which all on earth but more inflame?
Fierce passions so mismeasur'd to this scene,
Stretch'd

Stretch'd out, like eagles' wings, beyond our nest,
Far, far, beyond the worth of all below.
For earth too large, presage a nobler flight,
And evidence our title to the skies."

§ 223. *The Passions.*

Ye gentle theologues, of calmer kind!
Whose constitution dictates to your pen,
Who, cold yourselves, think ardor comes from hell!
Think not our passions from corruption sprung,
Tho' to corruption now they lend their wings:
That is their mistress, not their mother. All
(And justly) reason deem divine: I see
I feel a grandeur in the passions too, [end;
Which speaks their high descent, and glorious
Which speaks them rays of an eternal fire.
In paradise itself they burnt as strong,
Ere Adam fell; the wiser in their aim.
What tho' our passions are run mad, and stoop
With low terrestrial appetite, to graze
On trash, on toys, dethron'd from high desire;
Yet still, thro' their disgrace, no feeble ray
Of greatness shines, and tells us whence they fell:
But these, when reason moderates the rein,
Shall re-ascend, re-mount their former sphere.
But grant their phrenzy lasts; their phrenzy
To disappoint one providential end; [fails
Was reason silent, boundless passion speaks
A future scene of boundless objects too,
And brings glad tidings of eternal day.
Eternal day! 'tis that enlightens all;
And all by that enlighten'd, proves it sure.
Consider man as an immortal being,
Intelligible, all; and all is great:
Consider man as mortal, all is dark,
And wretched; reason weeps at the survey.

§ 224. *Proofs of Immortality. Man's Happiness consists in the Hope of it.*

Much has been urg'd; and dost thou call for more?
Call; and with endless questions be distrest,
All unresolvable, if earth is all.
"Why life, a moment; infinite, desire?
Our wish eternity; our home, the grave?
Heaven's promise dormant lies in human hope,
Who wishes life immortal, proves it too.
Why happiness pursu'd, tho' never found?
Man's thirst of happiness declares it is,
(For nature never gravitates to nought;)
That thirst unquencht declares it is not here,
Why cordial friendship riveted so deep,
As, hearts to pierce at first, at parting, rend,
If friend and friendship vanish in an hour?
Is not this torment in the mask of joy?
—Why by reflection marr'd the joys of sense!
Why past and future, preying on our hearts,
And putting all our present joys to death?
Why labors reason? instinct were as well;
Instinct far better; what can choose, can err;
O how infallible the thoughtless brute!
Reason with inclination why at war?
Why sense of guilt? why conscience up in arms?"
Conscience of guilt, is prophecy of pain,
And bosom-counsel to decline the blow.
Reason with inclination ne'er had jarr'd,
If nothing future paid forbearance here.
Thus on—these, and a thousand pleas uncall'd,
All promise, some insure, a second scene;
Which, was it doubtful, would be dearer far
Than all things else most certain; was it false,
What truth on earth so precious as the lie?
This world it gives us, let what will ensue;
This world it gives, in that high cordial, hope;
The future of the present is the soul:
How this life groans, when sever'd from the next!
Poor, mutilated wretch, that disbelieves!
By dark distrust his being cut in two,
In both part perishes; life void of joy,
Sad prelude of eternity in pain!

§ 225. *Misery of Unbelief.*

Couldst thou persuade me, the next life would fail
Our ardent wishes; how should I pour out
My bleeding heart in anguish, new, as deep!
Oh! with what thoughts, thy hope, and my despair,
Abhorr'd Annihilation blasts the soul, [spair,
And wide extends the bounds of human woe!
In this black channel would my ravings run:
"Grief from the future borrow'd peace, ere while
The future vanish'd, and the present pain'd!
Fall, how profound! hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
To night! to nothing! darker still than night.
If 'twas a dream, why wake me, my worst foe?
O for delusion! O for error still! [plant
Could vengeance strike much stronger than to
A thinking being in a world like this,
Not over-rich before, now beggar'd quite;
More curst than at the Fall? The sun goes out!
The thorns shoot up! what thorns in ev'ry thought!
Why sense of better? it imbitters worse:
Why sense? why life? if but to sigh, then sink
To what I was? twice nothing! and much woe!
Woe, from heaven's bounties! woe, from what was wont
To flatter most, high intellectual pow'rs.
"Thought, virtue, knowledge! blessings, by thy scheme,
All poison'd into pains. First, knowledge, once
My soul's ambition, now her greatest dread.
To know myself, true wisdom?—no, to shun
That shocking science, parent of despair!
Avert thy mirror; if I see, I die.
"Know my Creator? Climb his blest abode
By painful speculation, pierce the veil,
Dive in his nature, read his attributes,
And gaze in admiration—on a foe,
Obtruding life, withholding happiness?
From the full rivers that surround his throne,
Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;
Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease
To curse his birth, nor envy reptiles more!

Ye

Ye sable clouds! ye darkest shades of night!
Hide him, for ever hide him, from my thought,
Once all my comfort; source and soul of joy!
"Know his achievements! study his renown!
Contemplate this amazing universe,
Dropt from his hand, with miracles replete!—
For what? 'Mid miracles of nobler name,
To find one miracle of misery!
To find the being, which alone can know,
And praise his works, a blemish on his praise!
Thro' nature's ample range, in thought to stray
And start at man, the single mourner there,
Breathing high hope! enamour'd down to pangs,
and death!
"Knowing to suffering; and shall virtue share
The sigh of knowledge? virtue shares the sigh.
By straining up the steep of excellence,
By battles fought, and from temptation won,
What gains she, but the pang of seeing worth,
Angelic worth, soon, shuffled in the dark
With ev'ry vice, and swept to brutal dust?
"Duty; Religion! these, our duty done,
Imply reward. Religion is mistake:
Duty? there's none, but to repel the cheat.
Ye cheats! away; ye daughters of my pride!
Who feign yourselves the fav'rites of the skies:
Ye tow'ring hopes! abortive energies!
That toss and tumble in my lying breast,
To scale the skies, and build presumption there,
As I were heir of eternity;
Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more.
As bounded as my being, be my wish.
All is inverted, wisdom is a fool;
Sense! take the rein; blind passion! drive us on;
And, ignorance! befriend us on our way;
Yes; give the pulse full empire; live the brute,
Since, as the brute, we die: the sum of man,
Of godlike man! to revel, and to rot.
"But not on equal terms with other brutes:
Their revels a more poignant relish yield,
And safer too, they never poisons choose. [meals,
Instinct, than reason, makes more wholesome
And sends all-marring murmur far away.
For sensual life they best philosophise;
Theirs, that serene, the sages sought in vain:
'Tis man alone expostulates with heaven,
His, all the pow'r, and all the cause to mourn.
Shall human eyes alone dissolve in tears?
And bleed, in anguish, none but human hearts?
The wide-stretcht realm of intellectual woe,
Surpassing sensual far, is all our own.
In life so fatally distinguished, why
Cast in one lot, confounded, lumpt, in death?
"And why then have we thought? To toil and
eat, [thought.
Then make our bed in darkness, needs no
What superfluities are reas'ning souls!
Oh give eternity! or thought destroy.—
But without thought our curse were half unfelt!
Its blanted edge would spare the throbbing heart;
And therefore 'tis bestow'd. I thank thee, reason,
For aiding life's too small calamities,
And giving being to the dread of death.
Such are thy bounties!—Was it then too much
For me, to trespass on the brutal rights?
Too much for heav'n to make one emmet more?
Too much for chaos to permit my mass
A longer stay with essences unwrought,
Unfashioned, unformented into man?
Wretched preferment to this round of pains!
Wretched capacity of phrensy, thought!
Wretched capacity of dying, life!
Life, thought, worth, wisdom, all (oh foul revolt!)
Once friends to peace, gone over to the foe.
"Death then has chang'd its nature too; O
death,
Come to my bosom, thou best gift of heav'n!
Best friend of man! since man is man no more.
Why in this thorny wilderness so long,
Since there's no promis'd land's ambrosial bow'r?
But why this sumptuous insult o'er our heads?
Why this illustrious canopy display'd?
Why so magnificently lodg'd despair?
At stated periods sure returning, roll,
These glorious orbs, that mortals may compute
Their length of labors, and of pains; nor lose
Their misery's full measure?—smiles with flow'rs,
And fruits promiscuous, ever-teeming earth.
That man may languish in luxurious scenes,
And in an Eden mourn his with'ring joys?
Claim earth and skies man's admiration, due
For such delights! blest animals! too wise
To wonder; and too happy to complain!
"Our doom decreed demands a mournful scene;
Why not a dungeon dark for the condemn'd?
Why not the dragon's subterranean den,
For man to howl in? why not his abode
Of the same dismal color with his fate?
A Thebes, a Babylon, at vast expence
Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders,
As congruous, as, for man, this lofty dome
Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high
desire,
If from her humble chamber in the dust, [flames,
While proud thought swells, and high desire in-
The poor worm calls us for her inmates there;
And round us death's inexorable hand
Draws the dark curtain close; undrawn no more.
"Undrawn no more? behind the cloud of
Once I beheld a sun; a sun which gilt [death,
That sable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold:
How the grave's alter'd! fathomless as hell!
Annihilation! how it yawns before me!
Next moment I may drop from thought, from
The privilege of angels, and of worms, [sense,
An outcast from existence! and this spirit,
This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,
This particle of energy divine,
Which travels nature, flies from star to star,
And visits gods, and emulates their pow'rs,
For ever is extinguish'd. Horror! death!
Death of that death I fearless once survey'd,
When horror universal shall descend,
And heaven's dark concave urn all human race,
On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,
How just this verse! this monumental sigh!
Beneath the lumber of demolish'd worlds,
Of matter, never dignify'd with life,

Here

Here lie proud rationals; *the sons of heav'n!*
The lords of earth! the property of worms!
Beings of yesterday, and not to-morrow!
Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd."

And art thou then a shadow? less than shadow?
A nothing? less than nothing? To have been,
And not to be, is lower than unborn.
Art thou ambitious? why then make the worm
Thine equal? runs thy taste of pleasure high?
Why patronise sure death of every joy?
Charm riches? why choose begg'ry in the grave.
Of ev'ry hope a bankrupt! and for ever?
Dar'st thou persist? And is there nought on earth
But a long train of transitory forms,
Rising, and breaking, millions in an hour?
Bubbles of a fantastic lord, blown up
In sport, and then in cruelty destroy'd?
Oh! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo,
Destroys thy scheme the whole of human race?
Kind is fell Lucifer compar'd to thee:
Oh! spare this waste of being half divine;
And vindicate th' œconomy of heav'n.

§ 226. *The Annihilation of Man, incompatible with the Goodness of God.*

Heav'n is all love; all joy in giving joy;
It never had created, but to bless;
And shall it then strike off the list of life,
A being blest, or worthy so to be?
Heav'n starts at an annihilating God.

§ 227. *The Guilty alone wish for Annihilation.*

Is that, all nature starts at, thy desire?
Art such a clod to wish thyself all clay?
What is that dreadful wish?—the dying groan
Of nature murder'd by the blackest guilt:
What deadly poison has thy nature drank?
'To nature undebauch'd no shock so great;
Nature's first wish is endless happiness;
Annihilation is an after-thought,
A monstrous wish, unborn, till virtue dies:
And oh! what depth of horror lies inclos'd!
For non-existence no man ever wish'd,
But first he wish'd the Deity destroy'd.

§ 228. *No spiritual Substance annihilated.*

Thinks't thou omnipotence a naked root,
Each blossom fair of Deity destroy'd?
Nothing is dead; nay, nothing sleeps; each soul
That ever animated human clay,
Now wakes; is on the wing: and when the call
Of that loud trump collects us round heav'ns
Conglob'd we bask in everlasting day. [throne,
How bright this prospect shines! how gloomy thine!
A trembling world! and a devouring God!
Earth, but the shambles of omnipotence!
Heav'ns face all stain'd with causeless massacres
Of countless millions, born to feel the pang
Of being lost. Lorenzo! can it be!
This bids us shudder at the thoughts of life.
Who would be born to such a phantom world,
Where nought substantial, but our misery?
A world, where dark, mysterious vanity
Of good and ill the distant colors blends,
Confounds all reason, and all hope destroys:
A world so far from great (and yet how great
It shines to thee!) there's nothing real in it;
Being, a shadow! consciousness, a dream!
A dream how dreadful! universal blank
Before it, and behind! poor man a spark
From non-existence struck by wrath divine,
Glitt'ring a moment, nor that moment sure,
'Midst upper, nether, and surrounding night,
His sad, sure, sudden, and eternal tomb.

§ 229. *The World a System of Theology.*

The skies above proclaim immortal man,
And man immortal all below resounds.
The world's a system of theology,
Read by the greatest strangers to the schools,
If honest, learn'd; and sages o'er a plough.
What then is unbelief? 'tis an exploit:
A strenuous enterprise: to gain it, man
Must burst thro' ev'ry bar of common sense,
Of common shame, magnanimously wrong;
And what rewards the sturdy combatant?
His prize, repentance; infamy, his crown.

§ 230. *Virtue the Fruit of Immortality.*

The virtues grow on immortality;
That root destroy'd, they wither and expire,
A Deity believ'd will nought avail;
Rewards and punishments make God ador'd;
And hopes and fears give conscience all her pow'r,
As in the dying parent dies the child,
Virtue with immortality expires.
Who tells me he denies his soul immortal,
Whate'er his boast, has told me, he's a knave.
His duty, 'tis to love himself alone,
Nor care, tho' mankind perish, if he smiles.
And are there such?—Such candidates there are
For more than death; for utter loss of being;
Is it in words to paint you? O ye fall'n!
Fall'n from the wings of reason, and of hope!
Erect in stature, prone in appetite!
Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain!
Boasters of liberty, fast-bound in chains!
More senseless than th' irrationals you scorn!
Far more undone! O ye most infamous
Of beings, from superior dignity!
And are you, too, convinc'd, your souls fly off
In exhalation soft, and die in air,
From the full flood of evidence against you?
In the course drudgeries, and sinks of sense,
Your souls have quite worn out the make of heav'n
By vice new-cast, and creatures of your own.

§ 231. *Free-thinking.*

This is free-thinking, unconfin'd to parts,
To send the soul, on curious travel bent,
Thro' all the provinces of human thought,
To dart her flight thro' the whole sphere of man;

To

To look on truth unbroken, and entire;
Truth in the system, the full orb; where truths
By truths enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford
An arch-like, strong foundation, to support
Th' incumbent weight of absolute, complete
Conviction; here, the more we press, we stand
More firm; who most examine, most believe.
Parts, like half sentences, confound; the whole
Conveys the sense, and God is understood;
Who not in fragments writes to human race;
Read his whole volume, sceptic! then, reply.
This, this is thinking free, a thought that grasps
Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.
Turn up thine eyes, survey this midnight scene;
What are earth's kingdoms to you boundless orbs
Of human souls, one day, the destin'd range?
And what yon boundless orbs to godlike man?
Those numerous worlds that throng the firmament.
And ask more space in heaven, can roll at large
In man's capacious thought, and still have room
For ampler orbs, for new creations, there.
Can such a soul contract itself, to gripe
A point of no dimension, or no weight?
It can; it does: the world is such a point,
And of that point how small a part enslaves.
How small a part—of nothing, shall I say?
Why not? — friends, our chief treasure, how they drop?
How the world falls to pieces round about us,
And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!
What says this transportation of my friends?
It bids me love the place where now they dwell,
And scorn this wretched spot, they leave so poor.
Eternity's vast ocean lays before thee;
Give thy mind sea-room; keep it wide of earth,
That rock of souls immortal; cut thy cord;
Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call ev'ry wind;
Eye thy great Pole-star: make the land of life.

§ 232. *Rational and Animal Life.*

Two kinds of life has double-natur'd man,
And two of death; the last far more severe.
Life animal is nurtur'd by the sun;
Thrives on its bounties, triumphs in its beams.
Life rational subsists on higher food,
Triumphant in his beams who made the day.
When we leave that sun, and are left by this,
(The fate of all who die in stubborn guilt)
'Tis utter darkness; strictly, double death.
We sink by no judicial stroke of heav'n,
But nature's course; as sure as plummets fall.
If then that double death should prove thy lot,
Blame not the bowels of the Deity:
Man shall be blest, as far as man permits.
Not man alone, all rationals heav'n arms
With an illustrious, but tremendous, pow'r,
To counteract its own most gracious ends:
And this, of strict necessity, not choice.
That pow'r deny'd, men, angels, were no more
But passive engines, void of praise, or blame.
A nature rational implies the pow'r
Of being bless'd, or wretched, as we please;
Else idle reason would have nought to do;
And he that would be barr'd capacity
Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss.
Heav'n wills our happiness, allows our doom;
Invites us ardently; but not compels;
Man falls by man, if finally he falls;
And fall he must, who learns from death alone
The dreadful secret, — that he lives for ever.
Why this to thee? thee yet perhaps in doubt
Of second life: but wherefore doubtful still?
Eternal life is nature's ardent wish:
What ardently we wish, we soon believe:
Thy tardy faith declares that wish destroy'd:
What has destroy'd it?—shall I tell thee, what?
When fear'd the future, 'tis no longer wish'd,
And when unwish'd, we strive to disbelieve.

§ 233. *The Gospel.*

Instead of racking fancy, to refute,
Reform thy manners, and the truth enjoy. —
From purer manners, to sublimer faith,
Is nature's unavoidable ascent;
An honest deist, where the gospel shines,
Matur'd to nobler, in the Christian ends.
When that blest change arrives, e'en cast aside
This song superfluous; life immortal strikes
Conviction, in a flood of light divine.
A Christian dwells, like Uriel in the sun:
Meridian evidence puts doubt to flight;
And ardent hope anticipates the skies.
Read, and revere the sacred page; a page
Where triumphs immortality; a page
Which not the whole creation could produce;
Which not the conflagration shall destroy;
In nature's ruins not one letter lost:
'Tis printed in the minds of gods for ever.

§ 234. *The Mystery of a Future State, no Argument against it.*

Still seems it strange, that thou shouldst live for ever?
Is it less strange, that thou shouldst live at all?
This is a miracle; and that no more.
Who gave beginning, can exclude an end;
Deny thou art, then, doubt if thou shalt be.
A miracle, with miracles inclos'd,
Is man! and starts his faith at what is strange?
What less than wonders from the Wonderful?
What less than miracles from God can flow?
Admit a God, — that mystery supreme!
That cause uncaus'd! all other wonders cease;
Nothing is marvellous for him to do:
Deny him — all is mystery besides.
We nothing know, but what is marvellous:
Yet what is marvellous, we can't believe:
So weak our reason, and so great our God,
What most surprises in the sacred page,
Or full as strange, or stranger, must be true.
Faith is not reason's labor, but repose.

§ 235. *Hope.*

Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here;
Joy has her tears; and transport has her death;

Hope

Hope, like a cordial, innocent, tho' strong,
Man's heart, at once, inspirits and serenes;
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;
'Tis all our present state can safely bear,
Health to the frame! and vigor to the mind!
And to the modest eye chastis'd delight!
Like the fair summer-evening, mild, and sweet!
'Tis man's full cup; his paradise below!

§ 236. NIGHT VIII. *Worldly Pursuits.*

On life's gay stage, one inch above the grave,
The proud run up and down in quest of eyes:
The sensual, in pursuit of something worse;
The grave of gold; the politic, of pow'r;
And all, of other butterflies, as vain.
As eddies draw things frivolous, and light,
How is man's heart by vanity drawn in;
On the swift circle of returning toys,
Whirl'd, straw-like, round and round, and then ingulph'd,
Where gay delusion darkens to despair!

§ 237. *Human Life compared to the Ocean.*

Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
Death's capital! where most he domineers,
With all his chosen terrors frowning round,
Tho' lately feasted high at Albion's cost,
Wide op'ning, and loud roaring still for more!
Too faithful mirror! how dost thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life!
The strong resemblance tempts me farther still!
And, haply, Britain may be deeper struck
By moral truth, in such a mirror seen,
Which nature holds for ever at her eye.
Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
When young, with sanguine cheer and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;
All in some darling enterprise embark'd:
But where is he can fathom its event?
Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite! her lawful prize!
Some steer aright: but the black blast blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof
Full against wind, and tide, some win their way;
And when strong effort has deserv'd the port,
And togg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!
They strike; and, while they triumph, they expire.
In stress of weather, most: some sink outright;
O'er them and o'er their names the billows close;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born:
Others a short memorial leave behind;
Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulph'd,
It floats a moment, and is seen no more;
One Cæsar lives, a thousand are forgot.
How few beneath auspicious planets born,
With swelling sails make good the promis'd port,
With all their wishes freighted! Yet even these,
Freighted with all their wishes, soon complain:
They still are men; and when is man secure?
As fatal time as storm! the rush of years
Beats down their strength: their numberless escapes
In ruin end. and now their proud success
But plants new terrors on the victor's brow:
What pain to quit the world just made their own,
Their nest so deeply down'd, and built so high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

§ 238. *The Love of Distinction.*

Ambition! pleasure! let us talk of these:
Dost grasp at greatness? first know what it is:
Think'st then thy greatness in distinction lies?
Not in the feather, wave it e'er so high,
Is glory lodg'd: 'tis lodg'd in the reverse;
In that which joins, in that which equals all,
The monarch, and his slave—"A deathless soul,
Unbounded prospect, and immortal kin,
A father God, and brothers in the skies!"
We wisely strip the steed we mean to buy:
Judge we, in their caparisons, of men?
It nought avails thee, where, but what thou art;
All the distinctions of this little life
Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man:
When thro' death's straight scarth's subtile serpents creep,
Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown,
They leave their party-color'd robe behind,
All that now glitters, while they rear aloft
Their brazen crests, and hiss at us below:
How mean that snuff of glory fortune lights,
And death puts out! dost thou demand a test,
A test at once infallible and short,
Of real greatness? that man greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate or fame, who greatly dies:
High flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair.

§ 239. *Pleasure.*

Though somewhat disconcerted, steady still
To the world's cause, with half a face of joy,
Lorenzo cries, "Be, then, ambition cast;
Ambition's dearer far stands unimpeach'd.
Gay pleasure! proud ambition is her slave:
Who can resist her charms?"—Or, should? Lorenzo!
What mortal shall resist, where angels yield?
Pleasure's the mistress of etherial pow'rs;
Pleasure's the mistress of the world below:
How would all stagnate, but for pleasure's ray?
What is the pulse of this so busy world?
The love of pleasure: that, through ev'ry vein,
Throws motion, warmth; and shuts out death from life.
Tho' various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleasure's gay family holds all in chains.
Some most affect the black; and some the fair:
Whate'er the motive, pleasure is the mark:
For her the black assassin draws his sword;
For her, dark statesmen trim their midnight-lamp,
To which no single sacrifice may fall;
The Stoic proud, for pleasure, pleasure scorn'd;
For her, affliction's daughters grief indulge,

And

And find, or hope, a luxury in tears:
For her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy,
And, with an aim voluptuous, rush on death:
Thus universal her despotic pow'r.
Patron of pleasure? I thy rival am;
Pleasure, the purpose of my gloomy song.
Pleasure is nought but virtue's gayer name—
I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low:
Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flow'r.
The love of pleasure is man's eldest-born,
Born in his cradle, living to his tomb:
Wisdom, her younger sister, tho' more grave,
Was meant to minister, and not to mar
Imperial pleasure, queen of human hearts.

§ 240. *Rise of Pleasure.*

First, pleasure's birth, rise, strength, and grandeur see,
Brought forth by wisdom, nurs'd by discipline,
By patience taught, by perseverance crown'd,
She rears her head majestic; round her throne,
Erected in the bosom of the just,
Each virtue listed, from her manly guard:
For what are virtues? (formidable name!)
What, but the fountain, or defence of joy?
Great legislator! scarce so great as kind!
If men are rational, and love delight,
Thy gracious law but flatters human choice:
In the transgression lies the penalty;
And they the most indulge, who most obey.

§ 241. *The End of Pleasure.*

Of pleasure, next, the final cause explore;
Its mighty purpose, its important end.
Not to turn human brutal, but to build
Divine on human, pleasure came from heav'n:
In aid to reason was the goddess sent,
To call up all its strength by such a charm,
Pleasure first succours virtue; in return,
Virtue gives pleasure an eternal reign.
What, but the pleasure of food, friendship, faith,
Supports life natural, civil, and divine?
It serves ourselves, our species, and our God;
Glide then for ever, pleasure's sacred stream!
Through Eden as Euphrates ran, it runs,
And fosters ev'ry growth of happy life;
Makes a new Eden where it flows.

§ 242. *Virtue and Piety.*

"Is virtue, then, and piety the same?"
No:—piety is more; 'tis virtue's source;
Mother of ev'ry worth, as that of joy,
With piety begins all good on earth;
Conscience, her first law broken, wounded lies;
Enfeebled, lifeless, impotent to good,
A feign'd affection bounds her utmost power.
Some we can't love, but for the Almighty's sake;
A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man.
On piety, humanity is built;
And, on humanity much happiness
And yet still more on piety itself,
A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;
A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;
A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
Each branch of piety delight inspires:
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er Death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;
Pray'r ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory, on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.
Who worships the great God, that instant joins
The first in heav'n, and sets his foot on hell.

§ 243. *Resources of a Dejected Mind.*

Art thou dejected? is thy mind o'ercast?
Thy gloom to chase, go, fix some weighty truth; [good;
Chain down some passion; do some gen'rous
Teach ignorance to see; or grief to smile!
Correct thy friend; befriend thy greatest foe;
Or, with warm heart, and confidence divine,
Spring up, and lay strong hold on him who made thee—
Thy gloom is scatter'd, sprightly spirits flow;
Tho' wither'd is thy vine, and harp unstrung.
Dost call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,
Loud mirth, mad laughter? wretched comforters,
Physicians! more than half of thy disease,
Laughter, tho' never censur'd yet as sin,
Is half-immoral. Is it much indulg'd?
By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,
It shows a scorner, or it makes a fool;
And sins, as hurting others, or ourselves.
The house of laughter makes a house of woe:
What cause for triumph, where such ills abound?
What for dejection, where presides a pow'r,
Who call'd us into being to be bless'd?
So grieve, as conscious grief may rise to joy;
So joy, as conscious joy to grief may fall:
Most true; a wise man never will be sad;
But neither will sonorous, bubbling mirth
A shallow stream of happiness betray;
Too happy to be sportive, he 's serene.
Retire, and read thy bible, to be gay.
Their truths abound of sov'reign aid to peace:
Ah! do not prize them less, because inspir'd;
If not inspir'd, that pregnant page had stood,
Time's treasure! and the wonder of the wise!
But these, thou think'st are gloomy paths to joy.
True joy in sunshine ne'er was found at first:
They first, themselves offend, who greatly please,
And travel only gives us sound repose.
Heaven sells all pleasure; effort is the price;
The joys of conquest are the joys of man;
And glory the victorious laurels spreads
O'er pleasure's pure, perpetual, placid stream.

§ 244. *A Man of Pleasure is a Man of Pains.*

There is a time, when toil must be preferr'd,
Or joy, by mistim'd fondness is undone.
A man of pleasure is a man of pains.
Thou wilt not take the trouble to be bless'd.
False

False joys, indeed, are born from want of thought;
From thoughts full bent, and energy, the true;
And that demands a mind in equal poise,
Remote from gloomy grief, and glaring joy.
Much joy not only speaks small happiness,
But happiness that shortly must expire:
Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, stand?
And in a tempest can reflection live?
Can joy like thine secure itself an hour?
Can joy like thine meet accident unshock'd,
Or ope the door to honest poverty?
Or talk with threat'ning death, and not turn pale?
In such a world, and such a nature, these
Are needful fundamentals of delight:
These fundamentals give delight indeed;
Delight, pure, delicate, and durable;
Delight, unshaken, masculine, divine;
A constant, and a sound, but serious joy.
Is joy the daughter of severity?
It is: yet far my doctrine from severe:
"Rejoice for ever;" it becomes a man;
Exalts, and sets him nearer to the gods:
"Rejoice for ever." Nature cries, "Rejoice;"
And drinks to man, in her nectareous cup,
Mix'd up of delicates for ev'ry sense;
To the great Founder of the bounteous feast
Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praise:
And he that will not pledge her, is a churl.
Ill firmly to support, good fully taste,
Is the whole science of felicity.
Yet sparing pledge; her bowl is not the best
Mankind can boast: A rational repast;
Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
A military discipline of thought,
To foil temptation in the doubtful field;
An ever-waking ardor for the right,
'Tis these first give, then guard a cheerful heart.
Nought that is right, think little; well aware,
What reason bids, God bids: by his command,
How aggrandis'd the smallest thing we do!
Thus nothing is insipid to the wise;
To thee insipid all, but what is mad;
Joys season'd high, and tasting strong of guilt.

§ 245. *Earthly Happiness.*

Consistent wisdom ever wills the same;
Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing.
Sick of her-self is folly's character;
As wisdom's is a modest self applause.
A change of evils is thy good supreme;
Nor, but in motion, canst thou find thy rest.
Man's greatest strength is shown in standing still:
The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
False pleasure from abroad her joys imports;
Rich from within, and self-sustain'd, the true:
The true is fix'd, and solid, as a rock;
Slipp'ry the false, and tossing, as the wave:
'Tis love o'erflowing makes an angel here;
Such angels all, entitled to repose
On him who governs fate. Tho' tempest frowns,
Tho' nature shakes, how soft to lean on heav'n!
To lean on Him on whom archangels lean!
With inward eyes, and silent as the grave;
They stand collecting ev'ry beam of thought,
Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;
For all their thoughts like angels seen of old
In Israel's dreams, come from and go to heav'n:
Hence are they studious of sequester'd scenes,
While noise and dissipation comfort thee.

§ 246. *Joy.*

Vain are all sudden sallies of delight;
Convulsions of a weak, distemper'd joy.
Joy 's a fix'd state; a tenor, not a start;
Bliss there is none, but unprecarious bliss:
That is the gem; sell all, and purchase that.
Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives,
And makes it as immortal as herself:
To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.

§ 247. *Follies of Imagination.*

In this is seen imagination's guilt; [thee,
But who can count her follies? She betrays
To think in grandeur there is something great.
For works of curious art, and antient fame,
Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd;
And foreign climes must cater for thy taste.
Hence what disaster!—Tho' the price was paid,
That persecuting priest, the Turk of Rome
Detain'd thy dinner on the Latian shore;
And your magnificence is starv'd to death.
Hence, just resentment, indignation, ire!—

§ 248. *Pleasure consists in Goodness.*

Pleasure, we both agree, is man's chief good;
Our only contest, what deserves the name? [pass'd
Give pleasure's name to nought, but what has
Th' authentic seal of reason, which defies
The tooth of time; when past a pleasure still;
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
Our future, while it forms our present joy.
Some joys the future overcast; and some
Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb:
Some joys endear eternity: some give [tomb:
Abhorr'd annihilation dreadful charms.
Are rival joys contending for thy choice?
Consult thy whole existence, and be safe;
That oracle will put all doubt to flight:
Be good,—and let heav'n answer for the rest.
Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant,
In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
The good man has his clouds that intervene;
Clouds that obscure his sublunary day,
But never conquer. Ev'n the best must own,
Patience and resignation are the pillars
Of human peace on earth: remote from thee;
Till this heroic lesson thou hast learn'd;
To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain,
Fir'd at the prospect of unclouded bliss.
Heav'n in reversion, like the sun as yet
Beneath the th' horizon, cheers us in this world;
It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,
The glorious dawn of our eternal day.
Now see the man immortal; him, I mean,
Who lives as such; whose heart, full bent on heav'n,

Leads

Leans all that way his bias to the stars.
The world's dark shades, in contrast set, shall raise
His lustre more; tho' bright, without a soil.
Observe his awful portrait, and admire·
Nor stop at wonder; imitate and live.

§ 249. *Picture of a Good Man.*

With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wand'ring herd! he sees
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverse in all; what higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?
The present all their care; the future, his:
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame; his bounty he conceals:
Their virtues varnish nature; his exalt:
Theirs, their wild chace of false felicities;
His, the compos'd possession of the true:
Alike throughout is his consistent peace,
All of one color, and an even thread;
While party-color'd shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows
The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.
He sees with other eyes than theirs; where they
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity;
What makes them only smile, makes him adore;
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees;
An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain:
They things terrestrial worship, as divine;
His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound:
Titles and honors (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity:
They triumph in externals (which conceal
Man's real glory) proud of an eclipse;
He nothing thinks so great in man, as man;
Too dear he holds his interest, to neglect;
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their int'rest, like a lion's, lives on prey:
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heav'n,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe;
Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace:
A cover'd heart their character defends;
A cover'd heart denies him half his praise:
With nakedness his innocence agrees;
While their broad foliage testifies their fall:
Their no joys end, where his full feast begins;
His joys create, theirs murder, future bliss:
To triumph in existence, his alone;
And his alone, triumphantly to think
His true existence is not yet begun:
His glorious course was, yesterday, complete;
Death then was welcome, yet life still is sweet.

§ 250. *The Fall of the Good Man.*

But nothing charms, Lorenzo, like the firm,
Undaunted breast: —And whose is that high praise?
They yield to pleasure, tho' they danger brave,
And show no fortitude, but in the field;
If there they show it, 'tis for glory shown:
Nor will that cordial always man their hearts:
A cordial his sustains, that cannot fail:
By pleasure unsubdu'd, unbroke by pain,
He shares in that omnipotence he trusts:
All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls,
And, when he falls, writes *VICI* on his shield;
From magnanimity, all fear above:
From nobler recompence, above applause

§ 251. *Wit and Wisdom.*

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste! —
'Tis precious, as the vehicle of sense;
But, as its substitute, a dire disease:
Pernicious talent! flatter'd by mankind,
Yet hated too; they think the talent rare.
Wisdom is rare, Lorenzo! wit abounds;
Passion can give it; sometimes win inspires
The lucky flash; and madness rarely fails.
Whatever cause the spirit strongly stirs,
Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown;
Chance often hits it; and, to pique thee more,
See dullness blund'ring on vivacities.
But wisdom, awful wisdom! which inspects,
Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,
Seises the right, and holds it to the last!
How rare! In senates, synods, sought in vain;
Or, if there found, 'tis sacred to the few.
While a loud prostitute to multitudes,
Frequent as fatal, wit. In civil life,
Wit makes an enterpriser; sense, a man:
Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume;
The plume exposes, 'tis our helmet saves:
Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound;
When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam;
Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still:
Wit, widow'd of good sense, is worse than nought;
It hoists more sail to run against a rock.
How ruinous the rock I warn thee shun,
Where syrens sit, to sing thee to thy fate!
Let not the cooings of the world allure thee;
Which of her lovers ever found her true?
Happy! of this bad world how little know;
She gives but little; nor that little, long.
There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse;
A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,
That mantles high, that sparkles and expires,
Leaving the soul more vapid than before;
An animal ovation! such as holds
No commerce with our reason, but subsists
On juices thro' the well-tun'd tubes, well-strain'd;
A nice machine! scarce ever tun'd aright;
But when it jars, the syrens sing no more,
The demi-god is thrown beneath the man;
In coward gloom immers'd, or fell despair.

§ 252. *False Gaiety ends in Despair.*

They grin; but wherefore? and how long they laugh?
Half ignorance, their mirth; and half a lie·
To cheat the world, and cheat themselves, they smile.
Hard either task! The most abandon'd own,
That others, if abandon'd, are undone:
Then, for themselves, the moment reason wakes,
O how laborious is their gaiety!
They scarce can muster patience for the farce;
And pump sad laughter, till the curtain falls:
Scarce, did I say? Some cannot sit it out;
Oft their own daring hands the curtain draw,
And show us what their joy, by their despair.
The clotted hair! gor'd breast! blaspheming eye!
Its impious fury still alive in death!
Shut, shut the shocking scene.—But heav'n denies
A cover to such guilt; and so should man.
Look round, Lorenzo! see the reeking blade;
Th' envenom'd phial, and the fatal ball;
The strangling cord, and suffocating stream;
The loathsome rottenness and foul decays
From raging riot (slower suicides!),
And pride in these, more execrable still!—
How horrid all to thought!—But horrors, these,
That vouch the truth, and aid my feeble song.

§ 253. Night IX. *Reflections on Death.*

Where the prime actors of the last year's scene;
Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume?
How many sleep, who kept the world awake
With lustre, and with noise? Has Death proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his sated lance on high?
'Tis brandish'd still; nor shall the present year
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.
But needless monuments to wake the thought;
Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality,
Tho' in a style more florid, full as plain,
As mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs.
What are our noblest ornaments, but deaths
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble,
The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene;
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.
"Profest diversions! cannot these escape?"
Far from it; these present us with a shroud,
And talk of death, like garlands o'er the grave.
As some bold plunderers, for buried wealth,
We ransack tombs for pastime; from the dust
Call up the sleeping hero; bid him tread
The scene for our amusement: how like gods
We sit; and, wrapt in immortality,
Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget our own!

§ 254. *The World a Grave.*

What is the world itself? thy world?—a grave?
Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread:
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons:
O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
Whole buried towns support the dancer's heel:
The moist of human frame the sun exhales;
Winds scatter, thro' the mighty void, the dry;
Earth re-possesses part of what she gave,
And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire;
Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils;
As nature wide, our ruins spread: man's death
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.

§ 255. *The Triumphs of Death.*

Nor man alone; his breathing bust expires;
His tomb is mortal; empires die; Where now
The Roman? Greek? They stalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this useful light;
Tho' half our learning is their epitaph.
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
O Death! I stretch my view; what visions rise!
What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!
In wither'd laurels, glide before my sight!
What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
With human agitation, roll along
In unsubstantial images of air!
The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
Whisp'ring faint echoes of the world's applause,
With penitential aspect, as they pass,
All point at earth, and hiss at human pride.

§ 256. *Deluge and Conflagration.*

But, O Lorenzo! far the rest above,
Of ghastly nature, and enormous size,
One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,
And shakes my frame: of one departed world
I see the mighty shadow; oozy wreath
And dismal sea-weed crown her; o'er her urn
Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated realms,
And bloated sons; and, weeping, prophesies
Another's dissolution, soon, in flames.
Deluge and Conflagration, dreadful pow'rs!
Prime ministers of vengeance! chain'd in caves
Distinct, apart the giant-furies roar;
Apart; or, such their horrid rage for ruin,
In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage
Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd:
But not for this ordain'd their boundless rage;
When heaven's inferior instruments of wrath,
War, famine, pestilence, are found too weak
To scourge a world for her enormous crimes;
These are let loose, alternate: down they rush,
Swift and tempestous, from th' eternal throne,
With irresistible commission arm'd,
The world, in vain corrected, to destroy,
And ease creation of the shocking scene.

§ 257. *The Last Day.*

Seest thou, Lorenzo! what depends on man?
The fate of nature; as, for man, her birth:
Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,
And make creation groan with human guilt:
How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd;
But not of waters? at the destin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
See, all the formidable sons of fire,

Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines; all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines; and take by storm
This poor terrestrial citadel of man.
Amazing period! when each mountain-height
Out-burns Vesuvius: rocks eternal pour
Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd:
Stars rush; and final Ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation!—while aloft
More than astonishment! if more can be!
Far other firmament than e'er was seen,
Than e'er was thought by man! far other stars!
Stars animate, that govern these of fire:
Far other sun!—A sun, O how unlike
The babe at Bethlem! How unlike the man
That groan'd on Calvary!—Yet, He it is;
That man of sorrows! O how chang'd! What
In grandeur terrible, all heaven descend! [pomp!
A swift archangel, with his Golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace
The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside:
And now, all dross remov'd, heav'ns own pure day,
Full on the confines of our ether, flames.
While (dreadful contrast!) far, how far beneath!
Hell bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,
And storms sulphureous: her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey. [peace,
At midnight, when mankind is wrapp'd in
And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams,
Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more,
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!
All nature struggling in the pangs of death!
Dost thou not hear her? dost thou not deplore
Her strong convulsions, and her final groan?
Where are we now? Ah me! the ground is gone,
On which we stood! Lorenzo! while thou mayst,
Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!
Where? how? from whence? Vain hope! it is too late!
Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,
When consternation turns the good man pale?
Great day! for which all other days were made;
For which earth rose from chaos: man from earth;
And an Eternity, the date of Gods,
Descended on poor-earth created man!
Great day of dread, decision, and despair!
At thought of thee, each sublunary wish
Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;
And catches at each reed of hope in heav'n.
Already is begun the grand assize,
In us, in all: deputed conscience scales
The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom;
Forestalls; and by forestalling, proves it sure.
Why on himself should man void judgement pass?
Is idle nature laughing at her sons?
Who conscience sent, her sentence will support,
And God above assert that God in man.

§ 258. *Thoughtlessness of the last Day.*

Thrice happy they, that enter now the court
Heav'n opens in their bosoms: but, how rare?
Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!
What hero, like the man who stands himself,
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone?
Who hears intrepid the full charge it brings,
Resolv'd to silence future murmers there?
The coward flies; and, flying, is undone.
Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,
For that great day, which was ordain'd for man?
O day of consummation! mark supreme
(If men are wise) of human thought! nor least,
Or in the sight of angels, or their King!
Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,
As in a theatre surround this scene
Intent on man and anxious for his fate,
Angels look out for thee; for thee, their Lord,
To vindicate his glory; and for thee,
Creation universal calls aloud,
To disinvolve the moral world, and give
To nature's renovation brighter charms.
Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?
I think of nothing else: I see! I feel it!
All nature, like an earthquake, trembling round!
I see the Judge enthron'd! the flaming guard!
The volume open'd! open'd ev'ry heart!
A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought!
No patron! intercessor none! now past
The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!
For guilt no plea! to pain no pause! no bound!
Inexorable, all! and all extreme!
Nor man alone: the foe of God and man,
From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,
And rears his brazen front, with thunder scarr'd;
Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll
His baleful eyes! he curses whom he dreads,
And deems it the first moment of his fall,

§ 259. *Eternity and Time.*

'Tis present to my thought!—And, yet, where is it?
Say, Thou great close of human hopes and fears!
Great key of hearts! great finisher of fates!
Great end! and great beginning! say, where art
Art thou in time, or in eternity? [Thou?
Nor in eternity, nor time, I find thee!
These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet
(Monarchs of all claps'd, or un-arriv'd!)
As in debate, how best their pow'rs ally'd,
May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,
Of him, whom both their monarchies obey.
Time, this vast fabric for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall) now bursting o'er his head;
His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd, calls his sons
From their long slumber; from earth's heaving womb
To second birth; upstarting from one bed;
He turns them o'er, eternity! to thee:
Then (as a king depos'd disdains to live)
He falls on his own scythe; nor falls alone;
His greatest foe falls with him; time, and he
Who murder'd all time's offspring, death, expire.
Time was! eternity now reigns alone!
And lo! her twice ten thousand gates thrown wide,
With banners, streaming as the comets blaze,
And clarions, louder than the deep in storms,
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and pow'rs,

Of light, of darkness: in a middle field,
Wide as creation! there to mark th' event
Of that great drama, whose preceeding scenes
Detain'd them close spectators, thro' a length
Of ages, rip'ning to this grand result;
Ages, as yet unnumber'd but by God;
Who, now, pronouncing sentence, vindicates
The rights of virtue, and his own renown.
Eternity, the various sentence past,
Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,
Sulphureous or ambrosial: What ensues?
The goddess, with determin'd aspect, turns
Her adamantine key's enormous size
Thro' destiny's inextricable wards,
Deep-driving ev'ry bolt; on both their fates;
Then from the crystal battlements of heav'n,
Down, down, she hurl-it thro' the dark profound,
Ten thousand thousand fathom; there to rust,
And ne'er unlock her resolution more.
The deep resounds, and hell, thro' all her glooms,
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.

§ 260. *The unreasonableness of Complaint.*

What then am I? —
Amidst applauding worlds,
And worlds celestial, is there found on earth,
A peevish, dissonant, rebellious string,
Which jars in the grand chorus, and complains?
All, all is right, by God ordain'd, or done;
And who, but God, resum'd the friends he gave?
And have I been complaining, then, so long? —
Complaining of his favors; pain, and death?
Who without pain's advice would e'er be good?
Who without death, but would be good in vain?
Pain is to save from pain! all punishment,
To make for peace! and death to save from death!
And second death to guard immortal life;
To rouse the careless, the presumptuous awe,
And turn the tide of souls another way;
By the same tenderness divine ordain'd,
That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd for man,
A fairer Eden, endless in the skies.

§ 261. *Grief and Joy.*

Let impious grief be banish'd, joy indulg'd,
But chiefly then, when grief puts in her claim:
Joy from the joyous, frequently betrays,
Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe:
Joy amidst ills, corroborates, exalts;
'Tis joy and conquest; joy, and virtue too:
A noble fortitude in ills, delights
Heav'n, earth, our-selves; 'tis duty, glory, peace.
Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray:
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man:
Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,
And virtue in calamities, admire.
The crown of manhood is a winter joy:
An ever-green, that stands the northern blast,
And blossoms in the rigor of our fate.

§ 262. *Night.*

——O Majestic Night!
Nature's great ancestor! day's elder-born
And fated to survive the transient sun!
A starry cloud thy raven-brow adorns,
An azure zone, thy waist; clouds, in heav'n's loom,
Wrought thro' varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form, and, heav'n through-out,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train:
Thy gloomy grandeurs claim a grateful verse,
And, like a sable curtain starr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labors past, shall close the scene.

§ 263. *Regularity of the Heavenly Bodies.*

Nor think thou seest a wild disorder here;
Thro' this illustrious chaos, to the sight,
Arrangement neat, the chastest order, reign.
The path prescrib'd, inviolably kept,
Upbraids the lawless sallies of mankind:
Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;
They rove for ever, without error rove:
Confusion unconfus'd! nor less admire
This tumult untumultuous: all on wing,
In motion, all! yet what profound repose!
What fervid action, yet no noise! as aw'd
To silence by the presence of their Lord;
Or hush'd, by his command, in love to man,
And bid let fall soft beams on human rest,
Restless themselves. On yon cerulean plain,
In exultation to their God and thine,
They dance, they sing eternal jubilee,
Eternal celebration of his praise:
But since their song arrives not at our ear,
Their dance perplex'd exhibits to the sight
Fair hieroglyphic of his peerless power:
Mark, how, the labyrinthian turns they take,
The circles intricate, and mystic maze,
Weave the grand cypher of Omnipotence;
To Gods, how great! how legible to man!

§ 264. *Miracles.*

And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles,
To give his tott'ring faith a solid base:
Why call for less than is already thine?
Say, which imports more plenitude of power,
Or nature's laws to fix, or to repeal?
To make a sun, or stop his mid-career?
To countermand his orders, and send back
The flaming courier to the frighted east,
Or bid the moon, as with her journey tir'd,
In Ajalon's soft, flow'ry vale repose?
Great things are these; still greater, to create.
From Adam's low'r look down thro' the whole
Of miracles; — resistless is their pow'r? [train
They do not, cannot, more amaze the mind,
Than this, call'd un-miraculous survey.
Say'st thou, "The course of nature governs all?"
The course of nature is the art of God:
The miracles thou call'st for, this attest;
For, say, could nature nature's course control?

§ 265. *Nature the Foe of Scepticism.*

Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,
And let in manhood; let in happiness;
Admit the boundless theatre of thought
From nothing up to God; which makes a man:
Take God from nature, nothing great is left:

Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing sees:
Emerge from thy profound; erect thine eye;
See thy distress! how close art thou besieg'd?
Besieg'd by nature, the proud sceptic's foe!
Inclos'd by these innumerable worlds,
Sparkling conviction on the darkest mind,
As in a golden net of providence,
How art thou caught! sure captive of belief!
From this thy blest captivity, what art,
What blasphemy to reason sets thee free?
This scene is heaven's indulgent violence:
Canst thou bear up against the tide of glory?
What is earth bosom'd in the ambient orbs,
But faith in God impos'd, and press'd on man?
God is a spirit; spirit cannot strike
These gross, material, organs; God by man
As much is seen, as man a God can see,
In these astonishing exploits of power:
What order, beauty, motion, distance, size!
Apt means! great ends! consent to general good!
Each attribute of these material gods,
A separate conquest gains o'er rebel thought;
And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.

§ 266. *Reasons for Belief.*

"What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know,
But that I am; and, since I am, conclude
Something eternal: had there e'er been nought,
Nought still had been: eternal there must be:
But what eternal?—Why not human race;
And Adam's ancestors without an end?
That's hard to be conceiv'd; since every link
Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail;
Can every part depend, and not the whole?
Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise; [too?
Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—eternal
Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs
Would want some other father:—much design
Is seen in all their motions, all their makes:
Design implies intelligence, and art:
That can't be from themselves, or man: that art
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?
And nothing greater, yet allow'd, than man.—
Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot thro' vast masses of enormous weight?
Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
Has matter innate motion? Then each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form an universe of dust:
Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms, [pos'd?
And boundless flights, from shapeless, and re-
Has matter more than motion? has it thought,
Judgement, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd
In mathematics? Has it fram'd such laws,
Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal?
If so, how each sage atom laughs at me,
Who think a clod inferior to a man!
If art, to form; and council, to conduct;
And that with greater far than human skill;
Resides not in each block,—a Godhead reigns.—
Grant then, invisible, eternal, mind;
That granted, all is solved.—But, granting that,
Draw I not o'er me still a darker cloud?
Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive?
A being without origin, or end!
Hail, human liberty! There is no God.
Yet why? on either scheme the knot subsists:
Subsist it must, in God, or human race:
If in the last, how many knots beside,
Indissoluble all?—why choose it there,
Where, chosen, still subsist ten thousand more?
Reject it; where that chosen, all the rest
Dispers'd, leave reason's whole horizon clear?
What vast preponderance is here! Can reason
With louder voice exclaim—Believe a God?
What things impossible must man think true,
On any other system? and how strange
To disbelieve, through mere credulity!"

§ 267. *The Power of God infinite.*

Can man conceive beyond what God can do?
Nothing, but quite-impossible, is hard;
He summons into being, with like ease,
A whole creation, and a single grain. [born!—
Speaks he the word? a thousand worlds are
A thousand worlds? there's space for millions
And in what space can his great fiat fail? [more;
Still seems my thought enormous? Think again;—
Experience self shall aid thy lame belief:
Glasses (that revelation to the sight!)
Have they not led us deep in the disclose
Of fine-spun nature, exquisitely small;
And, tho' demonstrated, still ill-conceiv'd?
If, then, on the reverse, the mind would mount
In magnitude, what mind can mount too far,
To keep the balance, and creation poise?
Stupendous Architect! Thou, Thou art all!
My soul flies up and down in thoughts of Thee,
And finds herself but at the centre still!
I Am, thy name! existence all thine own!
Creation's nothing; flatter'd much, if styl'd
"The thin, the fleeting atmosphere of God."

§ 268. *The World sufficient for Man. Contemplation of the Heavens.*

Yet why drown fancy in such depths as these?
Return, presumptuous rover! and confess
The bounds of man: nor blame them, as too small:
Enjoy we not full scope in what is seen?
Full ample the dominions of the sun!
Full glorious to behold! how far, how wide,
The matchless monarch from his flaming throne,
Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him,
Farther and faster, than a thought can fly,
And feeds his planets, with eternal fires?
Beyond this city, why strays human thought?
One wonderful, enough for man to know!
One firmament enough for man to read!
Nor is instruction, here, our only gain;
There dwells a nobler pathos in the skies,
Which warms our passions, proselytes our hearts:
How eloquently shines the glowing pole!
With what authority it gives its charge,
Remonstrating great truths in style sublime.
Tho'

Tho' silent, loud! heard earth around, above
The planets heard; and not unheard in hell;
Hell has its wonder, tho' too proud to praise.
Divine instructor! thy first volume, this,
For man's perusal; all in capitals!
In moon and stars (heaven's golden alphabet!)
Emblaz'd to seise the sight; who runs, may read;
Who reads, can understand: 'tis unconfin'd,
To Christian-land, or Jewry; fairly writ
In language universal, to mankind:
A language, lofty to the learn'd: yet plain,
To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough.
Or from its husk strike out the bounding grain!
A language, worthy the great mind that speaks!
Preface, and comment, to the sacred page!
Stupendous book of wisdom, to the wise!
Stupendous book! and open'd, Night! by thee.
By thee much open'd, I confess, O Night!
Yet more I wish; say, gentle Night! whose beams
Give us a new creation, and present
The world's great picture, soften'd to the sight;
Say, thou, whose mild dominion's silver key
Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view
Worlds without number, worlds conceal'd by day
Behind the proud, and envious star of noon!
Canst thou not draw a deeper scene?—and show
The mighty potentate, to whom belong
These rich regalia, pompously display'd?
O for a glimpse of him my soul adores!
As the chas'd hart, amid the desart waste, [her,
Pants for the living stream; for him who made
So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank
Of sublunary joys: say, goddess! where? [throne?
Where blaze his bright court; where burns his
Thou know'st; for thou art near him; by thee,
His grand pavilion, sacred fame reports, [round
The sable curtain's drawn, if not, can none
Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing,
Who travel far, discover where he dwells?
A star his dwelling pointed out below:
Say, ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,
On which hand must I bend my course to find
him?
These courtiers keep the secret of their king;
I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from
In ardent contemplation's rapid car, [them.
From earth, as from my barrier, I set out:
How swift I mount; diminish'd earth recedes;
I pass the moon; and, from her farther side,
Pierce heaven's blue curtain; pause at every planet,
And ask for him, who gives their orbs to roll.
From Saturn's ring, I take my bolder flight,
Amid those sovereign glories of the skies,
Of independent, native lustre, proud,
The souls of system!—What behold I now?
A wilderness of wonders burning round;
Where larger suns inherit higher spheres;
Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;
'Tis but the threshold of the Deity;
Or, far beneath it, I am grovelling still.

§ 269. *Man's Science the Culture of his Heart.*

'Tis not the curious, but the pious path,
That leads me to my point: Lorenzo! know,
Without, or star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worship God, shall find him: humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven;
Love finds admission, where proud science fails.
Man's science is the culture of his heart;
And not to lose his plummet in the depths
Of nature, or the more profound of God:
To fathom nature; (ill attempted here!)
Past doubt, is deep philosophy above;
Higher degrees in bliss archangels take,
As deeper learn'd; the deepest, learning still:
For, what a thunder of omnipotence
Is seen in all! in man! in earth! in skies!
Teaching this lesson, pride is loth to learn—
"Not deeply to discern, not much to know,
"Mankind was born to wonder and adore."

§ 270. *The Greatness of God inexpressible.*

"O what a root! O what a branch is here!
O what a father! what a family!
Worlds! systems! and creations!—and creations,
In one agglomerated cluster, hung,
Great Vine! on thee: on thee the cluster hangs;
The filial cluster! infinitely spread
In glowing globes, with various being fraught;
Or, shall I say (for who can say enough?)
A constellation of ten thousand gems,
Set in one signet, flames on the right-hand
Of majesty divine; the blazing seal,
That deeply stamps, on all created mind,
Indelible, his sovereign attributes
Omnipotence and love: nor stop we here,
For want of power in God, but thought in man.
If greater aught, that greater all is thine,
Dread Sire!—Accept this miniature of thee;
And pardon an attempt from mortal thought,
Inwhich archangels might have fail'd, unblam'd."

§ 271. *The Misery of Sin.*

O Thou, ambitious of disgrace alone?
Rank coward to the fashionable world!
Art thou asham'd to bend thy knee to heaven?
Not all these luminaries, quench'd at once,
Were half so sad, as one benighted mind,
Which gropes for happiness, and meets despair.
How, like a widow in her weeds, the night,
Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits!
How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps
Perpetual dews, and saddens nature's scene!
A scene more sad sin makes the darken'd soul;
All comfort kills, nor leaves one spark alive.

§ 272. *Reason.*

Tho' blind of heart, still open is thine eye;
Why such magnificence in all thou seest?
Of matter's grandeur, know, one end is this,
To tell the rational, who gazes on it—
Tho' that immensely great, still greater he,
Whose breast, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,
Unburthen'd, nature's universal scheme;
Can grasp creation with a single thought;
Creation grasp: and not exclude its sire—
To tell him farther—It behoves him much
To guard the important, yet depending, fate

Of being, brighter than a thousand suns;
One single ray of thought outshines them all.

§ 273. *Man.*

O Thou most awful being! and most vain!
Thy will, how frail! how glorious is thy power!
Tho' dread eternity has sown her seeds
Of bliss, and woe, in thy despotic breast;
Tho' heaven and hell depend upon thy thought,
A butterfly comes cross, and both are fled.
My solemn night-born adjuration hear:
Hear, and I'll raise thy spirit from the dust.

§ 274. *Death.*

By silence, death's peculiar attribute!
By darkness, guilt's inevitable doom:
By darkness, and by silence, sisters dread!
That draw the curtain round night's ebon throne,
And raise ideas, solemn as the scene:
By night, and all of awful, night presents
To thought, or sense, by these her trembling fires;
By these bright orators, that prove and praise,
And press thee to revere, the Deity:
Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd a while,
To reach his throne; as stages of the soul;
Thro' which, at different periods, she shall pass,
Refining gradual, for her final height:
And purging off some dross at every sphere:
By this dark pall thrown o'er the silent world:
By the world's kings, and kingdoms, most renown'd,
From short ambition's zenith set for ever;
By the long list of swift mortality,
From Adam downward to this evening's knell,
Which midnight waves in fancy's startled eye;
And shocks her with a hundred centuries
Round death's black banner throng'd, in human thought:
By thousands, now, resigning their last breath,
And calling thee — wert thou so wise to hear:
By tombs o'er tombs arising, human earth;
Ejected, to make room for — human earth;
By pompous obsequies, that shun the day,
The torch funereal, and the nodding plume,
Boast of our ruin! triumph of our dust!
By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones;
And the pale lamp, that shows the ghastly dead,
More ghastly thro' the thick-incumbent gloom!
By visits (if there are) from darker scenes,
The gliding spectre! and the groaning grove!
By groans and graves, and miseries that groan
For the grave's shelter: by desponding men,
Senseless to pains of death, from pangs of guilt:
By guilt's last audit: by yon moon in blood,
The rocking firmament, the falling stars,
And thunder's last discharge, great nature's knell!
By second chaos: and eternal night — [knell!
Be wise — nor let Philander blame my charm;
But own not ill-discharg'd my double debt,
Love to the living; duty to the dead.

§ 275. *Reflections on Sleep.*

But oh! — my spirit's fail! — sleep's dewy wand
Has strok'd my drooping lids to soft repose:
Haste, haste, sweet stranger! from the peasant's cot!
The ship-boy's hammock, or the soldier's straw,
Whence sorrow never chas'd thee: with thee bring
Not hideous visions, as of late; but draughts
Delicious of well-tasted, cordial, rest;
Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,
That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play,
The various movements of this nice machine.
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn;
Fresh we spin on, till sickness clogs our wheels,
Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.
When will it end with me! [know'st,
— Thou only know'st,
Thou, whose broad eye the future and the past
Joins to the present; thou, and thou alone,
All-knowing! — all unknown! and yet well known!
Thee, tho' invisible, for ever seen!
And seen in all the great, and the minute,
Each globe above, with its gigantic race,
Each flower, each leaf, with its small people swarm'd.
To the first thought, that asks, from whence? declare
Their common source, thou fountain running
In rivers of communicated joy! [o'er
Who gav'st us speech for far, far humbler themes!
Say, by what name shall I presume to call
Him I see burning in these countless suns,
As Moses in the bush? illustrious mind!
How shall I name Thee? — how my laboring soul
Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth!

§ 276 *Address to the Trinity.*

Great system of perfections! mighty cause
Of nature, that luxuriant growth of God,
Father of this immeasurable mass
Of matter multiform: mov'd, or at rest:
Father of these bright millions of the night!
Of which the least full Godhead had proclaim'd,
Father of matter's temporary lords!
Father of spirits! nobler offspring! sparks
Of high, paternal glory; rich-endow'd
With various measures, and with various modes
Of instinct, reason, intuition; beams
More pale, or bright from day divine, that raise
Each over other in superior light,
Till the last ripens into lustre strong
Of next approach to Godhead: Father kind
Of intellectual beings; beings blest
With powers to please thee: not of passive ply
To laws they know not; beings lodg'd in seats
Of well adapted joys; in different domes
Of this imperial palace for thy sons.
Or, oh! indulge, immortal King! indulge
A title, less august indeed, but more
Endearing; ah! how sweet in human ears!
Father of immortality to man!
And thou the next! yet equal! thou, by whom
That blessing was convey'd; far more! was bought;
Ineffable the price! by whom all worlds
Were made, and one redeem'd! illustrious light
From light illustrious! Thou, whose regal power,
On more than adamantine basis fix'd,
O'er more, far more, than diadems and thrones
Inviolably

Inviolably reigns: beneath whose foot
And by the mandate of whose awful nod,
All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,
Of high, of low, of mind, and matter roll
Through the short channels of expiring time,
Or shoreless ocean of eternity,
In absolute subjection!—and, O Thou
The glorious third! distinct, not separate,
Beaming from both! incorporate with dust!
By condescension, as thy glory, great;
Inshrin'd in man! of human hearts, if pure,
Divine inhabitant! the tie divine
Of heaven with distant earth!—mysterious pow'r!
Reveal'd,—yet unreveal'd! darkness in light!
Number in unity! our joy! our dread!
Tri-une, unutterable, inconceiv'd,
Absconding yet demonstrable, great God!
Greater than greatest! with soft pity's eye,
From thy bright home, from that high firmament,
Where thou, from all eternity, hast dwelt;
Beyond archangels unassisted ken,
Thro' radiant ranks of essences unknown;
Thro' hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd,
Round various banners of omnipotence,
With endless change of rapturous duties fir'd;
Thro' wond'rous beings interposing swarms;
All clustring at the call, to dwell in thee:
Thro' this wide waste of worlds—look down—
down—down,
On a poor breathing particle in dust,
Or, lower, an immortal in his crimes:
His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues too!
Those smaller faults; half-converts to the right.
Nor let me close these eyes, which never more
May see the sun (tho' night's descending scale
Now weighs up morn) unpity'd and unblest!
In thy displeasure dwells eternal pain;
And, since all pain is terrible to man,
Gently, ah, gently, lay me in my bed,
My clay-cold bed! by nature, now, so near!
And when (the shelter of thy wing implor'd)
My senses, sooth'd, shall sink in soft repose;
O sink this truth still deeper in my soul,
Man's sickly soul, tho' turn'd, and toss'd for ever,
From side to side, can rest on nought but thee,
Here, in full trust; hereafter, in full joy.
Thou God and mortal! thence more God to man!
Thou canst not 'scape unjur'd from our praise,
Uninjur'd from our praise can'st he escape,
Who, disembosom'd from the Father, bows
The heaven of heavens, to kiss the distant earth!
Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul!
Against the cross, death's iron sceptre breaks!
Throws wide the gates celestial to his foes!
Their gratitude, for such a boundless debt,
Deputes their suffering brother to receive!
Injoins it as our duty, to rejoice!
And (to close all) omnipotently kind,
Takes his delights among the sons of men.
What words are these?—And did they come from heav'n?
And were they spoke to man? to guilty man?
What are all mysteries to love like this?
Rich prelibation of consummate joy!

§ 277. *Conclusion.*

THEN, farewell night? of darkness, now no more
Joy breaks, shines, triumphs; 'tis eternal day!
Shall that which rises out of nought complain,
Of a few evils, pay'd with endless joys?
My soul! henceforth, in sweetest union join
The two supports of human happiness,
Which some, erroneous, think can never meet;
True taste of life, and constant thought of death;
Thy patron, he, whose diadem has dropp'd
You gems of heav'n; eternity thy prize.
How must a spirit, late escap'd from earth,
The truth of things new-blazing in its eye,
Look back, astonish'd, on the ways of men,
Whose life's whole drift is to forget their graves!
And when our present privilege is past,
The same astonishment will seize us all.
What then must pain us, would preserve us now!
Seize wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise;
That is, seize wisdom, ere she seises thee:
For, what is hell? full knowledge of the truth,
When truth, resisted long, is sworn our foe;
And calls eternity to do her right.
Thus, darkness aiding intellectual light,
And sacred silence whispering truths divine,
And truths divine converting pain to peace,
My song the midnight raven has outwing'd,
And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes,
Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
Of fancy, when our hearts remain below?
Virtue abounds in flatterers and foes;
Lorenzo! rise, at this auspicious hour;
An hour, when heaven's most intimate with man;
When, like a falling star, the ray divine
Glides swift into the bosom of the just;
And just are all, determin'd to reclaim;
Which sets that title high within thy reach,
Awake, then, thy Philander calls, awake,
Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps:
When, like a taper, all these suns expire:
When time, like him of Gaza, in his wrath
Plucking the pillars that support the world,
In nature's ample ruins lies entomb'd;
And midnight, universal midnight! reigns.

§ 278. *Solitude.* Young.

O SACRED solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the Prudent! envy of the Great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace
(Strangers on earth) are innocence and peace:
There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, blest with health, with bus'ness unper-
This life we relish, and ensure the next. [plex'd,
There too the Muses sport; these numbers free,
Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.

§ 279. *The Day of Judgement.* Young.

Lo! the wide theatre, whose ample space
Must entertain the whole of human race,

At Heaven's all-powerful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
And ev'ry age and nation pours along;
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng;
Adam salutes his youngest son; no sign
Of all those ages which their births disjoin.
How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
What volumes have been swell'd, what time been spent,
To fix a hero's birth-day, or descent?
What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,
To see the glorious race of antient days?
To greet those worthies who perhaps have stood
Illustrious on record before the flood?
Alas! a nearer care your soul demands:
Cæsar unnoted in your presence stands.
How vast the concourse! not in number more
The waves that break on the resounding shore,
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above;
Those overwhelming armies, whose command
Said to one empire, fall; another, stand;
Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on;
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Canna's field,
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield,
(Another blow had broke the Fates decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy.)
Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's host,
They all are here, and here they all are lost:
Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.
This echoing voice now rends the yielding air:
"Forjudgement, judgement, sonsofmen, prepare!"
Earth shakes anew; I hear her groans profound,
And hell thro' all her trembling realms resound.
Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest pow'r of earth,
Blest with most equal planets at thy birth,
Whose valor drew the most successful sword,
Most realms united in one common lord;
Who on the day of triumph, said'st, Be thine
The skies, Jehovah, all this world is mine;
Dare not to lift thine eye — Alas, my Muse!
Howartthoulost! whatnumberscanst thouchoose?
A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
And now the crimson curtains open fly;
Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Whereheaven's greatSov'reign reigns in worlds of light.
Whence nature He informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,
Creates, supports, confounds! wheretimeandplace,
Matter, and form, and fortune, life, and grace,
Wait humbly at the footstool their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-suspended ball
(Speck of creation!): if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.
Thence issuing I behold (but mortal sight
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light!
I see on an empereal flying throne
Sublimely rais'd, Heaven's everlasting Son;
Crown'dwith that majestywhichform'dthe world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, dominion, praise, omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant Prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where'er serene he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find, a paradise:
But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world 's in flames.
On one hand, knowledge shines in purest light;
On one, the sword of justice, fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed;
Now tell the scourg'd Impostor he shall bleed!
Thus glorious, thro' the courts of heaven, the source
Of life and death eternal bends his course;
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play,
Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array;
Some touch the string, some strike the sounding shell;
And mingling voices in rich concert swell;
Voices seraphic! blest with such a strain,
Could Satan hear, he were a god again.
Triumphant King of Glory! Soul of bliss!
What a stupendous turn of fate is this!
O! whither art thou rais'd above the scorn
And indigence of him in Bethlem born;
A needless, helpless, unaccounted guest,
And but a second to the fodder'd beast!
Howchang'd frombim, who meeklyprostratelaid,
Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made!
From him who was betray'd, forsook, denied,
Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd, and died;
Hung, pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe;
Allheaven in tears above, earthunconcern'dbelow!
And was 't enough to bid the Sun retire?
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
I see, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;
The world is vanish'd — I am wholly thine.
Mistaken Caiaphas! ah! which blasphem'd,
Thou or thy pris'ner? which shall be condemn'd?
Well might'st thou rend thy garments, well ex-
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame! claim;
But God is good! 'tis wond'rous all! ev'n He
Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, died for thee.
Now the descending triumph stops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd two columns raise
Distinct with orient veins and golden blaze:
One fix'd on earth, and one in sea; and round
Its ample foot the swelling billows sound.
These an immeasurable arch support.
The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure from the purest sky,
Stream from the crystal arch, and round the columns fly.
Death, wrapt in chains, low at the basis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.
Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd
With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;

Stars

Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the sun burns beneath his awful feet.
Now an archangel eminently bright,
From off his silver staff of wond'rous height,
Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,
And shuts and opens more than half the skies:
The Cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain
Where'er it floats, on earth, and air, and main;
Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dyed ocean into blood.
Oh formidable Glory! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty sight!
Ah turn, unwary Muse, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not (to make the Sun shrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm, they wish it all a dream;
Wish or their souls may with their limbs decay,
Or God be spoil'd of his eternal sway.
But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold
How they with transport might the scene behold.
Ah how but by Repentance—by a mind
Quick and severe its own offence to find?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
And all the pious violence of pray'r?
Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I cast my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the skies surround,
For homage to its Lord a narrow bound: [weigh,
"O Thou! whose balance does the mountains
Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to flame,
That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;
Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
And on the bounties of thy goodness calls.
"O! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
To scatter wide, or bury in the deep:
Thy pow'r, my weakness, may I ever see,
And wholly dedicate my soul to thee!
Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow
At thy command, nor human motive know!
If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
And sin the graceful indignation raise.
My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.
O may my understanding ever read
This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made!
Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry pride?
Who calls forth Summer like a sparkling bride?
Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown?
And bids old Winter lay her honors down?
Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
Not Europe's arbitress of peace and war.
May sea and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd,
To bring th' eternal Author to my mind!
When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my soul!
When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
Adore, my heart, the Majesty divine!
Thro' ev'ry scene of life, or peace, or war,
Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care!
Shine we in arms or sing beneath our vine?
Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine:
Thy pleasure points the shaft and bends the bow;
The cluster blasts or bids it brightly glow:
'Tis thou that lead'st our pow'rful armies forth,
And giv'st great Anne thy sceptre o'er the north.
"Grant I may ever; at the morning ray,
Open with pray'r the consecrated day;
Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
And with the mounting sun ascend the skies!
As that advances, let my zeal improve,
And glow with ardor of consummate love;
Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
My endless worship shall be still begun.
"And, oh, permit the gloom of solemn night
To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
When this world 's shut, and awful planets rise,
Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies.
Compose our souls with a less dazzling sight,
And show all nature in a milder light;
How ev'ry boist'rous thought in calms subsides;
How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides!
O how divine, to tread the milky way
To the bright palace of the Lord of day!
His court admire, or for his favor sue,
Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew!
Pleas'd to look down, and see the world asleep,
While I long vigils to its Founder keep! [trol,
"Canst thou not shake the centre? Oh con-
Subdue by force, the rebel in my soul!
Thou, who canst still the raging of the flood,
Restrain the various tumults of my blood;
Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain
Alluring pleasure, and assaulting pain.
O may I pant for thee in each desire,
And with strong faith foment the holy fire!
Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize
Which in Eternity's deep bosom lies!
At the great day of recompence behold,
Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!
Then, wafted upwards to the blissful seat,
From age to age my grateful song repeat;
My Light, my Life, my God, my Saviour see,
And rival angels in the praise of Thee!

Fables for the Female Sex. Moore.

§ 280. FABLE I. *The Eagle and the Assembly of Birds.*

To her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

THE moral lay, to beauty due,
I write, Fair Excellence, to you;
Well pleas'd to hope my vacant hours
Have been employ'd to sweeten yours.
Truth under fiction I impart,
To weed out folly from the heart,
And show the paths that lead astray
The wand'ring nymph from wisdom's way.
I flatter none. The great and good
Are by their actions understood;
Your monument, if actions raise,
Shall I deface by idle praise?
I echo not the voice of Fame;
That dwells delighted on your name:
Her friendly tale, however true,
Were flatt'ry, if I told it you.

The

The proud, the envious, and the vain,
The jilt, the prude, demand my strain;
To these, detesting praise, I write,
And vent in charity my spite.
With friendly hand I hold the glass
To all, promiscuous, as they pass:
Should folly there her likeness view,
I fret not that the mirror's true:
If the fantastic form offend,
I made it not, but would amend.
Virtue, in ev'ry clime and age,
Spurns at the folly-soothing page;
While satire, that offends the ear,
Of vice and passion, pleases her.
Premising this, your anger spare;
And claim the fable you who dare.
The birds in place, by fictions press'd,
To Jupiter their pray'rs address'd:
By specious lies the state was vex'd,
Their counsels libellers perplex'd;
They begg'd (to stop seditious tongues)
A gracious hearing of their wrongs.
Jove grants the suit. The Eagle sate
Decider of the grand debate.
The Pye, to trust and pow'r preferr'd,
Demands permission to be heard.
Says he, prolixity of phrase
You know I hate. This libel says,
"Some birds there are, who, prone to noise,
Are hir'd to silence wisdom's voice;
And skill'd, to chatter out the hour,
Rise by their emptiness to pow'r."
That this is aim'd direct at me,
No doubt you 'll readily agree;
Yet well this sage assembly knows,
By parts to government I rose.
My prudent counsels prop the state;
Magpies were never known to prate.
The Kite rose up. His honest heart
In virtue's sufferings bore a part.
That there were birds of prey he knew:
So far the libeller said true:
"Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,
Who knew no int'rest but their own;
Who hov'ring o'er the farmer's yard,
Nor pigeon, chick, or duckling spar'd."
This might be true; but, if applied
To him, in troth, the sland'rer lied.
Since ign'rance then might be misled,
Such things, he thought, were best unsaid.
The Crow was vex'd. As yester-morn
He flew across the new-sown corn,
A screaming boy was set for pay,
He knew, to drive the crows away;
Scand'l had found him out in turn,
And buzz'd abroad that crows love corn.
The Owl arose with solemn face,
And thus haranguʼd upon the case:
That magpies prate, it may be true;
A kite may be voracious too;
Crows sometimes deal in new-sown pease;
He libels not, who strikes at these:
The slander 's here—"But there are birds,
Whose wisdom lies in looks, not words;
Blund'rers, who level in the dark,
And always shoot beside the mark."
He names not me; but these are hints,
Which manifest at whom he squints;
I were indeed that blund'ring fowl,
To question if he meant an owl.
Ye wretches, hence! the Eagle cries,
'Tis conscience, conscience that applies;
The virtuous mind takes no alarm,
Secur'd by innocence from harm;
While Guilt, and his associate Fear,
Are startled at the passing air.

§ 281. FABLE II. *The Panther, the Horse, and other Beasts.*

The man who seeks to win the fair
(So custom says) must truth forbear;
Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lie,
And raise the goddess to the sky.
For truth is hateful to her ear;
A rudeness which she cannot bear.
A rudeness! Yes, I speak my thoughts;
For truth upbraids her with her faults.
How wretched, Chloe, then am I,
Who love you, and yet cannot lie?
And still, to make you less my friend,
I strive your errors to amend!
But shall the senseless fop impart
The softest passion to your heart;
While he, who tells you honest truth,
And points to happiness your youth,
Determines, by his care, his lot,
And lives neglected and forgot?
Trust me, my dear, with greater ease,
Your taste for flatt'ry I could please;
And similes in each dull line,
Like glow-worms in the dark, should shine.
What if I say your lips disclose
The freshness of the op'ning rose?
Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs?
Yet certain as these flow'rs shall fade,
Time ev'ry beauty will invade:
The butterfly of various hue,
More than the flow'rs resembles you;
Fair, flutt'ring, fickle, busy thing,
To pleasure ever on the wing,
Gaily coquetting for an hour,
To die, and ne'er be thought of more.
Would you the bloom of youth should last!
'Tis virtue that must bind it fast;
An easy carriage, wholly free
From sour reserves or levity;
Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
And looks unskill'd in any art;
Humility enough to own
The frailties which a friend makes known,
And decent pride enough to know
The worth that virtue can bestow.
These are the charms which ne'er decay,
Though youth and beauty fade away;
And time, which all things else removes,
Still heightens virtue, and improves.

You 'll

You 'll frown, and ask, To what intent
This blunt address to you is sent?
I 'll spare the question, and confess
I 'd praise you, if I lov'd you less.
But rail, be angry, or complain,
I will be rude while you are vain.
Beneath a lion's peaceful reign,
When beasts met friendly on the plain,
A Panther of majestic port
(The vainest female of the court)
With spotted skin, and eyes of fire,
Fill'd every bosom with desire.
Where'er she mov'd, a servile crowd
Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd:
Assemblies ev'ry week she held
(Like modern Belles) with coxcombs fill'd;
Where noise, and nonsense, and grimace,
And lies, and scandal, fill'd the place.
Behold the gay fantastic thing
Encircled by the spacious ring!
Low bowing, with important look,
As first in rank, the Monkey spoke:
"Gad take me, madam! but I swear,
No angel ever look'd so fair:
Forgive my rudeness, but I vow
You were not quite divine till now;
Those limbs! that shape! and then those eyes!
O close them, or the gazer dies!"
Nay, gentle pug, for goodness hush,
I vow and swear you make me blush;
I shall be angry at this rate:
'Tis so like flatt'ry, which I hate.
The Fox, in deeper cunning vers'd,
The beauties of the mind rehears'd,
And talk'd of knowledge, taste, and sense,
To which the fair have vast pretence!
Yet well he knew them always vain
Of what they strive not to attain;
And play'd so cunningly his part,
That pug was rivall'd in his art.
The Goat avow'd his am'rous flame,
And burnt—for what he durst not name;
Yet hop'd a meeting in the wood
Might make his meaning understood.
Half angry at the bold address,
She frown'd; but yet she must confess
Such beauties might inflame his blood,
But still his phrase was somewhat rude.
The Hog her neatness much admir'd;
The formal Ass her swiftness fir'd:
While all to feed her folly strove,
And by their praises shar'd her love.
The Horse, whose gen'rous heart disdain'd
Applause by servile flatt'ry gain'd,
With graceful courage silence broke,
And thus with indignation spoke:
When flatt'ring monkeys fawn and prate,
They justly raise contempt or hate;
For merit 's turn'd to ridicule,
Applauded by the grinning fool,
The artful fox your wit commends,
To lure you to his selfish ends;
From the vile flatt'rer turn away,
For knaves make friendships to betray,
Dismiss the train of fops and fools,
And learn to live by wisdom's rules:
Such beauties might the lion warm,
Did not your folly break the charm;
For who would court that lovely shape,
To be the rival of an ape?
He said, and snorting in disdain,
Spurn'd at the crowd, and sought the plain.

§ 282. FABLE III. *The Nightingale and the Glow-worm.*

The prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose
The lily and the blushing rose,
From public view her charms will screen,
And rarely in the crowd be seen;
This simple truth shall keep her wise—
"The fairest fruits attract the flies."
One night a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
Contemplating her glitt'ring train,
Cried, Sure there never was in nature
So elegant, so fine a creature.
All other insects that I see,
The frugal ant, industrious bee,
Or silk-worm, with contempt I view;
With all that low, mechanic crew,
Who servilely their lives employ
In business, enemy to joy.
Mean, vulgar herd! ye are my scorn;
For grandeur only I was born,
Or sure am sprung from race divine
And plac'd on earth to live and shine.
Those lights that sparkle so on high,
Are but the glow-worms of the sky;
And kings on earth their gems admire,
Because they imitate my fire.
She spoke. Attentive on a spray,
A Nightingale forbore his lay;
He saw the shining morsel near,
And flew, directed by the glare;
Awhile he gaz'd with sober look,
And thus the trembling prey bespoke:
Deluded fool, with pride elate!
Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate:
Less dazzling, long thou mightst have lain
Unheeded on the velvet plain:
Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,
And beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

§ 283. FABLE IV. *Hymen and Death.*

Sixteen, d' ye say? Nay then, 'tis time;
Another year destroys your prime.
But stay—the settlement? "That 's made."
Why then 's my simple girl afraid?
Yet hold a moment, if you can,
And heedfully the fable scan.
The shades were fled, the morning blush'd,
The winds were in their caverns hush'd,
When Hymen, pensive and sedate,
Held o'er the fields his musing gait.
Behind him, thro' the green-wood shade,
Death's meagre form the god survey'd;
Who quickly, with gigantic stride,
Outwent his pace, and join'd his side.

The

The chat on various subjects ran,
Till angry Hymen thus began:
Relentless Death! whose iron sway
Mortals reluctant must obey,
Still of thy pow'r shall I complain,
And thy too partial hand arraign?
When Cupid brings a pair of hearts,
All over stuck with equal darts,
Thy cruel shafts my hopes deride,
And cut the knot that Hymen tied.
Shall not the bloody and the bold,
The miser hoarding up his gold,
The harlot reeking from the stew,
Alone thy fell revenge pursue?
But must the gentle and the kind
Thy fury, undistinguish'd, find?
The monarch calmly thus replied:
Weigh well the cause, and then decide.
That friend of yours you lately nam'd,
Cupid alone, is to be blam'd;
Then let the charge be justly laid:
That idle boy neglects his trade,
And hardly one in twenty years
A couple to your temple bears.
The wretches, whom your office blends,
Silenus now, or Plutus sends;
Hence care, and bitterness, and strife,
Are common to the nuptial life.
Believe me! more than all mankind
Your votaries my compassion find.
Yet cruel am I call'd, and base,
Who seek the wretched to release;
The captive from his bonds to free,
Indissoluble but for me.
'Tis I entice him to the yoke;
By me your crowded altars smoke:
For mortals boldly dare the noose,
Secure that Death will set them loose.

§ 284. FABLE V. *The Poet and his Patron.*

Why, Celia, is your spreading waist
So loose, so negligently lac'd?
Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide
Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?
How ill that dress adorns your head,
Distain'd and rumpled from the bed!
Those clouds that shade your blooming face
A little water might displace,
As Nature ev'ry morn bestows
The crystal dew to cleanse the rose.
Those tresses, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
Destroy the face which once they deck'd.
Whence this forgetfulness of dress?
Pray, Madam, are you married? — Yes.
Nay, then indeed the wonder ceases;
No matter now how loose your dress is;
The end is won, your fortune 's made;
Your sister now may take the trade.
Alas! what pity 'tis to find
This fault in half the female kind!
From hence proceeds aversion, strife,
And all that sours the wedded life.
Beauty can only point the dart,
'Tis neatness guides it to the heart;
Let neatness then and beauty strive
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.
'Tis harder far (you 'll find it true)
To keep the conquest, than subdue;
Admit us once behind the screen,
What is there farther to be seen?
A newer face may raise the flame,
But ev'ry woman is the same.
Then study chiefly to improve
The charm that fix'd your husband's love.
Weigh well his humor. Was it dress
That gave your beauty pow'r to bless?
Pursue it still; be neater seen;
'Tis always frugal to be clean;
So shall you keep alive desire,
And time's swift wing shall fan the fire.
In garret high (as stories say)
A Poet sung his tuneful lay;
So soft, so smooth, his verse you 'd swear
Apollo and the Muses there:
Thro' all the town his praises rung;
His sonnets at the playhouse sung;
High waving o'er his lab'ring head,
The goddess Want her pinions spread,
And with poetic fury fir'd,
What Phœbus faintly had inspir'd.
A noble youth, of taste and wit,
Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,
And sought him in his cobweb dome,
Discharg'd his rent, and brought him home.
Behold him at the stately board!
Who but the Poet and my Lord!
Each day deliciously he dines,
And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines;
His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,
And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;
Astonish'd at the change so new,
Away th' inspiring goddess flew.
Now, dropt for politics and news,
Neglected lay the drooping Muse,
Unmindful whence his fortune came,
He stifled the poetic flame;
Nor tale, nor sonnet, for my lady,
Lampoon, nor epigram, was ready.
With just contempt his Patron saw
(Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw);
And thus with anger in his look,
The late-repenting fool bespoke:
Blind to the good that courts thee grown,
Whence has the sun of favor shone?
Delighted with thy tuneful art,
Esteem was growing in my heart;
But idly thou reject'st the charm
That gave it birth, and kept it warm.
Unthinking fools alone despise
The arts that taught them first to rise.

§ 285. FABLE VI. *The Wolf, the Sheep, and the Lamb.*

Duty demands, the parent's voice
Should sanctify the daughter's choice:
In that is due obedience shown;
To choose, belongs to her alone.

May horror seise his midnight hour,
Who builds upon a parent's pow'r.
And claims, by purchase vile and base,
The loathing maid for his embrace;
Hence virtue sickens; and the breast,
Where peace had built her downy nest,
Becomes the troubled seat of care,
And pines with anguish and despair.

A Wolf, rapacious, rough, and bold,
Whose nightly plunders thinn'd the fold,
Contemplating his ill-spent life,
And cloy'd with thefts would take a wife.
His purpose known, the savage race
In num'rous crowds attends the place;
For why, a mighty wolf he was,
And held dominion in his jaws.
Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought,
And humbly his alliance sought;
But cold by age, or else too nice,
None found acceptance in his eyes.

It happen'd as at early dawn,
He solitary cross'd the lawn,
Stray'd from the fold, the sportive Lamb
Skipp'd wanton by her fleecy Dam;
When Cupid, foe to man and beast,
Discharg'd an arrow at his breast.

The tim'rous breed the robber knew,
And trembling o'er the meadow flew;
Their nimblest speed the Wolf o'ertook,
And courteous thus the Dam bespoke:
Stay, fairest, and suspend your fear,
Trust me, no enemy is near:
These jaws, in slaughter oft imbru'd,
At length have known enough of blood;
And kinder bus'ness brings me now,
Vanquish'd, at beauty's feet to bow.
You have a daughter — sweet, forgive
A Wolf's address — in her I live;
Love from her eyes like lightning came,
And set my marrow all on flame;
Let your consent confirm my choice,
And ratify our nuptial joys.

Me ample wealth and pow'r attend,
Wide o'er the plains my realms extend;
What midnight robber dare invade
The fold, if I the guard am made?
At home the shepherd's cur may sleep,
While I secure my master's sheep.
Discourse like this attention claim'd;
Grandeur the mother's breast inflam'd;
Now fearless by his side she walk'd,
Of settlements and jointures talk'd;
Propos'd, and doubled her demands,
Of flow'ry fields, and turnip-lands.
The Wolf agrees. Her bosom swells;
To Miss her happy fate she tells;
And, of the grand alliance vain,
Contemns her kindred of the plain.

The loathing Lamb with horror hears,
And wearies out her Dam with pray'rs;
But all in vain; mamma best knew
What unexperienc'd girls should do.
So, to the neighb'ring meadow carried,
A formal ass the couple married.

Torn from the tyrant mother's side,
The trembler goes, a victim-bride;
Reluctant meets the rude embrace,
And bleats among the howling race.
With horror oft her eyes behold
Her murder'd kindred of the fold;
Each day a sister lamb is serv'd,
And at the glutton's table carv'd;
The crashing bones he grinds for food,
And slakes his thirst with streaming blood.

Love, who the cruel mind detests,
And lodges but in gentle breasts,
Was now no more. Enjoyment past,
The savage hunger'd for the feast;
But (as we find in human race,
A mask conceals the villain's face)
Justice must authorise the treat;
Till then he long'd, but durst not eat.

As forth he walk'd in quest of prey,
The hunters met him on the way:
Fear wings his flight; the marsh he sought:
The snuffing dogs are set at fault.
His stomach baulk'd, now hunger gnaws,
Howling he grinds his empty jaws:
Food must be had, and Lamb is nigh;
His maw invokes the fraudful lie.
Is this (dissembling rage, he cried)
The gentle virtue of a bride?
That, learn'd with man's destroying race,
She sets her husband for the chace?
By treach'ry prompts the noisy hound
To scent his footsteps on the ground?
Thou trait'ress vile! for this thy blood
Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood!

So saying, on the Lamb he flies,
Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

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§ 286. FABLE VII. *The Goose and the Swans.*

I HATE the face, however fair,
That carries an affected air;
The lisping tone, the shape constrain'd,
The studied look, the passion feign'd,
Are fopperies which only tend
To injure what they strive to mend.

With what superior grace enchants
The face, which nature's pencil paints!
Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,
Glow with the meaning of the heart!
Where freedom and good-humor sit,
And easy gaiety and wit!
Though perfect beauty be not there,
The master lines, the finish'd air,
We catch from ev'ry look delight,
And grow enamour'd at the sight:
For beauty, though we all approve,
Excites our wonder more than love;
While the agreeable strikes sure,
And gives the wounds we cannot cure.

Why then, my Amoret, this care,
That forms you, in effect, less fair?
If nature on your cheek bestows
A bloom that emulates the rose,
Or from some heavenly image drew
A form Apelles never knew,

You

Your ill-judg'd aid will you impart,
And spoil by meretricious art?
Or had you, nature's error, come
Abortive from the mother's womb,
Your forming care she still rejects,
Which only heightens her defects.
When such, of glitt'ring jewels proud,
Still press the foremost in the crowd,
At ev'ry public show are seen,
With look awry, and awkward mien,
The gaudy dress attracts the eye,
And magnifies deformity.

Nature may underdo her part,
But seldom wants the help of art;
Trust her, she is your surest friend,
Nor made your form for you to mend.

A Goose, affected, empty, vain,
The shrillest of the cackling train,
With proud and elevated crest,
Precedence claim'd above the rest.

Says she, I laugh at human race,
Who say geese hobble in their pace;
Look here! — the sland'rous lye detect;
No haughty man is so erect.
That peacock yonder! Lord, how vain
The creature's of his gaudy train!
If both were stript, I pawn my word
A goose would be the finer bird.
Nature, to hide her own defects,
Her bungled work with finery decks:
Were geese set off with half that show,
Would men admire the peacock! No.

Thus vaunting, 'cross the mead she stalks,
The cackling breed attend her walks;
The sun shot down his noon-tide beams,
The Swans were sporting in the streams;
Their snowy plumes and stately pride
Provok'd her spleen. Why there, she cried,
Again what arrogance we see!
Those creatures! how they mimic me!
Shall ev'ry fowl the water skim,
Because we geese are known to swim!
Humility they soon shall learn,
And their own emptiness discern.

So saying, with extended wings,
Lightly upon the wave she springs:
Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,
And the swan's stately crest assumes.
Contempt and mockery ensued,
And bursts of laughter shook the flood.

A Swan, superior to the rest,
Sprung forth, and thus the fool address'd:

Conceited thing, elate with pride!
Thy affectation all deride:
These airs thy awkwardness impart,
And show thee plainly as thou art.
Among thy equals of the flock
Thou hadst escap'd the public mock;
And, as thy parts to good conduce,
Been deem'd an honest hobbling goose.

Learn hence to study wisdom's rules;
Know, foppery 's the pride of fools;
And, striving nature to conceal,
You only her defects reveal.

§ 287. FABLE VIII. *The Lawyer and Justice.*

Love! thou divinest good below!
Thy pure delights few mortals know:
Our rebel hearts thy sway disown,
While tyrant lust usurps thy throne.
The bounteous God of nature made
The sexes for each other's aid;
Their mutual talents to employ,
To lessen ills, and heighten joy.
To weaker woman he assign'd
That soft'ning gentleness of mind,
That can by sympathy impart
Its likeness to the roughest heart.
Her eyes with magic pow'r endued,
To fire the dull, and awe the rude.
His rosy fingers on her face
Shed lavish ev'ry blooming grace,
And stamp'd (perfection to display)
His mildest image on her clay.

Man, active, resolute, and bold,
He fashion'd in a different mould,
With useful arts his mind inform'd,
His breast with nobler passions warm'd;
He gave him knowledge, taste, and sense,
And courage for the fair's defence.
Her frame, resistless to each wrong,
Demands protection from the strong;
To man she flies when fear alarms,
And claims the temple of his arms.

By nature's Author thus declar'd
The woman's sovereign and her guard,
Shall man by treach'rous wiles invade
The weakness he was meant to aid?
While beauty, given to inspire
Protecting love, and soft desire,
Lights up a wild-fire in the heart,
And to its own breast points the dart,
Becomes the spoiler's base pretence
To triumph over innocence.

The wolf, that tears the tim'rous sheep,
Was never set the fold to keep;
Nor was the tiger, or the pard,
Meant the benighted trav'ller's guard;
But man, the wildest beast of prey,
Wears friendship's semblance to betray;
His strength against the weak employs;
And where he should protect, destroys.

Past twelve o'clock, the watchman cried;
His brief the studious lawyer plied;
The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,
The earnest of to-morrow's lie.
Sudden the furious winds arise,
The jarring casement shatter'd flies;
The doors admit a hollow sound,
And rattling from their hinges bound;
When Justice, in a blaze of light,
Reveal'd her radiant form to sight.

The wretch with thrilling horror shook;
Loose ev'ry joint, and pale his look;
Not having seen her in the courts,
Or found her mention'd in reports,
He ask'd, with falt'ring tongue, her name,
Her errand there, and whence she came?

Sternly

Sternly the white-rob'd Shade replied
(A crimson glow her visage dyed):
Canst thou be doubtful who I am?
Is Justice grown so strange a name?
Were not your courts for Justice rais'd?
'Twas there, of old, my altars blaz'd.
My guardian thee I did elect,
My sacred temple to protect,
That thou and all thy venal tribe,
Should spurn the goddess for the bribe.
Aloud the ruin'd client cries,
Justice has neither ears nor eyes;
In foul alliance with the bar,
'Gainst me the judge denounces war,
And rarely issues his decree
But with intent to baffle me.
She paus'd — her breast with fury burn'd;
The trembling Lawyer thus return'd:
I own the charge is justly laid,
And weak th' excuse that can be made;
Yet search the spacious globe and see
If all mankind are not like me.
The gown-man, skill'd in Romish lies,
By faith's false glass deludes our eyes:
O'er conscience rides without control,
And robs the man to save his soul.
The doctor, with important face,
By sly design mistakes the case;
Prescribes, and spins out the disease,
To trick the patient of his fees.
The soldier rough with many a scar,
And red with slaughter, leads the war;
If he a nation's trust betray,
The foe has offer'd double pay.
When vice o'er all mankind prevails,
And weighty int'rest turns the scales,
Must I be better than the rest,
And harbour Justice in my breast?
On one side only take the fee,
Content with poverty and thee?
Thou blind to sense, and vile of mind,
Th' exasperated Shade rejoin'd,
If virtue from the world is flown,
Will other's faults excuse thy own?
For sickly souls the priest was made;
Physicians for the body's aid;
The soldier guarded liberty:
Man, woman, and the lawyer me.
If all are faithless to their trust,
They leave not thee the less unjust.
Henceforth your pleadings I disclaim,
And bar the sanction of my name;
Within your courts it shall be read,
That Justice from the law is fled.
She spoke; and hid in shades her face,
Till Hardwicke sooth'd her into grace.

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§ 288. FABLE IX. *The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat.*

Why knits my dear her angry brow?
What rude offence alarms you now?
I said that Delia's fair, 'tis true,
But did I say she equall'd you?
Can't I another's face commend,
Or to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead lours,
As if her merit lessen'd yours?
From female envy never free,
All must be blind because you see.
Survey the garden, fields, and bow'rs,
The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs;
Then tell me where the woodbine grows
That vies in sweetness with the rose;
Or where the lily's snowy white,
That throws such beauties on the sight?
Yet folly is it to declare,
That these are neither sweet nor fair.
The crystal shines with fainter rays
Before the diamond's brighter blaze;
And fops will say the diamond dies
Before the lustre of your eyes:
But I, who deal in truth, deny
That neither shine when you are by.
When zephyrs o'er the blossom stray,
And sweets along the air convey,
Sha'n't I the fragrant breeze inhale,
Because you breathe a sweeter gale?
Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field;
Sweet is the smell the blossoms yield;
Sweet is the summer gale that blows;
And sweet, tho' sweeter you, the rose.
Shall envy then torment your breast,
If you are lovelier than the rest?
For while I give to each her due,
By praising them I flatter you;
And praising most, I still declare
You fairest, where the rest are fair.
As at his board a farmer sate,
Replenish'd by his homely treat,
His fav'rite Spaniel near him stood,
And with his master shar'd the food;
The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,
His lapping tongue the trenchers scour'd;
Till, sated now, supine he lay,
And snor'd the rising fumes away.
The hungry Cat, in turn, drew near,
And humbly crav'd a servant's share;
Her modest worth the master knew,
And straight the fatt'ning morsel threw:
Enrag'd, the snarling Cur awoke,
And thus with spiteful envy spoke:
They only claim a right to eat,
Who earn by services their meat;
Me, zeal and industry inflame
To scour the fields and spring the game;
Or, plunged in the wint'ry wave,
For man the wounded bird to save.
With watchful diligence I keep
From prowling wolves his fleecy sheep:
At home his midnight hours secure,
And drive the robber from the door:
For this his breast with kindness glows,
For this his hand the food bestows;
And shall thy indolence impart
A warmer friendship to his heart,
That thus he robs me of my due,
To pamper such vile things as you!

I own

I own (with meekness Puss replied)
Superior merit on your side;
Nor does my breast with envy swell,
To find it recompens'd so well;
Yet I, in what my nature can,
Contribute to the good of man.
Whose claws destroy the pilf'ring mouse?
Who drives the vermin from the house?
Or, watchful for the lab'ring swain,
From lurking rats secures the grain?
From hence, if he rewards bestow,
Why should your heart with gall o'erflow?
Why pine my happiness to see,
Since there 's enough for you and me?
The words are just, the farmer cried,
And spurn'd the snarler from his side.

§ 289. FABLE X. *The Spider and the Bee.*

The nymph who walks the public streets,
And sets her cap at all she meets,
May catch the fool who turns to stare;
But men of sense avoid the snare.
As on the margin of the flood,
With silken line, my Lydia stood,
I smil'd to see the pains she took
To cover o'er the fraudful hook.
Along the forest as we stray'd,
You saw the boy his lime-twigs spread;
Guess'd you the reason of his fear,
Lest, heedless, we approach too near?
For as behind the bush we lay,
The linnet flutter'd on the spray.
Needs there such caution to delude
The scaly fry, and feather'd brood?
And think you, with inferior art,
To captivate the human heart?
The maid who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals.
Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
What'e'er the Grecian Venus was.
From Eve's first fig-leaf to brocade,
All dress was meant for fancy's aid:
Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the bashful nymph conceals.
When Celia struts in man's attire,
She shows too much to raise desire;
But, from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very shoe has pow'r to wound.
The roving eye, the bosom bare,
The forward laugh, the wanton air,
May catch the fop: for gudgeons strike
At the bare hook and bait alike;
While salmon play regardless by,
Till art like nature forms the fly.
Beneath a peasant's homely thatch
A Spider long had held her watch;
From morn to night with restless care,
She spun her web, and wove her snare.
Within the limits of her reign
Lay many a headless captive slain;
Or flutt'ring struggled in the toils,
To burst the chains, and stun her wiles.
A straying Bee, that perch'd hard by,
Beheld her with disdainful eye,
And thus began: Mean thing! give o'er,
And lay thy slender threads no more;
A thoughtless fly or two, or most,
Is all the conquest thou canst boast;
For bees of sense thy arts evade,
We see so plain the nets are laid.
The gaudy tulip, that displays
Her spreading foliage to gaze;
That points her charms at all she sees,
And yields to ev'ry wanton breeze,
Attracts not me; where blushing grows,
Guarded with thorns, the modest rose,
Enamour'd round and round I fly,
Or on her fragrant bosom lie;
Reluctant she my ardor meets,
And bashful renders up her sweets.
To wiser heads attention lend,
And learn this lesson from a friend:
She who with modesty retires,
Adds fuel to her lover's fires;
While such incautious jilts as you
By folly your own schemes undo.

§ 290. FABLE XI. *The Young Lion and the Ape*

'Tis true, I blame your lover's choice,
Though flatter'd by the public voice;
And peevish grow, and sick, to hear
His exclamations, O how fair!
I listen not to wild delights,
And transports of expected nights;
What is to me your hoard of charms,
The whiteness of your neck and arms?
Needs there no acquisition more
To keep contention from the door?
Yes; past a fortnight, and you'll find
All beauty cloys, but of the mind.
Sense and good humor ever prove
The surest cords to fasten love.
Yet, Phillis, simplest of your sex,
You never think but to perplex;
Coquetting it with ev'ry ape
That struts abroad in human shape;
Not that the coxcomb is your taste,
But that it stings your lover's breast.
To-morrow you resign the sway,
Prepar'd to honor and obey:
The tyrant mistress change for life,
To the submission of a wife.
Your follies, if you can, suspend,
And learn instruction from a friend:
Reluctant hear the first address,
Think often ere you answer Yes:
But, once resolv'd, throw off disguise,
And wear your wishes in your eyes;
With caution ev'ry look forbear
That might create one jealous fear,
A lover's ripening hopes confound,
Or give the gen'rous breast a wound;
Contemn the girlish arts to teaze,
Nor use your pow'r, unless to please;
For fools alone with rigor sway,
When, soon or late, they must obey.
The King of Brutes, in life's decline,
Resolv'd dominion to resign;

The

The beasts were summon'd to appear,
And bend before the royal heir.
They came: a day was fix'd; the crowd
Before their future monarch bow'd.
A dapper Monkey, pert and vain,
Stepp'd forth, and thus address'd the train:
Why cringe, my friends, with slavish awe,
Before this pageant king of straw?
Shall we anticipate the hour,
And, ere we feel it, own his pow'r?
The counsels of experience prize,
I know the maxims of the wise;
Subjection let us cast away,
And live the monarchs of to-day;
'Tis ours the vacant hand to spurn,
And play the tyrant each in turn.
So shall he right from wrong discern,
And mercy from oppression learn;
At others woes be taught to melt,
And loath the ills himself has felt.
He spoke—his bosom swell'd with pride;
The youthful Lion thus replied:
What madness prompts thee to provoke
My wrath, and dare th' impending stroke?
Thou wretched fool! can wrongs impart
Compassion to the feeling heart?
Or teach the grateful breast to glow,
The hand to give, or eye to flow?
Learn'd in the practice of their schools,
From women thou hast drawn thy rules:
To them return; in such a cause,
From only such expect applause;
The partial sex I don't condemn,
For liking those who copy them.
Wouldst thou the gen'rous lion bind?
By kindness bribe him to be kind;
Good offices their likeness get,
And payment lessens not the debt;
With multiplying hand he gives
The good from others he receives;
Or for the bad makes fair return,
And pays with int'rest scorn for scorn.

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§ 291. FABLE XII. *The Colt and the Farmer.*

Tell me, Corinna, if you can,
Why so averse, so coy to man?
Did Nature, lavish of her care,
From her best pattern form you fair,
That you, ungrateful to her cause,
Should mock her gifts, and spurn her laws?
And, miser-like, withhold that store,
Which, by imparting, blesses more?
Beauty's a gift by Heaven assign'd
The portion of the female kind;
For this the yielding maid demands
Protection at her lover's hands;
And though by wasting years it fade,
Remembrance tells him once 'twas paid.
And will you then this wealth conceal,
For age to rust, or time to steal?
The summer of your youth to rove
A stranger to the joys of love?
Then, when life's winter hastens on,
And youth's fair heritage is gone,
Dow'rless to court some peasant's arms,
To guard your wither'd age from harms;
No gratitude to warm his breast,
For blooming beauty once possest;
How will you curse that stubborn pride
Which drove your bark across the tide,
And sailing before folly's wind,
Left sense and happiness behind!
Corinna, lest these whims prevail,
To such as you I write my tale.
A Colt, for blood and mettled speed
The choicest of the running breed,
Of youthful strength and beauty vain,
Refus'd subjection to the rein.
In vain the groom's officious skill
Oppos'd his pride, and check'd his will;
In vain the master's forming care,
Restrain'd with threats, or sooth'd with pray'r;
Of freedom proud, and scorning man,
Wild o'er the spacious plains he ran.
Where'er luxuriant nature spread
Her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead,
Or bubbling streams soft gliding pass,
To cool and freshen up the grass,
Disdaining bounds, he cropt the blade,
And wanton'd in the spoil he made.
In plenty thus the summer pass'd,
Revolving winter came at last;
The trees no more a shelter yield,
The verdure withers from the field,
Perpetual snows invest the ground,
In icy chains the streams are bound,
Cold, nipping winds, and rattling hail,
His lank unsheltered sides assail.
As round he cast his rueful eyes,
He saw the thatch'd-roof cottage rise,
The prospect touch'd his heart with cheer,
And promis'd kind deliv'rance near.
A stable, erst his scorn and hate,
Was now become his wish'd retreat;
His passion cool, his pride forget,
A Farmer's welcome yard he sought.
The master saw his woeful plight,
His limbs that totter'd with his weight:
And, friendly, to the stable led,
And saw him litter'd, dress'd and fed.
In slothful ease all night he lay,
The servants rose at break of day;
The market calls—along the road
His back must bear the pond'rous load;
In vain he struggles or complains,
Incessant blows reward his pains.
To-morrow varies but his toil;
Chain'd to the plough, he breaks the soil;
While scanty meals at night repay
The painful labors of the day.
Subdued by toil, with anguish rent,
His self-upbraidings found a vent.
Wretch that I am! he sighing said,
By arrogance and folly led:
Had but my restive youth been brought
To learn the lesson nature taught,

Then had I, like my sires of yore,
The prize from ev'ry courser bore.
While man bestow'd rewards and praise,
And females crown my latter days.
Now lasting servitude's my lot,
My birth contemn'd, my speed forgot;
Doom'd am I, for my pride, to bear
A living death from year to year.

§ 292. FABLE XIII. *The Owl and the Nightingale.*

To know the mistress' humor right,
See if her maids are clean and tight;
If Betty waits without her stays,
She copies but her lady's ways.
When Miss comes in with boist'rous shout,
And drops no curtsey going out,
Depend upon 't, mamma is one
Who reads, or drinks too much alone.
If bottled beer her thirst assuage,
She feels enthusiastic rage,
And burns with ardor to inherit
The gifts and workings of the spirit.
If learning crack her giddy brains,
No remedy but death remains.
Sum up the various ills of life,
And all are sweet to such a wife.
At home superior wit she vaunts,
And twits her husband with his wants;
Her ragged offspring all around,
Like pigs are wallowing on the ground;
Impatient ever of control,
She knows no order but of soul;
With books her litter'd floor is spread,
Of nameless authors, never read;
Foul linen, petticoats, and lace,
Fill up the intermediate space.
Abroad, at visitings, her tongue
Is never still, and always wrong;
All meanings she defines away,
And stands with truth and sense at bay.
If e'er she meets a gentle heart,
Skill'd in the housewife's useful art,
Who makes her family her care,
And builds contentment's temple there,
She starts at such mistakes in nature,
And cries, lord help us! what a creature!
Melissa, if the moral strike,
You 'll find the fable not unlike.
An Owl, puff'd up with self-conceit,
Lov'd learning better than his meat;
Old manuscripts he treasur'd up,
And rummag'd ev'ry grocer's shop;
At pastry-cooks was known to ply,
And strip for science ev'ry pye.
For modern poetry, and wit,
He had read all that Blackmore writ;
So intimate with Curl was grown,
His learned treasures were his own;
To all his authors had access,
And sometimes would correct the press.
In logic he acquir'd such knowledge,
You 'd swear him fellow of a college;
Alike to ev'ry art and science
His daring genius bid defiance,
And swallow'd wisdom with that haste
That cits do custards at a feast.
Within the shelter of a wood,
One evening as he musing stood;
Hard by, upon a leafy spray,
A Nightingale began his lay.
Sudden he starts, with anger stung,
And screeching interrupts the song:
Pert, busy thing! thy airs give o'er,
And let my contemplation soar.
What is the music of thy voice,
But jarring dissonance and noise?
Be wise; true harmony thou 'lt find
Not in the throat, but in the mind;
By empty chirping not attain'd,
But by laborious study gain'd.
Go, read the authors Pope explodes:
Fathom the depth of Cibber's odes;
With modern plays improve thy wit;
Read all the learning Henley writ;
And if thou needs must sing, sing then,
And emulate the ways of men;
So shalt thou grow, like me, refin'd,
And bring improvement to thy kind.
Thou wretch, the little warbler cried,
Made up of ignorance and pride!
Ask all the birds, and they 'll declare
A greater blockhead wings not air.
Read o'er thyself, thy talents scan,
Science was only meant for man.
No senseless authors me molest,
I mind the duties of my nest,
With careful wing protect my young,
And cheer their evenings with a song:
Make short the weary traveller's way,
And warble in the poet's lay.
Thus, following nature and her laws,
From men and birds I claim applause;
While nurs'd in pedantry and sloth,
An Owl is scorn'd alike by both.

§ 293. FABLE XIV. *The Sparrow and the Dove.*

It was, as learn'd traditions say,
Upon an April's blithsome day,
When pleasure, ever on the wing,
Return'd, companion of the spring,
And cheer'd the birds with am'rous heat,
Instructing little hearts to beat;
A Sparrow, frolic, gay, and young,
Of bold address, and flippant tongue,
Just left his lady of a night,
Like him to follow new delight.
The youth, of many a conquest vain,
Flew off to seek the chirping train;
The chirping train he quickly found,
And with a saucy ease bow'd round.
For ev'ry she his bosom burns,
And this and that he woos by turns;
And here a sigh, and there a bill;
And here—those eyes, so form'd to kill!
And now, with ready tongue, he strings
Unmeaning, soft, resistless things;
With vows and dem-me's skill'd to woo,
As other pretty fellows do.

Not

Not that he thought this short essay
A prologue needful to his play;
No, trust me, says our learned letter,
He knew the virtuous sex much better:
But these he held as specious arts,
To show his own superior parts;
The form of decency to shield,
And give a just pretence to yield.
Thus finishing his courtly play,
He mark'd the fav'rite of a day;
With careless impudence drew near,
And whisper'd Hebrew in her ear;
A hint, which like the mason's sign,
The conscious can alone divine.
The flutt'ring nymph, expert at feigning,
Cried, Sir?—pray, Sir, explain your meaning—
Go prate to those that may endure ye!—
To me this rudeness!—I'll assure ye!
Then off she glided like a swallow,
As saying—you guess where to follow.
To such as know the party set,
'Tis needless to declare they met;
The parson's barn, as authors mention,
Confess'd the fair had apprehension.
Her honor there secure from stain,
She held all farther trifling vain;
No more affected to be coy,
But rush'd, licentious, on the joy.
Hist,-love! the male companion cried;
Retire awhile, I fear we 're spied,
Nor was the caution vain: he saw
A Turtle rustling in the straw;
While o'er her callow brood she hung,
And fondly thus address'd her young:
Ye tender objects of my care!
Peace, peace, ye little helpless pair;
Anon he comes, your gentle sire,
And brings you all your hearts require.
For us, his infants, and his bride,
For us, with only love to guide,
Our lord assumes an eagle's speed,
And like a lion dares to bleed.
Nor yet by wint'ry skies confin'd,
He mounts upon the rudest wind,
From danger tears the vital spoil,
And with affection sweetens toil.
Ah cease, too vent'rous, cease to dare;
In thine, our dearer safety spare!
From him, ye cruel falcons, stray;
And turn, ye fowlers, far away!
Should I survive to see the day
That tears me from myself away;
That cancels all that Heaven could give,
The life by which alone I live,
Alas, how more than lost were I,
Who in the thought already die.
Ye powr's whom men and birds obey,
Great rulers of your creatures, say,
Why mourning comes, by bliss convey'd,
And even the sweets of love allay'd?
Where grows enjoyment, tall and fair,
Around it twines entangling care;
While fear for what our souls possess
Enervates ev'ry pow'r to bless;
Yet friendship forms the bliss above;
And, life, what art thou without love!
Our hero, who had heard apart,
Felt something moving in his heart;
But quickly, with disdain, suppress'd
The virtue rising in his breast;
And first he feign'd to laugh aloud;
And next, approaching smil'd and bow'd:
Madam, you must not think me rude;
Good manners never can intrude;
I vow I come thro' pure good nature—
(Upon my soul a charming creature!)
Are these the comforts of a wife?
This careful, cloister'd, moping life?
No doubt that odious thing, call'd Duty,
Is a sweet province for a beauty.
Thou pretty ignorance! thy will
Is measur'd to thy want of skill;
That good old-fashion'd dame, thy mother,
Has taught thy infant years no other:
The greatest ill in the creation
Is sure the want of education.
But think ye—tell me without feigning—
Have all these charms no farther meaning!
Dame nature, if you don't forget her,
Might teach your ladyship much better.
For shame! reject this mean employment,
Enter the world and taste enjoyment,
Where time by circling bliss we measure;
Beauty was form'd alone for pleasure:
Come, prove the blessing, follow me,
Be wise, be happy, and be free.
Kind Sir, replied our matron chaste,
Your zeal seems pretty much in haste;
I own, the fondness to be blest
Is a deep thirst in ev'ry breast;
Of blessings too I have my store,
Yet quarrel not should Heaven give more;
Then prove the change to be expedient,
And think me, Sir, your most obedient.
Here turning, as to one inferior,
Our gallant spoke, and smil'd superior:
Methinks, to quit your boasted station
Requires a world of hesitation;
Where brats and bonds are held a blessing,
The case, I doubt, is past redressing.
Why, child, suppose the joys I mention
Were the mere fruits of my invention,
You 've cause sufficient for your carriage,
In flying from the curse of marriage;
That sly decoy; with varied snares,
That takes your widgeons in by pairs;
Alike to husband and to wife,
The cure of love, and bane of life;
The only method of forecasting,
To make misfortune firm and lasting;
The sin, by Heaven's peculiar sentence,
Unpardon'd through a life's repentance.
It is the double snake that weds
A common tail to diff'rent heads,
That lead the carcase still astray,
By dragging each a different way.
Of all the ills that may attend me,
From marriage, mighty gods defend me!

Give me frank nature's wild demesne,
And boundless tract of air serene,
Where fancy, ever wing'd for change,
Delights to sport, delights to range:
There, Liberty! to thee is owing
Whate'er of bliss is worth bestowing:
Delights still varied, and divine,
Sweet goddess of the hills! are thine.
What say you now, you pretty pink, you?
Have I for once spoke reason, think you?
You take me now for no romancer —
Come, never study for an answer!
Away, cast ev'ry care behind ye,
And fly where joy alone shall find ye.
Soft yet, returned our female fencer;
A question more, or so — and then, Sir.
You 've rallied me with sense exceeding,
With much fine wit, and better breeding;
But pray, Sir, how do you contrive it?
Do those of your world never wive it?
"No, no." How then? "Why, dare I tell?
"What does the bus'ness full as well."
Do you ne'er love? "An hour at leisure."
Have you no friendships? "Yes, for pleasure."
No care for little ones? "We get 'em;
"The rest the mothers mind — and let 'em."
Thou, wretch, rejoin'd the kindling Dove,
Quite lost to life, as lost to love!
Whene'er misfortune comes, how just!
And come misfortunes surely must.
In the dread season of dismay,
In that your hour of trial, say,
Who then shall prop your sinking heart?
Who bear affliction's weightier part?
Say, when the black-bow'd welkin bends,
And winter's gloomy form impends,
To mourning turns all transient cheer,
And blasts the melancholy year;
For times at no persuasion stay,
Nor vice can find perpetual May:
Then where 's that tongue by folly fed,
That soul of pertness whither fled?
All shrunk within thy lonely nest,
Forlorn, abandon'd, and unblest.
No friends, by cordial bonds allied,
Shall seek thy cold unsocial side;
No chirping prattlers to delight,
Shall turn the long-enduring night;
No bride her words of balm impart,
And warm thee at her constant heart.
Freedom, restrain'd by reason's force,
Is as the sun's unvarying course;
Benignly active, sweetly bright,
Affording warmth, affording light;
But, torn from virtue's sacred rules,
Becomes a comet, gaz'd by fools,
Foreboding cares, and storms, and strife,
And fraught with all the plagues of life.
Thou fool! by union ev'ry creature
Subsists, through universal nature;
And this, to beings void of mind,
Is wedlock of a meaner kind.
While womb'd in space, primæval clay
A yet unfashion'd embryo lay,
The Source of endless good above
Shot down his spark of kindling love;
Touch'd by the all enlivening flame,
Then motion first exulting came;
Each atom sought its sep'rate class
Through many a fair enamor'd mass;
Love cast the central charm around,
And with eternal nuptials bound.
Then form and order o'er the sky
First train'd their bridal pomp on high;
The sun display'd his orb to sight,
And burnt with hymeneal light.
Hence nature's virgin-womb conceiv'd,
And with the genial burden heav'd;
Forth came the oak, her first-born heir,
And seal'd the breathing steep of air;
Then infant stems of various use,
Imbib'd her soft maternal juice;
The flow'rs, in early bloom disclos'd,
Upon her fragrant breast repos'd;
Within her warm embraces grew
A race of endless form and hue:
Then pour'd her lesser offspring round,
And fondly cloth'd the parent ground.
Nor here alone the virtue reign'd,
By matter's cumbring form detain'd;
But thence, sublimed and refin'd,
Aspir'd, and reach'd its kindred Mind.
Caught in the fond celestial fire,
The mind perceiv'd unknown desire;
And now with kind effusion flow'd,
And now with cordial ardors glow'd,
Beheld the sympathetic fair,
And lov'd its own resemblance there;
On all with circling radiance shone,
But cent'ring fix'd on one alone;
There clasp'd the heaven-appointed wife,
And doubled every joy of life.
Here ever blessing, ever blest
Resides this beauty of the breast;
As from his palace here the god
Still beams effulgent bliss abroad;
Here gems his own eternal round,
The ring by which the world is bound;
Here bids his seat of empire grow,
And builds his little heaven below.
The bridal partners thus allied,
And thus in sweet accordance tied,
One body, heart, and spirit live,
Enrich'd by ev'ry joy they give;
Like echo, from her vocal hold,
Return'd in music twenty-fold.
Their union, firm and undecay'd,
Nor time can shake, nor pow'r invade;
But, as the stem and scion stand
Ingrafted by a skilful hand,
They check the tempest's wint'ry rage,
And bloom and strengthen into age.
A thousand amities unknown,
And pow'rs perceiv'd by love alone,
Endearing looks and chaste desire,
Fan and support the mutual fire;
Whose flame, perpetual as refin'd,
Is fed by an immortal mind.

Nor

Nor yet the nuptial sanction ends:
Like Nile it opens, and descends;
Which, by apparent windings led,
We trace to its celestial head.
The fire, first springing from above,
Becomes the source of life and love,
And gives his filial heir to flow
In fondness down on sons below:
Thus, roll'd in one continued tide,
To time's extremest verge they glide;
While kindred streams on either hand,
Branch forth in blessings o'er the land.
Thee, wretch! no lisping babe shall name,
No late-returning brother claim,
No kinsman on thy sight rejoice,
No sister greet thy ent'ring voice;
With partial eyes no parent see,
And bless their years restor'd in thee.
In age rejected or declin'd,
An alien even among thy kind,
The partner of thy scorn'd embrace
Shall play the wanton in thy face;
Each spark unplume thy little pride,
All friendship fly the faithless side.
Thy name shall like thy carcase rot,
In sickness spurn'd, in death forgot.
All-giving Pow'r! great Source of life!
Oh hear the parent, hear the wife!
That life thou lendest from above,
Though little, make it large in love;
O bid my feeling heart expand
To ev'ry claim, on ev'ry hand;
To those from whom my days I drew,
To these in whom those days renew,
To all my kin, however wide,
In cordial warmth as blood allied,
To friends with steely fetters twin'd,
And to the cruel, not unkind!
But chief the lord of my desire,
My life, myself, my soul, my sire,
Friends, children, all that wish can claim,
Chaste passion clasp, and rapture name —
O spare him, spare him, gracious Pow'r!
O give him to my latest hour!
Let me my length of life employ
To give my soul enjoyment joy.
His love let mutu. I love excite,
Turn all my cares to his delight;
And ev'ry needless blessing spare,
Wherein my darling wants a share.
When he with graceful action woos,
And sweetly bills, and fondly coos,
Ah! deck me, to his eyes alone,
With charms attractive as his own;
And, in my circling wings caress'd,
Give all the lover to my breast.
Then in our chaste connubial bed,
My bosom pillow'd for his head,
His eyes with blissful slumbers close,
And watch, with me, my lord's repose;
Your peace around his temples twine,
And love him with a love like mine.
And, for I know his gen'rous flame,
Beyond whate'er my sex can claim,
Me too to your protection take,
And spare me for my husband's sake.
Let one unruffled, calm delight
The loving and belov'd unite;
One pure desire our bosoms warm,
One will direct, one wish inform;
Through life, one mutual aid sustain;
In death, one peaceful grave contain.
While swelling with the darling theme,
Her accents pour'd an endless stream,
The well-known wings a sound impart,
That reach'd her ear, and touch'd her heart;
Quick dropp'd the music of her tongue,
And forth with eager joy she sprung.
As swift her ent'ring consort flew,
And plum'd, and kindled at the view;
Their wings, their souls, embracing meet,
Their hearts with answering measure beat;
Half lost in secret sweets, and bless'd
With raptures felt, but ne'er express'd.
Straight to her humble roof she led
The partner of her spotless bed;
Her young, a flutt'ring pair, arise,
Their welcome sparkling in their eyes;
Transported, to their sire they bound,
And hang with speechless action round.
In pleasure wrapt the parents stand,
And see their little wings expand;
The sire his life-sustaining prize
To each expecting bill applies,
There fondly pours the wheaten spoil,
With transport giv'n, tho' won with toil;
While all-collected at the sight,
And silent through supreme delight,
The fair high heaven of bliss beguiles,
And on her lord and infants smiles.
The Sparrow, whose attention hung
Upon the Dove's enchanting tongue,
Of all his little slights disarm'd,
And from himself by virtue charm'd,
When now he saw what only seem'd
A fact, so late a fable deem'd,
His soul to envy he resign'd,
His hours of folly to the wind;
In secret wish a Turtle too,
And, sighing to himself, withdrew.

§ 294. FABLE XV. *The Female Seducers.*

'Tis said of widow, maid, and wife,
That honor is a woman's life;
Unhappy sex! who only claim
A being in the breath of fame;
Which, tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,
Nor all the healing sweets restore,
That breathe along Arabia's shore.
The traveller, if he chance to stray,
May turn uncensur'd to his way;
Polluted streams again are pure,
And deepest wounds admit a cure:
But woman no redemption knows,
The wounds of honor never close.
Tho' distant ev'ry hand to guide,
Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,

If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the course decreed,
In vain she seeks the friendless shore,
Her swifter folly flies before!
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose;
Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,
Her found'ring pinnace sinks to rest.
Are there no offerings to atone
For but a single error? — None.
Tho' woman is avow'd, of old,
Nay daughter of celestial mould,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The strength angelic natures claim;
Nay more — for sacred stories tell,
That even immortal angels fell.
Whatever fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth, and ambient air,
With varying elements endued,
Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd,
The stars no fix'd duration know;
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow;
The moon repletes her waning face,
All beauteous from her late disgrace;
And suns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent rise with new-born light.
In vain may death and time subdue,
While nature mints her race anew;
And holds some vital spark apart,
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart.
'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen,
To clothe a naked world in green.
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each insect tries his wing,
And lifts fresh pinions on the spring;
Again from ev'ry latent root
The latent stem and tendril shoot,
Exhaling incense to the skies,
Again to perish, and to rise.
And must weak woman then disown
The change to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightness shine,
And ne'er like ev'ning suns decline?
Resolv'd and firm alone? Is this
What we demand of woman? — Yes.
But should the spark of vestal fire
In some unguarded hour expire;
Or should the nightly thief invade
Hesperia's chaste and sacred shade,
Of all the blooming spoil possess'd,
The dragon Honor charm'd to rest,
Shall virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin splendor burn?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With spring's succeeding blossom? — No.
Pity may mourn, but not restore;
And woman falls — to rise no more!
Within this sublunary sphere
A country lies — no matter where;
The clime may readily be found
By all who tread poetic ground;
A stream call'd Life, across it glides,
And equally the land divides;
And here, of vice the province lies;
And there the hills of virtue rise.
Upon a mountain's airy stand,
Whose summit look'd to either land,
An antient pair their dwelling chose,
As well for prospect as repose;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And Temp'rance and Religion nam'd.
A num'rous progeny divine
Confess'd the honors of their line,
But in a little daughter fair
Was centred more than half their care;
For Heaven to gratulate her birth,
Gave signs of future joy to earth;
White was the robe this infant wore,
And chastity the name she bore.
As now the maid in stature grew
(A flow'r just op'ning to her view)
Oft through her native lawns she stray'd,
And wrestling with the lambkins play'd;
Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as she breath'd;
The morn her radiant blush assum'd,
The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd;
And nature yearly took delight,
Like her to dress the world in white.
But when her rising form was seen
To reach the crisis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head
With anxious step their darling led;
By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
And thus the fears of age express'd:
O joyful cause of many a care!
O daughter too divinely fair!
Yon world, on this important day,
Demands thee to a dang'rous way;
A painful journey all must go,
Whose doubtful period none can know;
Whose due direction who can find,
Where reason 's mute, and sense is blind!
Ah, what unequal leaders these,
Thro' such a wide, perplexing maze!
Then mark the warnings of the wise,
And learn what love and years advise.
Far to the right thy prospect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend;
Lo! there the arduous path 's in view
Which Virtue and her sons pursue;
With toil o'er less'ning earth they rise,
And gain, and gain upon the skies.
Narrow 's the way her children tread,
No walk for pleasure smoothly spread,
But rough, and difficult, and steep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.
Fruits immature those lands dispense,
A food indelicate to sense,
Of taste unpleasant: yet from those
Pure health, with cheerful vigor, flows;
And strength, unfeeling of decay,
Throughout the long laborious way.
Hence, as they scale that heavenly road,
Each limb is lighten'd of its load;

From

From earth refining still they go,
And leave the mortal weight below,
Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,
And smooth the rugged path appears;
For custom turns fatigue to ease,
And, taught by virtue, pain can please
At length the toilsome journey o'er,
And near the bright celestial shore,
A gulf, black, fearful, and profound,
Appears, of either world the bound,
Through darkness leading up to light;
Sense backwards shrinks, and shuns the sight;
For there the transitory train
Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
And matter's gross incumb'ring mass,
Man's late associates, cannot pass;
But, sinking, quit th' immortal charge,
And leave the wond'ring soul at large;
Lightly she wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.
Thither, oh thither wing thy speed,
Tho' pleasure charm, or pain impede;
To such th 'all-bounteous Pow'r has given,
For present earth, a future heaven;
For trivial loss, unmeasur'd gain;
And endless bliss for transient pain.
Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy sight
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite:
Wide on the left the pathway bends,
And with pernicious ease descends!
There, sweet to sense, and fair to show,
New-planted Edens seem to blow,
Trees that delicious poison bear;
For death is vegetable there.
Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
Each sinew slack'ning at the taste,
The soul to passion yields her throne,
And sees with organs not her own;
While, like the slumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes
The scenes of fairy-land arise;
The puppet world's amusing show,
Dipp'd in the gaily-color'd bow,
Sceptres and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
The toys of infants and of kings,
That tempt along the baneful plain,
The idly wise and lightly vain,
Till, verging on the gulfy shore,
Sudden they sink — and rise no more.
But list to what thy fates declare;
Tho' thou art woman, frail as fair.
If once thy sliding foot should stray,
Once quit yon heaven-appointed way,
For thee, lost maid, for thee alone,
Nor pray'rs shall plead, nor tears atone;
Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
On thy returning steps shall wait;
Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
And ev'ry foot thy presence fly.
Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,
Like guardian angels plac'd around,
A charm by truth divinely cast,
Forward our young advent'rer pass'd;
Forth from her sacred eyelids sent,
Like morn, fore-running radiance went,
While Honor, handmaid late assign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.
Awe-struck, the much-admiring crowd
Before the virgin vision bow'd;
Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
And caught fresh virtue at the sight;
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem the heaven-compounded Dame;
If matter, sure the most refin'd,
High wrought, and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And bodied by her native ray.
Where'er she passes, thousands bend,
And thousands where she moves attend;
Her ways observant eyes confess,
Her steps pursuing praises bless;
While to the elevated Maid
Oblations, as to heaven, are paid.
'Twas on an ever-blithsome day,
The jovial birth of rosy May,
When genial warmth, no more suppress,
Now melts the frost in ev'ry breast.
The cheek with secret flushing dyes,
And looks kind things from chastest eyes;
The sun with healthier visage glows,
Aside his clouded kerchief throws.
And dances up th' ethereal plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While nature, as from bonds set free,
Springs out, and gives a loose to glee.
And now, for momentary rest,
The nymph her travell'd step repress'd,
Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
And gloried in the height she gain'd.
Outstretch'd before her wide survey
The realms of sweet perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her soul with woe,
To see a world so lost below;
When straight the breeze began to breathe
Airs, gently wafted from beneath,
That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her sympathy of sense; —
No sounds of discord, that disclose
A people sunk and lost in woes,
But as of present good possest,
The very triumph of the blest.
The Maid in rapt attention hung,
While thus approaching Sirens sung:

Hither, fairest, hither haste,
Brightest beauty, come and taste
What the pow'rs of bliss unfold,
Joys too mighty to be told:
Taste what ecstasies they give;
Dying raptures taste, and live.
In thy lap, disdaining measure,
Nature empties all her treasure,
Soft desires, that sweetly languish;
Fierce delights, that rise to anguish;
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
Brightest beauty, come away.
List not, when the froward chide,
Sons of pedantry and pride,

Snarlers, to whose feeble sense
April's sunshine is offence;
Age and envy will advise
Even against the joy they prize,
Come, in pleasure's balmy bowl
Slake the thirstings of thy soul,
Till thy raptur'd powers are fainting
With enjoyment past the painting;
Fairest, dost thou yet delay
Brightest beauty, come away.
So sung the Sirens, as of yore,
Upon the false Ausonian shore;
And O! for that preventing chain,
That bound Ulysses on the main,
That so our Fair One might withstand
The covert ruin, now at hand.
The song her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempters stood in view;
Curiosity, with prying eyes,
And hands of busy bold emprise;
Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet;
And, like fore-running Fancy, fleet;
By search untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty she still aspir'd,
Tasteless of every good possest,
And but in expectation blest.
With her, associate, Pleasure came,
Gay Pleasure, frolic-loving dame,
Her mien all swimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to sight;
Loose flow'd her garments from the ground,
And caught the kissing-winds around,
As erst Medusa's looks were known
To turn beholders into stone,
A dire reversion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleasure melt.
Her glance with sweet persuasion charm'd,
Unnerv'd the strong, the steel disarm'd;
No safety ev'n the flying find,
Who, vent'rous, look but once behind.
Thus was the much-admiring Maid,
While distant, more than half betray'd.
With smiles, and adulation bland,
They join'd her side, and seis'd her hand;
Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,
Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd,
While half consenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,
Amidst a war of hopes and fears,
Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,
Still down and down, the winning pair
Compell'd the struggling, yielding Fair,
As when some stately vessel, bound
To blest Arabia's distant ground,
Borne from her courses, haply lights
Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land
Lurk the dire rock and dang'rous sand;
The pilot warns, with sail and oar
To shun the much-suspected shore,
In vain; the tide, too subtly strong,
Still bears the wrestling bark along,
Till found'ring, she resigns to fate,
And sinks, o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight.

So, baffling ev'ry bar to sin,
And Heav'n's own pilot plac'd within,
Along the devious, smooth descent,
With pow'rs increasing as they went,
The dames, accustom'd to subdue,
As with a rapid current drew,
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The lost, the long-reluctant Maid.
Here stop, ye fair ones, and beware,
Nor send your fond affections there;
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn to you and heav'n restor'd;
Till then, with weeping Honor wait,
The servant of her better fate,
With Honor, left upon the shore,
Her friend and handmaid now no more;
Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd;
But o'er her failing cast a veil,
Rememb'ring you yourselves are frail.
And now from all-inquiring light,
Fast fled the conscious shades of night;
The Damsel, from a short repose,
Confounded at her plight, arose.
As when with slumb'rous weight opprest,
Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And steal his hoard of joys away;
He, borne where golden Indus streams,
Of pearl and quarry'd diamond dreams;
Like Midas, turns the glebe to ore,
And stands all rapt amidst his store;
But wakens, naked and despoil'd,
Of that for which his years had toil'd:
So far'd the Nymph, her treasure flown,
And turn'd, like Niobe, to stone;
Within, without, obscure and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all destroy'd,
And, O thou curs'd, insidious coast!
Are these the blessings thou canst boast?
These, Virtue! these the joys they find,
Who leave thy heaven-topt hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns hide,
Ye mountains, cover me, she cried.
Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the sky;
Contempt discharg'd a living dart,
A side-long viper to her heart;
Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,
And soil'd and blasted ev'ry grace;
Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view,
While these in crimes the deepest dyed
Approach'd to whiten at her side:
And ev'ry lewd insulting dame
Upon her folly rose to fame.
What should she do? Attempt once more
To gain the late deserted shore?
So trusting, back the Mourner flew,
As fast the train of fiends pursue.
Again the farther shore 's attain'd,
Again the land of virtue gain'd;
But echo gathers in the wind,
And shows her instant foes behind.

Amaz'd

Amaz'd with headlong speed she tends,
Where late she left an host of friends;
Alas! those shrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine:
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely trembler fly,
Or backward drive her on the coast,
Where peace was wreck'd and honor lost.
From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To Heaven not daring to complain;
No truce by hostile clamor given,
And from the face of friendship driven,
The Nymph sunk prostrate on the ground
With all her weight of woes around.

Enthron'd within a circling sky,
Upon a mount o'er mountains high,
All radiant sat, as in a shrine,
Virtue, first effluence divine;
Far, far above the scenes of woe,
That shut this cloud-wrapt cloud below;
Superior goddess, essence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom should mortality survey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty must expire,
The world dissolve in living fire,
The gems of heaven and solar flame,
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To rise a new-born phœnix die.

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form she threw,
Which three sad sisters of the shade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy, made
Thro' this her all-inquiring eye
Attentive from her station high,
Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair;
And with a voice whose awful sound
Appall'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be still,
To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the surging of the main
And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain;
The golden harp of heaven she strung,
And thus the tuneful goddess sung:

Lovely Penitent arise,
Come, and claim thy kindred skies;
Come, thy sister angels say
Thou has wept thy stains away.

Let experience now decide
'Twixt the good and evil tried;
In the smooth, enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treasures found.

Structures, rais'd by morning dreams;
Sands, that trip the flitting streams;
Down, that anchors on the air;
Clouds, that paint their changes there;

Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,
While the storm impends on high,
Showing, in an obvious glass,
Joys that in possession pass;

Transient, fickle, light, and gay,
Flatt'ring, only to betray;
What, alas, can life contain!
Life! like all its circles — vain.

Will the stork, intending rest,
On the billow build her nest?
Will the bee demand his store
From the bleak and bladeless shore?

Man alone, intent to stray,
Ever turns from wisdom's way;
Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the sea, and ploughs the sand.

Soon this elemental mass,
Soon the incumb'ring world shall pass:
Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
Time be spent, and life expire.

Then, ye boasted works of men,
Where is your asylum then?
Sons of pleasure, sons of care,
Tell me, mortals, tell me where?

Gone, like traces on the deep,
Like a sceptred grasp'd in sleep,
Dews exhal'd from morning glades,
Melting snows, and gliding shades.

Pass the world, and what's behind?
Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
From an universe deprav'd,
From the wreck of nature sav'd.

Like the life-supporting grain,
Fruit of patience and of pain,
On the swains autumnal day,
Winnow'd from the chaff away.

Little trembler, fear no more,
Thou hast plenteous crops in store,
Seed, by genial sorrows sown,
More than all thy scorners own.

What tho' hostile earth despise,
Heaven beholds with gentler eyes;
Heaven thy friendless steps shall guide,
Cheer thy hours and guard thy side.

When the fatal trump shall sound,
When th' immortals pour around,
Heaven shall thy return attest,
Hail'd by myriads of the blest.

Little native of the skies,
Lovely penitent, arise;
Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy sister now.

More delightful are my woes
Than the rapture pleasure knows;
Richer far the weeds I bring
Than the robes that grace a king.

On my wars of shortest date,
Crowns of endless triumph wait;
On my cares a period blest;
On my toils eternal rest.

Come, with Virtue at thy side;
Come, be ev'ry bar defied,
Till we gain our native shore;
Sister, come, and turn no more.

§ 295. FABLE XVI. *Love and Vanity.*

THE breezy morning breath'd perfume,
The wak'ning flow'rs unveil their bloom,
Up with the sun, from short repose,
Gay health and lusty labor rose;
The milkmaid caroll'd at her pail,
And shepherds whistled o'er the dale:
When Love, who led a rural life,
Remote from bustle, state, and strife,
Forth from his thatch-roof'd cottage stray'd,
And stroll'd along the dewy glade.
A Nymph, who lightly tripp'd it by,
To quick attention turn'd his eye;
He mark'd the gesture of the Fair,
Her self-sufficient grace and air,
Her steps that mincing, meant to please,
Her studied negligence and ease;
And curious to inquire what meant
This thing of prettiness and paint,
Approaching spoke, and bow'd observant;
The lady slightly, — Sir, your servant.
Such beauty in so rude a place!
Fair one, you do the country grace;
At court no doubt the public care,
But Love has small acquaintance there.
Yes, Sir, replied the flutt'ring Dame,
This form confesses whence it came;
But dear variety, you know,
Can make us pride and pomp forego.
My name is Vanity. I sway
The utmost islands of the sea;
Within my court all honor centres;
I raise the meanest soul that enters,
Endow with latent gifts and graces.
And model fools for posts and places.
As Vanity appoints at pleasure,
The world receives its weight and measure;
Hence all the grand concerns of life,
Joys, cares, plagues, passions, peace, and strife.
Reflect how far my pow'r prevails,
When I step in where nature fails,
And ev'ry breach of sense repairing,
Am bounteous still where heaven is sparing.
But chief in all their arts and airs,
Their playing, painting, pouts, and pray'rs,
Their various habits, and complexions,
Fits, frolics, foibles, and perfections,
Their robing, curling, and adorning,
From noon to night, from night to morning,
From six to sixty, sick or sound,
I rule the female world around.
Hold there a moment, Cupid cried,
Nor boast dominion quite so wide.
Was there no province to invade,
But that by Love and Meekness sway'd?
All other empire I resign;
But be the sphere of beauty mine.
For in the downy lawn of rest,
That opens on a woman's breast,
Attended by my peaceful train,
I choose to live, and choose to reign.
Far-sighted faith I bring along,
And truth above an army strong;
And chastity of icy mould,
Within the burning tropics cold;
And lowliness to whose mild brow
The pow'r and pride of nations bow;
And modesty, with downcast eye,
That lends the morn her virgin dye;
And innocence, array'd in light;
And honor, as a tow'r upright;
With sweetly winning graces more
Than poets ever dreamt of yore,
In unaffected conduct free,
All smiling sisters, three times three;
And rosy peace, the cherub blest,
That nightly sings us all to rest.
Hence, from the bud of nature's prime,
From the first step of infant time,
Woman, th' world's appointed light,
Has skirted ev'ry shade with white;
Has stood for imitation high,
To ev'ry heart and ev'ry eye,
From antient deeds of fair renown,
Has brought her bright memorials down:
To time affix'd perpetual youth,
And form'd each tale of love and truth.
Upon a new Promethean plan
She moulds the essence of a man,
Tempers his mass, his genius fires,
And, as a better soul inspires.
The rude she softens, warms the cold,
Exalts the meek, and checks the bold,
Calls sloth from his supine repose,
Within the coward's bosom glows,
Of pride unplumes the lofty crest,
Bids bashful merit stand confest,
And, like coarse metal from the mines,
Collects, irradiates, and refines.
The gentle science she imparts,
All manners smooths, informs all hearts;
From her sweet influence are felt
Passions which please, and thoughts that melt;
To stormy rage she bids control,
And sinks serenely on the soul,
Soften's Deucalion's flinty race,
And tunes the warring world to peace.
Thus arm'd to all that's light and vain,
And freed from thy fantastic chain,
She fills the sphere by Heaven assign'd,
And, rul'd by me, o'er-rules mankind.
He spoke, The Nymph impatient stood,
And, laughing, thus her speech renew'd:
And pray, Sir, may I be so bold
To hope your pretty tale is told;
And next demand without a cavil,
What new Utopia do you travel? ——
Upon my word these high-flown fancies,
Show depth of learning — in romances.
Why, what unfashion'd stuff you tell us
Of buckram dames and tiptoe fellows!
Go, child; and when your grown maturer,
You 'll shoot your next opinion surer,
O such a pretty knack at painting!
And all for soft'ning and for sainting;
Guess now, who can, a single feature,
Thro' the whole piece of female nature;

Then

Then mark, my looser hand may fit
The lines, too coarse for Love to hit.
'Tis said that woman, prone to changing,
Thro' all the rounds of folly ranging,
On life's uncertain ocean riding,
No reason, rule, nor rudder guiding,
Is like the comet's wand'ring light,
Eccentric, ominous, and bright;
Trackless, and shifting as the wind;
A sea, whose fathom none can find;
A moon, still changing and revolving;
A riddle, past all human solving;
A bliss, a plague, a heaven, a hell;
A —— something that no man can tell.
Now learn a secret from a friend,
But keep your counsel, and attend.
Tho' in their tempers thought so distant,
Nor with their sex nor selves consistent,
'Tis but the difference of a name,
And ev'ry woman is the same;
For as the world, however varied,
And through unnumber'd changes carried,
Of elemental modes and forms,
Clouds, meteors, colors, calms, and storms,
Tho' in a thousand suits array'd,
Is of one subject matter made;
So, Sir, a woman's constitution,
The world's enigma, finds solution;
And let her form be what you will,
I am the subject essence still.
With the first spark of female sense,
The speck of being, I commence,
Within the womb make fresh advances,
And dictate future qualms and fancies;
Thence in the growing form expand,
With childhood travel hand in hand,
And give a taste for all their joys
In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noise.
And now, familiar and unaw'd,
I send the flutt'ring soul abroad,
Prais'd for her shape, her air, her mien,
The little goddess, and the queen,
Takes at her infant shrine oblation,
And drinks sweet draughts of adulation.
Now blooming, tall, erect, and fair,
To dress becomes her darling care;
The realms of beauty then I bound;
I swell the hoop's enchanted round,
Shrink in the waist's descending size,
Heav'd in the snowy bosom, rise,
High on the flowing lappet sail,
Or, curl'd in tresses, kiss the gale.
Then to her glass I lead the fair,
And show the lovely idol there;
Where, struck as by divine emotion,
She bows with most sincere devotion,
And, numb'ring ev'ry beauty o'er,
In secret bids the world adore.
Then all her parking and parading,
Coquetting, dancing, masquerading:
For balls, plays, courts, and crowds what passion
And churches, sometimes — if the fashion;
For woman's sense of right and wrong
Is rul'd by the almighty throng;
Still turns to each meander tame,
And swims the straw of ev'ry stream.
Her soul intrinsic worth rejects,
Accomplish'd only in defects;
Such excellence is her ambition,
Folly her wisest acquisition;
And even from pity and disdain
She 'll cull some reason to be vain.
Thus, Sir, from ev'ry form and feature,
The wealth and wants of female nature,
And ev'n from vice, which you 'd admire,
I gather fuel to my fire;
And on the very base of shame
Erect my monument of fame.
Let me another truth attempt,
Of which your godship has not dreamt.
Those shining virtues which you muster,
Whence think you they derive their lustre?
From native honor and devotion?
O yes, a mighty likely notion!
Trust me, from titled dames to spinners,
'Tis I make saints, whoe'er make sinners;
'Tis I instruct them to withdraw,
And hold presumptuous man in awe;
For female worth, as I inspire,
In just degrees, still mounts the higher;
And virtue, so extremely nice,
Demands long toil and mighty price.
Like Samson's pillars, fix'd elate,
I bear the sex's tott'ring state;
Sap these, and in a moment's space
Down sinks the fabric to its base.
Alike from titles and from toys
I spring the fount of female joys;
In ev'ry widow, wife, and miss,
The sole artificer of bliss;
For them each topic I explore,
I cleave the sand of ev'ry shore;
To them uniting Indias sail,
Sabæa breathes her farthest gale:
For them the bullion I refine,
Dig sense and virtue from the mine,
And from the bowels of invention
Spin out the various arts you mention.
Nor bliss alone my pow'rs bestow,
They hold the sov'reign balm of woe,
Beyond the stoic's boasted art
I sooth the heavings of the heart;
To pain give splendor and relief,
And gild the pallid face of grief.
Alike the palace and the plain
Admit the glories of my reign!
Thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry nation,
Taste, talents, tempers, state, and station.
Whate'er a woman says, I say;
Whate'er a woman spends, I pay;
Alike I fill and empty bags,
Flutter in finery and rags,
With light coquettes thro' folly range,
And with the proud disdain to change.
And now you'd think, 'twixt you and I,
That things were ripe for a reply —
But soft, and while I'm in the mood,
Kindly permit me to conclude,

Their

Their utmost mazes to unravel,
And touch the farthest step they travel.
When ev'ry pleasure 's run aground,
And folly tir'd thro' many a round,
The nymph, conceiving discontent hence,
May ripen to an hour's repentance,
And vapors, shed in pious moisture,
Dismiss her to a church, or cloyster;
Then on I lead her, with devotion
Conspicuous in her dress and motion,
Inspire the heavenly-breathing air,
Roll up the lucid eye in pray'r,
Soften the voice, and in the face
Look melting harmony and grace.
Thus far extends my friendly pow'r,
Nor quits her in her latest hour:
The couch of decent pain I spread,
In form recline her languid head;
Her thoughts I methodise in death,
And part not with her parting breath;
Then do I set, in order bright,
A length of fun'ral pomp to sight.
The glitt'ring tapers and attire,
The plumes that whiten o'er the bier;
And last, presenting to her eye
Angelic fineries on high,
To scenes of painted bliss I waft her,
And form the heaven she hopes hereafter.
In truth, rejoin'd love's gentle god,
You've gone a tedious length of road,
And, strange, in all the toilsome way
No house of kind refreshment lay;
No nymph, whose virtues might have tempted
To hold her from her sex exempted.
For one we 'll never quarrel, man;
Take her, and keep her, if you can;
And pleas'd I yield to your petition,
Since ev'ry fair, by such permission,
Will hold herself the one selected;
And so my system stands protected.
O, deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,
To truths divinely vouch'd in story!
The Godhead in his zeal return'd,
And, kindling at her malice, burn'd:
Then sweetly rais'd his voice, and told
Of heav'nly nymphs, rever'd of old;
Hypsipyle, who sav'd her sire,
And Portia's love, approv'd by fire;
Alike Penelope was quoted,
Nor laurel'd Daphne pass'd unnoted,
Nor Laodamia's fatal garter,
Nor fam'd Lucretia, honor's martyr,
Alceste's voluntary steel,
And Catharine, smiling on the wheel.
But who can hope to plant conviction
Where cavil grows on contradiction?
Some she evades or disavows,
Demurs to all, and none allows —
A kind of antient thing call'd fables!
And thus the Goddess turn'd the tables.
Now both in argument grew high,
A choler flush'd from either eye;
Nor wonder each refus'd to yield
The conquest of so fair a field.

When happily arriv'd in view
A Goddess whom our grand-dames knew,
Of aspect grave, and sober gait,
Majestic, awful, and sedate,
As heaven's autumnal eve serene,
When not a cloud o'ercasts the scene;
Once Prudence call'd, a matron fam'd,
And in old Rome Cornelia nam'd.
Quick at a venture both agree
To leave their strife to her decree.
And now by each the facts were stated,
In form and manner as related.
The case was short. They crav'd opinion,
Which held o'er females chief dominion:
When thus the Goddess, answ'ring mild,
First shook her gracious head, and smil'd:
Alas, how willing to comply,
Yet how unfit a judge am I!
In times of golden date, 'tis true,
I shar'd the fickle sex with you;
But from their presence long precluded,
Or held as one whose form intruded,
Full fifty annual suns can tell,
Prudence has bid the sex farewell.
In this dilemma what to do,
Or who to think of, neither knew;
For both, still biass'd in opinion,
And arrogant of sole dominion,
Were forc'd to hold the case compounded,
Or leave the quarrel where they found it.
When in the nick, a rural fair,
Of inexperienc'd gait and air,
Who ne'er had cross'd the neighb'ring lake,
Nor seen the world beyond a wake,
With cambric coif, and kerchief clean,
Tripp'd lightly by them o'er the green.
Now, now! cried Love's triumphant child,
And at approaching conquest smil'd,
If Vanity will once be guided,
Our diff'rence soon may be decided;
Behold yon wench, a fit occasion
To try your force of gay persuasion.
Go you while I retire aloof,
Go, put those boasted pow'rs to proof;
And if your prevalence of art
Transcends my yet unerring dart,
I give the fav'rite contest o'er,
And ne'er will boast my empire more.
At once, so said, and so consented;
And well our Goddess seem'd contented;
Nor pausing made a moment's stand,
But tripp'd, and took the girl in hand.
Meanwhile the Godhead, unalarm'd,
As one to each occasion arm'd,
Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart,
That erst had wounded many a heart;
Then bending, drew it to the head;
The bowstring twang'd, the arrow fled,
And to her secret soul addrest,
Transfix'd the whiteness of her breast.
But here the Dame, whose guardian care
Had to a moment watch'd the fair,
At once her pocket-mirror drew,
And held the wonder full in view;

As

As quickly rang'd in order bright,
A thousand beauties rush to sight,
A world of charms, till now unknown,
A world reveal'd to her alone;
Enraptur'd stands the love-sick maid,
Suspended o'er the darling shade,
Here only fixes to admire,
And centres ev'ry fond desire.

§ 296. *The Young Lady and Looking-Glass.* Wilkie.

Ye deep philosophers, who can
Explain that various creature, Man,
Say, is there any point so nice
As that of off'ring an advice?
To bid your friend his errors mend,
Is almost certain to offend:
Tho' you in softest terms advise,
Confess him good, admit him wise,
In vain you sweeten the discourse,
He thinks you call him fool, or worse.
You paint his character, and try
If he will own it, and apply;
Without a name reprove and warn;
Here none are hurt, and all may learn;
This too must fail; the picture shown,
No man will take it for his own.
In moral lectures treat the case,
Say this is honest, that is base;
In conversation none will bear it;
And for the pupil, few come near it.
And is there then no other way
A moral lesson to convey?
Must all that shall attempt to teach,
Admonish, satirize, or preach?
Yes, there is one, an antient art,
By sages found to reach the heart,
Ere science, with distinctions nice,
Had fix'd what virtue is, and vice.
Inventing all the various names
On which the moralist declaims:
They would by simple tales advise,
Which took the hearer by surprise;
Alarm'd his conscience, ur prepar'd,
Ere pride had put it on its guard;
And made him from himself receive
The lessons which they meant to give.
That this device will oft prevail,
And gain its end when others fail,
If any shall pretend to doubt,
The tale which follows makes it out.
There was a little stubborn dame,
Whom no authority could tame;
Restive, by long indulgence, grown,
No will she minded but her own:
At trifles oft she'd scold and fret,
Then in a corner take a seat,
And, sourly moping all the day,
Disdain alike to work or play.
Papa all softer arts had tried,
And sharper remedies applied;
But both were vain; for ev'ry course
He took, still made her worse and worse.
'Tis strange to think how female wit
So oft should make a lucky hit;
When man, with all his high pretence
To deeper judgement, sounder sense,
Will err, and measures false pursue—
'Tis very strange, I own, but true.—
Mamma observ'd the rising lass
By stealth retiring to the glass,
To practise little airs unseen,
In the true genius of thirteen:
On this a deep design she laid
To tame the humor of the Maid;
Contriving, like a prudent mother,
To make one folly cure another.
Upon the wall, against the seat
Which Jessy us'd for her retreat,
Whene'er by accident offended,
A looking-glass was straight suspended,
That it might show her how deform'd
She look'd, and frightful, when she storm'd;
And warn her, as she priz'd her beauty,
To bend her humor to her duty.
All this the looking-glass achiev'd;
Its threats were minded and believ'd.
The Maid, who spurn'd at all advice,
Grew tame and gentle in a trice:
So, when all other means had fail'd,
The silent monitor prevail'd.
Thus, Fable to the human kind
Presents an *image* of the mind;
It is a *mirror*, where we spy
At large our own deformity;
And learn of course those faults to mend,
Which but to mention would offend.

§ 297. *The Boy and the Rainbow.* Wilkie

Declare, ye sages, if ye find
'Mongst animals of ev'ry kind,
Of each condition, sort, and size,
From whales and elephants to flies,
A creature that mistakes his plan,
And errs, so constantly as Man.
Each kind pursues his proper good,
And seeks for pleasure, rest, and food,
As nature points, and never errs
In what it chooses and prefers;
Man only blunders, though possest
Of talents far above the rest.
Descend to instances, and try;
An ox will scarce attempt to fly,
Or leave his pasture in the wood,
With fishes to explore the flood.
Man only acts, of ev'ry creature,
In opposition to his nature.
The happiness of human kind
Consists in rectitude of mind;
A will subdu'd to reason's sway,
And passions practis'd to obey;
An open and a gen'rous heart,
Restrain'd from selfishness and art;
Patience, which mocks at fortune's pow'r,
And wisdom never sad nor sour:
In these consists our proper bliss;
Else Plato reasons much amiss:

But foolish mortals still pursue
False happiness in place of true;
Ambition serves us for a guide,
Or lust, or avarice, or pride;
While Reason no assent can gain,
And Revelation warns in vain.
Hence through our lives, in ev'ry stage,
From infancy itself to age,
A happiness we toil to find,
Which still avoids us like the wind;
Ev'n when we think the prize our own,
At once 'tis vanish'd, lost and gone.
You 'll ask me why I thus rehearse
All Epictetus in my verse?
And if I fondly hope to please,
With dry reflections, such as these,
So trite, so hackney'd, and so stale?
I'll take the hint, and tell a tale.

One evening, as a simple swain
His flock attended on the plain,
The shining bow he chanc'd to spy,
Which warns us when a show'r is nigh.
With brightest rays it seem'd to glow:
Its distance eighty yards or so.
This bumpkin had, it seems, been told
The story of the cup of gold,
Which fame reports is to be found
Just where the Rainbow meets the ground;
He therefore felt a sudden itch
To seise the goblet, and be rich;
Hoping, yet hopes are oft but vain,
No more to toil thro' wind and rain,
But sit indulging by the fire,
'Midst ease and plenty, like a 'squire.
He mark'd the very spot of land
On which the Rainbow seem'd to stand,
And, stepping forwards at his leisure,
Expected to have found the treasure.
But as he mov'd, the color'd ray
Still chang'd its place, and slipp'd away,
As seeming his approach to shun.
From walking he began to run;
But all in vain, it still withdrew
As nimbly as he could pursue.
At last, through many a bog and lake,
Rough craggy road, and thorny brake,
It led the easy fool, till night
Approach'd, then vanish'd in his sight,
And left him to compute his gains,
With nought but labor for his pains.

§ 298. *The Rake and the Hermit.* Wilkie.

A youth, a pupil of the town,
Philosopher and atheist grown,
Benighted once upon the road,
Found out a hermit's lone abode,
Whose hospitality in need
Reliev'd the trav'ller and his steed;
For both sufficiently were tir'd,
Well drench'd in ditches, and bemir'd.
Hunger the first attention claims;
Upon the coals a rasher flames.
Dry crusts, and liquor something stale,
Were added to make up a meal;
At which our trav'ller, as he sat,
By intervals began to chat.—
'Tis odd, quoth he, to think what strains
Of folly governs some folks' brains:
What makes you choose this wild abode?
You 'll say, 'Tis to converse with God.
Alas, I fear, 'tis all a whim;
You never saw or spoke with him.
They talk of Providence's pow'r,
And say, it rules us ev'ry hour:
To me all nature seems confusion,
And such weak fancies mere delusion.
Say, if it rul'd and govern'd right,
Could there be such a thing as night;
Which, when the sun has left the skies,
Puts all things in a deep disguise?
If then a trav'ller chance to stray,
The least step from the public way,
He 's soon in endless mazes lost,
As I have found it to my cost.
Besides, the gloom which nature wears
Assists imaginary fears,
Of ghosts and goblins from the waves
Of sulph'rous lakes and yawning graves;
All sprung from superstitious seed,
Like other maxims of the creed.
For my part, I reject the tales
Which faith suggests when reason fails;
And reason nothing understands,
Unwarranted by eyes and hands.
These subtle essences, like wind,
Which some have dreamt of, and call mind,
It ne'er admits; nor joins the lie,
Which says men rot, but never die.
It holds all future things in doubt,
And therefore wisely leaves them out;
Suggesting what is worth our care,
To take things present as they are,
Our wisest course: the rest is folly,
The fruit of spleen and melancholy.—

Sir, quoth the Hermit, I agree
That Reason still our guide should be;
And will admit her as the test
Of what is true, and what is best;
But Reason sure would blush for shame
At what you mention in her name;
Her dictates are sublime and holy;
Impiety 's the child of Folly;
Reason with measur'd steps and slow,
To things above to things below
Ascends, and guides us thro' her sphere
With caution, vigilance, and care.
Faith in the utmost frontier stands,
And Reason puts us in her hands;
But not till her commission giv'n
Is found authentic, and from Heav'n.
'Tis strange that man, a reas'ning creature,
Should miss a God, in viewing nature;
Whose high perfections are display'd
In ev'ry thing his hands have made:
Ev'n when we think their traces lost,
When found again, we see them most:
The night itself, which you would blame
As something wrong in nature's frame,

Is but a curtain to invest
Her weary children when at rest:
Like that which mothers draw to keep
The light off from a child asleep.
Besides, the fears which darkness breeds
(At least augments) in vulgar heads,
Are far from useless, when the mind
Is narrow, and to earth confin'd;
They make the worldling think with pain
On frauds, and oaths, and ill-got gain;
Force from the ruffian's hand the knife
Just rais'd against his neighbour's life;
And in defence of virtue's cause,
Assist each sanction of the laws.
But souls serene, where wisdom dwells,
And superstitions dread expels,
The silent majesty of night
Excites to take a nobler flight;
With saints and angels to explore
The wonders of creating pow'r;
And lifts on contemplation's wings
Above the sphere of mortal things.
Walk forth, and tread those dewy plains
Where night in awful silence reigns;
The sky's serene, the air is still,
The woods stand listening on each hill,
To catch the sounds that sink and swell,
Wide-floating from the ev'ning bell,
While foxes howl, and beetles hum,
Sounds which make silence still more dumb:
And try if folly, rash and rude,
Dare on the sacred hour intrude.
Then turn your eyes to heav'n's broad frame,
Attempt to quote those lights by name
Which shine so thick, and spread so far;
Conceive a sun in ev'ry star,
Round which unnumber'd planets roll,
While comets shoot athwart the whole;
From system still to system ranging,
Their various benefits exchanging,
And shaking from their flaming hair
The things most needed ev'ry where. —
Explore this glorious scene, and say
That night discovers less than day;
That 'tis quite useless, and a sign
That chance disposes, not design:
Whoe'er maintains it, I 'll pronounce
Him either mad, or else a dunce;
For reason, tho' 'tis far from strong,
Will soon find out that nothing 's wrong,
From signs and evidences clear
Of wise contrivance ev'ry where.
The Hermit ended, and the youth
Became a convert to the truth;
At least he yielded, and confess'd
That all was order'd for the best.

§ 299. *The Youth and the Philosopher.*
W. Whitehead.

A Grecian youth, of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philosophic care
Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Would often boast his matchless skill
To curb the steed, and guide the wheel;
And as he pass'd the gazing throng
With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,
The idiot wonder they express'd
Was praise and transport to his breast.
At length, quite vain, he needs would show
His master what his art could do;
And bade his slaves the chariot lead
To Academus' sacred shade.
The trembling grove confess'd its fright,
The wood-nymphs started at the sight;
The Muses drop the learned lyre,
And to their inmost shades retire.
Howe'er the youth, with forward air,
Bows to the sage, and mounts the car;
The lash resounds, the coursers spring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring;
And gathering crowds, with eager eyes,
And shouts, pursue him as he flies.
Triumphant to the goal return'd,
With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd;
And now along th' indented plain
The self-same track he marks again;
Pursues with care the nice design,
Nor ever deviates from the line.
Amazement seis'd the circling crowd;
The youths with emulation glow'd;
Ev'n bearded sages hail'd the boy,
And all but Plato gaz'd with joy.
For he, deep-judging sage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field:
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye,
Alas! unhappy youth, he cried,
Expect no praise from me (and sigh'd.)
With indignation I survey
Such skill and judgement thrown away.
The time profusely squander'd there
On vulgar arts, beneath thy care,
If well employ'd, at less expence,
Had taught thee honor, virtue, sense,
And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate
To govern men, and guide the state.

§ 300. *The Bee, the Ant, and the Sparrow.*
Dr. Cotton.

Addressed to Phœbe and Kitty C. at Boarding-School.

My dears, 'tis said, in days of old
That beasts could talk, and birds could scold:
But now, it seems, the human race
Alone engross the speaker's place.
Yet lately, if report be true,
(And much the tale relates to you)
There met a Sparrow, Ant, and Bee,
Which reason'd and convers'd as we.
Who reads my page will doubtless grant
That Phe 's the wise industrious Ant;
And all with half an eye may see
That Kitty is the busy Bee.
Here then are two — but where 's the third?
Go search the school, you 'll find the bird.

Your

Your school! I ask your pardon, Fair;
I'm sure you'll find no Sparrow there.
Now to my tale — One summer's morn
A Bee rang'd o'er the verdant lawn;
Studious to husband ev'ry hour,
And make the most of ev'ry flow'r.
Nimble from stalk to stalk she flies,
And loads with yellow wax her thighs;
With which the artist builds her comb,
And keeps all tight and warm at home:
Or from the cowslip's golden bells
Sucks honey, to enrich her cells:
Or ev'ry tempting rose pursues,
Or sips the lily's fragrant dews;
Yet never robs the shining bloom
Or of its beauty or perfume.
Thus she discharg'd in ev'ry way
The various duties of the day.
It chanc'd a frugal Ant was near,
Whose brow was wrinkled o'er by care;
A great œconomist was she,
Nor less laborious than the Bee,
By pensive parents often taught
What ills arise from want of thought;
That poverty on sloth depends;
On poverty the loss of friends;
Hence ev'ry day the Ant is found
With anxious steps to tread the ground;
With curious search to trace the grain,
And drag the heavy load with pain.
The active Bee with pleasure saw
The Ant fulfil her parent's law.
Ah! sister laborer, says she,
How very fortunate are we!
Who, taught in infancy to know
The comforts which from labor flow,
Are independent of the great,
Nor know the wants of pride and state.
Why is our food so very sweet?
Because we earn before we eat.
Why are our wants so very few?
Because we nature's calls pursue.
Whence our complacency of mind?
Because we act our parts assign'd.
Have we incessant tasks to do?
Is not all nature busy too?
Doth not the sun, with constant pace,
Persist to run his annual race?
Do not the stars, which shine so bright,
Renew their courses ev'ry night?
Doth not the ox obedient bow
His patient neck, and draw the plough?
Or when did e'er the gen'rous steed
Withhold his labor or his speed?
If you all nature's system scan,
The only idle thing is man.
A wanton Sparrow long'd to hear
Their sage discourse, and straight drew near.
The bird was talkative and loud,
And very pert and very proud;
As worthless and as vain a thing,
Perhaps, as ever wore a wing.
She found, as on a spray she sat,
The little friends were deep in chat;
That virtue was their fav'rite theme,
And toil and probity their scheme:
Such talk was hateful to her breast;
She thought them arrant prudes at best.
When to display her naughty mind,
Hunger with cruelty combin'd,
She view'd the Ant with savage eyes,
And hopp'd and hopp'd to snatch the prize.
The Bee, who watch'd her op'ning bill,
And guess'd her fell design to kill,
Ask'd her from what her anger rose,
And why she treated Ants as foes?
The Sparrow her reply began,
And thus the conversation ran:
Whenever I 'm dispos'd to dine,
I think the whole creation mine;
That I 'm a bird of high degree,
And ev'ry insect made for me.
Hence oft I search the emmet-brood
(For emmets are delicious food),
And oft, in wantonness and play,
I slay ten thousand in a day.
For truth it is, without disguise,
That I love mischief as my eyes.
Oh! fie! the honest Bee replied,
I fear you make base men your guide;
Of ev'ry creature sure the worst,
Though in creation's scale the first!
Ungrateful man! 'tis strange he thrives,
Who burns the Bees to rob their hives!
I hate his vile administration,
And so do all the emmet nation.
What fatal foes to birds are men,
Quite to the Eagle from the Wren!
Oh! do not men's example take,
Who mischief do for mischief's sake;
But spare the Ant — her worth demands
Esteem and friendship at your hands.
A mind with ev'ry virtue blest,
Must raise compassion in your breast.
Virtue! rejoin'd the sneering bird,
Where did you learn that Gothic word?
Since I was hatch'd, I never heard
That virtue was at all rever'd.
But say it was the antients' claim,
Yet moderns disavow the name;
Unless, my dear, you read romances,
I cannot reconcile your fancies.
Virtue in fairy tales is seen
To play the goddess or the queen;
But what 's a queen without the pow'r,
Or beauty, child, without a dow'r?
Yet this is all that virtue brags,
At best 'tis only worth in rags.
Such whims my very heart deride:
Indeed you make me burst my sides
Trust me, Miss Bee — to speak the truth,
I 've copied men from earliest youth;
The same our taste, the same our school,
Passion and appetite our rule;
And call me bird, or call me sinner,
I 'll ne'er forego my sport or dinner.
A prowling cat the miscreant spies,
And wide expands her amber eyes:

Near

Near and more near Grimalkind draws;
She wags her tail, protends her paws;
Then, springing on her thoughtless prey,
She bore the vicious bird away.
Thus in her cruelty and pride,
The wicked wanton sparrow died.

§ 301. *The Bears and Bees.* Merrick.

As two young bears in wanton mood,
Forth issuing from a neighb'ring wood,
Came where th' industrious Bees had stor'd
In artful cells their luscious hoard;
O'erjoy'd they seis'd with eager haste
Luxurious on the rich repast.
Alarm'd at this the little crew
About their ears vindictive flew.
The beasts, unable to sustain
Th' unequal combat, quit the plain;
Half blind with rage, and mad with pain,
Their native shelter they regain;
There sit, and now, discreeter grown,
Too late their rashness they bemoan;
And this by dear experience gain,
That pleasure's ever bought with pain.
So when the gilded baits of vice
Are plac'd before our longing eyes,
With greedy haste we snatch our fill,
And swallow down the latent ill;
But when experience opes our eyes,
Away the fancied pleasure flies:
It flies, but oh! too late we find
It leaves a real sting behind.

§ 302. *The Camelion.* Merrick.

Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud conceited talking spark,
With eyes, that hardly serv'd at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen:
Returning from his finish'd tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop:
" Sir, if my judgement you 'll allow—
" I 've seen—and sure I ought to know"—
So begs you 'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.
Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,
And on their way in friendly chat
Now talk'd of this, and then of that,
Discours'd a while, 'mongst other matter,
Of the camelion's form and nature.
" A stranger animal," cries one,
" Sure never liv'd beneath the sun;
" A lizard's body, lean and long,
" A fish's head, a serpent's tongue;
" Its foot with triple claw disjoin'd;
" And what a length of tail behind!
" How slow its pace! and then its hue—
" Who ever saw so fine a blue?"
' Hold there,' the other quick replies,
' 'Tis green,—I saw it with these eyes,
' As late with open mouth it lay,
' And warm'd it in the sunny ray;
' Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,
' And saw it eat the air for food!'
" I 've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
" And must again affirm it blue.
" At leisure I the beast survey'd,
" Extended in the cooling shade."
' 'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I assure ye.'—
" Green!" cries the other in a fury.—
" Why, Sir, d' ye think I 've lost my eyes?"
' 'Twere no great loss,' the friend replies,
' For, if they always serve you thus,
' You 'll find them but of little use.'
So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows:
When luckily came by a third—
To him the question they referr'd;
And begg'd he 'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
" Sirs," cries the umpire, " cease your pother,
" The creature 's neither one nor t' other:
" I caught the animal last night,
" And view'd it o'er by candle light:
" I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—
" You stare—but, Sirs, I 've got it yet,
" And can produce it."—' Pray, Sir, do:
' I 'll lay my life, the thing is blue.'
" And I 'll be sworn that when you've seen
" The reptile, you 'll pronounce him green."
' Well then, at once, to ease the doubt,'
Replies the man, ' I 'll turn him out:
' And when before your eyes I 've set him,
' If you don't find him black, I 'll eat him.'
He said; then full before their sight
Produc'd the beast, and lo—'twas white.
Both star'd; the man look'd wond'rous wise—
" My children," the Camelion cries
(Then first the creature found a tongue),
" You all are right, and all are wrong:
" When next you talk of what you view,
" Think others see as well as you:
" Nor wonder, if you find that none
" Prefers your eye-sight to his own."

§ 303. *The Monkeys. A Tale.* Merrick.

Whoe'er, with curious eye, has rang'd
Thro' Ovid's tales, has seen
How Jove, incens'd, to Monkeys chang'd
A tribe of worthless men.

Repentant soon, th' offending race
Entreat the injur'd pow'r
To give them back the human face,
And reason's aid restore.

Jove, sooth'd at length, his ear inclin'd,
And granted half their pray'r;
But t' other half he bade the wind
Disperse in empty air.

Scarce had the thund'rer giv'n the nod
That shook the vaulted skies,
With haughtier air the creatures strode,
And stretch'd their dwindled size.

The hair in curls luxuriant now
Around their temples spread;
The tail, that whilom hung below,
Now dangled from the head.

The head remains unchang'd within,
Nor alter'd much the face;
It still retains its native grin,
And all its old grimace.

Thus half transform'd, and half the same,
Jove bade them take their place
(Restoring them their antient claim)
Among the human race.

Man with contempt the brute survey'd,
Nor would a name bestow;
But woman lik'd the motley breed,
And call'd the thing a beau.

§ 304. *Know Thyself.* Arbuthnot.

What am I? how produc'd? and for what end?
Whence drew I being? to what period tend?
Am I th' abandon'd orphan of blind chance,
Dropp'd by wild atoms in disorder'd dance?
Or from an endless chain of causes wrought,
And of unthinking substance, born with thought?
By motion which began without a cause,
Supremely wise, without design or laws?
Am I but what I seem, mere flesh and blood?
A branching channel, with a mazy flood?
The purple stream that through my vessels glides,
Dull and unconscious flows, like common tides:
The pipes through which the circling juices stray,
Are not that thinking I, no more than they:
This frame, compacted with transcendent skill
Of moving joints obedient to my will,
Nurs'd from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,
Waxes and wastes; I call it mine, not me.
New matter still the mould'ring mass sustains:
The mansion chang'd, the tenant still remains,
And from the fleeting stream repair'd by food,
Distinct, as is the swimmer from the flood.

What am I then? sure of a noble birth;
By parents' right, I own as mother, Earth;
But claim superior lineage by my sire,
Who warm'd th' unthinking clod with heavenly fire;
Essence divine, with lifeless clay allay'd,
By double nature, double instinct sway'd:
With look erect, I dart my longing eye,
Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native sky;
I strive to mount, but strive, alas! in vain,
Tied to this massy globe with magic chain.
Now with swift thought I range from pole to pole,
View worlds around their flaming centres roll:
What steady pow'rs their endless motions guide
Through the same trackless paths of boundless void!
I trace the blazing comet's fiery tail,
And weigh the whirling planets in a scale;
These godlike thoughts while eager I pursue,
Some glitt'ring trifler offer'd to my view,
A gnat, an insect of the meanest kind,
Erase the new-born image from my mind:
Some beastly want, craving, importunate,
Vile as the grinning mastiff at my gate,
Calls off from heavenly truth this reas'ning me,
And tells me I 'm a brute as much as he.
If, on sublimer wings of love and praise,
My soul above the starry vault I raise,
Lur'd by some vain conceit, or shameful lust,
I flag, I drop, and flutter in the dust.
The tow'ring lark thus, from her lofty strain,
Stoops to an emmet, or a barley grain.
By adverse gusts of jarring instincts tost,
I rove to one, now to the other coast;
To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,
My lot unequal to my vast desires.
As 'mongst the hinds a child of royal birth
Finds his high pedigree by conscious worth;
So man, amongst his fellow brutes expos'd,
Sees he 's a king, but 'tis a king depos'd.
Pity him beasts! you by no law confin'd,
And barr'd from devious paths by being blind;
Whilst man, through op'ning views of various ways
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays;
Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste,
One moment gives the pleasure and distaste;
Bilk'd by past minutes, while the present cloy,
The flatt'ring future still must give the joy:
Not happy, but amus'd upon the road,
And (like you) thoughtless of his last abode,
Whether next sun his being shall restrain
To endless nothing, happiness, or pain.
Around me, lo! the thinking thoughtless crew
(Bewilder'd each) their diff'rent paths pursue;
Of them I ask the way; the first replies,
Thou art a god; and sends me to the skies:
Down on the turf, the next, two two-legg'd beast,
There fix thy lot, thy bliss and endless rest.
Between these wide extremes the length is such,
I find I know too little or too much.
'Almighty Pow'r, by whose most wise com-
'mand,
'Helpless, forlorn, uncertain here I stand;
'Take this faint glimm'ring of thyself away,
'Or break into my soul with perfect day!'
This said, expanded lay the sacred text,
The balm, the light, the guide of souls perplex'd.
Thus the benighted traveller, that strays
Through doubtful paths, enjoys the morning rays:
The nightly mist, and thick descending dew,
Parting, unfolds the fields and vaulted blue.
'O Truth divine! enlighten'd by thy ray,
'I grope and guess no more, but see my way;
'Thou clear'dst the secret of my high descent,
'And told'st me what those mystic tokens meant;
'Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,
'Too hard for worldly sages to explain.
'Zeno's were vain, vain Epicurus' schemes,
'Their systems false, delusive were their dreams;
'Unskill'd my two-fold nature to divide,
'One nurs'd my pleasure, and one nurs'd my pride;
'Those jarring truths which human art beguile,
'Thy sacred page thus bids me reconcile.'
Offspring of God, no less thy pedigree,
What thou once wert, art now, and still may be,
Thy God alone can tell, alone decree;

Faultless

Faultless thou dropp'dst from his unerring skill,
With the bare pow'r to sin, since free of will:
Yet charge not with thy guilt his bounteous love,
For who has pow'r to walk has pow'r to rove:
Who acts by force impell'd can nought deserve;
And wisdom short of infinite may swerve.
Borne on thy new-imp'd wings, thou took'st thy flight,
Left thy Creator, and the realms of light;
Disdain'd his gentle precept to fulfil,
And thought to grow a god by doing ill:
Tho' by foul guilt thy heav'nly form defac'd,
In nature chang'd, from happy mansions chas'd,
Thou still retain'st some sparks of heav'nly fire,
Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire;
Angel enough to seek thy bliss again,
And brute enough to make thy search in vain.
The creatures now withdraw their kindly use,
Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce;
Repast ill-suited to such diff'rent guests,
For what thy sense desires, thy soul distastes:
Thy lust, thy curiosity, thy pride,
Curb'd or indulg'd, or baulk'd or gratified,
Rage on, and make thee equally unbless'd [sess'd,
In what thou want'st, and what thou hast pos-
In vain thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod;
Return and seek thy Father and thy God;
Yet think not to regain thy native sky,
Borne on the wings of vain philosophy!
Mysterious passage! hid from human eyes
Soaring you'll sink, and sinking you will rise:
Let humble thoughts thy weary footsteps guide;
Repair by meekness what you lost by pride.

§ 305. *Lessons of Wisdom.* Armstrong.

How to live happiest; how avoid the pains,
The disappointments, and disgusts of those
Who would in pleasure all their hours employ;
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Tho' old, he still retain'd
His manly sense, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remember'd that he once was young;
His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
Him even the dissolute admir'd, for he
A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,
And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,
Much more had seen; he studied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind.
Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied man: and much he pitied those
Whom falsely-smiling fate has curs'd with means
To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
Our aim is happiness: 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live;
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who thro' the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring Joy
Seek this coy goddess; that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate
Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds
Should ever roam; and were the Fates more kind,
Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale.
Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick,
And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
That all was vanity, and life a dream.
Let nature rest: be busy for yourself,
And for your friend; be busy even in vain,
Rather than tease her sated appetites.
Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.
Let nature rest: and when the taste of joy
Grows keen, indulge: but shun satiety.
'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.
But him the least the dull or painful hours
Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts,
And Virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and Sense are one: and, trust me, he
Who has not virtue, is not truly wise.
Virtue (for mere Good-nature is a fool)
Is sense and spirit, with humanity:
'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis e'en vindictive, but in vengeance just.
Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones dare;
But at his heart the most undaunted son
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To noblest uses this determines wealth;
This is the solid pomp of prosperous days,
The peace and shelter of adversity;
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the secret shock
Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time.
The gaudy gloss of Fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye: the suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.
Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heaven: a happiness
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favorites: a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
Can be transferr'd: it is the only good
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;
Or dealt by chance to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
But for one end, one much neglected use,
Are riches worth your care (for nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supplied)
This noble end is, to produce the Soul,
To show the virtues in their fairest light;
To make humanity the minister
Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breast
That generous luxury the gods enjoy. —
Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
And (strange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.

§ 306. *The Pain arising from virtuous Emotions attended with Pleasure.* Akenside.

—— Behold the ways
Of Heaven's eternal destiny to man,
For ever just, benevolent and wise:

That Virtue's awful steps, howe'er pursued
By vexing Fortune and intrusive Pain,
Should never be divided from her chaste,
Her fair attendant, Pleasure. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought through all the various round
Of this existence, that thy soft'ning soul
At length may learn what energy the hand
Of virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of passion swelling with distress and pain,
To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
Of cordial Pleasure? Ask the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps, at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture.—Ask the crowd
Which flies impatient from the village-walk
To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
Some hapless bark; while sacred pity melts
The gen'ral eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother closer to her breast
Catches her child, and, pointing where the waves
Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,
As one poor wretch, that spreads his piteous arms
For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
As now another, dash'd against the rock,
Drops lifeless down. O deemest thou indeed
No kind endearment here by nature given
To mutual terror and compassion's tears?
No sweetly-melting softness which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the social pow'rs,
To this their proper action and their end?—
Ask thy own heart; when at the midnight hour,
Slow through that studious gloom thy pausing eye
Led by the glimm'ring taper moves around
The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame
For Grecian heroes, where the present pow'r
Of heaven and earth surveys th' immortal page,
E'en as a father's blessing, while he reads
The praises of his son; if then thy soul,
Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame:
Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view;
When rooted from the base, heroic states
Mourn in the dust and tremble at the frown
Of curs'd Ambition;—when the pions band
Of youth, that fought for freedom and their sires,
Lie side by side in gore;—when ruffian pride
Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
Of public pow'r, the majesty of rule,
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To slavish empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of such as bow the knee;—when lionor'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust
And storied arch, to glut the coward race
Of regal envy, strew the public way
With hallow'd ruins!—when the Muse's haunt,
The marble porch where wisdom, wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
Or female superstition's midnight pray'r;—
When ruthless rapine from the hand of Time
Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow,
To sweep the works of glory from their base,
Till desolation o'er the grass-grown street
Expands his raven-wings, and up the wall,
Where senates once the pride of monarchs doom'd,
Hisses the gliding snake thro' hoary weeds
That clasp the mould'ring column;—thus defac'd,
Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills
Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or dash Octavius from the trophied car;—
Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
The big distress? Or would'st thou then exchange
Those heart-ennobling sorrows, for the lot
Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
And says within himself, "I am a king, [woe
"And wherefore should the clam'rous voice of
"Intrude upon mine ear?" The baleful dregs
Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
Bless'd be th' Eternal Ruler of the world!
Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame
The native honors of the human soul,
Nor so effac'd the image of its sire.

§ 307. *A Paraphrase on Psalm* lxxiv. 16, 17.. Miss Williams.

"The day is thine, the night also is thine; thou
"hast prepared the light and the sun.
"Thou hast set all the borders of the earth; thou
"hast made summer and winter."

My God! all nature owns thy sway,
Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day!
When all thy lov'd creation wakes,
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
And bathes in dew the op'ning flower,
To Thee we owe her fragrant hour;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to Thee belong!
Or when, in paler tints array'd,
The evening slowly spreads her shade;
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can more than day's enliv'ning bloom
Still ev'ry fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire;
From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lead the soften'd heart to Thee.
In ev'ry scene thy hands have dress'd,
In ev'ry form by Thee impress'd,
Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or where the shelt'ring woods are spread;
In ev'ry note that swells the gale,
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,

The

The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,
A voice is heard of praise, and love.
As o'er thy works the seasons roll,
And sooth, with change of bliss, the soul,
On never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human soul in vain!
But oft, as on the charm we gaze,
Attune the wond'ring soul to praise;
And be the joys that most we prize
The joys that from thy favor rise!

§ 308. *A Paraphrase on Isaiah* xlix. 15.
Miss Williams.

"Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she "should not have compassion on the son of her "womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not "forget thee."

Heaven speaks! Oh Nature, listen and rejoice!
Oh spread from pole to pole this gracious voice!
"Say every breast of human frame, that proves
The boundless force with which a parent loves;
Say, can a mother from her yearning heart
Bid the soft image of her child depart? [bear
She! whom strong instinct arms with strength to
All forms of ill, to shield that dearest care;
She! who with anguish stung, with madness mild,
Will rush on death to save her threaten'd child;
All selfish feelings banish'd from her breast,
Her life one aim to make another's blest—
When her vex'd infant to her bosom clings,
When round her neck his eager arms he flings;
Breathes to her list'ning soul his melting sigh,
And lifts, suffus'd with tears, his asking eye!
Will she, for all ambition can attain,
The charms of pleasure, or the lures of gain,
Betray strong Nature's feelings? will she prove
Cold to the claims of duty, and of love?
But should the mother from her yearning heart
Bid the soft image of her child depart;
When the vex'd infant to her bosom clings,
When round her neck his eager arms he flings:
Should she unpitying hear his melting sigh,
And view unmov'd the tear that fills his eye;
Should she, for all ambition can attain,
The charms of pleasure, or the lures of gain,
Betray strong Nature's feelings——should she prove
Cold to the claims of duty and of love!
Yet never will the God, whose word gave birth
To yon illumin'd orbs, and this fair earth;
Who thro' the boundless depths of trackless space
Bade new-wak'd beauty spread each perfect grace;
Yet when he form'd the vast stupendous whole,
Shed his best bounties on the human soul;
Which reason's light illumes, which friendship warms,
Which pity softens, and which virtue charms;
Which feels the pure affections' gen'rous glow,
Shares others' joy, and bleeds for others' woe—
Oh ne'er will the gen'ral Father prove
Of man forgetful, man the child of love!"
When all those planets in their ample spheres
Have wing'd their course, and roll'd their destin'd years:
When the vast sun shall veil his golden light
Deep in the gloom of everlasting night;
When wild, destructive flames shall wrap the skies
When Chaos triumphs, and when Nature dies;
Man shall alone the wreck of worlds survive,
Midst falling spheres, immortal man shall live!
The voice which bade the last dread thunders roll,
Shall whisper to the good, and cheer their soul.
God shall himself his favor'd creature guide
Where living waters pour their blissful tide,
Where the enlarg'd, exulting, wond'ring mind
Shall soar, from weakness and from guilt refin'd;
Where perfect knowledge, bright with cloudless rays,
Shall gild eternity's unmeasur'd days;
Where friendship, unembitter'd by distrust,
Shall in immortal bands unite the just;
Devotion, rais'd to rapture, breathe her strain,
And love in his eternal triumph reign!

§ 309. *A Paraphrase on Matt.* vii. 12.
Miss Williams.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to "you, do ye even so to them."

Precept divine! to earth in mercy given;
O sacred rule of action, worthy heaven!
Whose pitying love ordain'd the blest command
To bind our nature in a firmer band;
Enforce each human suff'rer's strong appeal,
And teach the selfish breast what others feel;
Wert thou the guide of life, mankind might know
A soft exemption from the worst of woe;
No more the powerful would the weak oppress,
But tyrants learn the luxury to bless;
No more would slavery bind a hopeless train
Of human victims in her galling chain:
Mercy the hard, the cruel heart would move
To soften mis'ry by the deeds of love;
And av'rice from his hoarded treasures give,
Unask'd, the liberal boon, that want might live!
The impious tongue of falsehood then would cease
To blast, with dark suggestions, virtue's peace;
No more would spleen or passion banish rest,
And plant a pang in fond affection's breast;
By one harsh word, one alter'd look, destroy
Her peace, and wither ev'ry op'ning joy;
Scarce can her tongue the captious wrong explain,
The slight offence which gives so deep a pain!
Th' affected ease that slights her starting tear,
The words whose coldness kills from lips so dear;—
The hand she loves, alone can point the dart,
Whose hidden sting could wound no other heart—
These, of all pains the sharpest we endure,
The breast which now inflicts, would spring to cure.—
No more deserted genius then would fly
To breathe in solitude his hopeless sigh;
No more would fortune's partial smile debase
The spirit, rich in intellectual grace; [bloom,
Who views unmov'd from scenes where pleasures
The flame of genius sunk in mis'ry's gloom;
The soul heaven form'd to soar, by want deprest,
Nor heeds the wrongs that pierce a kindred breast.
Thou righteous Law, whose clear and useful light
Sheds on the mind a ray divinely bright;
Condensing in one rule whate'er the sage
Has proudly taught, in many a labor'd page;

Bid every heart thy hallow'd voice revere,
To justice sacred, and to nature dear!

§ 310. *Reflections on a Future State, from a Review of Winter.* Thomson.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life: pass some few years,
Thy flow'ring Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives
Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heaven and earth! awak'ning nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In ev'ry heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Pow'r
And Wisdom oft arraign'd; see now the cause
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
And died neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In starving solitude; while luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants; why heaven-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Embitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more;
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

§ 311. *A Prayer in the Prospect of Death.* Burns.

O Thou unknown Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear?
In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun,
As Something loudly in my breast
Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong:
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stepp'd aside,
Do Thou, All-Good! for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But, Thou art good; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

§ 312. *The Genealogy of Christ, as it is represented on the East Window of Winchester College Chapel. Written at Winton School by Dr.* Lowth.

At once to raise our rev'rence and delight,
To elevate the mind and please the sight,
To pour in virtue at th' attentive eye,
And waft the soul on wings of ecstasy;
For this the painter's art with nature vies,
And bids the visionary saint arise:
Who views the sacred forms in thought aspires,
Catches pure zeal, and, as he gazes, fires;
Feels the same ardor to his breast convey'd;
Is what he sees, and emulates the shade.

Thy strokes, great Artist, so sublime appear,
They check our pleasure with an awful fear;
While thro' the mortal line the God you trace,
Author himself and heir of Jesse's race,
In raptures we admire thy bold design,
And, as the subject, own the hand divine.
While thro' thy work the rising day shall stream,
So long shall last thine honor, praise, and name.
And may thy labors to the Muse impart
Some emanation from her sister art,
To animate the verse, and bid it shine
In colors easy, bright, and strong as thine!

Supine on earth an awful figure lies,
While softest slumbers seem to seal his eyes;
The hoary sire Heaven's guardian care demands,
And at his feet the watchful angel stands.
The form august and large, the mien divine,
Betray the founder of Messiah's line *:
Lo! from his loins the promis'd stem ascend,
And high to Heaven its sacred boughs extend:
Each limb productive of some hero springs,
And blooms luxuriant with a race of kings.
Th' eternal plant wide spreads its arms around,
And with the mighty branch the mystic top is crown'd.

And lo! the glories of th' illustrious line
At their first dawn with ripen'd splendors shine,
In David all express'd; the good, the great,
The king, the hero, and the man complete.
Serene he sits, and sweeps the golden lyre,
And blends the prophet's with the poet's fire.
See! with what art he strikes the vocal strings,
The God, his theme, inspiring what he sings!
Hark — or our ears delude us — from his tongue
Sweet flows, or seems to flow, some heavenly song.

* Jesse.

Oh

Oh could thine art arrest the fleeting sound,
And paint the voice in magic numbers bound:
Could the warm sun, as erst when Memnon play'd,
Wake with his rising beam the vocal shade:
Then might he draw th' attentive angels down,
Bending to hear the lay, so sweet, so like their own.
On either side the monarch's offspring shine,
And some adorn, and some disgrace their line.
Here Ammon glories; proud incestuous lord!
This hand sustains the robe, and that the sword.
Frowning and fierce, with haughty strides he tow'rs,
And on his horrid brow defiance low'rs.
There Absalom the ravish'd sceptre sways,
And his stolen honor all his shame displays:
The base usurper Youth! who joins in one
The rebel subject and th' ungrateful son.
Amid the royal race, see Nathan stand:
Fervent he seems to speak, and lift his hand;
His looks th' emotion of his soul disclose,
And eloquence from ev'ry gesture flows.
Such, and so stern he came, ordain'd to bring
Th' ungrateful mandate to the guilty King:
When, at his dreadful voice a sudden smart
Shot thro' the trembling monarch's conscious heart,
From his own lips condemn'd; severe decree!
Had his God prov'd so stern a Judge as He,
But man by frailty is allied by birth;
Consummate purity ne'er dwelt on earth
Thro' all the soul tho' virtue holds the rein,
Beats at the heart, and springs in ev'ry vein,
Yet ever from the clearest source have ran
Some gross alloy, some tincture of the man.
But who is he deep musing? in his mind,
He seems to weigh in reason's scales mankind;
Fix'd contemplation holds his steady eyes —
I know the sage *, the wisest of the wise,
Blest with all man could wish, or prince obtain,
Yet his great heart pronounc'd those blessings vain.
And lo! bright glittering in his sacred hands,
In miniature the glorious temple stands.
Effulgent frame! stupendous to behold!
Gold the strong valves, the roof of burnish'd gold.
The wand'ring ark, in that bright dome enshrin'd,
Spreads the strong light, eternal, unconfin'd,
Above th' unutterable glory plays,
Presence divine! and the full-streaming rays
Pour thro' reluctant clouds intolerable blaze.
But stern oppression rends Reboam's reign;
See the gay prince, injurious, proud, and vain!
Th' imperial sceptre totters in his hand,
And proud rebellion triumphs in the land,
Curs'd with corruption's ever-fruitful spring,
A beardless Senate, and a haughty King.
There Asa, good and great, the sceptre bears,
Justice attends his peace, success his wars;
While virtue was his sword, and Heav'n his shield,
Without control the warrior swept the field;
Loaded with spoils, triumphant he return'd,
And half her swarthy sons sad Ethiopia mourn'd.
But since thy flagging piety decay'd,
And barter'd God's defence for human aid;
See their fair laurels wither on thy brow,
Nor herbs nor healthful arts avail thee now,
Nor is Heav'n chang'd, apostate prince, but thou.
No mean atonement does this lapse require;
But see the Son, you must forgive the Sire;
He †, the just prince — with ev'ry virtue blest
He reign'd, and goodness all the man possess'd:
Around his throne fair happiness and peace
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and smil'd in ev'ry face.
As when along the burning waste he stray'd,
Where no pure streams in bubbling mazes play'd,
Where drought incumbent on the thirsty ground
Long since had breath'd hers scorching blasts around.
The ‡ prophet calls, th' obedient floods repair
To the parch'd fields, for Josaphat was there.
The new-spring waves, in many a gurgling vein,
Trickle luxurious through the sucking plain;
Fresh honors the reviving fields adorn,
And o'er the desart plenty pours her horn.
So, from the throne his influence he sheds,
And bids the virtues raise their languid heads:
Where'er he goes, attending Truth prevails,
Oppression flies, and justice lifts her scales.
See, on his arm the royal eagle stand,
Great type of conquest and supreme command;
Th' exulting bird distinguish'd triumph brings,
And greets the Monarch with expanded wings.
Fierce Moab's sons prevent th' impending blow,
Rush on themselves, and fall without the foe.
The pious hero vanquish'd Heaven by pray'r;
His faith an army, and his vows a war.
Thee too, Ozias, fates indulgent bless'd,
And thy days shone in fairest actions drest:
Till that rash hand, by some blind phrenzy sway'd,
Unclean, the sacred office durst invade.
Quick o'er thy limbs the scurfy venom ran,
And hoary filth besprinkled all the man.
Transmissive worth adorns the pious § Son,
The father's virtues with the father's throne.
Lo! there he stands: he who the rage subdued
Of Ammon's sons, and drench'd his sword in blood.
And dost thou, Ahaz, Judah's scourge, disgrace
With thy base front the glories of thy race?
See the vile King his iron sceptre bear —
His only praise attends the pious ‖ Heir;
He, in whose soul the virtues all conspire,
The best good son from the worst wicked sire.
And lo! in Hezekiah's golden reign,
Long exil'd piety returns again;
Again in genuine purity she shines,
And with her presence gilds the long-neglected shrines.
Ill-starr'd does proud Assyria's impious ¶ Lord.
Bid Heav'n to arms, and vaunt his dreadful sword;
His own vain threats th' insulting King o'erthrow,
But breathe new courage on the gen'rous foe.
Th' avenging Angel, by divine command,
The fiery sword full-blazing in his hand.

* Solomon. † Josaphat. ‡ Elisha. § Jotham. ‖ Hezekiah. ¶ Sennacherib.

Leant down from heaven: amid the storm he rode,
March'd Pestilence before him; as he trod,
Pale Desolation bath'd his steps in blood.
Thick wrapt in night, thro' the proud host he pass'd,
Dispensing death, and drove the furious blast;
Nor bade Destruction give her revels o'er [gore.
Till the gorg'd sword was drunk with human
But what avails thee, pious prince, in vain
Thy sceptre rescu'd, and th' Assyrian slain?
E'en now the soul maintains her latest strife,
And death's chill grasp congeals the fount of life
Yet see, kind Heaven renews thy brittle thread,
And rolls full fifteen summers o'er thy head;
Lo! the receding sun repeats his way,
And, like thy life, prolongs the falling day.
Tho' nature her inverted course forego,
The day forget to rest, the time to flow,
Yet shall Jehovah's servants stand secure,
His mercy fix'd, eternal shall endure:
On them her ever-healing rays shall shine;
More mild and bright, and sure, O sun! than thine.
At length the long-expected Prince behold,
The last good King; in antient days foretold,
When Bethel's altar spoke his future fame,
Rent to its base, at good Josiah's name.
Blest happy prince! o'er whose lamented urn,
In plaintive song, all Judah's daughters mourn;
For whom sad Sion's softest sorrow flows,
And Jeremiah pours his sweet melodious woes.

But now fallen Sion, once the fair and great,
Sits deep in dust, abandon'd, desolate:
Bleeds her sad heart, and ever stream her eyes,
And anguish tears her with convulsive siglis.
The mournful captive spreads her hands in vain,
Her hands, that rankle with the servile chain;
Till he*, great chief, in Heav'n's appointed time,
Leads back her children to their native clime.
Fair liberty revives with all her joys,
And bids her envied walls securely rise.
And thou, great hallow'd dome, in ruin spread,
Again shall lift sublime thy sacred head.
But, ah! with weeping eyes, the antients view
A faint resemblance of the old in you.
No more th' effulgent glory of thy God
Speaks awful answers from the mystic cloud;
No more thine altars blaze with fire divine;
And Heaven has left thy solitary shrine.
Yet, in thy courts, hereafter shalt thou see,
Presence immediate of the Deity, [Thee.
The light himself reveal'd, the God confess'd in

And now at length the fated term of years
The world's desire have brought, and lo! the God appears.
The heavenly Babe the Virgin Mother bears,
And her fond looks confess'd the parent's cares;
The pleasing burthen on her breast she lays
Hangs o'er his charms, and with a smile surveys:
The infant smiles, to her fond bosom prest,
And wantons, sportive, on the mother's breast.
A radiant glory speaks him all Divine,
And in the Child the beams of Godhead shine.
But now, alas! far other views disclose
The blackest comprehensive scene of woes.

See where man's voluntary sacrifice
Bows his meek head, and God eternal dies!
Fix'd to the Cross his healing arms are bound,
While copious Mercy streams from ev'ry wound.
Mark the blood-drops that life exhausting roll,
And the strong pang that rends the stubborn soul,
As all death's tortures, with severe delay,
Exult and riot in the noblest prey!
And canst thou, stupid man, those sorrows see,
Nor share the anguish which he bears for thee?
Thy sin, for which his sacred flesh is torn,
Points ev'ry nail, and sharpens ev'ry thorn.
Canst thou?—while nature smarts in ev'ry wound,
And each pang cleaves the sympathetic ground!
Lo! the black sun, his chariot backward driven,
Blots out the day, and perishes from Heav'n!
Earth, trembling from her entrails, bears a part;
And the rent rock upbraids man's stubborn heart.

The yawning grave reveals his gloomy reign,
And the cold clay-clad dead start into life again.

And thou, O tomb, once more shalt wide display
Thy satiate jaws, and give up all thy prey.
Thou, groaning earth, shall heave, absorpt in flame,
As the last pangs convulse thy lab'ring frame;
When the same God unshrouded thou shalt see,
Wrapt in full blaze of pow'r and majesty,
Ride on the clouds; whilst, as his chariot flies,
The bright effusion streams thro' all the skies.
Then shall the proud dissolving mountains glow,
And yielding rocks in fiery rivers flow:
The molten deluge round the globe shall roar,
And all man's arts and labor be no more.
Then shall the splendors of th' enliven'd glass
Sink undistinguish'd in the burning mass.
And oh! till earth and seas, and heaven decay,
Ne'er may that fair creation fade away; [spare,
May winds and storms those beauteous colors
Still may they bloom, as permanent as fair;
All the vain rage of wasting time repel,
And his tribunal see, whose Cross they paint so [well.

* Zorobabel.

§ 313. *Death.* Emily.

The festive roar of laughter, the warm glow
Of brisk-eyed joy, and friendship's genial bowl,
Wit's season'd converse, and the liberal flow
Of unsuspicious youth, profuse of soul,
Delight not ever; from the boisterous scene
Of riot far, and Comus' wild uproar,
From folly's crowd, whose vacant brow serene
Was never knit to wisdom's frowning lore,
Permit me, ye time-hallow'd domes, ye piles
Of rude magnificence, your solemn rest,
Amid your fretted vaults and length'ning aisles
Lonely to wander; no unholy guest
That means to break, with sacrilegious tread,
The marble slumbers of your monumented dead.
Permit me, with sad musings, that inspire
Unlabor'd numbers apt, your silence drear
Blameless to wake, and with the Orphean lyre,
Fitly attemper'd, sooth the merciless ear

Of

Of Hades, and stern death, whose iron sway
Great nature owns thro' all her wide do-
main;
All with that oary fin cleave their smooth way
Through the green bosom of the spawny
main;
And those that to the streaming æther spread,
In many a wheeling glide, their feathery sail;
And those that creep, and those that stateliertread,
That roam o'er forest, hill, or browsy dale;
The victims each of ruthless fate must fall;
E'en God's own image, man, high paramount
of all.

And ye, the young, the giddy, and the gay,
That startle from the sleepful lid of light
The curtain'd rest, and with the dissonant bray
Of Bacchus, and loud jollity, affright
You radiant goddess, that now shoots among
These many-window'd aisles her glimmering
beam;
Know, that or ere its starr'd career along [team.
Thrice shall have roll'd her silver-wheeled
Some parent breast may heave the answering
sigh
To the slow pauses of the funeral knell;
E'en now black Atropos, with scowling eye,
Roars in the laugh, and revels o'er the bowl;
E'en now in rosy crowned pleasure's wreath
Entwines in adder folds all-unsuspected Death.

Know, on the stealing wing of time shall flee
Some few, some short-liv'd years, and all is
past;
A future bard these awful domes may see,
Muse o'er the present age, as I the last;
Who mouldering in the grave, yet once like you
The various maze of life were seen to tread,
Each bent their own peculiar to pursue,
As custom urg'd, or wilful nature led:
Mix'd with the various crowd's inglorious clay,
The nobler virtues undistinguish'd lie;
No more to melt with beauty's heaven-born ray,
No more to wet compassion's tearful eye,
Catch from the poet raptures not their own,
And feel the thrilling melody of sweet renown.

Where is the master-hand, whose semblant art
Chisel'd the marble into life, or taught
From the well-pencil'd portraiture to start
The nerve that beat with soul, the brow that
thought?
Cold are the fingers that in stone-fixt trance
The mute attention riveting, to the lyre
Struck language: dimm'd the poet's quick-
eyed glance,
All in wild raptures flashing heaven's own
Shrunk is the sinew'd energy, that strung [fire;
The warrior arm. Where sleeps the patriot
breast
Whilom that heav'd impassion'd? where the
tongue
That lanc'd its lightning on the tow'ring
Of sceptred insolence, and overthrew [crest
Giant Oppression, leagued with all her earth-
born crew!

These now are past; long, long, ye fleeting years,
Pursue, with glory wing'd your fated way,
Ere from the womb of time unwelcome peers
The dawn of that inevitable day, [friend
When wrapt in shrouded clay, their warmest
The widow'd virtues shall again deplore,
When o'er his urn in pious grief shall bend
His Britain, and bewail one patriot more;
For soon must thou, too soon! who spread'st
Thy beaming emanations unconfin'd, [abroad
Doom'd like some better angel sent of God
To scatter blessings over human kind,
Thou too must fall, O Pitt! to shine no more,
And tread these dreadful paths a Faulkland
trod before.

Fast to the driving winds the marshall'd clouds
Sweep discontinuous o'er th' ethereal plain!
Another still upon another crowds;
All hastening downward to their native main.
Thus passes o'er, thro' varied life's career,
Man's fleeting age; the Seasons, as they fly,
Snatch from us in their course, year after year,
Some sweet connexion, some endearing tie.
The parent, ever-honor'd; ever-dear,
Claims from the filial breast the pious sigh;
A brother's urn demands the kindred tear,
And gentle sorrows gush from friendship's
To-day we frolic in the rosy bloom [eye.
Of jocund youth—the morrow knells us to the
tomb.

Who knows how soon in this sepulchral spot
Shall heav'n to me the drear abode assign?
How soon the past irrevocable lot
Of these that rest beneath me shall be mine?
Haply when Zephyr to thy native bourn [wave,
Shall waft thee o'er the storm'd Hibernian
Thy gentle breast, my Tavistock, shall mourn
To find me sleeping in the senseless grave.
No more the social leisure to divide,
In the sweet intercourse of soul and soul,
Blithe, or of graver brow: no more to chide
The ling'ring years impatient as they roll,
Till all thy cultur'd virtues shall display,
Full-blossom'd, their bright honors to the
gazing day.

Ah, dearest youth! these vows perhaps unheard
The rude wind scatters o'er the billowy main:
These prayers at friendship's holy shrine pre-
ferr'd
May rise to grasp their father's knees in vain.
Soon, soon may nod the sad funereal plume
With solemn horror o'er thy timeless hearse,
And I survive to grave upon thy tomb
The mournful tribute of memorial verse.
That leave to heaven's decision—be it thine,
Higher than yet a parent's wishes flew,
To soar in bright pre-eminence, and shine
With self-earn'd honors, eager to pursue
Where glory, with her clear unsullied rays,
The well-born spirit lights to deeds of mightiest
praise.

'Twas

'Twas she thy godlike Russel's bosom steel'd
With confidence untam'd, in his last breath
Stern-smiling. She with calm composure, held
The patriot axe of Sidney, edg'd with death.
Smit with the warmth of her impulsive flame,
Wolfe's gallant virtue flies to worlds afar,
Emulous to pluck fresh wreaths of well-earn'd fame
From the grim frowning brow of laurell'd war.
'Twas she that, on the morn of direful birth,
Bar'd thy young bosom to the fatal blow,
Lamented Armytage! — the bleeding youth!
O bathe him in the pearly caves below,
Ye Nereids! and ye Nymphs of Camus hoar,
Weep — for ye oft have seen him on your haunted shore.

Better to die with glory than recline
On the soft lap of ignominious peace,
Than yawn out the dull droning life supine
In monkish apathy and gowned ease.
Better employ'd in honor's bright career
The least division on the dial's round,
Than thrice to compass Saturn's live-long year,
Grown old in sloth, the burthen of the ground,
Than tug with sweating toil the slavish oar
Of unredeem'd affliction, and sustain
The fev'rous rage of fierce diseases sore
Unnumber'd, that in sympathatic chain
Hang ever thro' the thick circumfluous air,
All from the drizzly verge of yonder star-girt sphere.

Thick in the many-beaten road of life
A thousand maladies are posted round,
With wretched man to wage eternal strife
Unseen, like cambush'd Indians, till they wound,
There the swoln hydrop stands, the wat'ry rheum,
The northern scurvy, blotch with lep'rous scale;
And moping ever in the cloister'd gloom
Of learned sloth, and bookish asthma pale:
And the shunn'd hag unsightly, that (ordain'd
On Europe's sons to wreak the faithless sword
Of Cortez, with the blood of millions stain'd)
O'er dog-eyed lust the tort'ring scourge abhorr'd
Shakes threat'ning, since the while she wing'd her flight
From Amazon's broad wave, and Andes' snow-clad height.

Where the wan daughter of the yellow year,
The chatt'ring ague chill; the writhing stone;
And he of ghastly feature, on whose ear
Unheeded croaks the death-bird's warning moan,
Marasmus; knotty gout; and the dead life
Of nerveless palsy; there, on purpose fell
Dark brooding, whets his interdicted knife
Grim suicide, the damned fiend of hell.
There too is the stunn'd apoplexy pight*, [foul;
The bloated child of gorg'd intemperance
Self-wasting melancholy, black as night [howl
Low'ring; and foaming fierce with hideous

The dog hydrophoby; and near allied
Scar'd madness, with her moon-struck eyeballs staring wide.

There, stretch'd one huge, beneath the rocky mine †,
With boiling sulphur fraught, and smouldering fires:
He, the dread delegate of wrath divine,
Ere while that stood o'er Taio's hundred spires
Vindictive; thrice he wav'd th' earth-shaking wand,
Powerful as that the son of Amram bore,
And thrice he rais'd, and thrice he check'd his hand.
He struck — the rocking ground, with thunderous roar,
Yawn'd! Here from street to street hurries, and there
Now runs, now stops, then shrieks and scours
Staring distraction: many a palace fair [amain,
With millions sinks ingulph'd, and pillar'd fane.
Old ocean's farthest waves confess the shock;
Even Albion trembled conscious on his stedfast rock.

The meagre famine there, and drunk with blood
Stern war; and the loath'd monster whom of
The slimy Naiad of the Memphian flood [yore
Engend'ring, to the bright-hair'd Phœbus bore,
Foul pestilence that on the wide-stretch'd wings
Of commerce speeds from Cairo's swarthy bay
His westering flight, and thro' the sick air flings
Spotted contagion; at his heels dismay
And desolation urge their fire-wheel'd yoke
Terrible; as long of old, when from the height
Of Paran came unwreath'd the mightiest, shook
Earth's firm-fixt base tott'ring; thro' the black night [abroad
Glanc'd the flash'd lightnings: heaven's rent roof
Thunder'd; and universal nature felt its God.

Who on that scene of terror, on that hour
Of rous'd indignation shall withstand
Th' Almighty, when he meditates to show'r
The bursting vengeance o'er a guilty land?
Canst thou, secure in reason's vaunted pride, [gore
Tongue-doubty miscreant, who but now didst
With more than Hebrew rage the innocent side
Of agonizing mercy, bleeding sore —
Canst thou confront, with stedfast eye unaw'd,
The sworded judgement stalking far and near?
Well may'st thou tremble, when an injur'd God,
Disclaims thee — guilt is ever quick of fear —
Loud whirlwinds howl in zephyr's softest breath,
And every glancing meteor glares imagin'd death.

The good alone are fearless; they alone,
Firm and collected in their virtue, brave
The wreck of worlds, and look unshrinking down
On the dread yawnings of the rav'nous grave;
Thrice happy who, the blameless road along
Of honest praise, hath reach'd the vale of death!
Around him, like ministrant cherubs, throng
His better actions, to the parting breath

* Placed. † Alluding to the Earthquake at Lisbon, November 1, 1755.

Singing

Singing their best requiems; he the while
Gently reposing on some friendly breast,
Breathes out his benisons; then with a smile
Of soft complacence lays him down to rest,
Calm as the slumb'ring infant: from the goal
Free and unbounded flies the disembodied soul.

Whether some delegated charge below,
Some much-lov'd friend its hovering care may claim;
Whether it heavenward soars again to know
That long-forgotten country, whence it came:
Conjecture ever, the misfeatur'd child
Of letter'd arrogance, delights to run
Thro' speculation's puzzling mazes wild,
And all to end at last where it began.
Fain would we trace with reason's erring clue,
The darksome paths of destiny aright;
In vain; the task were easier to pursue
The trackless wheelings of the swallow's flight.
From mortal ken himself the Almighty shrouds,
Pavilion'd in thick night and circumambient clouds.

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§ 314. *On the Immortality of the Soul.* S. Jenyns.

Translated from the Latin of I. H. Browne.

BOOK I.

To all inferior animals 'tis given
T' enjoy the state allotted them by Heav'n;
No vain researches e'er disturb their rest,
No fears of dark futurity molest.
Man, only Man, solicitous to know
The springs whence Nature's operations flow,
Plods thro' a dreary waste with toil and pain,
And reasons, hopes and thinks, and lives in vain;
For sable Death still hov'ring o'er his head,
Cuts short his progress with his vital thread.
Wherefore, since Nature errs not, do we find
These seeds of Science in the human mind,
If no congenial fruits are predesign'd?
For what avails to man this pow'r to roam
Thro' ages past, and ages yet to come,
T' explore new worlds o'er all th' ethereal way,
Chain'd to a spot, and living but a day?
Since all must perish in one common grave,
Nor can these long laborious searches save,
Were it not wiser far, supinely laid,
To sport with Phillis in the noontide shade?
Or at thy jovial festivals appear,
Great Bacchus, who alone the soul can clear
From all that it has felt, and all that it can fear?

Come on then, let us feast; let Chloe sing
And soft Neæra touch the trembling string;
Enjoy the present hour, nor seek to know
What good or ill to-morrow may bestow.
But these delights soon pall upon the taste:
Let 's try then if more serious cannot last:
Wealth let us heap on wealth, or fame pursue,
Let power and glory be our points in view,
In courts, in camps, in senates let us live:
Our levees crowded like the buzzing hive:
Each weak attempt the same sad lesson brings!
Alas! what vanity in human things!

What means then shall we try? where hope to find
A friendly harbour for the restless mind?
Who still, you see, impatient to obtain
Knowledge immense (so Nature's laws ordain)
Ev'n now, tho' fetter'd in corporeal clay,
Climbs step by step the prospect to survey,
And seeks unwearied Truth's eternal ray.
No fleeting joys she asks which must depend
On the frail senses, and with them must end;
But such as suit her own immortal fame,
Free from all change, eternally the same.
Take courage, then, these joys we shall attain;
Almighty wisdom never acts in vain:
Nor shall the soul, on which it has bestow'd
Such pow'rs, e'er perish like an earthly clod:
But purg'd at length from foul corruption's stain,
Freed from her prison, and unbound her chain,
She shall her native strength and native skies regain;
To heav'n an old inhabitant return,
And draw nectareous streams from truth's perpetual urn.

Whilst life remains, (if life it can be call'd
T' exist in fleshly bondage thus enthrall'd),
Tir'd with the dull pursuit of worldly things,
The soul scarce wakes, or opes her gladsome wings,
Yet still the godlike exile in disgrace
Retains some marks of her celestial race;
Else whence from mem'ry's store can she produce
Such various thoughts, or range them so for use?
Can matter these contain, dispose, apply?
Can in her cell such mighty treasures lie?
Or can her native force produce them to the eye?

Whence is this pow'r, this foundress of all arts,
Serving, adorning life, thro' all its parts;
Which names impos'd, by letters mark'd those names,
Adjusted properly by legal claims,
From woods and wilds collected rude mankind,
And cities, laws, and governments design'd?
What can this be, but some bright ray from heav'n,
Some emanation from Omniscience giv'n?

When now the rapid stream of eloquence
Bears all before it, passion, reason, sense,
Can its dread thunder, or its lightning's force
Derive their essence from a mortal source?
What think you of the bard's enchanting art,
Which, whether he attempts to warm the heart
With fabled scenes, or charm the ear with rhyme,
Breathes all pathetic, lovely, and sublime?
Whilst things on earth roll round from age to age,
The same dull farce repeated on the stage,
The poet gives us a creation new,
More pleasing and more perfect than the true;
The mind, who always to perfection hastes,
Perfection such as here she never tastes,
With gratitude accepts the kind deceit,
And thence foresees a system more complete.
Of those what think you, who the circling race
Of suns and their revolving planets trace,
And comets journeying thro' unbounded space?
Say can you doubt, but that the all-searching soul,
That now can traverse heaven from pole to pole,
From thence descending, visits but this earth,
And shall once more regain the regions of her birth?

Could

Could she thus act unless some power unknown,
From matter quite distinct and all her own,
Supported and impell'd her? She approves
Self conscious, and condemns; she hates and loves,
Mourns and rejoices, hopes and is afraid,
Without the body's unrequested aid:
Her own internal strength her region guides;
By this she now compares things, now divides;
Truth's scatter'd fragments piece by piece collects,
Rejoins, and thence her edifice erects;
Piles arts on arts, effects to causes ties,
And rears the aspiring fabric to the skies;
From whence, as on a distant plain below,
She sees from causes consequences flow,
And the whole chain distinctly comprehends,
Which from the Almighty's throne to earth descends:
And lastly, turning inwardly her eyes,
Perceives how all her own ideas rise:
Contemplates what she is, and whence she came,
And almost comprehends her own amazing frame.
Can mere machines be with such pow'rs endu'd,
Or conscious of those pow'rs, suppose they cou'd?
For body is but a machine alone
Mov'd by external force, and impulse not its own.
Rate not the extension of the human mind
By the plebeian standard of mankind,
But by the size of those gigantic few
Whom Greece and Rome still offer to our view,
Or Britain, well-deserving equal praise,
Parent of heroes too in better days.
Why should I try her numerous sons to name,
By verse, law, eloquence, consign'd to fame;
Or who have forc'd fair Science into sight,
Long lost in darkness and afraid of light?
O'er all-superior, like the solar ray,
First Bacon usher'd in the dawning day,
And drove the mists of sophistry away;
Pervaded nature with amazing force.
Following experience still throughout his course;
And finishing at length his destin'd way,
To Newton he bequeath'd the radiant lamp of day.
Illustrious souls! if any tender cares
Affect angelic breasts for Man's affairs;
If in your present happy heav'nly state,
You 're not regardless quite of Britain's fate,
Let this degenerate land again be blest
With that true vigor which she once possess'd;
Compel us to unfold her slumb'ring eyes,
And to her antient dignity to rise.
Such wond'rous pow'rs as these must sure be giv'n
For most important purposes by Heav'n;
Who bids these stars as bright examples shine,
Besprinkled thinly by the hand divine,
To form to virtue each degenerate time,
And point out to the soul its origin sublime.
That there 's a self which after death shall live,
All are concern'd about, and all believe;
That something 's ours, when we from life depart,
This all conceive, all feel it at the heart;
The wise of learn'd antiquity proclaim
This truth, the public voice declares the same;
No land so rude but looks beyond the tomb
For future prospects in a world to come.
Hence, without hopes to be in life repaid,
We plant slow oaks posterity to shade;
And hence vast pyramids aspiring high
Lift their proud heads aloft and time defy.
Hence is our love of fame; a love so strong,
We think no dangers great, or labors long,
By which we hope our beings to extend,
And to remotest times in glory to descend.
For fame the wretch beneath the gallows lies,
Disowning ev'ry crime for which he dies;
Of life profuse, tenacious of a name,
Fearless of death, and yet afraid of shame.
Nature has wove into the human mind
This anxious care for names we leave behind,
T' extend our narrow views beyond the tomb,
And give an earnest of a life to come:
For if when dead we are but dust or clay,
Why think of what posterity shall say?
Her praise or censure cannot us concern,
Nor ever penetrate the silent urn.
What mean the nodding plumes, the fun'ral train,
And marble monument that speaks in vain,
With all those cares which ev'ry nation pays
To their unfeeling dead in diff'rent ways!
Some in the flow'r-strewn grave the corpse have laid,
And annual obsequies around it paid,
As if to please the poor departed shade;
Others on blazing piles the body burn,
And store their ashes in their faithful urn;
But all on one great principle agree,
To give a fancy'd immortality.
Why should I mention those, whose oozy soil
Is render'd fertile by the o'erflowing Nile?
Their dead they bury not, nor burn with fires,
No graves they dig, erect no fun'ral pires;
But, washing, first th' embowel'd body clean,
Gums, spice, and melted pitch they pour within;
Than with strong fillets bind it round and round,
To make each flaccid part compact and sound;
And lastly paint the varnish'd surface o'er
With these same features which in life it wore:
So strong their presage of a future state,
And that our nobler part survives the body's fate.
Nations behold, remote from Reason's beams,
Where Indian Ganges rolls his sandy streams,
Of life impatient rush into the fire,
And willing victims to their gods expire!
Persuaded the loos'd soul to regions flies,
Blest with eternal spring, and cloudless skies.
Nor is less fam'd the oriental wife
For stedfast virtue and contempt of life:
These heroines mourn not with loud female cries
Their husbands lost, or with o'erflowing eyes;
But, strange to tell! their funeral piles ascend,
And in the same sad flames their sorrows end;
In hopes with them beneath the shades to rove,
And there renew their interrupted love.
In climes where Boreas breathes eternal cold,
See num'rous nations, warlike, fierce, and bold,
To battle all unanimously run,
Nor fire, nor sword, nor instant death they shun.

Whence

Whence this disdain of life in ev'ry breast,
But from a notion on their minds imprest,
That all who for their country die, are blest?
Add too to these the once-prevailing dreams
Of sweet Elysian groves, and Stygian streams;
All show with what consent mankind agree
In the firm hope of Immorality.
Grant these inventions of the crafty-priest,
Yet such inventions never could subsist,
Unless some glimmerings of a future state
Were with the mind coæval, and innate;
For ev'ry fiction which can long persuade,
In truth must have its first foundations laid.
Because we are unable to conceive
How unembody'd souls can act, and live,
The vulgar give them forms, and limbs, and faces,
And habitations in peculiar places:
Hence reas'ners more refin'd, but not more wise,
Struck with the glare of such absurdities,
Their whole existence fabulous suspect,
And truth and falsehood in a lump reject:
Too indolent to learn what may be known,
Or else too proud that ignorance to own.
For hard 's the task the daubing to pervade
Folly on Fraud on Truth's fair form have laid:
Yet let that task be ours; for great the prize;
Nor let us Truth's celestial charms despise,
Because that priests or poets may disguise.
That there 's a God, from Nature's voice is clear;
And yet what errors to this truth adhere!
How have the fears and follies of mankind
Now multiply'd their gods, and now subjoin'd
To each the frailties of the human mind!
Nay, superstition spread at length so wide,
Beasts, birds, and onions too, were deify'd.
Th' Athenian sage, revolving in his mind
This weakness, blindness, madness of mankind,
Foretold, that in maturer days, tho' late,
When Time should ripen the decrees of Fate,
Some God would light us, like the rising day,
Thro' error's maze, and chase these clouds away.
Long since has Time fulfill'd this great decree,
And brought us aid from this Divinity.
Well worth our search discoveries may be made
By Nature, void of this celestial aid:
Let 's try what her conjectures then can reach,
Nor scorn plain Reason, when she deigns to teach.
That mind and body often sympathise,
Is plain; such is this union Nature ties:
But then as often too they disagree,
Which proves the soul's superior progeny.
Sometimes the body in full strength we find,
Whilst various ails debilitate the mind;
At others, whilst the mind its force retains,
The body sinks with sickness and with pains:
Now did one common fate their beings end,
Alike they 'd sicken, and alike they 'd mend.
But sure experience, on the slightest view,
Shows us, that the reverse of this is true;
For when the body oft expiring lies,
Its limbs quite senseless, and half clos'd its eyes,
The mind new force and eloquence acquires,
And with prophetic voice the dying lips inspires.

Of like materials were they both compos'd,
How comes it that the mind, when sleep has clos'd
Each avenue of sense, expatiates wide,
Her liberty restor'd, her bonds unty'd;
And like some bird who from its prison flies,
Claps her exulting wings, and mounts the skies?
Grant that corporeal is the human mind,
It must have parts *in infinitum* join'd;
And each of these must will, perceive, design,
And draw confus'dly in a diff'rent line;
Which then can claim dominion o'er the rest,
Or stamp the ruling passion in the breast?
Perhaps the mind is form'd by various arts
Of modelling and figuring these parts;
Just as if circles wiser were than squares:
But surely common sense aloud declares
That site and figure are as foreign quite
From mental pow'rs, as colors black or white.
Allow that motion is the cause of thought,
With what strange pow'rs must motion then be fraught!
Reason, sense, science, must derive their source,
From the wheel's rapid whirl, or pulley's force;
Tops whipp'd by school-boys sages must commence,
Their hoops, like them, be cudgel'd into sense,
And boiling pots o'erflow with eloquence.
Whence can this very motion take its birth?
Not sure from matter, from dull clods of earth;
But from a living spirit lodg'd within,
Which governs all the bodily machine:
Just as th' Almighty Universal Soul
Informs, directs, and animates the whole.
Cease then to wonder how th' immortal mind
Can live, when from the body quite disjoin'd;
But rather wonder, if she e'er could die,
So fram'd, so fashion'd for eternity:
Self-mov'd, not form'd of parts together ty'd,
Which time can dissipate, and force divide;
For beings of this make can never die,
Whose pow'rs within themselves and their own essence lie.
If to conceive how any thing can be
From shape extracted and locality
Is hard; what think you of the Deity?
His Being not the least relation bears,
As far as to the human mind appears,
To shape or size, similitude or place,
Cloth'd in no form, and bounded by no space.
Such then is God, a Spirit pure, refin'd
From all material dross; and such the human mind.
For in what part of essence can we see
More certain marks of Immortality?
Ev'n from this dark confinement with delight
She looks abroad, and prunes herself for flight;
Like an unwilling inmate longs to roam
From this dull earth, and seek her native home.
Go then, forgetful of its toil and strife,
Pursue the joys of this fallacious life;
Like some poor fly, who lives but for a day,
Sip the fresh dews, and in the sunshine play,
And into nothing then dissolve away.

Are

Are these our great pursuits? Is this to live?
These all the hopes this much-lov'd world can give?
How much more worthy envy is their fate,
Who search for truth in a superior state!
Not groping step by step, as we pursue,
And following Reason's much entangled clue,
But with one great and instantaneous view.
But how can sense remain, perhaps you'll say,
Corporeal organs if we take away?
Since it from them proceeds, and with them must decay.
Why not? or why may not the soul receive
New organs, since ev'n art can these retrieve?
The silver trumpet aids th' obstructed ear,
And optic glasses the dim eye can clear;
These in mankind new faculties create,
And lift him far above his native state,
Call down revolving planets from the sky,
Earth's secret treasures open to his eye,
The whole minute creation make his own,
With all the wonders of a world unknown.
How could the mind, did she alone depend
On sense, the errors of those senses mend?
Yet oft, we see, those senses she corrects,
And oft their information quite rejects,
In distances of things, their shapes, and size,
Our reason judges better than our eyes.
Declares not this the soul's pre-eminence
Superior to, and quite distinct from sense?
For sure 'tis likely, that, since now so high
Clogg'd and unfledg'd she dares her wings to try,
Loos'd and mature she shall her strength display,
And soar at length to Truth's refulgent ray.
Inquire you how these pow'rs we shall attain,
'Tis not for us to know; our search is vain:
Can any now remember or relate
How he exi-ted in the embryo state!
Or one from birth insensible of day
Conceive ideas of the solar ray?
That light 's deny'd to him, which others see,
He knows, perhaps you 'll say,—and so do we.
The mind contemplative finds nothing here
On earth that 's worthy of a wish or fear:
He whose sublime pursuit is God and truth,
Burns, like some absent and impatient youth,
To join the object of his warm desires;
Thence to sequester'd shades and streams retires,
And there delights his passion to rehearse
In Wisdom's sacred voice, or in harmonious verse.
To me most happy therefore he appears,
Who having once, unmov'd by hopes or fears,
Survey'd this sun, earth, ocean, clouds, and flame,
Well satisfy'd returns from whence he came.
Is life an hundred years, or e'er so few,
'Tis repetition all, and nothing new;
A fair, where thousands meet, but none can stay;
An inn, where travellers bait, then post away;
A sea, where man perpetually is tost,
Now plung'd in business, now in trifles lost:
Who leave it first, the peaceful port first gain;
Hold then! nor farther launch into the main!
Contract your sails; life nothing can bestow
By long continuance, but continued woe;
The wretched privilege daily to deplore
The fun'rals of our friends, who go before;
Diseases, pains, anxieties, and cares,
And age surrounded with a thousand snares.
But whither, hurry'd by a gen'rous scorn
Of this vain world, ah whither am I borne?
Let 's not unbid th' Almighty's standard quit;
Howe'er severe our post, we must submit.
Could I a firm persuasion once attain,
That after death no being would remain;
To those dark shades I 'd willingly descend,
Where all must sleep, this drama at an end,
Nor life accept, altho' renew'd by Fate
Ev'n from its earliest and its happiest state.
Might I from Fortune's bounteous hand receive
Each boon, each blessing in her pow'r to give,
Genius and science, morals and good sense,
Unenvy'd honors, wit, and eloquence;
A num'rous off-spring to the world well known
Both for paternal virtues, and their own;
Ev'n at this mighty price I 'd not be bound
To tread the same dull circle round and round;
The soul requires enjoyments more sublime,
By space unbounded, undestroy'd by time.

BOOK II.

God then thro' all creation gives, we find,
Sufficient marks of an indulgent mind,
Excepting in ourselves; ourselves of all
His works the chief on this terrestrial ball,
His own bright image, who alone unblest
Feel ills perpetual, happy all the rest.
But hold, presumptuous! charge not Heav'n's decree
With such injustice, such partiality.
Yet true it is, survey we life around,
Whole hosts of ills on ev'ry side are found;
Who wound not here and there by chance a foe,
But at the species meditate the blow.
What millions perish by each other's hands
In War's fierce rage! or by the dread commands
Of tyrants languish out their lives in chains,
Or lose them in variety of pains!
What numbers pinch'd by want and hunger die,
In spite of Nature's liberality!
(Those, still more num'rous, I to name disdain,
By lewdness and intemperance justly slain)
What numbers guiltless of their own disease,
Are snatch'd by sudden death, or waste by slow degrees!
Where then is Virtue's well-deserv'd reward?
Let 's pay to Virtue ev'ry due regard;
That she enables man, let us confess,
To bear those evils which she can't redress,
Gives hope and conscious peace, and can assuage
Th' impetuous tempests both of lust and rage;
Yet she 's a guard so far from being sure,
That oft her friends peculiar ills endure:
Where vice prevails severest is their fate,
Tyrants pursue them with a three-fold hate:
How many struggling in their country's cause,
And from their country meriting applause,
Have fall'n by wretches fond to be enslav'd,
And perish'd by the hands themselves had sav'd!

Soon

Soon as superior worth appears in view,
See knaves and fools united to pursue!
The man so form'd they all conspire to blame,
And envy's pois'nous tooth attacks his fame:
Should he at length, so truly good and great,
Prevail, and rule with honest views the state,
Then must he toil for an ungrateful race,
Submit to clamor, libels, and disgrace,
Threaten'd, oppos'd, defeated in his ends,
By foes seditious, and aspiring friends.
Hear this, and tremble! all who would be great,
Yet know not what attends that dang'rous wretched state.

Is private life from all these evils free?
Vice of all kinds, rage, envy, there we see,
Deceit, that friendship's mask insidious wears,
Quarrels, and feuds, and laws entangling snares
But there are pleasures still in human life,
Domestic ease, a tender loving wife,
Children whose dawning smiles your heart engage,
The grace and comfort of soft-stealing age:
If happiness exists, 'tis surely here;
But are these joys exempt from care and fear?
Need I the miseries of that state declare,
When diff'rent passions draw the wedded pair?
Or say how hard those passions to discern,
Ere the die 's cast, and 'tis too late to learn?
Who can insure, that what is right, and good,
These children shall pursue? or if they should,
Death comes when least you fear so black a day,
And all your blooming hopes are snatch'd away.

We say not that these ills from Virtue flow;
Did her wise precepts rule the world, we know
The golden ages would again begin;
But 'tis our lot in this to suffer, and to sin.

Observing this, some sages have decreed
That all things from two causes must proceed,
Two principles with equal pow'r endu'd,
This wholly evil, that supremely good.
From this arise the miseries we endure,
Whilst that administers a friendly cure;
Hence life is chequer'd still with bliss and woe,
Hence tares with golden crops promiscuous grow,
And pois'nous serpents make their dread repose
Beneath the covert of the fragrant rose.

Can such a system satisfy the mind?
Are both these gods in equal pow'r conjoin'd,
Or one superior? Equal if you say,
Chaos returns, since neither will obey:
Is one superior? good or ill must reign,
Eternal joy or everlasting pain:
Which e'er is conquer'd must entirely yield,
And the victorious god enjoy the field:
Hence with these fictions of the Magi's brain?
Hence oozy Nile, with all her monstrous train!

Or comes the Stoic nearer to the right?
He holds, that whatsoever yields delight,
Wealth, fame, externals all, are useless things.
Himself half-starving happier far than kings.
'Tis fine indeed to be so wond'rous wise!
By the same reasoning too he pain denies;
Roast him, or flay him, break him on the wheel,
Retract he will not, tho' he can't but feel:
Pain 's not an ill, he utters with a groan;
What then? An inconvenience 'tis, he'll own:
What vigor, health, and beauty? are these good?
No; they may be accepted, not pursued:
Absurd to squabble thus about a name, [same.
Quibbling with diff'rent words that mean the
Stoic, were you not fram'd of flesh and blood,
You might be blest without external good;
But know, be self sufficient as you can,
You are not spirit quite, but frail and mortal man.

But since these sages, so absurdly wise,
Vainly pretend enjoyments to despise,
Because externals, and in Fortune's pow'r,
Now mine, now thine, the blessings of an hour;
Why value, then, that strength of mind they boast,
As often varying, and as quickly lost?
A head-ach hurts it, or a rainy day,
And a slow fever wipes it quite away. [hand
See one* whose councils, one† whose conqu'ring
Once sav'd Britannia's almost sinking land,
Examples of the mind's extensive pow'r;
Examples too how quickly fades that flow'r.
Him let me add, whom late we saw excel
‡ In each politer kind of writing well;
Whether he strove our follies to expose
In easy verse, or droll and humr'ous prose;
Few years, alas! compel his throne to quit
This mighty monarch o'er the realms of wit;
See self-surviving he 's an idiot grown!
A melancholy proof our parts are not our own.

Thy tenets, Stoic, yet we may forgive,
If in a future state we cease to live.
For here the virtuous suffer much, 'tis plain;
If pain is evil, this must God arraign;
And on this principle confess we must,
Pain can no evil be, or God must be unjust.

Blind man! whose reason such strait bounds confine,
That ere it touches Truth's extremest line,
It stops amaz'd, and quits the great design.

Own you not, Stoic, God is just and true?
Dare to proceed; secure this path pursue:
'Twill soon conduct you far beyond the tomb,
To future justice, and a life to come.
This path, you say, is hid in endless night;
'Tis self-conceit alone obstructs your sight;
You stop ere half your destin'd course is run,
And triumph when the conquest is not won:
By this the Sophists were of old misled; [bred!
See what a monstrous race from one mistake is

Hear then my argument:—Confess we must,
A God there is, supremely wise and just:
If so, however things affect our sight,
As sings our bard, *whatever is, is right.*
But is it right, what here so oft appears,
That Vice should triumph, Virtue sink in tears?
The inference then that closes this debate,
Is, that there must exist a future state.
The wise, extending their inquiries wide,
See how both states are by connexion ty'd;

* Lord Somers. † Duke of Marlborough. ‡ Dean Swift.

Fools

Fools view but part, and not the whole survey,
So crowd existence all into a day.
Hence are they led to hope, but hope in vain,
That Justice never will resume her reign;
On this vain hope adulterers, thieves rely,
And to this altar vile assasins fly.
"But rules not God by general laws divine:
Man's vice or virtue change not the design:"
What laws are these? Instruct us if you can:—
There 's one design'd for brutes, and one for man,
Another guides inactive matter's course,
Attracting, and attracted by its force:
Hence mutual gravity subsists between
Far distant worlds, and ties the vast machine.
The laws of life, why need I call to mind,
Obey'd by birds and beasts of ev'ry kind;
By all the sandy desart's savage brood,
And all the num'rous offspring of the flood?
Of these, none uncontrol'd and lawless rove,
But to some destin'd end spontaneous move;
Led by that instinct Heav'n itself inspires,
Or so much reason as their state requires:
See all with skill acquire their daily food,
Or use those arms, which nature has bestow'd;
Produce their tender progeny, and feed
With care parental, whilst that care they need;
In these lov'd offices completely blest,
No hopes beyond them, nor vain fears molest.
Man o'er a wilder field extends his views;
God thro' the wonders of his works pursues;
Exploring thence his attributes, and laws,
Adores, loves, imitates th' Eternal Cause;
For sure in nothing we approach so nigh
The great example of Divinity,
As in benevolence: the patriot's soul
Knows not self-centred for itself to roll;
But warms, enlightens, animates the whole:
Its mighty orb embraces first his friends,
His country next, then man? nor here it ends,
But to the meanest animal descends.
Wise Nature has this social law confirm'd
By forming man so helpless, and unarm'd:
His want of others' aid, and pow'r of speech
T' implore that aid, this lesson daily teach;
Mankind with other animals compare,
Single, how weak and impotent they are!
But view them in the complicated state,
Their pow'rs how wond'rous, and their strength how great,
When social virtue individuals joins,
And in one solid mass, like gravity, combines!
This then 's the first great law by Nature giv'n,
Stamp'd on our souls, and ratify'd by Heav'n;
All from utility this law approve,
As ev'ry private bliss must spring from social love.
Why deviate then so many from this law?
See passions, custom, vice and folly draw!
Survey the rolling globe from East to West,
How few, alas! how very few are blest!
Beneath the frozen Poles, and burning Line,
What poverty and indolence combine
To cloud with Error's mists the human mind!
No trace of man, but in the form we find.
And are we free from error and distress,
Whom Heav'n with clearer light has pleas'd to bless?
Whom true Religion leads? (for she but leads
By soft persuasion, not by force proceeds;)
Behold how we avoid this radiant sun,
This proffer'd guide how obstinately shun,
And after Sophistry's vain systems run!
For these as for essentials we engage
In wars and massacres with holy rage;
Brothers by brothers' impious hands are slain,
Mistaken Zeal, how savage is thy reign!
Unpunish'd vices here so much abound,
All right and wrong, all order they confound;
These are the giants who the gods defy,
And mountains heap on mountains to the sky:
Sees this th' Almighty Judge, or seeing spares,
And deems the crimes of Man beneath his cares?
He sees; and will at last rewards bestow,
And punishments, not less assur'd for being slow.
Nor doubt I, tho' this state confus'd appears,
That ev'n in this God sometimes interferes:
Sometimes, lest man should quite his pow'r disown,
He makes that pow'r to trembling nations known:
But rarely this; not for each vulgar end,
As Superstition's idle tales pretend,
Who thinks all foes to God who are her own,
Directs his thunder, and usurps his throne.
Now know I not how much a conscious mind
Avails to punish, or reward mankind;
Ev'n in this life thou, impious wretch, must feel
The Fury's scourges, and th' infernal wheel;
From man's tribunal tho' thou hop'st to run,
Thy self thou canst not, nor thy conscience shun:
What must thou suffer when each dire disease,
The progeny of Vice, thy fabric seise;
Consumption, fever, and the racking pain
Of spasms, and gout, and stone, a frightful train!
When life new tortures can alone supply,
Life thy sole hope thou 'lt hate, yet dread to die.
Should such a wretch to num'rous years arrive,
It can be little worth his while to live:
No honors, no regards, his age attend,
Companions fly, he ne'er could have a friend;
His flatterers leave him, and with wild affright
He looks within, and shudders at the sight:
When threat'ning Death uplifts his pointed dart,
With what impatience he applies to art,
Life to prolong amidst disease and pains!
Why this, if after it no sense remains?
Why should he choose these miseries to endure,
If death could grant an everlasting cure?
'Tis plain, there 's something whispers in his ear,
(Tho' fain he 'd hide it) he has much to fear.
See the reverse: how happy those we find,
Who know by merit to engage mankind!
Prais'd by each tongue, by ev'ry heart belov'd,
For virtues practis'd, and for arts improv'd:
Their easy aspects shine with smile serene,
And all is peace and happiness within:
Their sleep is ne'er disturb'd by fears or strife,
Nor lust, nor wine, impair the springs of life.
Him fortune cannot sink, or much elate,
Whose view extend beyond this mortal state,

By

By age when summon'd to resign his breath,
Calm, and serene, he sees approaching death,
As the safe port, the peaceful silent shore,
Where he may rest, life's tedious voyage o'er:
He, and he only, is of death afraid,
Whom his own conscience has a coward made;
Whilst he who Virtue's radiant course has run,
Descends like a serenely-setting sun,
His thoughts triumphant Heaven alone employs,
And hope anticipates his future joys.

So good, so blest th' illustrious * Hough we find,
Whose image dwells with pleasure on my mind,
The Mitre's glory, Freedom's constant friend,
In times which ask'd a champion to defend;
Who after near an hundred virtuous years,
His senses perfect, free from pains and fears,
Replete with life, with honors, and with age,
Like an applauded actor left the stage:
Or like some victor in the Olympic games,
Who, having run his course, the crown of glory claims.

From this just contrast plainly it appears,
How conscience can inspire both hopes and fears:
But whence proceed these hopes, or whence this dread,
If nothing really can affect the dead?
See all things join to promise, and presage
The sure arrival of a future age!
What'er their lot is here the good and wise
Nor doat on life, nor peevishly despise.
An honest man, when Fortune's storms begin,
Has consolation always sure within;
And if she sends a more propitious gale,
He 's pleas'd, but not forgetful it may fail.
Nor fear that he who sits so loose to life,
Should too much shun its labors and its strife;
And scorning wealth, contented to be mean,
Shrink from the duties of this bustling scene;
Or, when his country's safety claims his aid,
Avoid the fight, inglorious and afraid:
Who scorns life most must surely be most brave,
And he who pow'r contemns, be least a slave:
Virtue will lead him to Ambition's ends,
And prompt him to defend his country and his friends.

But still his merit you cannot regard,
Who thus pursues a posthumous reward;
His soul, you cry, is uncorrupt and great,
Who quite uninfluenc'd by a future state,
Embraces Virtue from a nobler sense
Of her abstracted, native excellence.
From the self-conscious joy her essence brings,
The beauty, fitness, harmony of things.
It may be so; yet he deserves applause,
Who follows where instructive Nature draws;
Aims at rewards by her indulgence giv'n,
And soars triumphant on her wings to heav'n.

Say what this venal virtuous man pursues;
No mean rewards, no mercenary views;
Not wealth usurious, or a num'rous train,
Not fame by fraud acquir'd, or title vain!
He follows but where Nature points the road,
Rising in virtue's school, till he ascends to God.

But we, th' inglorious common herd of Man,
Sail without compass, toil without a plan;
In Fortune's varying storms for ever tost,
Shadows pursue, that in pursuit are lost;
Mere infants all till life's extremest day,
Scrambling for toys, then tossing them away.
Who rests of Immortality assur'd
Is safe, whatever ills are here endur'd:
He hopes not vainly in a world like this,
To meet with pure uninterrupted bliss;
For good and ill in this imperfect state,
Are ever mix'd by the decrees of fate,
With Wisdom's richest harvest Folly grows,
And baleful hemlock mingles with the rose;
All things are blended, changeable, and vain,
No hope, no wish, we perfectly obtain;
God may perhaps (might human Reason's line
Pretend to fathom infinite design)
Have thus ordain'd things, that the restless mind
No happiness complete on earth may find;
And, by this friendly chastisement made wise,
To heav'n her safest best retreat may rise.

Come then, since now in safety we have pass'd
Thro' Error's rocks, and see the port at last;
Let us review and recollect the whole. —
Thus stands my argument.—The thinking soul
Cannot terrestrial or material be,
But claims by Nature Immortality;
God, who created it, can make it end,
We question not, but cannot apprehend
He will; because it is by him endued
With strong ideas of all-perfect Good;
With wond'rous pow'rs to know and calculate
Things too remote from this our earthly state!
With sure presages of a life to come;
All false and useless, if beyond the tomb
Our beings cease: we therefore can't believe
God either acts in vain, or can deceive.

If ev'ry rule of equity demands,
That Vice and Virtue from the Almighty's hands
Should due rewards and punishments receive,
And this by no means happens whilst we live;
It follows, that a time must surely come,
When each shall meet their well-adjusted doom:
Then shall this scene which now to human sight
Seems so unworthy Wisdom infinite,
A system of consummate skill appear,
And ev'ry cloud disper's'd, be beautiful and clear.

Doubt we of this? What solid proof remains,
That o'er the world a wise Disposer reigns?
Whilst all creation speaks a pow'r divine,
Is it deficient in the main design?
Not so: the day shall come, (pretend not now
Presumptuous to inquire or when, or how
But) after death shall come th' important day,
When God to all his justice shall display;
Each action with impartial eyes regard,
And in a just proportion punish and reward.

O

* Bishop of Worcester.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

POETICAL.

BOOK THE SECOND.

DIDACTIC, DESCRIPTIVE, NARRATIVE, AND PATHETIC.

§ 1. *The Traveller; or, a Prospect of Society. Inscribed to the Rev. Mr. H. Goldsmith.*

By Dr. Goldsmith.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door:
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags, at each remove, a length'ning chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Bless'd be that spot where cheerful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bless'd that abode where want and pain repair,
And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair:
Bless'd be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jest or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good!

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent, and care;
Impell'd, with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet as I follow flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And plac'd on high, above the storms career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know;
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.

Such

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam:
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And tho' the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's pow'r so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest. [fails;
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment
And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence ev'ry state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit, in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die:
These here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Tho' poor, luxurious; tho' submissive, vain;
Tho' grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs; not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state:
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies:
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm:
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph, and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child:
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them — turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still e'en here Content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feast tho' small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, ev'ry labor sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;

And e'en those hills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast;
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd:
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due;
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
For ev'ry want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest. [flies,
Whence from such lands each pleasing science
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to flame,
Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures; or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a-year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till buried in debauch the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low:
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Falls blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit like falcons cow'ring on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play [way;
Thro' life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the
These far dispers'd, or timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn,—and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself whom all the world can
How often have I led thy sportive choir, [please,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;
And haply, tho' my harsh touch falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour!
Alike all ages: dames of antient days
Have led their children thro' the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honor forms the social temper here.
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand:
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages, it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise:
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem;
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart:
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper-lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a-year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land;
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore;
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth in-
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts; [parts
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear;
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here!
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies;
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonorable graves.
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my Genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride;
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide:
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on ev'ry spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd;
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great:
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;

Intent

Intent on high designs a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd fresh from nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right above control:
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.
Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms, that dazzle and endear;
Too blest indeed were such without alloy,
But foster'd e'en by Freedom ills annoy.
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone;
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of Nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore;
Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.
Nor this the worst. As Nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honor fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talents sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when stripp'd of all her charms,
The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonor'd die.
Yet think not thus, when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye pow'rs of truth that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flow'r, alike undone
By proud Contempt, or Favor's fost'ring sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure:
For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
That those who think must govern those who toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.
O, then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires,
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal pow'r to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves, to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.
Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour;
When first ambition struck at regal pow'r,
And thus, polluting honor in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore;
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers, bright'ning as they waste;
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
And over fields, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen at Pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?
E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Thro' tangled forests, and thro' dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim,
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.
Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind?
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In ev'ry government, tho' terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel,
To men remote from pow'r but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

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§ 2. *The Deserted Village.* Goldsmith.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd;
Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth when ev'ry sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighb'ring hill,

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play;
And all the village train from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd:
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleits of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd
The dancing pair that simply sought renown;
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove—
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn,
Amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage tints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and Lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store;
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd: trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose;
And ev'ry want to luxury allied,
And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess'd the tyrant's pow'r.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds;
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew;
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my grief, and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting my repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire, an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that never must be mine!
How blest is he, who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around; befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at eveuing's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmer rose;
There as I pass'd, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmers fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled:
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bend beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron! forc'd in age for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wint'ry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left, of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new-fledg'd offspring to the skies:
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood: At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their care distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face:
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing too the parson own'd his skill,
For, even though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame, the very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendors of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of draw'rs by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flow'rs, and fennel gay.
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendor! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found,
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train:
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art:
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;

Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd:
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain:
And, ev'n while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey,
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, ev'n beyond the miser's wish, abound;
And rich men flock from all the world around;
Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss: the man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights ev'ry borrow'd charm that dress supplies:
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes:
But when those charms are past (for charms are frail)
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd;
But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise,
While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms — a garden and a grave!

Where then, ah where, shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And ev'n the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped — what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
She, once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head;
And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the show'r,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Ev'n now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no! to distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far diff'rent there from all that charms before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling:
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far diff'rent these from ev'ry former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past,
Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep!
The good old sire the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his hapless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.

With

With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O, luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms, by thee to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own.
At ev'ry draught more large and large they row,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and ev'ry part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the bus'ness of destruction done;
Ev'n now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degen'rate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride!
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou source of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell! and, oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torrio's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states, of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away;
While self dependent pow'r can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

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§ 3. *Edwin and Angelina. A Ballad.* Goldsmith.

'Turn, gentle Hermit of the dale,
'And guide my lonely way
'To where yon taper cheers the vale
'With hospitable ray.

'For here forlorn and lost I tread,
'With fainting steps and slow;
'Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
'Seem length'ning as I go.'

'Forbear, my son,' the Hermit cries,
'To tempt the dang'rous gloom;
'For yonder phantom only flies
'To lure thee to thy doom.

'Here to the houseless child of want
'My door is open still;
'And, tho' my portion is but scant,
'I give it with good-will.

'Then turn to-night, and freely share
'Whate'er my cell bestows;
'My rushy couch and frugal fare,
'My blessing and repose.

'No flocks that range the valley free
'To slaughter I condemn;
'Taught by that power that pities me,
'I learn to pity them:

'But from the mountain's grassy side
'A guiltless feast I bring;
'A scrip with herbs and fruit supplied,
'And water from the spring.

'Then pilgrim, turn, the cares forego;
'All earth-born cares are wrong:
'Man wants but little here below,
'Nor wants that little long.'

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket, op'ning with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their ev'ning rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd and smil'd;
And skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To sooth the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spied,
With answ'ring care oppress'd:
'And whence, unhappy youth,' he cried,
'The sorrows of thy breast?

'From better habitations spurn'd,
'Reluctant dost thou rove?
'Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
'Or unregarded love?

'Alas!

'Alas! the joys that fortune brings
'Are trifling and decay;
'And those who prize the paltry things
'More trifling still than they.

'And what is friendship but a name,
'A charm that lulls to sleep;
'A shade that follows wealth or fame,
'And leaves the wretch to weep?

'And love is still an emptier sound,
'The modern fair-one's jest;
'On earth unseen, or only found
'To warm the turtle's nest.

'For shame! fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
'And spurn the sex!' he said:
But, while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colors o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bash'ful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms;
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

And, 'ah! forgive a stranger rude,
'A wretch forlorn,' she cried,
'Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
'Where Heaven and you reside!

'But let a maid thy pity share,
'Whom love has taught to stray;
'Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
'Companion of her way.

'My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
'A wealthy lord was he;
'And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
'He had but only me.

'To win me from his tender arms
'Unnumber'd suitors came;
'Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
'And felt, or feign'd a flame.

'Each hour a mercenary crowd
'With richest proffers strove;
'Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
'But never talk'd of love.

'In humble, simplest habit clad,
'No wealth or power had he;
'Wisdom and worth were all he had,
'But these were all to me.

'The blossom op'ning to the day,
'The dews of heaven refin'd,
'Could nought of purity display
'To emulate his mind.

'The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
'With charms inconstant shine;
'Their charms were his, but, woe to me!
'Their constancy was mine.

'For still I tried each fickle art,
'Importunate and vain:
'And while his passion touch'd my heart,
'I triumph'd in his pain:

'Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
'He left me to my pride;
'And sought a solitude forlorn
'In secret, where he died.

'But mine the sorrow, mine the fault!
'And well my life shall pay;
'I'll seek the solitude he sought,
'And stretch me where he lay!

'And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
'I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
'And so for him will I!'

'Forbid it, Heaven!' the Hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wond'ring fair-one turn'd to chide —
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

'Turn Angelina, ever dear,
'My charmer, turn to see
'Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
'Restor'd to love and thee!

'Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
'And ev'ry care resign:
'And shall we never, never part,
'My life — my all that's mine?

'No, never from this hour to part;
'We'll live and love so true,
'The sigh that rends thy constant heart
'Shall break thy Edwin's too!'

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§ 4. *A Pastoral. In Four Parts.* Pope

To Sir William Trumbal.

PASTORAL I. SPRING.

First in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains.
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing;
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.
You that, too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And, carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost!
O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre
So when the nightingale to rest removes,
The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves;
But, charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.
Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two Swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the Muse,
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus replied:

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on ever bloomy spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?

Why

Why sit we sad when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow,
I'll stake yon lamb that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie?

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
Now, hawthorn blossom, now the daisies spring,
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise,
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
A milk-white Bull shall at your altars stand,
That threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes:
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart;
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain;
Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies—
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield.
Feed here, my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
E'en spring displeases, when she shines not here:
But, blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears
A wond'rous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears:
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields:
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee:
Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in every grace excel;
Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those graces sing so well!
Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.
For, see! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

Pastoral II. SUMMER.

Addressed to Dr. Garth.

A Shepherd's boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sunbeams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naiads wept, in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

Accept, O Garth, the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the sole disease thou cans't not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus, not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing;
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay—
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray, ye Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?

As

As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah, wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces shear:
But nigh yon mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:
He said — Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song.
The Nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
Their early fruit and milk-white turtles bring:
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design,
And in one garland all their beauties join:
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compris'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from shearing seek their nightly bow'rs;
When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade:
Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above.
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again.
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat;
To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
Ye gods! and is there no relief for Love?
But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends:
On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey;
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

Pastoral III. AUTUMN.

Addressed to Mr. Wycherley.

Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays:
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent Love;
And Delia's name and Doris fill'd the grove
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring,
Hylas and Ægon's rural race I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humor charms,
Whose judgement sways us, and whose spirit warms!
Oh, skill'd in nature! see the hearts of swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As some sad Turtle his lost love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores,
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpitied, and forlorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her, the feather'd choirs neglect their song;
For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny;
For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring;
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing;
Ye trees that fade when autumn heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love?

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that caus'd my Delia's stay;
Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all but she!
What have I said? where'er my Delia flies,
Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise;
Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to lab'rers faint with pain,
Not show'rs to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds:
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye pow'rs, what pleasing phrenzy sooths my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes! Now cease, my lay;
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!

Next

Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd;
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:
Here, where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
Lose low the vales, and steal into the skies;
While lab'ring oxen spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat;
While curling smokes from village tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon poplar oft we pass'd the day:
Oft on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs.
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove;
Just gods! shall all things yield returns but love?
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey."
Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep?
Pan came, and ask'd what magic caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but hers, alas! have pow'r to move?
And is there magic but what dwells in love?
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
I 'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world—but Love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed:
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods! adieu, the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains:
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!
Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light;
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade.

Pastoral IV. WINTER.

To the Memory of Mrs. Tempest.

LYCIDAS.

Thyrsis, the music of that murm'ring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing;
Nor rivers winding through the vales below
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh sing of Daphne's fate and Daphne's praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain!
Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said, 'Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!'
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring;
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows as when Adonis died;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:
"Let nature change, let heaven and earth deplore!
"Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!"
'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day!
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honors scatter'd on her bier.
See where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
Ah, what avail the beauties nature wore?
Fair Daphne 's dead, and beauty is no more!
For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood;
The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan
In notes more sad than when they sing their own;
In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;
Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore;
Now Daphne 's dead, and pleasure is no more!
No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies,
Nor morning odors from the flow'rs arise;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;
Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store;
Fair Daphne 's dead, and sweetness is no more!
No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall, list'ning in mid air, suspend their wings;
No more the birds shall imitate her lays,
Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays;
No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear;
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne 's dead, and music is no more.
Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate re-murmur to the silver flood;
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears.
The winds, and trees, and floods, her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief, our glory now no more!
But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the starry sky!
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!

There,

There, while you rest in amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen while thy Muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains
In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed. [give,
While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odors
Thy name, thy honor, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews;
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and nature feels decay;
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves;
Adieu, ye shepherds' rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye sylvan crew;
Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

§ 5. *Windsor-Forest.* Pope.

To the Rt. Hon. George Lord Lansdown.

Thy forests, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muses' seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands; your aid, O Muses bring!
What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing?

The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again!
Not, chaos-like, together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
Where order in variety we see,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades:
Here, in full light the russet plains extend;
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desart fruitful fields arise,
That, crown'd with tufted trees and fringing corn,
Like verdant isles, the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn,
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Tho' gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd;
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desart, and a gloomy waste;
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey;
And kings more furious and severe than they;
Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves),
What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd?
In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
Soft showr's distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain;
The swain with tears his frustrate labor yields,
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
Both doom'd alike for sportive tyrants bled;
But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed.
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began;
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains.
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes:
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires;
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curst,
Th' oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst;
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his sport remain.
But see, the man who spacious regions gave
A waste for beasts, himself denied a grave!
Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
At once the chaser, and at once the prey:
Lo! Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the subject's cries,
Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed;
O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread;
The forests wonder'd at the unusual grain,
And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;

But

But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey:
Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest,
Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
Sudden they seise th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
And high in air Britannia's standard flies.

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold!

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo): [roves,
With slaught'ring guns th' unwearied fowler
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death;
Oft, as the mounting larks their throats prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
Where cooling vapors breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed,
Our plenteous streams a various race supply:
The bright-eyed perch, with fins of Tyrian dye;
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd;
The yellow carp, in scales bedropt with gold;
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains;
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car;
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.
Th' impatient courser pants in every vein,
And pawing seems to beat the distant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods, appear already cross'd,
And ere he starts a thousand steps are lost.
See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
Rush thro' the thickets, down the valley sweep,
Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin train;
Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen:
Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
The earth's fair light, and Empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung of old Diana stray'd,
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor-shade;
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last):
Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent, and the golden zone.
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
A pointed quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds
It chanc'd, as, eager of the chace, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and lov'd; and, burning with desire,
Pursu'd her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the god she flew with furious pace,
Or as the god more furious urg'd the chace.
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain—
"Ah Cynthia! ah—tho' banish'd from thy train,
"Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
"My native shades—there weep, and murmur there."
She lay, and melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.
The silver stream a virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
The wat'ry landskip of the pendent woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green;
Thro' the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.

Thou, too, great father of the British floods!
With joyful pride survey'st the lofty woods;
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honors rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear:

Not

Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear;
Nor Po so swells the fabling Poet's lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes;
To grace the mansion of our earthly gods:
Nor all his stars above a lustre show
Like thy bright beauties on the banks below;
Where Jove, subdued by mortal passions still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.
Happy the man whom this bright Court approves,
His sov'reign favors, and his country loves:
Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires;
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease.
He gathers health from herbs the forests yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields;
With chemic arts exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs:
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
Of antient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead and lives past ages o'er:
Or, wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wise and good,
T' observe a mean, but to himself a friend,
To follow nature, and regard his end;
Or looks on heaven with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess her home!
Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd;
Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus, retir'd.
Ye sacred nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless.
Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens:
To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow)
I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove,
I hear soft music die along the grove:
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By godlike poets venerable made:
Here his first lays majestic Denham sung;
There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.
O early lost! what tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks were led!
His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,
And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.
Since fate relentless stopp'd their heavenly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley strung
His living harp, and lofty Denham sung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rinds!
Are these reviv'd? or is it Granville sings?
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their antient seats;
To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,
To crown the forests with immortal greens,
Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
To sing those honors you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star.
Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance;
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
To the same notes of love, and soft desire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.
Oh would'st thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore;
Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains;
With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age;
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal shield:
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colors fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.
Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the Martyr King the marble weeps,
And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps:
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The grave unites: where e'en the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' opprest.
Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known
(Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone),
Oh fact accurs'd! what tears has Albion shed!
Heavens! what new wounds! and how her old have bled!
She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
In glorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.
At length great Anna said—'Let discord cease!'
She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace!
In that blest moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head;
His tresses droop'd with dews, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His swelling waters and alternate tides;
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on their banks Augusta rose in gold;
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
Who swell with tributary urns his flood;
First, the fam'd authors of his antient name,
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame;
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;
The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whose clear streams his flow'ry islands lave
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:

The

The blue, transparent Vandalis appears;
The gulphy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
His sea-green mantle waving with the wind,
The god appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windsor domes and pompous turrets rise!
Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace! hail, long expected days,
That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
Tho' Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
Tho' foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
From Heaven itself tho' seven-fold Nilus flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
These now no more shall be the Muses' themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine;
Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train;
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign!
No more my sons shall dye with British blood
Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood but in the sylvan chace;
The trumpets sleep while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employed on birds and beasts alone.
Behold! th' ascending villas on my side
Project long shadows o'er the chrystal tide.
Behold! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase,
And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend!
Their mighty nations shall inquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come;
There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a British queen.

Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their woods,
And half thy forests rush into my floods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day:
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales:
For me the balm shall bleed, the amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow:
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
The time shall come when, free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind;
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side;
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our color, and our strange attire!
Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
Till Conquest cease, and Slavery be no more;
Till the freed Indians in the native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves,
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
In brazen bonds shall barb'rous Discord dwell;
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition shall attend her there;
There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires!
There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel;
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And grasping furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of gods let Granville's verse recite,
And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light:
My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,
Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

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§ 6. *Two Choruses to the Tragedy of Brutus*.* Pope.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

Ye shades, where sacred truth is sought;
Groves, where immortal Sages taught,
Where heavenly visions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inspir'd!
In vain your guiltless laurels stood
Unspotted long with human blood,
War, horrid war, your thoughtless walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses' shades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

O heaven-born sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth, and Mystic Song!
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore;

* Altered from Shakspeare by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these two Choruses were composed, to supply as many wanting in his Play. They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-House.

See Arts her savage sons control,
And Athens rising near the pole!
Till some new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madness tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye gods! what justice rules the ball?
Freedom and Arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er ambition craves;
And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
O curs'd effects of civil hate,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state?
Still when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, Tyrant Love! hast thou possess'd
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast?
Wisdom and Wit in vain reclaim,
And arts but soften us to feel thy flame
Love, soft intruder, enters here
But ent'ring learns to be sincere.
Marcus, with blushes, owns he'd
And Brutus tenderly reproves.
Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,
Which Nature has impress'd?
Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
The mild and gen'rous breast?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the gods approve;
The gods and Brutus bend to love;
Brutus for absent Portia sighs,
And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is loose love? a transient gust,
Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
A vapor fed from wild desire,
A wand'ring self-consuming fire,
But Hymen's kindred flames unite,
And burn for ever one;
Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the Sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, source of ev'ry social tie,
United wish, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As son, as father, brother, husband, friend!
Whether his hoary sire he spies,
While thousand grateful thoughts arise;
Or meets his spouse's fonder eye,
Or views his smiling progeny;
What tender passions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move!
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises;
Hence false tears, deceit, disguises,
Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises;
Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine!
Purest love's unwasting treasure,
Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
Days of ease and nights of pleasure;
Sacred Hymen! these are thine.

§ 7. *Ode on Solitude**. Pope.

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.
Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.
Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away!
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day:
Sound sleep by night, study and ease
Together mix'd; sweet recreation!
And innocence which most does please
With meditation.
Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

§ 8. *The Dying Christian to his Soul.* Pope.

ODE.

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

The world recedes, it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting!

§ 9. *An Essay on Criticism.* Pope.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing, or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.
A fool might once himself alone expose;
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgements, as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

* This was a very early production of our Author, written at about twelve years old.

In Poets as true Genius is but rare,
True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share;
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
But are not Critics to their judgement too?
Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgement in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill-coloring but the more disgrac'd;
So by false learning is good sense defac'd.
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn Critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,
Or with a Rival's or an Eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write.
Some have at first for Wits, then Poets pass'd,
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fool at last,
Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass;
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learn'd writings, num'rous in our isle,
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation 's so equivocal:
To tell 'em would a hundred tongues require;
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.
But you, who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dullness meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit:
As on the land while here the ocean gains;
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid pow'r of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away,
One science only will a genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in those confin'd to single parts.
Like Kings, we lose the conquest gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more:
Each might his servile province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.
First follow Nature, and your judgement frame
By her just standard, which is still the same;
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart;
At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides;
Works without show, and without pomp resides:
In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigor fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in th' effect remains.
Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgement often are at strife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed:
The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
Shows much true mettle when you check his course.
Those rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodis'd.
Nature, like monarchy, is but restrain'd
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.
Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod:
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great examples given,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from heaven,
The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following wits from that intention stray'd;
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;
Against the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd
So modern 'Pothecaries taught the art
By Doctors bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of antient authors prey;
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they:
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poets may be made.
These leave the sense, their learning to display;
And those explain the meaning quite away.
You then whose judgement the right course would steer,
Know well each Antient's proper character:
His fable, subject, scope, in ev'ry page:
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all these at once before your eyes;
Cavil you may, but never criticise.
Be Homer's works your study and delight;
Read them by day, and meditate by night:
Thence form your judgement, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muses upwards to their spring.
Still with itself compar'd his text peruse;
Or let your comment be the Mantua's Muse.
When first young Maro in his boundless mind
A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
Perhaps he seem'd above the Critics law,
And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw:

But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design:
And rules as strict his labor'd work confine,
As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for antient rules a just esteem;
To copy nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare;
For there 's a happiness as well as care:
Music resembles Poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky Licence answer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that Licence is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art;
Which, without passing through the judgement,
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes
Which out of nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock or common precipice.
But tho' the Antients thus their rules invade,
As kings dispense with laws themselves have made,
Moderns, beware! or, if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seises your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near;
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array;
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem;
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each antient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive War, and all-involving Age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues consenting Paeans ring!
In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honors with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
O may some spark of your celestial fire
The last, the meanest, of your sons inspire
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes),
To teach vain Wits a science little known;
T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own!

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgement, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls we find [wind:
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend — and ev'ry foe.
A *little learning* is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first sight, with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights or Arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But, more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last.
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labors of the lengthen'd way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of Wit
With the same spirit that its author writ;
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,
Where nature moves and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low;
That shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
We cannot blame indeed — but we may sleep.
In Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O Rome;
No single parts unequally surprise;
All comes united to th' admiring eyes:
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The whole at once is bold and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.

As

As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T'avoid great errors, must the less commit;
Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
For not to know some trifles is a praise.
Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize;
And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, LaMancha's Knight, they say,
A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage;
Concluding all were desp'rate sots and fools
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our Author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the Knight's advice,
Made him observe the subject and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities: what not?
All which exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a Combat in the lists left out.
"What! leave the Combat out?" exclaims the Knight;
Yes, or we must renounce the Stagyrite.
"Not so, by heaven!" he answers in a rage;
"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."
So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus Critics of less judgement than caprice,
Curious, not knowing; not exact, but nice,
Form short ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to Conceit alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing 's just or fit;
One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still—The Style is excellent!
The Sense they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and, where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spreads on ev'ry place;
The face of Nature we no more survey;
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like th' unchanging Sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable;
A vile conceit, in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress't:
For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,
As sev'ral garb with country, town, and court.
Some, by old words, to fame have made pretence;
Antients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense:
Such labor'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky as Fungoso in the play,
These sparks, with awkward vanity, display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday!
And but so mimic antient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires, in their doublets dress't.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new or old.
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong:
In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes:
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line, "it whispers thro' the trees:"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep."
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song, [along.
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigor of a line
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance;
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar. [throw,
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to
The line too labors, and the words move slow:
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love:
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:

Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found.
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound!
The pow'r of music all our hearts allow;
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
At every trifle scorn to take offence:
That always shows great pride or little sense:
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we thro' mists descry;
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own, despise;
The antients only, or the moderns, prize.
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last:
Tho' each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgement of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works; and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality:
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord:
What woeful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv'd hackney sonnetteer, or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

The vulgar thus thro' imitation err;
As oft the learn'd by being singular:
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:
So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the last opinion right.
A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd;
This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortified,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;
And still to-morrow wiser than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so
Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread;
Who knew most sentences was deepest read:
Faith, Gospel, all seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted:
Scotists and Thomists now in peace remain
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
If faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,
What wonder modes in wit should take their turn!
Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think the reputation safe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honor merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on those of state,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux:
But sense surviv'd when merry jests were past,
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise:
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true:
For envied wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too pow'rful beams displays,
It draws up vapors which obscure its rays;
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost who stays till all commend.
Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears;
When patriarch wits surviv'd a thousand years:
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all e'en that can boast;
Our sons their father's failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colors soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live;
The treach'rous colors the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praise we boast;
But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost
Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which must our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy:
Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,
And still the more we give, the more requir'd;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please:
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If

If wit so much from ign'rance undergo,
Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, those met rewards who could excel,
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
Tho' triumphs were to gen'rals only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools;
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd through sacred lust of praise!
Ah! ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
Good nature and good sense must ever join:
To err is human: to forgive, divine.
But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain,
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times,
No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
But dulness with obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprunk the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase:
When love was all an easy monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war,
Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
Nay, wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimprov'd away;
The modest fan was lifted up no more;
And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
The following licence of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
Where Heaven's free subjects might their rights dispute,
Lest God himself should seem too absolute:
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
And vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
Encourag'd thus, wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
These monsters, critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice:
All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all seems yellow to the jaundic'd eye.
Learn then what morals critics ought to show,
For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.
'Tis not enough, taste, judgement, learning, join;
In all you speak, let truth and candor shine:
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow, but seek your friendship too.
Be silent always when you doubt your sense;
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence:
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.
'Tis not enough your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do:
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without good-breeding, truth is disapprov'd;
That only makes superior sense belov'd.
Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.
'Twere well might critics still this freedom take;
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry,
Fear most to tax an honorable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull;
Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flatt'ry to fulsome dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your silence there is better than your spite;
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race;
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain;
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!
Such shameful bards we have: and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad abandon'd critics too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always list'ning to himself appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales:
With him, most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
Name a new play, and he 's the Poet's friend,
Nay, show'd his faults, but when would Poets mend?
No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church yard:
Nay, fly to altars; there they 'll talk you dead;
For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread.
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks,
And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide.
But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?

Unbiass'd or by favor or by spite;
Nor dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right:
Tho' learn'd well-bred, and tho' well bred sincere,
Modestly bold, and humanly severe;
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride!
And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were Critics; such the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagyrite first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore,
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian Star.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws, and stood convinc'd; 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature should preside o'er Wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense;
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He who, supreme in judgement as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ:
Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire;
His Precepts teach but what his Works inspire.
Our Critics take a contrary extreme;
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm;
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please;
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work we find
The justest rules and clearest method join'd:
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace;
But less to please the eye than arm the hand;
Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire.
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
And is himself that great sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding Critics justly reign'd,
Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
And Arts still follow'd where the Eagles flew:
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom;
And the same age saw Learning fall, and Rome.
With Tyranny then Superstition join'd;
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little understood;
And to be dull was construed to be good:
A second deluge Learning thus o'er-run;
And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name;
The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame!
Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see! each Muse, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays;
Rome's antient Genius, o'er its ruin spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears its rev'rend head.
Then Sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live:
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
Immortal Vida! on whose honor'd brow
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow,
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name;
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But soon by impious arts from Latium chas'd,
Their antient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd;
Thence Arts o'erall the northern world advance,
But Critic-learning flourish'd most in France:
The rules a nation, born to serve obey, obeys;
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
And kept unconquer'd and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defied the Romans, as of old.
Yet some there were, among the sounder few
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster antient cause,
And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws;
Such was the Muse whose rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief Master-piece is writing well."
Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry Author's merit but his own.
Such late was Walsh, the Muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend:
To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
This praise at least a grateful Muse may give.
The Muse whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries:
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view;
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame:
Averse alike to flatter, or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

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§ 10. *The Rape of the Lock.* Pope.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.
MART.

CANTO I.

What dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing — This verse to Caryl, Muse! is due,
This even Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight

Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If She inspire, and He approve my lays. [pel
Say what strange motive, goddess! could com-
A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle Belle?
O say, what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?
In tasks so bold can little men engage?
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?
Sol thro' white curtains shot a timʼrous ray,
And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lapdogs gave themselves the rousing shake;
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow press'd,
Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy rest—
'Twas He had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning-dreams that hover'd o'er her head—
A youth more glitt'ring than a birth-night beau,
That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow,
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:
Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touch thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught;
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,
With golden crowns, and wreaths of heavenly flow'rs?
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd:
What tho' no credit doubting wits may give,
The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky.
These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, or hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And, tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive;
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
Soft yielding maids to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

Know further yet—whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embrac'd:
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting maids
In courtly balls and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Tho' honor is the word with men below.
Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestin'd to the gnomes' embrace:
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love denied:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain, [train,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds "your grace" salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eye of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.
Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their way;
Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.
Of these am I, who thy protection claim;
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late as I rang'd the chrystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend;
But Heaven reveals not what, or how, or where;
Warn'd by thy Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man! [long,
He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux; [read,
Wounds, charms, and ardors, were no sooner
But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.
And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd;
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs:
A heavenly image in the glass appears;
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.

Unnumber'd

Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box:
The tortoise here and elephant unite, [white:
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face.
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightning quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care;
These set the head, and those divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labors not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs, and well-dress'd youths, around her
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone. [shone;
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixt as those:
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide their faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you 'll forget them all.

This, Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious Heaven, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd;
But chiefly Love — to Love an altar built
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves:
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire:
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize.
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r;
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides;
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves the Zephyrs gently play;
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph — with careful thoughts oppress,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air,
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
Loose to the winds their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipp'd in the richest tincture of the skies
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;
While ev'ry beam new transient colors flings,
Colors that change whene'er they wave their wings,
Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun:

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear:
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and dæmons hear!
Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of open æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day:
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky:
Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light,
Pursue the stars that shoot across the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wint'ry main,
Or o'er the glebe distill the kindly rain:
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

Our humble province is to tend the Fair,
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colors from the vernal flow'rs;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in show'rs,
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

This day black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight,
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China jar receive a flaw;

Or

Or stain her honor, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball; [fall,
Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shock must
Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of chosen note,
We trust the important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale:
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain:
Or alum styptics with contracting pow'r,
Shrinks his thin essence like a shrivell'd flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill;
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below.

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III.

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs, [tow'rs,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk the instructive hours they pass'd,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat;
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labors of the toilet cease.

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,
At ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquest yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, the aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their antient race,
Are, as when women, wond'rous fond of place.

Behold, four kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard; [flow'r,
And four fair queens whose hands sustain a
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberds in their hands;
And party-colored troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care
Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillo first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillo forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump, and one Plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest his many-color'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
E'en mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Loo,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head;
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's feeble sons,
With like confusion diff'rent nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye;
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook;
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look:
She sees, and trembles at the approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille,
And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate.
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King, unseen,
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The Nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden these honors shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
For, lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the Fair her airy band:
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapors to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just when Clarissa drew with tempting grace,
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
So Ladies, in romance, assist their Knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steam she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she looks back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought:
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd the ideas rising in her mind.
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly Lover lurking in her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd;
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.
The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,
T' inclose the Lock; now joins it to divide.
Ev'n then before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,
But airy substance soon unites again;
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,
When husbands or when lapdogs breath their last;
Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,
In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie!

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
The Victor cried: the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British Fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed;
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze;
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honor, name, and praise shall live!
What Time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder, then, fair Nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labor'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not antient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair.

For that sad moment when the Sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew.
Umbriel, a dusky melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapor reach'd the dismal dome.
No chearful breeze this sullen region knows;
The dreadful East is all the wind that blows.
Here, in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain on her side, and Megrim at her head.
Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature, like an antient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd,
With store of pray'rs for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.

There

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen;
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapor o'er the palace flies,
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful as hermits dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright as visions of expiring maids:
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires;
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels and machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe pass'd the Gnome thro' this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand:
Then thus address'd the Pow'r: — Hail, wayward Queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapors, and of female wit,
Who gives th' hysteric or poetic fit;
On various tempers act, by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A Nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains,
And thousand more in equal mirth maintains.
But, oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with hairy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lapdog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease,
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin:
That single act gives half the world the spleen.

The goddess, with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, tho' she grant his pray'r.
A wond'rous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues,
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the Nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound:
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies issued at the vent.

Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire. [cried,
O wretched maid! she spread her hands, and
(While Hampton's echoes Wretched maid re-
Was it for this you took such constant care [plied)
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your Locks in paper durance bound,
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead!
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
Honor forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say;
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honor in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize;
Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall;
Men, monkeys, lapdogs, parrots, perish all!

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs.
And bids her beau demand the precious hair;
(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane):
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case.
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the
"devil! [must be civil!
"Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you
"Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay, prithee, pox!
"Give her the hair?"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.

It grieves me much (replied the Peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain;
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honors shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew),
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
He spoke, and speaking in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honors of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbear not so,
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then, see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing half-drown'd in tears:
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which with a sigh she rais'd, and thus she said.

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy, ah ten times happy, had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh, had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land:

Where

Where the guilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste bohea:
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam?
O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this the morning omens seem'd to tell:
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tott'ring China shook without a wind;
Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A sylph too warn'd me of the threats of Fate
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnant of these slighted hairs!
My hand shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
These, in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister lock now sits uncouth alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seise
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

CANTO V.

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears.
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails;
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd, and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began:

Say, why are beauties prais'd and honor'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd? [beaux,
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd
Why bows the side box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small pox, or chas'd old age away,
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares
produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint;
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade;
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
What then remains, but well our pow'r to use,
And keep good humor still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good humor can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding
fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack: [crack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebone*
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found;
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage,
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes, arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day. [gave
Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:
Propt on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perish'd in the throng;
One died in metaphor, and one in song.
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast;
"Those eyes are made so killing!" was his last.
Thus on Meander's flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain;
But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cried,
And drew her deadly bodkin from her side
(The same, his antient personage to deck,
Her great great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal rings; which, after melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grand-dames whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears).
Boast not my fall, he cried, insulting foe!
Thou by some others shall be laid as low:
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind;
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames — but burn alive.

Restore

Restore the Lock! she cries; and all around
Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So heaven decrees! With heaven who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
There heroe's wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
And beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of ribbands bound;
The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes:
So Rome's great founder to the heavens with-
To Proculus alone confest in view. [drew,
A sudden star, it shot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,
The heaven's bespangling with dishevell'd light,
The Sylphs beheld it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.

This the Beau-monde shall from the Mall sur-
And hail with music its propitious ray; [vey,
This the blest Lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks thro' Galilæo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust;
This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

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§ 11. *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.* Pope.

What beck'ning ghost along the moonlight shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd!
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it in heaven a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire!
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods!
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull, sullen pris'ners in the body's cage;
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
And close confin'd in their own palace sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bid her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below,
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death;
Cold lies that breath which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives and thus your children fall;
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates:
There passengers shall stand; and pointing say
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way),
Lo! these were they whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good or melt at others' woe.

What can atone, oh ever-injur'd shade!
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honor'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show;
What tho' no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face;
What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb;
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast.
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth and fame,
How lov'd, how honor'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot:
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the prais'd ear and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

§ 12. *Prologue to Mr. Addison's Tragedy of Cato.* Pope.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream thro' ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our Author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with antient ardor rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confest in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys—
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
As her dead father's rev'rend image pass'd,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honor'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd;
And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Some learning arts from Greece whom she subdu'd;
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage;
Be justly warn'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone should win a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

§ 13. *Epilogue to Mr. Rowe's Jane Shore.* Pope.

Prodigious this! the frail one of our play
From her own sex should mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aside,
Peep'd in your fans, been serious thus, and cried
The play may pass—but that strange creature Shore,
I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore—
Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool,
So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
"How strangely you expose yourself, my dear!"
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
And did not wicked custom so contrive,
We 'd be the best good-natur'd things alive.

There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In some close corner of the soul they sin;
Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
Amidst their virtue 's a reserve of vice.
The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
Would you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners,
Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sinners.

Well, if our author in the wife offends,
He has a husband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving;
And sure such kind good creatures may be living,
In days of old they pardon'd breach of vows;
Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse:
Plu—Plutarch—what 's his name that writes his life?
Tells us that Cato dearly lov'd his wife:
Yet if a friend a night or so should need her,
He 'd recommend her as a special breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would scruple make;
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
Tho' with the Stoic chief our stage may ring,
The Stoic husband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country—but what 's that to you?
Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might instruct the city;
There many an honest man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.

If, after all, you think it a disgrace
That Edward's Miss thus perks it in your face;
To see a piece of failing flesh and blood
In all the rest so impudently good;
Faith, let the modest matrons of the town
Come here in crowds; and stare the strumpet down.

§ 14. *The Temple of Fame.* Pope.

In that soft season, when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings,)
A train of phantoms in wild order rose;
And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose;

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies;
The whole creation open to my eyes;
In air self balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow;

Here

Here naked rocks and empty wastes were seen,
There tow'ry cities, and the forests green;
Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes,
There trees and intermingled temples rise:
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.
O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shore:
Then, gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds con-
High on a rock of ice the structure lay, [ceal'd.
Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way;
The wond'rous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seem'd to distant sight of solid stone.
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile time subdued;
Yet wide were spread their fame in ages past,
And poets once had promis'd they should last.
Some, fresh engrav'd, appear'd of wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own with labor in their place;
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;
For fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy, than excess of praise.
Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel,
Like crystal, faithful to the graving steel:
The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
There names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past,
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last;
These ever new, nor subject to decays, [days.
Spread, and grow brighter, with the length of
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky.
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
What'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd:
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
Of various structure, but of equal grace:
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute th' diff'rent quarters of the sky.
Here fabled chiefs, in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone.
Westward a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antient mold,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield:
There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil:
Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound,
Start from their roots, and form a shade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire!
Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,
The growing tow'rs like exhalations rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.
The Eastern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Persian name:
There, in long robes, the royal Magi stand;
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand:
The sage Chaldæans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in desart woods rever'd.
These stopp'd the moon, and call'd th' unbodied
shades,
To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;
Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
Of Talismans and Sigils knew the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science, to be good.
But, on the South, a long majestic race
Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,
Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
Whom sceptred slaves in golden harness drew:
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold,
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyhics grac'd.
Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride;
There huge colossus rose, with trophies crown'd;
And Runic characters were grav'd around.
There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes;
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
Druids and bards (their ironce loud harps unstrung),
And youths that died to be by poets sung.
These, and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables give a lasting name,
In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face:
The wall, in lustre and effect like glass,
Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall;
For thus romantic Fame increases all.
The Temple shakes, the sounding gates un-
fold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold;
Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd

Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The friezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heaven with stars, the roofs with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
The sage Historians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within stood Heroes, who thro' loud alarms
In bloody fields pursu'd renown in arms.
High on a throne, with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The Youth that all things but himself subdu'd;
His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head belied the Lybian god.
There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
Unmov'd, superior still, in ev'ry state,
And scarce detested in his country's fate,
But chief were those who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's safety bought.
High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state,
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much suff'ring heroes next their honors claim,
Those of less noisy and less guilty fame,
Fair Virtue's silent train: supreme of these
Here ever shines the godlike Socrates;
He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
At all times just but when he sign'd the shell;
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the last of Spartan names;
Unconquer'd Cato shows the wound he tore;
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
Hold the chief honors, and the fane command.
High on the first the mighty Homer shone,
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast;
Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall:
Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;
A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
Finish'd the whole, and labor'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unwearied art:
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate,
Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate;
On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rent eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza stretch'd upon the funeral pyre;
Æneas bending with his aged sire:
Troy flam'd in burning gold; and o'er the throne
Arms and the Man in golden cyphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright, [flight:
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for
Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labor with th' inspiring god.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace;
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
The youths hung o'er their chariots as they run,
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone:
The champions, in distorted posture, threat:
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.
The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace;
A work outlasting monumental brass.
Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear;
The Julian star, and great Augustus here.
The Doves that round the infant poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sat fix'd in thought the mighty Stagyrite;
His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his sides surround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear in view
Superior worlds, and look all nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone;
The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne:
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great Father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great:
The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies show their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various-color'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her statue of a cubit's height;
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her tow'ring head she rais'd.
With her, the temple ev'ry moment grew;
And ampler vistas open'd to my view:
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long aisles extend.
Such was her form, as antient bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet enfold;

A thousand

A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
A thousand open eyes, a thousand list'ning ears.
Beneath in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine (Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine;
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
With Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string:
For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string:
With time's first birth began the heavenly lays,
And last, eternal, thro' the length of days.

Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook;
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees that with the spring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or settling seise the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddess bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same;
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some she disgrac'd, and some with honors crown'd;
Unlike successes equal merits found.
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns;
And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the learned world appear,
And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r:
"Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind,
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne:
On wit and learning the just prize bestow;
For Fame is all we must expect below."

The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise:
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud:
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud;
By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odors shed,
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread:
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane:
"Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd
(Said Fame), but high above desert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labor in your praise."

This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Prefer'd the same request, and lowly bow'd;
The constant tenor of whose well-spent days
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.

But straight the direful trump of slander sounds!
Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies;
In ev'ry ear incessant rumors rung,
And gath'ring scandals drew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke:
The pois'nous vapor blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next who crowns and armor wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
"For thee (they cried) amidst alarms and strife
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire thro' the purple flood.
Those ills we dar'd thy inspiration own;
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone."
Ambitious fools! (the Queen replied, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in deep oblivion drown'd:
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone;
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown;
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien:
"Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame;
But, safe in desarts from th' applause of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.
O let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake."

And live there men who slight immortal fame?
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath;
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
She said: in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft, tho' high, so loud, and yet so clear,
Ev'n list'ning angels lean from heaven to hear;
To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these, a youthful train their vows express'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd;
Hither, they cried, direct your eyes, and see
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays;
Sprightly at nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid,
Of unknown duchesses lewd tales we tell;
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name;
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.

The queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a lady's honor dies.
Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers pressed
Around the shrine, and made the same request:

What! you (she cried) unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and even fatigu'd with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days—
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall;
The people's fable and the scorn of all!
Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round;
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run thro' all the crowd.
Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politics—
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long fleaky flames expire,
With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled nature trembled with the blast.
This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown,
Strait chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the throne.
Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound;
Not less in number were the spacious doors
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here.
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:
Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighb'ring air a soft impression make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element.
There various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life;
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store;
Of storms and sea, and travels on the shore;
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air;
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair:
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state;
The falls of favorites, projects of the great;
Of old mismanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true,
Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;
Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Astrologers, that future fates foreshew;
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And priest, and party zealots, numerous bands,
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place;
And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
The flying rumors gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too;
In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
So from a spark that kindled first by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Thro' thousand vents impatient, forth they flow,
And rush in millions on the world below;
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
Their date determines, and prescribes their force;
Some to retain, and some to perish soon;
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around a thousand winged wonders fly,
Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro' the sky.
There, at one passage, oft you may survey
A lie and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent:
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now the truth and lie;
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd no mortal e'er shall find.
While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:
What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?
'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame?
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in others' breath,
Th' estate which wits inherit after death!
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign;
Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure;
Be envied, wretched—and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckless wits their enemies profest,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor fame I slight, nor for her favors call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase cost so dear a price
As soothing folly, or exalting vice;
Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way;
Or if no basis bear my rising name
But the fallen ruins of another's fame—

Then teach me, Heaven! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise,
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

§ 15. *The happy Life of a Country Parson.* Pope.

In Imitation of Dr. Swift.

Parson, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the Bishop's blessing—
A Wife that makes conserves; a Steed
That carries double when there's need;
October's store, and best Virginia;
Tythe-Pig, and mortuary Guinea;
Gazettes sent gratis down; and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;
A large Concordance, bound long since;
Sermons to Charles the First when Prince;
A Chronicle of antient standing;
A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in.
The Polyglott—three parts—my text,
Howbeit—likewise—now to my next.
Lo! here the Septuagint—and Paul,
To sum the whole—the close of all.
He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the Squire, and kiss his Wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And fast on Fridays—if he will:
Toast Church and Queen, explain the News,
Talk with Churchwardens about pews,
Pray heartily for some new Gift,
And shake his head at Dr. S——t.

§ 16. *An Essay on Man. In Four Epistles.* Pope.

To H. St. John Lord Bolingbroke.

EPISTLE I.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to the Universe.

Of Man *in the abstract.—That we can judge only with regard to our own* system, *being ignorant of the* relations *of systems and things.—That Man is not to be deemed* imperfect, *but a Being suited to his* place *and* rank *in the creation, agreeable to the* general Order *of things, and conformable to* Ends *and* Relations *to him unknown.—That it is partly upon his* ignorance *of* future *events, and partly upon the* hope *of a* future *state, that all his happiness in the present depends.—The* pride *of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of Man's error and misery. The* impiety *of putting himself in the place of* God, *and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations.—The* absurdity *of conceiting himself the* final cause *of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the* moral *world which is not in the natural.—The* unreasonableness *of his complaints against* Providence, *while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though to possess any of the* sensitive faculties *in a higher degree would render him miserable.—That throughout the whole visible world an universal* order *and* gradation *in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a* subordination *of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of* sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; *that Reason alone countervails all the other faculties.—How much farther this* order *and* subordination *of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected* creation *must be destroyed.—The* extravagance, madness, *and* pride *of such a desire.—The consequence of all the* absolute submission *due to Providence, both as to our* present *and* future state.

Awake my Saint John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the Pride of Kings.
Let us, since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die,
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot;
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield!
The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore,
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

Say first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of Man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied Being peoples ev'ry star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The strong connexions, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God or thee?
Presumptuous Man! the reason would'st thou find
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less;
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade;
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove.

Of systems possible, if 'tis confest
That Wisdom infinite must form the best,

Where all must fall or not coherent be,
And all that rises rise in due degree;
Then in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be somewhere such a rank as Man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?
Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labor'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:
In God's, one single can its ends produce,
Yet serves to second too some other use;
So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. [strains
When the proud Steed shall know why man re-
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains,
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's God;
Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why, doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd, and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.
Then say not Man's imperfect, Heaven in
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought: [fault;
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place,
His time a moment, and a point his space.
Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits
Or who could suffer Being here below; [know;
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day;
Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindless to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall:
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd;
And now a bubble burst, and now a world. [soar;
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.
What future bliss he gives not thee to know;
But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now;
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never Is but always, To be blest.
The soul uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste;
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy Opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such;
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust;
Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If Man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
In Pride, in reas'ning Pride our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride is still aiming at the blest abodes;
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of Order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.
Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for
"mine:
"For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
"Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r,
"Annual for me the grape, the rose, renew
"The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
"For me the mine a thousand treasures brings,
"For me health gushes from a thousand springs,
"Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
"My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."
But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow or when tempests
sweep
Towns to one grave, whole Nations to the deep?
"No ('tis replied); the first Almighty Cause
"Acts not by partial but by gen'ral laws; [gain:
"Th' exceptions few; some change since all be-
"And what created perfect?"—Why then man?
If the great end be human Happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can Man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of show'rs and sunshine, as of Man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's
Why then a Borgia or a Cataline? [design,
Who knows but he whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms,
Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæsar's mind, [kind?
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge man-
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;
Account for moral as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit,
In both, to reason right, is to submit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discompos'd the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of Life.
The gen'ral Order, since the Whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.
What would this Man? Now upward will he
And, little less than Angel, would be more: [soar,
Now

Now, looking downward, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what the use, had he the pow'rs of all?
Nature to these, without profusion kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state:
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate:
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is Heaven unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all?
The bliss of man, (could Pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind:
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, Man is not a fly.
Say, what the use, were finer optics given,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonise at every pore?
Or, quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain,
If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
The whispering Zephyr, and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives and what denies?
Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam!
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green!
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line!
In the nice bee what sense so subtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and Reason what a nice barrier!
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection how allied,
What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide!
And middle natures how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all, subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these pow'rs in one?
See thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began;
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing.—On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
And, if each symptom in gradation roll
Alike essential to the amazing Whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and Suns run lawless thro' the sky;
Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature tremble to the throne of God:
All this dread Order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm?—oh madness, pride, impiety!
What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame;
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of all ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent;
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
Cease then, nor Order Imperfections name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit—in this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but art unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction which thou canst not see;
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good:
And spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.*

EPISTLE II.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Himself, *as an Individual.*

The Business of Man not to pry into God *but to study* Himself. *His* Middle Nature; *his*

Powers and Frailties. — The Limits of his Capacity. — *The two Principles of Man,* Self-love *and* Reason, *both necessary.* — Self-love *the stronger, and why.* — *Their end the same.* — *The* Passions, *and their use.* — *The* Predominant Passion, *and its force.* — *Its necessity in directing Men to different Purposes.* — *Its providential Use, in fixing our Principle, and ascertaining our Virtue.* — Virtue *and* Vice *joined in our* mixed Nature; *the limits near, yet the things* separate *and* evident: *What is the Office of* Reason. — *How odious* Vice *in itself, and how we deceive ourselves in it.* — *That, however, the* Ends *of* Providence *and* general Good *are answered in our Passions and Imperfections.* — *How usefully these are distributed to all* Orders *of* Men. — *How useful they are to* Society, *and to* Individuals, *in every* state *and every* age *of life.*

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of Mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great;
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act or rest,
In doubt to deem himself a God or Beast;
In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd,
Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all:
Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun:
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule;
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And show'd a Newton as we show an Ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his Mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?
Alas, what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of Pride;
Deduct but what is Vanity or Dress,
Or Learning's Luxury or Idleness;
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our Vices have created Arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the time to come!

Two Principles in human nature reign;
Self-love to urge, and Reason to restrain:
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call;
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still
Ascribe all Good; to their improper, Ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole,
Man, but for that, no action could attend;
And, but for this, were active to no end;
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot:
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.
Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise.
Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason 's at distance and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments temptations throng;
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like Fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and Reason to one end aspire;
Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire;
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r.
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
List under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those that imparted court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast:
But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest.
The rising tempest puts in act the soul;
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but Passion is the gale:

Nor

Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm and walks upon the wind.
Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet mix'd and soften'd in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes Man, can Man destroy?
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train;
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain:
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind;
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and color of our life.
Pleasures are ever in our hands and eyes;
And, when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike:
Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak the organs of the frame;
And hence one master Passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
As man; perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength;
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came,
Each vital humor which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mine opens and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r;
As heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.
We, wretched subjects tho' to lawful sway,
In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey:
Ah! if she lend not arms as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend?
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humors gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.
Yes, nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;
'Tis here to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe;
A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends,
And sev'ral men impels to sev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease,
Thro' life 'tis followed, even at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride;
All, all alike find Reason on their side.
Th' Eternal Art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this Passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one int'rest body acts with mind.
As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted learn to bear;
The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigor working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply:
Ev'n av'rice, prudence, sloth, philosophy;
Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind 's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.
Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice allied:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in Cataline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide? The God within the mind.
Extremes in Nature equal ends produce;
In man they join to some mysterious use:
Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As in some well wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.
Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face;
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed.
Ask where 's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed
In Scotland, at the Oreades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he:
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.
Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be;
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree:
The rogue and fool, by fits, is fair and wise;
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill!
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still;

Each

Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal; [Whole:
But Heaven's great view is One, and that the
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks applied—
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, Virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
And builds on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.

Heaven, forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call, [all.
Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the Passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king:
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest; the poet in his Muse.
See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride, bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile Opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by Hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by Pride:
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, Joy:
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is given in vain.
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this—tho' Man 's a fool, yet God is wise.

EPISTLE III.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Nature and State of Man *with respect to Society.*

The whole Universe one System of Society—Nothing made wholly for itself, *nor wholly for* another.—*The happiness of* Animals *mutual.*—Reason *or* Instinct *operates alike to the good of each Individual.*—Reason *or* Instinct *operates also to Society in all animals.—How far* Society *is carried by Instinct.—How much farther by Reason.—Of that which is called the* State of Nature.—*Reason instructed by Instinct in the Invention of* Arts, *and in the Forms of* Society.—*Origin of Political Societies.—Origin of Monarchy.—Patriarchal Government.—Origin of true Religion and Government, from the same principle of Love.—Origin of Superstition and Tyranny, from the same principle of Fear.—The influence of Self-love operating to the* social *and* public Good.—*Restoration of true Religion and Government on their first Principle.—Mixed Government.—Various Forms of each, and the true End of all.*

Here then we rest: 'The Universal Cause
'Acts to one end, but acts by various laws.'
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day;
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our World; behold the chain of
Combining all below and all above. [Love
See plastic Nature working to this end;
The single atoms each to other tend;
Attract, attracted to the next in place,
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See Matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still, the gen'ral Good.
See dying Vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again:
All forms that perish other forms supply
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die);
Like bubbles on the sea of Matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign: Parts relate to Whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast;
All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spreads the flow'ry lawn.
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer.
The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labors of this lord of all.

Now, Nature's children shall divide her care,
The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.

While

While Man exclaims, 'See all things for my use!
'See man for mine!' replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of reason *he* must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant that the pow'rful still the weak control,
Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole:
Nature that Tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps another creature's wants and woes.
Say will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove!
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods,
For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And till he ends the being, makes it blest;
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favor'd Man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish when thy feast is o'er!
To each unthinking being, Heaven a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end!
To Man imparts it; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heaven assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

Whether with Reason or with Instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best;
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Instinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest Instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short is human Wit;
Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier Reason labors at in vain.
This too serves always, Reason never long;
One must go right, the other may go wrong,
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the stork, Columbus like, explore
Heav'ns, not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day?
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds:
But as he fram'd the Whole, the Whole to bless,
On mutual Wants built mutual Happiness;
So, from the first, eternal order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all quick'ning æther keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone;
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend.
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace;
Another love succeeds another race.

A longer care Man's helpless kind demands;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands:
Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the int'rest and the love:
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn;
Each Virtue in each Passion takes its turn;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These nat'ral love maintain, habitual those:
The last scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and forecast just returns engage;
That pointed back to youth, this on to age:
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope combin'd,
Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

Nor think, in Nature's state they blindly trod;
The State of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and Social at her birth began;
Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride, then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest;
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
Heaven's attribute was Universal Care;
And Man's prerogative to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, bears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The fury passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man a fiercer savage, Man.

See him from Nature rising slow to Art!
To copy Instinct then was Reason's part:
Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—
"Go, from the Creatures thy instructions take:
"Learn

" Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield:
" Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
" Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
" Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
" Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
" Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
" Here too all forms of social union find,
" And hence let Reason, late, instruct mankind:
" Here subterranean works and cities see;
" There towns aërial on the waving tree.
" Learn each small People's genius, policies,
" The Ant's republic, and the realm of Bees;
" How those in common all their wealth bestow,
" And Anarchy without confusion know;
" And these for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
" Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
" Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
" Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
" In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
" Entangle Justice in her net of Law;
" And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,
" Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
" Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
" Thus let the wiser make the rest obey:
" And for those arts mere Instinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."
Great Nature spoke; observant Man obey'd;
Cities were built, Societies were made:
Here rose one little state; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd thro' love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend!
What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow,
And he return'd a friend who came a foe.
Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
Thus states were form'd; the name of King unknown,
Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one.
'Twas Virtue only (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms),
The same which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
A Prince the Father of a People made.
Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch King, Priest, and parent, of his growing state;
On him their second Providence, they hung;
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wand'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the sire, control the flood,
Draw forth th' monsters of th' abyss profound,
Or fetch th' aërial eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, sick'ning, dying they began,
Whom they rever'd as God, to mourn as Man:
Then, looking up, from sire to sire, explor'd
One great First Father, and that First ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple Reason never sought but one:
Ere Wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
To Virtue in the Paths of Pleasure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith and all th' allegiance then:
For Nature knew no right divine in Men,
No ill could fear in God; and understood
A Sovereign Being but a sov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran;
That was but love of God, and this of Man.
Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one; [done,
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counterwork its Cause?
Force first made Conquest, and that Conquest Law;
Till Superstition taught the Tyrant awe;
Then shar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
She, 'midst the lightnings blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they:
She from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide!
And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then first the Flamen tasted living food,
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
With heaven's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the god an engine on his foe.
So drives Self-love, thro' just, and thro' unjust,
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust:
The same Self-love in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.
For, what one likes, if others like as well;
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join'd to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into Virtue thus by Self-defence,
Ev'n Kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then the studious head or gen'rous mind,
Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral Nature gave before;
Resum'd her antient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
Taught Pow'r's due use to People and to Kings,
Taught nor to slack nor strain its tender strings,
The less or greater set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too;
Till jarring int'rests of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From Order, Union, full Consent of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty made
To serve, not suffer: strengthen, not invade;

More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest:
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.
For forms of Government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight:
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right:
In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity:
All must be false that thwart this One great End:
And all of God, that bless Mankind, or mend.
Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives!
The Strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.
On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
So two consistent motions act the Soul,
And one regards Itself, and one the Whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

EPISTLE IV.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to Happiness.

False Notions of Happiness, Philosophical and Popular — It is the End of all Men, and attainable by all. — God intends Happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular Happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general not particular Laws. — As it is necessary for Order, and the peace and welfare of Society, that external goods should be unequal, Happiness is not made to consist in these. — But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of Happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Passions of Hope and Fear. — What the Happiness of Individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the Good Man has here the advantage. — The error of imputing to Virtue what are only the calamities of Nature or of Fortune. — The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favor of particulars. — That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest. — That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of, Virtue. — That even these can make no Man happy without Virtue: Instanced in Riches — Honors — Nobility — Greatness — Fame — Superior Talents — With pictures of human infelicity in Men possessed of them all. — That Virtue only constitutes a Happiness whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal. — That the perfection of Virtue and Happiness consists in a conformity to the Order of Providence here, and a Resignation to it here and hereafter.

O Happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content, whate'er thy name;
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies;
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests to the field? toil,
Where grows? where grows it not? if vain our
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free; thee.
And fled from monarchs, St. John, dwells with
Ask of the Learn'd the way: The Learn'd are blind:
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these:
Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain!
Or indolent to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?
Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense and common ease.
Remember, Man, "the Universal Cause
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what Happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There 's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind.
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit rests self-satisfied:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink;
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heaven's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All nature's diff'rence keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king:
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heaven breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts if each alike possess'd,
And each were equal, must not all contest?

If

If then to all men Happiness was meant,
God in Externals could not place content.
Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse;
But future views of better, or of worse.
Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.
Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Compe-
But health subsists with temperance alone; [tence.
And peace, oh virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risque the most, that take wrong means or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst, [first?
Which meets contempt, or which compassion
Count all th' advantage prosp'rous Vice attains.
'Tis but what Virtue flies from, and disdains,
And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good,
Oh blind to truth, and God's wholescheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe?
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust!
See Sydney bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more tho' Heaven ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
Why, full of days and honor, lives the sire?
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why so long in life (if long can be)
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good,
Or change admits, or nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, till man improv'd it all.
We just as wisely might of Heaven complain,
That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is still at ease
When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal Cause
Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?
Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recal her fires?
On air or sea new motions be imprest,
Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?
But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be:
But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks, on Calvin Heaven's own Spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell.
If Calvin feel Heaven's blessing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
Whatever is, is right. — This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar — but for Titus too;
And which more blest? who chain'd his country
Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day? [say,
"But sometimes virtue starves while vice is
"fed"
What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
That vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it when he tills the soil.
The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain,
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No — shall the good want health, the good
"want pow'r?"
Add health and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
"Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no
Nay, why external for internal giv'n? [king?"
Why is not man a God, and earth a heaven?
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give;
Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they stand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
Then give humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqu'ror's sword, or truth a gown,
Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish man! will heaven reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind:
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.

Oh

Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover, and the love of human kind, [clear,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience
Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.
Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made;
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade:
The cobler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
I 'll tell you, friend; a wise man and a fool,
You 'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather or prunella. [strings,
Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with
That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings,
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your antient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies?
"Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise;
All sly, slow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.
What's fame? a fancy'd life in other's breath;
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,
Or on the Rubicon or on the Rhine.
A wit 's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man 's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge.
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.
Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they mount:
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risqu'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still these things thy envy call,
Say, would'st thou be the man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribands, if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy!
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife!
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From antient story learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honor'd, fam'd, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy those to ruin, these betray.
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that rais'd the hero sunk the man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold;
Then see them broke with toils or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophied arches, storied halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!
Know then this truth — (enough for man to know)
"Virtue alone is happiness below."
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill:

Where

Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequall'd, if its ends it gain;
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest,
And but more relish'd as the more distrest:
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated while one man's oppress;
Never dejected while another's blest:
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.
See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow?
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know!
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good untaught will find,
Slaves to no sect, who takes no private road;
But looks through nature, up to nature's God;
Pursues that chain which sinks the immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns, from this union or the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in love of God, and love of man.
For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind;
He sees why nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown.
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part;
Grasp the whole words of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.
God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parents, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowing of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless beauty blest,
And heaven beholds its image on his breast.
Come then, my friend! my genius! come along;
Oh master of the poet, and the song!
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light;
Show'd erring pride, *whatever is, is right;*
That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

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§ 17. *Moral Essays. In Four Epistles.* Pope.

To Sir Richard Temple, L. Cobham.

EPISTLE I.

Yes, you despise the man to books confin'd,
Who from his study rails at human kind;
Tho' what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage, calls Cuckold, Whore, and Knave.
Tho' many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no Philosopher at all.
And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as Books, too much.
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;
To written wisdom, as another's less: [guess.
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein;
Shall only man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of minds as moss.
That each from other differs, first confess:
Next, that he varies from himself no less;
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
And all opinion's colors cast on life.
Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies of our minds?
On human actions reason tho' you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man:
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following like, thro' creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.
Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come discolor'd thro' our passions shown.

Or

Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.
Nor will life's stream for observation stay:
It hurries all too fast to mark their way;
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft in the passions' wild rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield;
And what comes then is master of the field,
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep,
(Tho' past the recollection of the thought),
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our eternal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.
True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others so very close, they 're hid from none:
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light)
Thus gracious Chandos is beloy'd at sight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves.
When universal homage Umbra pays,
All say 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise.
When Haut'ry glares, all hate it in a queen,
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.
But these plain characters we rarely find:
Tho' strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole;
Or Affectatious quite reverse the soul.
The dull, flat falsehood serves for policy:
And in the cunning, truth itself 's a lie:
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise:
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.
See the same man, in vigor, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at business, and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox-chace, wise at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.
Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks, who endures a knave is next a knave,
Save just at dinner — then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with venison to saint without.
Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head! all int'rests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his pride is in piquette,
Newmarket fame, and judgement at a bett.
What made (says Montaigne, or more sage Char-
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon? [ron!)
A perjur'd prince a leaden saint severe.
A godless regent tremble at a star?
The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
Faithless thro' piety, and dup'd thro' wit?
Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
And just her wisest monarch made a fool?
Know, God and Nature only are the same:
In man, the judgement shoots at flying game;
A bird of passage! gone as soon as found;
Now in the moon perhaps, now under ground,

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why;
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and show
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold! if Fortune, or a Mistress frowns,
Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns:
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an Empire, that embroils a State;
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.
Not always Actions show the man; we find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind:
Perhaps Prosperity becalm'd his breast,
Perhaps the Wind just shifted from the East.
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great.
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave;
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave:
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise;
His pride in Reas'ning, not in Acting, lies.
But grant that actions best discover man;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can.
The few that glare, each character must mark;
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them or miscall them policy?
Must then at once (the character to save)
The plain rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind;
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.
Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
Cæsar himself might whisper, he was beat.
Why risk the World's great Empire for a Punk?
Cæsar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.
But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove,
One action Conduct; one, heroic Love.
'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A Saint in Crape, is twice a Saint in Lawn:
A Judge is just, a Chanc'llor juster still;
A Gownman, learn'd; a Bishop, what you will;
Wise, if a Minister; but, if a King,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.
Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the highest rate;
Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate:
In life's low vale, the soil the Virtue's like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Tho' the same sun with all diffusive rays
Blush in the Rose, and in the Diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
And justly set the Gem above the Flow'r.
'Tis Education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree 's inclin'd.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a Squire;
The next a Tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will sneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding knave:
Is he a Churchman? then he 's fond of pow'r;
A Quaker? sly; a Presbyterian? sour;
A smart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.
Ask men's Opinions: Scoto now shall tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well;
Strike off his Pension, by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?
Some God, or Spirit, he has lately found:
Or chance'd to meet a minister that frown'd.
Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
Int'rest o'ercome, or Policy take place:
By Actions? those Uncertainty divides;
By Passions? those Dissimulation hides:
Opinions? they still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with Fortunes, Humors turn with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.
Search then the Ruling Passion: There, alone,
The Wild are constant, and the Cunning known;
The Fool consistent, and the False sincere;
Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here.
This clew once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling Passion was the Lust of Praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and Fools must like him or he dies;
Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he spoke,
The Club must hail him Master of the Joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He 'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too:
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Friar.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And most contemptible to shun contempt:
His passion still to covet gen'ral praise,
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty which no friend has made:
An Angel Tongue, which no man can persuade;
A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind:
Too rash for Thought, for Action too refin'd:
A Tyrant to the wise his heart approves;
A Rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the Knaves should call him Fool.
Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.
When Cataline by rapine swell'd his store;
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore;
In this the Lust, in that the Avarice
Were means, not ends; Ambition was the vice.
That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by Chastity, at praise.
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabin farm
In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil;
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.
In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As Fits give vigor just when they destroy,
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.
Old Politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in business to the last;
As weak, as earnest; and as gravely out,
As sober Lansdown dancing in the gout.
Behold a rev'rend sire, who want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely prest
By his own son, that passes by unblest:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees.
A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:
"Mercy!" cries Helluo, "mercy on my soul!
"Is there no hope?—Alas! then bring the jowl."
The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.
"Odious! in woollen! 't would a saint provoke,
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)
"No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
"Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
"One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
"And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."
The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
An humble servant to all human kind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,
"If—where I 'm going—I could serve you, Sir?"
"I give and I devise" (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned."
Your money, Sir?—"My money, Sir, what all?
"Why—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul,"
The manor, Sir?—"the manor! hold," he cried,
"Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and died.
And you, brave Cobham, to your latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:
Such in those moments, as in all the past,
"Oh save my country, Heaven!" shall be your last.

EPISTLE II.

To a Lady.

Of the Characters of Women.

Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
"Most women have no characters at all."
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many pictures of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there Pastora by a fountain side.
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man;
And there a naked Leda with a swan.
Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalene's loose hair and lifted eye,
Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine;
Whether

Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.
Come then, the colors and the ground pre-
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air; [pare;
Choose a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.
Rufa, whose eye quick glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning mask:
So morning insects that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.
How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend!
To her, Calista prov'd her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,
But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose;
All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.
Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park!"
A park is purchas'd; but the fair he sees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious trees!"
Ladies, like variegated tulips, show,
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe:
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots their nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes;
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise;
Strange graces still, and stronger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
Yet ne'er so lure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r,
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres:
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns;
And atheism and religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad good Christian at her heart.
See Sin in state majestically drunk;
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk;
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought:
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She sins with poets thro' pure love of wit.
What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
Cæsar and Tallboy, Charles and Charlemagne.
As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
The nose of haut-gout, and the tip of taste,
Critiqu'd your wine, and analys'd your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
So Philomede, lect'ring all mankind,
On the soft passion, and the taste refin'd,
Th' address, the delicacy, stoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.
Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray;
To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;
Nor asks of God, but of her stars to give
The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live."
Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.
Wise wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please;
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease;
With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought;
You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.
Turn then from wits; and look on Simo's mate;
No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate.
Or her that owns her faults, but never mends,
Because she's honest, and the best of friends,
Or her, whose life the church and scandal share,
For ever in a passion, or a pray'r.
Or he, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no such place!"
Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears,
The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought!
Woman and fool are too hard things to hit;
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.
But what are these to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind!
Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
Yet is whate'er she hates and ridicules.
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
The wisest fool much time has ever made.
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratified, except her rage,
So much the fury still outran the wit,
The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from Hell;
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her ev'ry turn with violence pursu'd,
Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude:
To that each passion turns or soon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield must make her hate:
Superiors! death! and equals! what a curse!
But an inferior not dependant! worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live.

But die, and she 'll adore you — then the bust
And temple rise — then fall again to dust.
Last night, her lord was all that 's good and great;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robb'd of pow'r, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of followers! without one distress
Sick of herself, thro' very selfishness!
Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heaven-directed, to the poor.

Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design,
Ask no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit 'em right:
For how should equal colors do the knack?
Chameleons who can paint in white or black?
"Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot."
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
"With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
"Say, what can Chloe want?—She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
But never, never reach'd one gen'rous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour;
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair!
Forbid it, Heav'n! a favor or a debt
She e'er could cancel — but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
Of all her dears she never slander'd one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you 're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head.
Chloe is prudent — Would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which Heaven has varnish'd out and made a Queen:
The same for ever! and describ'd by all
With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
Poets heap virtues, Painters gems at will,
And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well—but, Artists! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of quality so struts and swells,
None see what parts of nature it conceals:
Th' exactest traits of body or of mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If Queensberry to strip there 's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
From peer or bishop, 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or king:
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.

But grant, in public, men sometimes are shown,
A woman 's seen in private life alone:
Our bolder talents in full light display'd;
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
There none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,
That each may seem a virtue or a vice.

In men we various ruling passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure and the love of sway.
That, nature gives; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?
Experience, this; by man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take,
But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake:
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;
But ev'ry lady would be queen for life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens!
Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means:
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great!
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone;
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex, as children birds pursue;
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost:
At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend;
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it when they gave no more:
As hags old sabbaths, less for joy than spite,
So these their merry, miserable night;
Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honor died.

See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot,
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!

Ah, friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine!
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
Flaunts and goes down an unregarded thing:
So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light;
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And, unobserv'd, the glaring orb declines.

Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools;
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules:

Charms

Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humor most, when she obeys:
Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will;
Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille;
Spleen, vapors, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself, tho' china fall.
And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman 's at best a contradiction still.
Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can,
Its last best work, but forms a softer man;
Picks from each sex, to make the fav'rite blest,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest:
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your taste of follies with our scorn of fools;
Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new,
Shakes all together, and produces — You.
Be this a woman's fame; with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on their sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple pray'r;
And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The gen'rous god, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits, as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good-humor, and a poet.

EPISTLE III.

To Allen, Lord Bathurst.

P. Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus given,
That man was made the standing jest of heaven:
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away.
But I, who think more highly of our kind
(And surely, Heaven and I are of a mind,)
Opine, that nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground:
But when by man's audacious labor won,
Flam'd forth this rival to its sire the sun,
Then careful Heaven supplied two sorts of men;
To squander these, and those to hide agen.
Like doctors thus, when much dispute has pass'd,
We find our tenets just the same at last.
Both fairly owning, riches in effect
No grace of Heaven, or token of th' elect;
Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.
B. What nature wants, commodious gold bestows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.
P. But how unequal it bestows, observe,
'Tis thus we riot, while who sow it starve:
What nature wants (a phrase I must distrust)
Extends to luxury, extends to lust:
Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires;
But, dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.
B. Trade it may help, society extend:
P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend.
B. It raises armies in a nation's aid:
P. But bribes a senate, and the land 's betray'd.
In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave,
If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloke,
From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
And, jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."
Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold, imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things;
Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings;
A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to some distant shore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow:
Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
And silent sells a king, or buys a queen.
Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
Still, as of old, encumber'd villany!
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
What could they more than knights and 'squires confound,
Or water all the quorum ten miles round?
A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!
"Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
"Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door:
"A hundred oxen at your levee roar."
Poor avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could profusion squander all in kind.
Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet;
And Worldly crying coals from street to street;
Whom, with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesmen craz'd.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?
His Grace will game: to White's a bull be led,
With spurning heels and with a butting head.
To White's be carried, as to antient games,
Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep.
Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
O filthy check on all industrious skill,
To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille!
Since then, my lord, on such a world we fall,
What say you? *B.* Say; Why take it, gold and all.
P. What riches give us, let us then inquire:
Meat, fire, and clothe. *B.* What more? *P.* Meat, clothes, and fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs;
To Chartres, vigor; Japhet, nose and ears?
Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow?
In Fulvia's buckle case the throbs below?
Or heal, old Narses, the obscener ail,
With all th' embroidery plaster'd at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
Give Harpax self the blessing of a friend;

Or find some doctor that would save the life
Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife:
But thousands die, without or this or that;
Die, and endow a college, or a cat!
To some, indeed, Heaven grants the happier fate,
T' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.
Perhaps you think the poor might have their part? [heart.
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his
The grave sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:
'God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
'The wretch he starves'—and piously denies:
But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.
Yet to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.
B. Who suffer'd thus, mere charity should own,
Must act on motives powerful, tho' unknown.
P. Some war, some plague, or famine they foresee,
Some revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found;
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.
What made directors cheat in South-sea year?
To live on venison when it sold so dear,
Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys?
Phryne foresees a general exercise.
Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?
Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.
Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold:
Glorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.
Congenial souls! whose life one av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Austrian mines.
Much-injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in the words our fate:
"At length corruption, like a gen'ral flood
"(So long by watchful ministers withstood),
"Shall deluge all; and av'rice, creeping on,
"Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun;
"Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
"Peeress and butler share alike the box,
"And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
"And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown.
"See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
"And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's [brain,
arms!"
'Twas no court badge, great Scriv'ner! fir'd thy
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, asham'd to see
Senates degen'rate, patriots disagree,
And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.
"All this is madness," cries a sober sage:
But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?
"The ruling passion, be it what it will,
"The ruling passion conquers reason still."
Less mad the wildest whimsy we can frame,
Than even that passion, if it has no aim;
For though such motives folly you may call,
The folly 's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth: "'Tis heaven each
"passion sends,
"And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.
"Extremes in nature equal good produce;
"Extremes in man concur to gen'ral use."
Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?
That Pow'r who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.
Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor:
This year a reservoir, to keep and spare;
The next, a fountain, spouting thro' his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst;
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.
Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)
His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot?
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,
With soups unbought and salads blest his board?
If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before;
To cram the rich was prodigal expence;
And who would take the poor from Providence?
Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall:
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round;
Tenants with sighs the smokeless tow'rs survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way:
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the sav'd candle, and unop'ning door;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar, whom he longs to eat.
Not so his son, he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
(For what to shun will no great knowledge need;
But what to follow is a task indeed.)
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, with floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'squire, and deep divine!
Yet no mean motive this profusion draws,
His oxen perish in his country's cause;
'Tis George and Liberty that crowns the cup,
And zeal for that great house which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,
The sylvans groan — no matter — for the fleet:
Next goes his wool — to clothe our valiant bands:
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a
pope.
And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils?

In

In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause;
His thankless country leaves him to her laws.
The sense to value riches, with the art
T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursued,
Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;
To balance fortune by a just expence,
Join with economy, magnificence;
With splendor, charity; with plenty, health!
Oh teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
That secret rare, between the extremes to move,
Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.

B. To worth or want well weigh'd be bounty
And ease or emulate the care of Heaven; [given,
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;
As poison heals, in just proportion us'd:
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies:
But well dispers'd is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.
Is there a lord, who knows a cheerful noon
Without a fiddler, flatt'rer, or buffoon?
Whose table wit or modest merit share,
Unelbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or play'r?
Who copies yours, or Oxford's better part,
To ease th' oppress, and raise the sinking heart?
Where'er he shines, O fortune gild the scene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There English bounty yet awhile my stand,
And honor linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bless'd,
The young who labor, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Baulk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply!
What mines to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd five hundred pounds a-year.
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name!
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living saw'd a candle's end;
Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long wig which Gordon's self might own.
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.
Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend!
And see what comfort it affords our end.
In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies—alas! how chang'd from him
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim:
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king,
No wit to flatter left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, his fortune, friends,
And fame—this lord of useless thousands ends.
His grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."
As well his grace replied, "Like you, Sir John!
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
Want with a full, or with an empty purse?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd;
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r,
For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.
A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What even denied a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend!
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,
"Virtue! and wealth! what are ye but a name!"
Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd!
Or are they both in this their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—*B.* Agreed.

P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies;

There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
And added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's;
Constant at church and 'change; his gains were sure,
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The devil was piqu'd such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rous'd by the prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks;
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word;
And lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board.

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away;
He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought:
"I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
"Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice,
"And am so clear too of all other vice."

The tempter saw his time; the work he plied;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on ev'ry side,
'Till all the dæmon makes his full descent
In one abundant show'r of cent. per cent.
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His compting-house employ'd the Sunday morn:
Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life),
But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the devil ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold, and died.

A nymph of quality admires our knight;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite;
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air;
First, for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies.
His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play: so bad her chance,
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The House impeach him, Coningsby harangues;
The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown;
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

EPISTLE IV.

To Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington.

'Tis strange, the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
Nor for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats:
He buys for Topham, drawings and designs;
For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins;
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone;
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all these are for himself? No more
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to show how many tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
Some dæmon whisper'd, "Visto! have a taste."
Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
See! sportive fate, to punish awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide:
A standing sermon, at each year's expence,
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence!

You show us Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use.
Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating fools; [take,
Who random drawings from your sheets shall
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load some vain church with old theatric state;
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden-gate;
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a front:
Shall call the winds thro' long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear;
Something there is more needful than expence,
And something previous ev'n to taste—'tis sense:
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And, and tho' no science, fairly worth the seven;
A light, which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot;
In all, let nature never be forgot;
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spied,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points who decently confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Consult the genius of the place in all;
That tells the waters or to rise or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heavens to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale;

Calls

Calls in the country, catching op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.
Still follow sense, of ev'ry art the soul,
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole;
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance;
Nature shall join you; time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at — perhaps a Stow.
Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's terraces desert their walls:
The v. st parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake;
Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the plain,
You 'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an hermitage set Dr. Clarke.
Behold Villario's ten years toil complete;
His Quincunx darkens, his Espaliers meet;
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of light;
A waving glow the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quiv'ring rills meander'd o'er —
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a field.
Thro' his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
Or sate delighted in the thick'ning shade,
With annual joy the redd'ning shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long too meet!
His son's fine taste an op'ner vista loves,
Foe to the dryads of his father's groves;
One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views,
With all the mournful family of yews;
The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.
'At Timon's villa let us pass a day, [away!"
Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole a labor'd quarry above ground.
Two Cupids squirt before: a lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call;
On ev'ry side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suff'ring eye inverted nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain never to be play'd;
And there a summer-house that knows no shade;
Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
There gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs,
Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.
My lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:
But soft — by regular approach — not yet —
First thro' the length of yon hot terrace sweat;
And when up ten steep slopes you 've dragg'd your thighs,
Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes.
His study! with what authors is it stor'd?
In books, not authors, curious is my lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round,
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound.
Lo, some are vellum; and the rest as good,
For all his lordship knows, but they are wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look;
These shelves admit not any modern book.
And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of pray'r:
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.
But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:
The rich buffet well-color'd serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb!
A solemn sacrifice, perform'd in state;
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you 'd swear
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the king.
In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate.
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no day was ever pass'd so ill!
Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed;
Health to himself, and to his infants bread
The lab'rer bears: what his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.
Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvest bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.
Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle.
'Tis use alone that sanctifies expence,
And splendor borrows all her rays from sense.
His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbour glad, if he increase;
Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample lawns are not asham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed;
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow:

Let

Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town.
You too proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
Till kings call forth th' ideas of your mind
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd),
Bids harbours open, public ways extend;
Bid temples, worthier of the God, ascend;
Bid the broad arch the dang'rous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main:
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers thro' the land;
These honors peace to happy Britain brings:
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

§ 18. *Epistle to Mr. Addison, occasioned by his Dialogues on Medals.* Pope.

See the wild waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd,
Where, mix'd with slaves, the groaning martyr toil'd:
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her floods:
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey,
Statues of men scarce less alive than they!
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruin sav'd from flame,
Some buried marble half preserves a name;
That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.
Ambition sigh'd: she found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust:
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps;
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps.
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
And small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.
The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name;
In one short view subjected to our eye,
Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes;
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd
And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine,
Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garments bloom a-new.
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage:
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.
Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
There, warriors frowning in historic brass:
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
"Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
"In action faithful, and in honor clear;
"Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
"Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend:
"Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
"And prais'd, unenvied, by the Muse he lov'd."

§ 19. *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, being the Prologue to the Satires.* Pope.

P. Shut, shut the door, good John, fatigu'd I said,
Tye up the knocker; say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The Dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide? [glide;
They pierce my thickets, thro' my grot they
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge,
No place is sacred, not the Church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me just at dinner time.
Is there a Parson, much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,
A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a Stanza when he should *engross?*
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause;
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope;
And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my Life! (which did not you prolong
The world had wanted many an idle song.)

What

What *Drops* or *Nostrum* can this plague remove,
Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead
Seiz'd and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace;
And to be grave, exceeds all pow'r of face:
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, 'keep your piece nine years.'
Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term*
Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends; [ends,
'The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it;
'I am all submission, what you'd have it make it.'
Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My Friendship, and a Prologue, and Ten Pound.
Pitholeon sends to me: 'you know his Grace:
'I want a Patron; ask him for a Place.'
Pitholeon libell'd me—'but here's a letter [ter.
'Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no bet-
'Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine;
'He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn Divine.'
Bless me! a packet.—'Tis a stranger sues,
'A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse.'
If I dislike it, 'Furies, death, and rage!'
If I approve, 'Commend it to the stage.' [ends,
There (thank my stars!) my whole commission
The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the house reject him, 'Sdeath, I'll
'print it, [Lintot.'
'And shame the fools—Your int'rest, Sir, with
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
'Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch.' [much:
All my demurs but double his attacks;
At last he whispers, 'Do; and we go snacks.'
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door:
Sir, let me see your works and you no more.
'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring
(Midas, a sacred person and a king),
His very Minister who spied them first
(Some say his Queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dang'rous things,
I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings;
Keep close to Ears, and those let Asses prick,
'Tis nothing—*P.* Nothing, if they bite and kick?
Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass: [lie?
The truth once told (and wherefore should we
The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus, round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
Who shames a Scribbler? break one cobweb thro',
He spins the slight self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib or sophistry in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer;
And has not Colley still his lord, and whore?
His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moor?
Does not one table Bavius still admit?
Still to one Bishop Phillips seems a Wit?
Still Sappho—*A.* Hold, for God's sake—you'll offend,
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall; [all.
But foes like these—*P.* One Flatt'rer's worse than
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they *repent*.
One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, 'Subscribe, subscribe.'
There are who to my person pay the court:
I cough like *Horace*, and, tho' lean, I'm short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high;
Such *Virgil*'s nose; and, 'Sir! you have an Eye'—
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgrac'd my Betters met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
'Just so immortal *Maro* held his head;'
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great *Homer* died three thousand years ago.
Why did I write! what sin to me unknown
Dipp'd me in ink, my parent's, or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd; [Wife,
The Muse but serv'd to ease some Friend, not
To help me thro' this long disease, my Life;
To second, Arbuthnot! thy Art and Care,
And teach the being you preserv'd to bear.
But why then publish? *Granville* the polite,
And knowing *Walsh*, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd *Garth*, inflam'd with early praise,
And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;
The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read;
Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head;
And *St. John*'s self (great *Dryden*'s friend he-
With open arms receiv'd one Poet more. [fore)
Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
Happier their Author when by these belov'd!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*.
Soft were my numbers, who could take offence
While pure Description held the place of Sense?
Like gentle *Fanny*'s was my flow'ry theme,
A paint'ed mistress, or a purling stream.
Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still.

Yet

Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.
Did some more sober Critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence;
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right;
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet near one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
From slashing *Bentley* down to piddling *Tibalds*;
Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each Word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
Ev'n such small Critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in *Milton*'s or in *Shakspeare*'s name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This who can gratify? for who can *guess?*
The Bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains, from hard bound brains, eight lines a-year;
He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And He, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning,
And He, whose fustian 's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these my modest Satire bade *translate*,
And own'd that nine such Poets made a *Tate*.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar and chafe!
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.
Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n Fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like *Cato*, gives his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

What tho' my name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I sought no homage from the race that write:
I kept, like *Asian* monarchs, from their sight:
Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd so long)
No more than thou, great George! a birth-day song.
I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor, like a puppy, dangled thro' the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my side:
But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To *Bufo* left the whole *Castalian* state.
Proud, as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
Sat full-blown *Bufo*, puff'd by ev'ry quill;
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
His library (where busts of poets dead
And a true *Pindar* stood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat:
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise;
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd;
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder!) came not nigh;
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:
But still the *great* have kindness in reserve;
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.
May some choice patron bless each grey goose quill!
May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Bufo* still! [quill!
So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense:
Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May Dunce by Dunce be whistled off my hands!
Blest be the *great* for those they take away,
And those they left me, for they left me Gay;
Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return,
My Verse and Queensb'ry weeping o'er thy urn.
O let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die is all I have to do):
Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please.
Above a patron, tho' I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs:
I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if *Dennis* be alive or dead.
Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save? [doubt
"I found him close with *Swift*"—"Indeed? no
(Cries prating *Balbus*) something will come out.
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will;
No, such a Genius never can lie still;'

And

And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir *Will* or *Bubo* makes
Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
When every coxcomb knows me by my *style?*
Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fallen worth, or beauty in distress;
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out;
That fop whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent wounds an author's honest fame;
Who can your merit *selfishly* approve,
And show the *sense* of it without the *love*;
Who has the vanity to call you Friend,
Yet wants the honor injur'd to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray.
Who to the *dean* and *silver bell* can swear,
And sees at *Cannons* what was never there;
Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie—
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
Let *Sporus* tremble.—*A.* What! that thing of silk?
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can *Sporus* feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings:
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks,
Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this*;
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart;
Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have express'd:
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit, that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile; be one Poet's praise,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:
That flatt'ry ev'n to Kings he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same:
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song:
That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash and dulness not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape;
Abuse on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread;
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whisper that, to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his Sov'reign's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue!* all the past;
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome even the *last!*
A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?
P. A knave 's a knave to me in ev'ry state.
Alike my scorn if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire,
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own.
Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded Sat'rist *Dennis* will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:
So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibald's* door,
Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moor*.
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
Three thousand suns went down on *Welsted's* lie.
To please a Mistress, one aspers'd his life;
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubstreet* on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;
Let the two *Curls* of Town and Court abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.
Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:
That harmless Mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and spare his family, *James Moor!*
Unspotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in Virtue or in Song.
Of gentle blood (part shed in Honor's cause,
While yet in *Britain* Honor had applause)
Each parent sprung.—*A.* What fortune, pray?—
P. Their own;
And better got than *Bestia's* from the throne.
Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying Discord in a noble wife;
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age,
No Courts he saw, no Suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art:
No language but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise;
His life, tho' long, to sickness pass'd unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
O grant

O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than I.
O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine:
Me let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing Age;
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!
On cares like these, if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a Queen.
A. Whether that blessing be denied or given,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heaven.

§ 20. *Satires and Epistles of Horace imitated.* Pope.

SATIRE I.

To Mr. Fortescue.

P. There are (I scarce can think it, but am told)
There are to whom my Satire seems too bold;
Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.
The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say;
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
Timorous by nature, of the rich in awe,
I come to counsel learned in the law:
You 'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
Advice; and (as you use) without a fee.
F. I'd write no more.
A. Not write? but then I think:
And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night;
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.
F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
Why, if the nights seem tedious, take a wife:
Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip wine — *probatum est.*
But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.
Or, if you needs must write, write Cæsar's praise;
You'll gain at least a *knighthood*, or the *bays*.
P. What! like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,
With Arms, and George, and Brunswick crowd the verse,
Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgel's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his falling horse?
F. Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay,
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow thro' all the royal line.
P. Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a-year;
And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays;
It is to *history* he trusts for praise.
F. Better be Cibber, I 'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all taste, blasphemc quadrille,
Abuse the city's best good men in metre,
And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.
Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.
P. What should ail them?
F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam.
The fewer still you name, you wound the more
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.
P. Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pye;
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
The doubling lustres dance as fast as she;
F—loves the senate, Hockley hole his brother,
Like in all else as one egg to another.
I love to pour out all myself, as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen.
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within:
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
Will prove at least the medium must be clear.
In this impartial glass my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
Publish the present age; but where my text
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next:
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
Verseman or proseman, term me which you will,
Papist or Protestant, or both between,
Like good Erasmus, in an honest mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet;
I only wear it in a land of hectors,
Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.
Save but our *army!* and let Jove incrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
Peace is my dear delight — not Fleury's more:
But touch me, and no minister so sore.
Who'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song.
Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage;
Hard words, or hanging, if your judge be Page:
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate,
Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;
'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he 's not stung by pug.
So drink with Waters, or with Chartres eat;
They 'll never poison you, they 'll only cheat.
Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,
Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
Attends to gild the ev'ning of my day;
Or death's black wing already be display'd,
To wrap me in the universal shade;
Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skewer to write,
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
Like Lee or Budgel, I will rhyme and print.
F. Alas,

F. Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long;
In flow'r of age you perish for a song! [throng;
Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
Will club their testers now to take your life!

P. What? arm'd for virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car;
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a *star*;
Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws?
Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
Flatt'rers and bigots even in Louis' reign?
Could Laureate Dryden pimp and friar engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not strip the gilding off a knave,
Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?
I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:
Hear this and tremble! you who 'scape the Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave [laws.
Shall walk the world in credit to his grave.
To virtue only and her friends a friend,
The world beside may murmur or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but sooths my sleep.
There, my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul:
And he, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines;
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

Envy must own, I live among the great,
No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state;
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel; [tell;
This all who know me know; who love me,
And he unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers to peers, alike are mob to me.
This is my plea, on this I rest my cause —
What saith my counsel, learned in the laws?

F. Your plea is good; but still I say, beware!
Laws are explain'd by men — so have a care.
It stands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes!
Consult the statute, *quart.* I think it is,
Edwardi sext. or *prim. et quint. Eliz.*
See *Libels, Satires* — here you have it — read.

P. Libels and *Satires!* lawless things indeed:
But grave *Epistles*, bringing vice to light,
Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,
Such as Sir Robert would approve —

F. Indeed?
The case is alter'd — you may then proceed;
In such a cause the plaintiff will be hiss'd,
My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

SATIRE II.

To Mr. Bethel.

What, and how great, the virtue and the art,
To live on little with a cheerful heart,
(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine),
Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine.
Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from sound philosophy aside;
Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
And the brain dancing to the mantling bowl.

Hear Bethel's Sermon, one not vers'd in schools,
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.
Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
Then scorn a homely dinner if you can.
Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,
Or fish denied (the river yet unthaw'd),
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will choose a pheasant still before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Tho' eat in pieces ere my Lord can eat),
Yet for small turbots such esteem profess?
Because God made these large, the other less.
Oldfield, with more than harpy throat endued,
Cries, "send me, gods! a whole hog barbecued,
O blast it, south winds, till a stench exhale
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail!
By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink?
When the tir'd glutton labors thro' a treat,
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat;
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:
Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see;
Thus much is left of old Simplicity!
The Robin-red-breast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a Martin's nest.
Till Beccafigas sold so dev'lish dear
To one that was, or would have been, a Peer.
Let me extol a Cat on oysters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish recommend,
I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.
'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between Excess and Famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not sordid; tho' not splendid, clean.
Avidien, or his Wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch)
Sell their presented partridges and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some lucky day (as when they found
A lost Bank bill, or heard their son was drown'd)
At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear:
Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,
But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.

He knows to live who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side nor on that:
Nor stops for one bad cork his butler's pay;
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like Nævius, ev'ry error pass;
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

Now

Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring:
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)
First Health: the stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,
A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one intestine war.)
Remembers oft the school-boy's simple fare,
The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.
How pale each worshipful and rev'rend guest
Rise from a Clergy or a City feast!
What life in all that ample body, say?
What heavenly particle inspires the clay?
The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal, even in sound Divines.
On morning wings how active springs the mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind!
How easy ev'ry labor it pursues!
How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse!
Not but we may exceed some holy time,
Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme;
Ill health some just indulgence may engage,
And more, the sickness of long life, Old Age;
For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate Youth the vessel drains?
Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'son. You suppose,
Perhaps, young men! your fathers had no nose.
Not so: a Buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.
Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb pyes or coxcombs were on earth?
Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear,
That sweetest music to an honest ear
(For, faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong!
The world's good word is better than a song),
Who has not learn'd, fresh sturgeon and ham-pye
Are no rewards for want and infamy?
When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd by thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself;
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name;
And buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou hast at least bestow'd a penny well.
"Right," cries his Lordship, "for a rogue in need
"To have a taste, is insolence indeed:
"In me, 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
"My wealth unwieldly, and my heap too great."
Then, like the Sun, let Bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.
O Impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall?
Make Quays, build Bridges, or repair Whitehall:
Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
As M—o's was, but not at five per cent.
Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in pufft'd prosperity;
Or, blest with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?
Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate, the man.
In South-sea days not happier, when surmis'd
The lord of thousands, than if now *excis'd*;
In forest planted by a father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little, I can piddle here
On brocoli and mutton round the year;
But ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play).
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no turbots dignify my boards;
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords.
To Hounslow heath I point, and Banstead-down;
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:
From yon old walnut tree a show'r shall fall;
And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
And figs from standard and espalier join;
The devil is in you, if you cannot dine: [place);
Then cheerful healths (your mistress shall have
And, what 's more rare, a poet shall say grace.
Fortune not much of humbling me can boast:
Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost!
My life's amusements have been just the same
Before and after standing armies came.
My lands are sold, my father's house is gone:
I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? thro' whose free op'ning gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
For I who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.
"Pray Heaven it last! (cries Swift) as you go on:
"I wish to God this house had been your own.
"Pity! to build, without a son or wife;
"Why, you 'll enjoy it only all your life."
Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
What's *property*? dear Swift! you see it alter
From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share;
Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir;
Or in pure equity (the case not clear)
The Chancery takes your rents for twenty year;
At best, it falls to some ungracious son, [own."
Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my
Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby lord;
And Hensley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a scriv'ner, or a city knight.
Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

The First Epistle of the First Book of Horace.

EPISTLE I.

To Lord Bolingbroke.

St. John, whose love indulg'd my labors past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why

Why will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of envy and of praise.
Public too long, ah let me hide my age!
See, modest Cibber now has left the stage;
Our Gen'rals, now, retir'd to their estates,
Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates;
In Life's cool ev'ning, satiate of applause,
Nor fond of bleeding even in Brunswick's cause.
A voice there is, that whispers in my ear, [hear,
('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can
"Friend Pope! be prudent, let your Muse take
"And never gallop Pegasus to death; [breath,
"Lest stiff and stately, void of fire or force,
"You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's
"horse."
Farewell, then, Verse, and Love, and ev'ry toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;
What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care — for this is All:
To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste,
That ev'ry day will want, and most, the last.
But ask not to what Doctors I apply;
Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:
As drives the storm, at any door I knock;
And house with Montaigne now, or now with
Sometimes a Patriot, active in debate, [Locke.
Mix with the World, and battle for the State,
Free as young Lyttleton her cause pursue,
Still true to Virtue, and as warm as true:
Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candor, and grow all to all;
Back to my native moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.
Long, as to him, who works for debt, the day,
Long as the night to her whose Love 's away,
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run
When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one;
So slow th' unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my soul;
That keep me from myself, and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day:
That task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise:
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure;
And, which not done, the richest must be poor.
Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some comfort not to be a fool.
Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite;
I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to go back, is somewhat to advance;
And men must walk at least before they dance.
Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move
With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?
Know, there are words and spells which can con-
Between the Fits, this Fever of the soul; [trol;
Know, there are rhymes, which, fresh and fresh
applied,
Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride.
Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
A Switz, a High Dutch, or a Low Dutch bear;
All that we ask is but a patient ear.

'Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor;
And the first Wisdom, to be a Fool no more.
But to the world no bugbear is so great
As want of figure, and a small estate.
To either India see the merchant fly,
Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty!
See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
Will thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing, to make Philosophy thy friend?
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
And ease thy heart of all that it admires?
Here Wisdom calls: "Seek Virtue first, be bold!
"As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."
There, London's voice: "Get money, money still!
"And then let Virtue follow, if she will."
This, this the saving doctrine preach'd to all,
From low St. James's up to high St. Paul!
From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.
Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds;
"Pray then, what wants he?" Fourscore thou-
sand pounds;
A pension, or such harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a Cit, with all thy worth;
But Bug and D*l, their Honors and so forth.
Yet ev'ry child another song will sing:
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."
True, conscious Honor is to feel no sin;
He 's arm'd without that 's innocent within:
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass
Compar'd to this, a Minister 's an Ass.
And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new Court jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted peers,
Or what was spoke at Cressy or Poitiers?
Who counsels best! who whispers, "Be but great,
"With praise or infamy, leave that to fate;
"Get Place and Wealth, if possible with grace;
"If not, by any means get Wealth and Place:"
For what? to have a box where Eunuchs sing,
And foremost in the circle eye a King—
Or he, who bids the face with steady view
Proud Fortune, and looks shallow Greatness thro';
And, while he bids thee, sets th' Example too?
If such a doctrine in St. James's air
Should chance to make the well-dress'd rabble stare;
If honest S*z take scandal at a spark
That less admires the Palace than the Park,
Faith I shall give the answer Reynard gave:
"I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave;
"Because I see, by all the tracks about,
"Full many a beast goes in, but none come out."
Adieu to Virtue, if your 're once a Slave;
Send her to Court, you send her to her grave.
Well, if a King 's a Lion, at the least
The people are a many-headed beast:
Can they direct what measures to pursue,
Who know themselves so little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
Just half the land would buy, and half be sold;
Their country's wealth our mightier Misers drain,
Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main;

The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews,
Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews:
Some with fat bucks on childish dotards fawn;
Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn:
While with the silent growth of ten per cent.
In dirt and darkness, hundreds stink content.
Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone:
But show me one who has it in his pow'r
To act consistent with himself an hour.
Sir Job sail'd forth, the evening bright and still,
"No place on earth (he cried) like Greenwich hill!"
Up starts a palace, lo! th' obedient base
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let some whimsy, or that devil within
Which guides all those who know not what they mean,
But give the Knight (or give his Lady) spleen,
'Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
'For snug's the word: my dear! we 'll live in town.'
At am'rous Flavio is the stocking thrown;
That very night he longs to lie alone.
The fool whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the rich?
Well, but the poor—the poor have the same itch;
They change their weekly barber, weekly news,
Prefer a new japanner to their shoes,
Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not wither) in a chaise and one;
They hire their sculler, and when once aboard
Grow sick, and damn the climate like a lord.
You laugh, half bean, half sloven, if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my hand;
You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy lady Mary.
But when no prelate's lawn with hair-shirt lin'd
Is half so incoherent as my mind,
When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to square, and square again to round,
You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this madness but a common case,
Nor once to Chancery nor to Hale apply;
Yet hang your lip, to see a seam awry!
Careless how ill I with myself agree,
Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me.
Is this my guide, philosopher, and friend?
This he who loves me, and who ought to mend;
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
That man divine whom wisdom calls her own;
Great without title, without fortune blest;
Rich even when plunder'd, honor'd while oppress;
Lov'd without youth, and follow'd without pow'r;
At home, tho' exil'd; free, tho' in the Tow'r:
In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal thing;
Just less than Jove, and much above a king,
Nay, half in heaven—except (what's mighty odd)
A fit of vapors clouds this demi-god?

EPISTLE VI.

To Mr. Murray.

"Not to admire, is all the art I know
"To make men happy, and to keep them so."
(Plain truth, dear Murray! needs no flow'rs of speech;
So take it in the very words of Creech).
This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-centred sun, and stars that rise and fall,
There are, my friend! whose philosophic eyes
Look thro' and trust the Ruler with his skies;
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view this dreadful all without a fear.
Admire we then what earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold: [hold,
All the mad trade of fools and slaves for gold?
Or popularity, or stars and strings?
The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings?
Say with what eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze?
If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing.
Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
In either case, believe me, we admire;
Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surpris'd at better, or surpris'd at worse.
Thus, good or bad to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd mind, and snatch the man away,
For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
Go then, and if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate:
Procure a taste to double the surprise,
And gaze on Parian charms with learned eyes:
Be struck with bright brocade, or Tyrian dye,
Our birth-day nobles' splendid livery.
If not so pleas'd, at council board rejoice,
To see their judgements hang upon thy voice;
From morn to night, at senate, rolls, and hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labor, all this strife?
For fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
Shall one whom nature, learning, birth conspir'd
To form, not to admire but be admir'd,
Sigh while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
Weds the rich dullness of some son of earth?
Yet time ennobles, or degrades each line;
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine:
And what is fame? the meanest have their day;
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
Grac'd as thou art with all the pow'r of words;
So known, so honor'd, at the House of Lords:
Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh,
(More silent far) where kings and poets lie:
Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully, or an Hyde!
Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone?
See Ward by batter'd beaus invited over,
And desp'rate mis'ry lays hold on Dover.
The case is easier in the mind's disease;
There all men may be cur'd whene'er they please.

Would

Would ye be blest? despise low joys, low gains;
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

But art thou one whom new opinions sway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way;
Who virtue and a church alike disowns;
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?
Fly then on all the wings of wild desire,
Admire what 'er the maddest can admire.
Is wealth thy passion? Hence! from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, or outbid the bold:
Advance thy golden mountain to the skies;
On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,
Add, one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
For, mark th' advantage, just so many score
Will gain a wife with half as many more;
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste;
And then such friends—as cannot fail to last.
A man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth;
Venus shall give him form, and Anstis youth.
(Believe me, many a German prince is worse,
Who, proud of pedigree, is poor of purse)
His wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds;
Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three ladies like a luckless play,
Takes the whole house upon the poet's day.

Now in such exigences not to need,
Upon my word, you must be rich indeed;
A noble superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves;
Something, which for your honor they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
If wealth alone then make and keep us blest,
Still, still be getting; never, never rest.

But if to pow'r and place your passion lie,
If in the pomp of life consists the joy,
Then hire a slave, or (if you will) a lord,
To do the honors, and to give the word:
Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
To whom to nod, whom take into your coach,
Whom honor with your hand: to make remarks
Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
"This may be troublesome, is near the chair;
"That makes three members, this can choose "a may'r."
Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him son, or cousin at the least,
Then turn about, and laugh at your own jest.

Or if your life be one continued treat,
If to live well means nothing but to eat,
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day;
Go, drive the deer, and drag the finny prey,
With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite—
So Russel did, but could not eat at night;
Call'd "happy dog" the beggar at his door;
And envied thirst and hunger to the poor.

Or shall we every decency confound,
Thro' taverns, stews, and bagnios take our round;
Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo
K—l's lewd cargo, or Ty—y's crew,
From Latian Syrens, French Circæan feasts,
Return'd well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts;
Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame,
Renounce our country and degrade our name?

If, after all, we must with Wilmot own,
The cordial drop of life is love alone,
And Swift cry wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
The man that loves and laughs may sure do well.
Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
Ev'n take the counsel which I gave you first;
Or, better precepts if you can impart,
Why do; I'll follow them with all my heart.

EPISTLE I. BOOK II.

To Augustus.

While you, great patron of mankind! sustain
The balanc'd world, and open all the main:
Your country, chief, in arms abroad defend,
At home with morals, arts, and laws amend;
How shall the Muse from such a monarch steal
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?

Edward and Henry now the boast of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
After a life of gen'rous toils endur'd
The Gaul subdued, or property secur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;
Clos'd their long glories with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind!
All human virtue, to its latest breath,
Finds envy never conquer'd but by death.
The great Alcides, ev'ry labor past,
Had still this monster to subdue at last.
Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away!
Oppress we feel the beam directly beat,
Those suns of glory please not till they set.

To thee the world its present homage pays,
The harvest early, but mature the praise:
Great friend of liberty! in kings a name
Above all Greek, above all Roman fame:
Whose word is truth, as sacred and rever'd
As Heaven's own oracles from altars heard.
Wonder of kings! like whom to mortal eyes
None e'er as risen, and none e'er shall rise.

Just in one instance, be it yet confest,
Your people, sir, are partial in the rest:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old,
It is the rust we value not the gold.
Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote:
One likes no language but the Fairy Queen;
A Scot will fight for Christ's kirk o'er the Green:
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.

Tho' justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not we be wiser than our sires?
In ev'ry public virtue we excel;
We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as well:
And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us trembling thro' a hoop.

If time improve our wits as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine?
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who died, perhaps an hundred years ago?
End all dispute, and fix the year precise
When British bards begin t' immortalize?
" Who lasts a century can have no flaw?
" I hold that wit a classic, good in law."
Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
And shall we deem him antient, right, and
Or damn to all eternity at once, [sound?
At ninety-nine, a modern and a dunce?
" We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
" By courtesy of England he may do." [bare,
Then, by the rule that made the horse-tail
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt down antients like a heap of snow,
While you, to measure merits, look in Stowe;
And, estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a bier. [bill
Shakspeare (whom you and ev'ry playhouse
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
The life to come, in ev'ry poet's creed.
Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art!
But still I love the language of his heart.
" Yet surely, surely, these were famous men!
" What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?
" In all debates where critics bear a part,
" Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,
" Of Shakspeare's nature, and of Cowley's wit;
" How Beaumont's judgement check'd what
" Fletcher writ;
" How Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow,
" But, for the passions, Southern sure and Rowe.
" These, only these, support the crowded stage,
" From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."
All this may be; the people's voice is odd;
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To Gammer Gurton if it gives the bays,
And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
Or say, our fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I say, the public is a fool.
But let them own that greater faults than we
They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.
Spencer himself inspects the obsolete,
And Sydney's verse halts ill on Roman feet:
Milton's strong pinion now not heaven can bound,
Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground;
In quibbles, angel and archangel join,
And God the Father turns a school-divine.
Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like slashing Bentley, with his desp'rate hook;
Or damn all Shakspeare, like th' affected fool
At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.
But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more
(Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er),
One simile, that solitary shines
In the dry desart of a thousand lines,
Or lengthen'd thought that gleams thro' many
a page,
Has sanctified whole poems for an age.
I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censur'd not as bad, but new;
While, if our elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but applause.
On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
If I but ask if any weed can grow;
One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignified,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims
(Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names,)
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear all shame is lost in George's age!
You'd think no fools disgrac'd the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be so still.
He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old bards, or Merlin's prophecy,
Mistake him not; he envies, not admires;
And, to debase the sons, exalts the sires.
Had antient times conspir'd to disallow
What then was new, what had been antient
Or what remain'd so worthy to be read [now?
By learned critics of the mighty dead?
In days of ease, when now the weary sword
Was sheath'd, and luxury with Charles restor'd;
In ev'ry taste of foreign courts improv'd,
" All, by the king's example, liv'd and lov'd."
Then peers grew proud in horsemanship t'excel;
Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell;
The soldier breath'd the gallantries of France,
And ev'ry flow'ry courtier writ Romance.
Then marble, soften'd into life, grew warm;
And yielding metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul.
No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
The willing Muses were debauch'd at court:
On each enervate string they taught the note
To pant or tremble thro' an eunuch's throat.
But Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for pleasure, now for church and state;
Now for prerogative, and now for laws;
Effects unhappy! from a noble cause.
Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
Instruct his family in ev'ry rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To worship like his Fathers was his care;
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
To prove, that luxury could never hold;
And place, on good security, his gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one poetic itch
Has seis'd the court and city, poor and rich:
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays;

To

To theatres and to rehearsals throng;
And all our grace at table is a song!
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lie;
Not ——'s self e'er tells more fibs than I:
When, sick of muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more.
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our wit.
He serv'd a 'prenticeship who sets up shop;
Ward tried on puppies, and the poor, his drop;
Even Radcliffe's doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile.)
But those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble to a man.
Yet Sir, reflect, the mischief is not great;
These madmen never hurt the church or state:
Sometimes the folly benefits mankind:
And rarely av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
He ne'er rebels, nor plots, like other men:
Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he'll never mind;
And knows no losses while the muse is kind.
To cheat a friend, or ward, he leaves to Peter,
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre;
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
And then — a perfect hermit in his diet.
Of little use the man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose:
Yet let me show, a poet's of some weight,
And (tho' no soldier) useful to the state.
What will a child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue,
What's long, or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace?
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a king;
Or virtue or religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd or unbelieving court.
Unhappy Dryden! in all Charles' days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse from courtly stains)
No whiter page than Addison remains.
He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth;
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;
And leave on Swift this grateful verse engrav'd:
"The rights a court attack'd, a poet sav'd."
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,
Stretch'd to relieve the idiot and the poor,
Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,
And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms:
The boys and girls whom charity maintains,
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could devotion touch the country pews,
Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper muse?
Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
Verse prays for peace, or sings down Pope and Turk.
The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain;
The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
And heaven is won by violence of song.
Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labor when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain
With feasts and off'rings, and a thankful strain:
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul:
With growing years the pleasing license grew,
And taunts alternate innocently flew.
But times corrupt, and nature ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left the sting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant malice rang'd thro' private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to law, and justice lent her arm.
At length by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
Most warp'd to flatt'ry's side; but some, more
Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice. [nice,
Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts by wit.
We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms;
Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms;
Britain to soft refinement less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.
Tho' still some traces of our rustic vein
And splayfoot verse remain'd and will remain;
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tir'd nation breath'd from civil war.
Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had something to admire!
Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakspeare, fair in Otway shone:
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakspeare scarce effac'd a line.
Even copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
Some doubt if equal pains or equal fire
The humbler muse of comedy require.
But, in known images of life, I guess
The labor greater, as th' indulgence less.
Observe how seldom even the best succeed:
Tell me if Congreve's Fools are fools indeed?
What pert low dialogue has Farquhar writ!
How Van wants grace who never wanted wit!
The stage how loosely does Astrea tread,
Who fairly puts all characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinkey eat with vast applause!
But fill their purse, our poets' work is done;
Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun.

O you! whom vanity's light bark conveys
On fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!
Who pants for glory finds but short repose;
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
Farewell the stage! if, just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

There still remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the Pit;
A senseless, worthless, and unhonor'd crowd,
Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the Farce, the Bear, or the Black Joke.
What dear delight to Britons farce affords!
Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords
(Taste, that eternal wanderer! which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes)!
The play stands still! damn action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold, and lawn;
The champion too! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's armor beams on Cibber's breast.
With laughter sure Democritus had died,
Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
The people, sure the people, are the sight!
Ah, luckless poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant shall heed thee more;
While all its throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit ascends!
Loud as the wolves, on Orcas' stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep,
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat:
Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd
Sinks the last Actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters — hark! the universal peal!
"But has he spoken?" Not a syllable.
"What shook the stage, and made the people stare?"
Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.

Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,
To know the Poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity and with terror tear my heart;
And snatch me o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

But not this part of the poetic state
Alone deserves the favor of the Great:
Think of those Authors, Sir, who would rely
More on a Reader's sense, than Gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
How shall we fill a library with wit,
When Merlin's cave is half unfurnish'd yet?
My Lord! why, writers little claim your thought,
I grant; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
Of all mankind the creatures most absurd:
The season when to come and when to go,
To sing or cease to sing, we never know;
And, if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience just like other men.
Then too we hurt ourselves, when, to defend
A single verse, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat unask'd; lament, the wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
But most when, straining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write epistles to the King;
And from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place, or pension from the Crown;
Or dubb'd Historians by express command,
T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land;
Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,
As once, for Louis, Boileau, and Racine.

Yet think, great Sir! (so many virtues shown)
Ah think what Poet best may make them known!
Or choose at least some Minister of Grace,
Fit to bestow the Laureat's weighty place.

Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed;
So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:
But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit.
The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;
Which made old Ben and surly Dennis swear,
"No Lord's anointed, but a Russian Bear."
Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The forms august of King or conq'ring Chief
E'er swell'd on marble, as in verse have shin'd
(In polish'd verse) the Manners and the Mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your Arms, your Actions, your Repose to sing!
What seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought! [bought!
Your country's peace how oft, how dearly
How barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
And nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!
How when you nodded, o'er the land and deep
Peace stole her wing, and wrapp'd the world in sleep;
Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And Asia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne.
But Verse! alas! your Majesty disdains;
And I'm not used to Panegyric strains:
The Zeal of Fools offends at any time,
But most of all the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.
Besides, a fate attends on all I write;
That, when I aim at praise, they say I bite.
A vile Encomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a woeful likeness; and if lies,
"Praise undeserv'd is satire in disguise:"
Well may he blush who gives it or receives;
And, when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)
Clothe spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE II. BOOK II.

Dear Colonel, Cobham's and your country's
You love a verse, take such as I can send. [friend!
A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
Bows and begins—"This lad, Sir, is of Blois:
"Observe his shape how clean, his locks how
"curl'd!
"My only son, I'd have him see the world:
"His French is pure; his voice too—you shall
"hear,
"Sir, he's your slave for twenty pounds a-year.
"Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
"Your barber, cook, upholst'rer, what you please:
"A perfect genius at an opera song—
"To say too much, might do my honor wrong.
"Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
"His whole ambition was to serve a lord:
"But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part?
"Tho' faith, I fear, 'twill break his mother's heart.
"Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
"And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
"The fault he has I fairly shall reveal:
"(Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to steal."
If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
Could you complain, my friend, he prov'd so bad?
'Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit,
Who sent the thief, that stole the cash, away,
And punish'd him that put it in his way.
Consider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you, when I went, I could not write;
You said the same; and are you discontent
With laws to which you gave your own assent?
Nay worse, to ask for verse at such a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
In Anna's wars, a soldier poor and old
Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night
He slept, poor dog! and lost it to a doit.
This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a castle wall,
Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.
"Prodigious well!" his great commander cried;
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
Next pleas'd his excellence a town to batter;
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter)
"Go on, my friend (he cried) see yonder walls!
"Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
"More honors, more rewards, attend the brave."
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
"D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, such a sot?
"Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."
Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.
Besides my father taught me, from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad:
(And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove),
But knottier points we knew not half so well
Depriv'd us soon of our paternal cell;
And certain laws, by suff'rers thought unjust,
Denied all posts of profit or of trust;
Hopes after hopes of pious Papist fail'd,
While mighty William's thund'ring arm prevail'd.
For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me the Muses help to undergo it;
Convict a Papist he, and I a Poet.
But (thanks to Homer!) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,
If I would scribble rather than repose.
Years following years steal something ev'ry day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away;
In one our frolics, one amusements end,
In one a mistress drops, in one a friend:
This subtle thief of life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?
If ev'ry wheel of that unwearied mill,
That turn'd ten thousand verses now stand still?
But, after all, what would you have me do,
When out of twenty I can please not two;
When this Heroics only deigns to praise,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg:
The vulgar boil, the learned roast, an egg.
Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,
When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests.
But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme: can London be the place?
Who there his Muse, or self, or soul attends,
In crowds and courts, law, business, feasts, and friends?
My counsel sends to execute a deed:
A Poet begs me I will hear him read:
In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsbury-square—
Before the Lords at twelve my Cause comes on—
There's a Rehearsal, Sir, exact at one.
"Oh! but a Wit can study in the streets,
"And raise his mind above the mob he meets,"
Not quite so well however as one ought;
A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought;
And then a nodding-beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
Two Aldermen dispute it with an Ass;
And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own S-r-v-nce in a car?
Go, lofty Poet! and in such a crowd
Sing thy sonorous verse — but not aloud.
Alas! to grottos and to groves we run;
To ease and silence ev'ry Muse's son:
Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-court.
How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar? [before?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd
The man who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives seven years complete,
See! strew'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
So stiff, so mute! some statue, you would swear,
Stept from its pedestal to take the air!

And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors,
Shall I in London act this idle part?
Composing songs, for fools to get by heart?
The Temple late two brother Serjeants saw,
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law:
With equal talents, these congenial souls, [Rolls;
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the
Each had a gravity would make you split,
And shook his head at Murray, as a wit.
'Twas, "Sir, your law"—and 'Sir, your eloquence;' [bot's sense.'
"Yours, Cowper's manners;' and 'Yours, Tal-
Thus we dispose of all poetic merit;
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
Call Tibbald Shakspeare, and he'll swear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.
Lord! how we strut thro' Merlin's Cave to see
No poets there but Stephen, you, and me.
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we
"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do, [please,
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
"Or, I'm content; allow me Dryden's strains,
"And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."
Much do I suffer, much to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;
And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
To court applause, by printing what I write:
But, let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.
In vain bad Rhymers all mankind reject, [spect:
They treat themselves with most profound re-
'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue;
Each, prais'd within, is happy all day long:
But how severely with themselves proceed
The men who write such Verse as we can read!
Their own strict Judges, not a word they spare
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care.
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears,
Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years;
Command old words that long have slept, t'awake,
Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spake;
Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
(For Use will father what 's begot by Sense)
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue:
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line:
Then polish all with so much life and ease,
You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please:
"But ease in writing flows from art, not chance;
"As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance."
If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool:
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease;
It gives men happiness or leaves them ease.
There liv'd in *primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a Lord;
Who, tho' the House was up, delighted sate,
Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:
In all but this, a man of sober life,
Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife;
Not quite a madman tho' a pasty fell,
And much too wise to walk into a well. [mur'd,
Him the damn'd Doctors and his Friends im-
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short,
they cur'd:
Whereat the gentleman began to stare—
My friends! he cried, p-x take you for your care,
That from a Patriot of distinguish'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a simple Vote.
Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate:
Wisdom, curse on it! will come soon or late.
There is a time when Poets will grow dull:
I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:
To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,
I'll learn to smooth and harmonize my mind;
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the soul.
Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind resumes the thread it dropp'd before;
Thought which at Hyde-park corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me in the pensive Grot;
There all alone, and compliments apart,
I ask these sober questions of my heart:
If, when the more you drink, the more you
crave,
You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal ease
Confess as well your Folly, as Disease?
The heart resolves this matter in a trice:
"Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."
When golden Angels cease to cure the Evil,
You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil;
When servile Chaplains cry that birth and place
Endue a Peer with honor, truth, and grace,
Look if that breast, most dirty D—! be fair;
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear these flatt'rers preach.
Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D*** lov'd sixpence more than he.
If there be truth in Law, and Use can give
A Property, that 's yours on which you live.
Delighted Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:
All Worldly's hens, nay partridge, sold to town,
His ven'son too, a guinea makes your own:
He bought at thousands what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln fen,
Buy ev'ry stick of wood that lends them heat:
Buy ev'ry pullet they afford to eat.
Yet these are Wights who fondly call their own
Half that the Devil o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
The Laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor a Perpetuity should stand:

Estates

Estates have wings, and hang in fortune's pow'r,
Loose on the point of ev'ry waving hour,
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
Man? and *for ever?* wretch! what would'st thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vast possessions (just the same the case
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chase)
Alas, my Bathurst! what will they avail?
Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale;
Let rising granaries and temples here,
Their mingled farms and pyramids appear;
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak;
Inclose whole towns in walls — 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable Death shall level all,
And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.
Gold, Silver, Ivory, Vases, sculptur'd high,
Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Persian dye,
There are who have not — and, thank Heaven! there are,
Who if they have not, think not worth their care.
Talk what you will of Taste, my friend, you'll find,
Two of a face as soon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;
The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
All Townshend's turnips, and all Grosvenor's mines:
Why one, like Bu — with pay and scorn content,
Bows, and votes on, in Court and Parliament;
One, driven by strong Benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorp, from pole to pole;
Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r
Who forms the Genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us still,
Inclines our action, not constrains our will:
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual; his great End the same.
Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy as well as keep.
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
A man so poor would live without a place:
But sure no statute in his favor says,
How free or frugal I shall pass my days;
I, who at some times spend, at others spare,
Divided between carelessness and care.
'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store;
Another, not to heed to treasure more;
Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleas'd if sordid want be far away.
What is 't to me a passenger, (God wot)
Whether my vessel be first rate or not?
The ship itself may make a better figure,
But I that sail am neither less nor bigger;
I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth:
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremost, and before the last.
"But why all this of avarice? I have none."
I wish you joy, Sir, of a tyrant gone;
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad — the avarice of pow'r?
Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appall?
Not the black fear of death that saddens all?
With terrors round, can reason hold her throne,
Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your business done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:
Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

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§ 21. *Epilogues to the Satires. In two Dialogues.* Pope.

DIALOGUE I.

Fr. Not twice a twelvemonth you appear in print;
And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with rapture writ;
And are, besides, too *moral* for a Wit.
Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel —
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace, long before ye,
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter."
But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of *Vice:*
Horace would say, Sir Billy *serv'd the Crown;*
Blunt could *do business*, H-ggins *knew the town;*
In Sappho touch the *Failings of the Sex,*
In rev'rend Bishops note some *small neglects;*
And own the Spaniard did *a waggish thing,*
Who cropp'd our ears, and sent them to the King.
His sly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at Court, and make Augustus smile:
An arful manager, that crept between
His friend and shame, and was a kind of *screen.*
But, 'faith, your very friends will soon be sore;
Patriots there are who wish you 'd jest no more —
And where 's the Glory? 'twill be only thought
The great man never offer'd him a groat.
Go see Sir Robert —

P. See Sir Robert! — hum —
And never laugh for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of Social Pleasure, ill-exchanged for Pow'r,
Seen him, uncumber'd with a venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come — at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only diff'rence is — I dare laugh out.
F. Why yes, with *Scripture* still you may be free;
A horse-laugh, if you please, at *Honesty;*
A joke.

A Joke on Jekyl, or some odd *Old Whig*,
Who never chang'd his principle, or wig;
A patriot is a fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the stage:
These nothing hurts; they keep their fashion still,
And wear their strange old virtue, as they will.
If any ask you, "Who 's the man, so near
"His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear?"
Why answer, Lyttleton; and I 'll engage
The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
You 'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case.
Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest Fleury;
But well may put some statesmen in a fury.
Laugh then at any but at fools or foes:
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your friends; and, if your friends are sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To vice and folly to confine the jest,
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest:
Did not the sneer of more impartial men
At sense and virtue balance all again.
Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
Adieu, distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!
Come, harmless characters that no one hit;
Come, Henley's oratory, Osborne's wit!
The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The flow'rs of Bubo, and the flow of Y—ng!
The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
And all the well-whipp'd cream of courtly sense.
The first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once again.
O come, that easy, Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while,
As, tho' the pride of Middleton and Bland,
All boys may read, and girls may understand!
Then might I sing, without the least offence,
And all I sung should be the *Nation's Sense;*
Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,
And hail her passage to the Realms of Rest,
All parts perform'd, and *all* her children blest!
So Satire is no more — I feel it die —
No Gazetteer more innocent than I —
And let, a-God's name, ev'ry fool and knave
Be grac'd thro' life, and flatter'd in his grave.

F. Why so? if Satire knows his time and place,
You still may lash the greatest — in disgrace:
For merit will by turns forsake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all satire in all changes spare
Immortal S—k, and grave D—re.
Silent and soft as saints remov'd to heaven,
All ties dissolv'd, and ev'ry sin forgiven,
These may some gentle ministerial wing
Receive, and place for ever near a King! [sport,
There, where no passion, pride, or shame tran-
Lull'd with the sweet Nepenthe of a Court;
There, where no father's, brother's, friend's disgrace
Once break their rest, or stir them from their place.
But, past the sense of human miseries,
All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a question, or a job.

P. Good Heaven forbid that I should blast their glory,
Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,
And when three Sov'reigns died, could scarce be vext,
Consid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.
Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
As pride in Slaves, and avarice in Kings;
And at a Peer or Peeress shall I fret,
Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
But shall the dignity of *Vice* be lost?
Ye Gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke,
Swear like a Lord, or Rich outwhore a Duke?
A fav'rite's porter with his master vie,
Be bribe'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a will?
Is it for Bond or Peter (paltry things!)
To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings?
If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!
But shall a Printer, weary of his life,
Learn from their books to hang himself and wife?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
Vice thus abus'd demands a nation's care:
This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
And hurls the thunder of the laws on *gin*.
Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;
A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,
Outdo Landaff in doctrine — yea in life;
Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
Virtue may choose the high or low degree,
'Tis just alike to virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She 's still the same belov'd, contented thing.
Vice is undone if she forgets her birth,
And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth:
But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a whore:
Let *Greatness* own her, and she 's mean no more.
Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,
Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless;
In golden chains the willing world she draws,
And hers the gospel is, and hers the laws;
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead.
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
Old-England's Genius, rough with many a scar,
Drag'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our youth, all livery'd o'er with foreign gold,
Before her dance: behind her, crawl the old!
See thronging millions to the Pagod run,
And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
Hear her black trumpet thro' the land proclaim,
That *not to be corrupted is the shame*.
In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in pow'r,
'Tis av'rice all, ambition is no more!

See

See all our nobles begging to be slaves!
See all our fools aspiring to be knaves!
The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'scape or triumph o'er the law;
While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry:
"Nothing is sacred now but villany."
Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
Show there was one who held it in disdain.

DIALOGUE II.

F. 'Tis all a libel — Paxton (Sir) will say.
P. Not yet, my friend! to-morrow, 'faith it may;
And for that very cause I print to-day.
How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line,
In reverence to the sins of *Thirty-nine!*
Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Some rising genius sins up to my song.'
F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash;
Even Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash.
Spare then the person, and expose the vice:
P. How, Sir! not damn the sharper, but the dice?
Come on then, satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd
Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind.
Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all!
Ye tradesmen, vile, in army, court, or hall!
Ye rev'rend Atheists — *F.* Scandal! name them; who?
P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starv'd a sister, who forswore a debt,
I never nam'd; the town's inquiring yet.
F. The pois'ning dame, you mean. — *P.* I don't.
F. You do.
P. See, now I keep the secret, and not you!
The bribing statesman. — *F.* Hold, too high you go.
P. The brib'd elector. — *F.* There you stoop too low.
P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what;
Tell me which knave is lawful game, which not?
Must great offenders, once escap'd the Crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?
Admit your law to spare the knight requires,
As beasts of nature may we hunt the 'squires?
Suppose I censure — you know what I mean —
To save a Bishop, may I name a Dean?
F. A Dean, Sir? no; his fortune is not made;
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade.
P. If not the tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down proud satire! tho' a realm be spoil'd,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched *Wild;*
Or, if a court or country's made a job,
Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.
But, Sir, I beg you (for the love of vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice:
Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendless villain, than the great?
Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
Then better sure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors, who, thank God, have plums;
Still better Ministers; or, if the thing
May pinch even there — why lay it on a King.
F. Stop! stop!
P. Must satire, then, nor rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.
F. Yes, strike that *Wild*, I'll justify the blow.
P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago;
Who now that obsolete example fears?
Even Peter trembles only for his ears.
F. What always Peter? Peter thinks you mad;
You make men desp'rate, if they once are bad:
Else might he take to virtue some years hence —
P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the Prince.
F. Strange spleen to S—k!
P. Do I wrong the man?
God knows, I praise a Courtier where I can.
When I confess, there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarb'row name?
Pleas'd let me own, in *Esher*'s peaceful grove
(Where *Kent* and nature vie for Pelham's love),
The scene, the master, op'ning to my view,
I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew!
Even in a Bishop I can spy desert;
Secker is decent, *Rundel* has a heart:
Manners with candor are to *Benson* given;
To *Berkley* ev'ry virtue under heaven.
But does the Court a virtuous man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my love:
I shun his zenith, court his mild decline;
Thus *Somers* once and *Halifax* were mine.
Oft, in the clear still mirror of retreat,
I studied *Shrewsbury*, the wise and great;
Carleton's calm sense and *Stanhope*'s noble flame
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous end the same.
How pleasing *Atterbury*'s softer hour!
How shin'd the soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!
How can I *Pult'ney*, *Chesterfield* forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit?
Argyle, the State's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field:
Or *Wyndham*, just to freedom and the throne,
The master of our passions, and his own:
Names which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with their train;
And if yet higher the proud list should end,
Still let me say, No follower, but a friend.
Yet think not, friendship only prompts my lays;
I follow *Virtue;* where she shines, I praise;
Point she to Priest or Elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.
I never (to my sorrow I declare)
Din'd with the Man of Ross, or my Lord Mayor.
Some in the choice of friends (nay, look not grave)
Have still a secret bias to a knave:
To find an honest man, I beat about,
And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.
F. Then why so few commended?
P. Not so fierce;
Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse.

But

I'm random praise—the task can ne'er be done:
Each mother asks it for her booby son:
Each widow asks it for *the best of men*;
For him she weeps, for him she weds again.
Praise cannot stoop, like satire, to the ground:
The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the greatest of these days,
To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a poet for their friend—
What Richlieu wanted, Louis scarce could gain:
And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in vain?
No pow'r the Muse's friendship can command;
No pow'r, when virtue claims it, can withstand:
To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honest line;
O let my country's friends illumine mine!
—What are you thinking? *F.* 'Faith, the thought 's no sin;
I think your friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is strangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow.
P. I only call those knaves who are so now.
Is that too little? Come then, I 'll comply—
Spirit of *Arnall!* aid me while I lie.
Cobham 's a coward, Polwarth is a slave;
And Lyttleton a dark, designing knave;
St John has ever been a wealthy fool—
But let me add, Sir Robert 's mighty dull;
Has never made a friend in private life,
And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife.
But pray, when others praise him, do I
Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name? [blame?
Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,
O all-accomplish'd St. John! deck thy shrine?
What shall each spur-gall'd hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double pots and pay;
Or each new-pension'd sycophant, pretend
To break my windows if I treat a friend:
Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt;
But 'twas my guest to whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I spare the Minister, no rules
Of honor bind me not to maul his tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.
It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day,
To see a footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honor, one a knave;
The prudent gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd he 'd take the pains to kick the rest:
Which not at present having time to do—[you?
F. Hold, sir, for God's sake, where 's th' affront to
Against your worship when had S—k writ?
Or P—ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
Or grant the Bard whose distich all commend
(In pow'r a servant, out of pow'r a friend)
To W—le guilty of some venial sin;
What 's that to you, who ne'er was out nor in?
The Priest whose flattery bedropp'd the Crown,
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the gown.
And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?

P. 'Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd could not be to blame,
Since the whole House did afterwards the same.
Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,
As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly;
If one thro' nature's bounty, or his lord's,
Has what the frugal dirty soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a mess almost as it came in;
The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind:
From tail to mouth they feed and they carouse;
The last full fairly gives it to the *House*.
F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
Quite turns my stomach—
P. So does flatt'ry mine:
And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
But hear me farther—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,
In all the Courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write;
And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Because the deed he forg'd was not my own?
Must never Patriot then declaim at gin,
Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
Without a staring reason on his brows?
And each blasphemer quite escape the rod,
Because the insult 's not on man, but God?
Ask you what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.
When truth or virtue an affront endures,
Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.
Mine, as a foe profest to false pretence,
Who think a Coxcomb's honor like his sense;
Mine, as a friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
And mine, as man, who feel for all mankind.
F. You 're strangely proud.
P. So proud, I am no slave;
So impudent, I own myself no knave;
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud, I must be proud, to see
Men not afraid of God afraid of me?
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.
O sacred weapon! left for truth's defence;
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
To all but Heaven-directed hands denied,
The Muse may give thee, but the gods must guide;
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal;
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his stall.
Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains,
That counts your beauties only by your stains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
All that makes saints of queens, and gods of kings,
All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
Like the last Gazette, or the last address.

When

When black ambition stains a public cause,
A monarch's sword when mad vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar,
Nor Boileau turn the feather to a star.
Not so, when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from *Virtue*'s shrine,
Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of *Eternity*.
There, other trophies deck the truly brave,
Than such as Anstis casts into the grave;
Far other stars than * and ** wear,
And may descend to Mornington from Stair;
(Such as on Hough's unsullied mitre shine,
Or beam, good Digby, from a heart like thine);
Let *Envy* howl, while heaven's whole chorussings,
And bark at honor not conferr'd by kings;
Let *Flattery* sick'ning see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:
Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, verse as mean as mine.
Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,
When truth stands trembling on the edge of law;
Here, last of Britons! let your names be read;
Are none, none living! let me praise the dead;
And, for that cause which made your fathers
Fall by the votes of their degen'rate line. [shine,
F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Essays on Man*.

§ 22. IMITATIONS OF HORACE. Pope.

EPISTLE VII.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr. Swift.

'Tis true, my Lord, I gave my word
I would be with you, June the third;
Chang'd it to August; and, in short,
Have kept it — as you do at Court,
You humor me when I am sick,
Why not when I am splenetic?
In town what objects could I meet?
The shops shut up in ev'ry street,
And fun'rals black'ning all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores:
And what a dust in ev'ry place!
And a thin Court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W * and H * * both in town!
"The dog-days are no more the case."
'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
Then southward let your bard retire,
Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,
And you shall see, the first warm weather,
Me and the butterflies together.
My lord, your favors well I know;
'Tis with distinction you bestow;
And not to ev'ry one that comes,
Just as a Scotsman does his plums.
"Pray, take them, sir; enough 's a feast:
"Eat some, and pocket up the rest."
What, rob your boys, those pretty rogues?
"No, sir, you 'll leave them to the hogs."
Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your favors on a fop,
Ingratitude 's the certain crop;
And 'tis but just; I 'll tell you wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wise man always is or shou'd
Be mighty ready to do good;
But makes a diff'rence in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.
Now this I 'll say; you 'll find in me
A safe companion, and a free:
But if you 'd have me always near —
A word, pray, in your Honor's ear.
I hope it is your resolution
To give me back my Constitution!
The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
Th' engaging smile, the gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a summer sun,
And kept you up so oft till one;
And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my strain.
A weazel once was made to slink
In at a corn-loft thro' a chink;
But, having amply stuff'd his skin,
Could not get out as he got in:
Which one belonging to the house
('Twas not a man, it was a mouse)
Observing, cried, "You 'scape not so;
"Lean as you came, sir, you must go."
Sir, you may spare your application,
I 'm no such beast, nor his relation;
Nor one that temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with Ortolans:
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-sea subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but liberty and ease.
'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my modesty, and smil'd.
Give me, I cried (enough for me),
My bread, and independency!
So bought an annual rent or two,
And liv'd — just as you see I do;
Near fifty, and without a wife,
I trust that sinking fund, my life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well;
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little house, with trees a-row,
And, like its master, very low.
There died my father, no man's debtor —
And there I 'll die, nor worse nor better.
To set this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his story:
"Harley, the nation's great support,"—
But you may read it, I stop short.

SATIRE VI.

The first part imitated in the year 1714 *by Dr. Swift; the latter part added afterwards.*

I 've often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.

Well

Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
' But here a grievance seems to lie,
' All this is mine but till I die;
' I can't but think 't would sound more clever
" To me, and to my heirs for ever."
' If I ne'er got or lost a groat
' By any trick or any fault;
' And if I pray by reason's rules,
' And not like forty other fools,
' As thus: "Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
" To grant me this and t'other acre;
" Or if it be thy will and pleasure,
" Direct my plough to find a treasure;"
' But only what my station fits,
' And to be kept in my right wits:
' Preserve, Almighty Providence!
' Just what you gave me, competence:
' And let me in the shades compose
' Something in verse as true as prose:
' Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
' Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.'
In short, I 'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;
Nor cross the Channel twice a-year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown.
" Lewis, the Dean will be of use;
" Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money 's found:
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
" Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
" Let my Lord know you 're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his Honor in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green;
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me much perplex'd,
And smiling, whispers to the next,
" I thought the Dean had been too proud
" To jostle here among a crowd."
Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit:
" So eager to express your love,
" You ne'er consider whom you shove,
" But rudely press before a Duke."
I own I am pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to show
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This humbly offers me his case,
That begs my int'rest for a place:
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
" To-morrow my appeal comes on;
" Without your help the cause is gone—"
The Duke expects my Lord and you,
About some great affairs, a two—
" Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
" To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
" Consider, 'tis my first request."
Be satisfied, I 'll do my best:
Then presently he falls to tease.
" You may for certain, if you please:
" I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—
" And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—"
'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for a humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As, 'What 's o'clock,' and 'How 's the wind?'
'Whose chariot 's that we left behind?'
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, 'Have you nothing new to-day
'From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?'
Such tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as Staines;
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to Town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me used so well:
" How think you of our friend the Dean?
" I wonder what some people mean;
" My Lord and he are grown so great,
" Always together *tête-à-tête*;
" What, they admire him for his jokes—
" See but the fortune of some folks!"
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv'd at Court:
I 'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry street.
" You, Mr. Dean, frequent the Great;
" Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?
" Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
" Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest!
" 'Tis now no secret"—I protest
'Tis one to me—" Then tell us, pray,
" When are the troops to have their pay?"
And, tho' I solemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.
Thus, in a sea of folly tost,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country seat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some antient book;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.
Oh charming noons, and nights divine!
Or when I sup, or when I dine,

My

My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all a-row,
The beans and bacon set before 'em,
The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
And even the very dogs at ease!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,
A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
Or what 's in either of the houses:
But something much more our concern,
And quite a scandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiser,
A man of merit, or a miser?
Whether we ought to choose our friends
For their own worth, or our own ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very best of all?

Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A tale extremely *à propos*:
Name a town life, and in a trice
He had a story of two mice.
Once on a time, so runs the fable,
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal mouse upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul:
Knew what was handsome, and would do 't,
On just occasion, *coute qui coute*.
He brought him bacon (nothing lean),
Pudding that might have pleas'd a dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his guest, tho' no way sparing,
He ate himself the rind and paring.
Our courtier scarce would touch a bit,
But show'd his breeding and his wit:
He did his best and seem'd to eat,
And cried: "I vow you 're mighty neat.
"But, Lord! my friend, the savage scene!
"For God's sake, come and live with men:
"Consider, mice like men must die,
"Both small and great, both you and I:
"Then spend your life in joy and sport;
"This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court."

The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
Away they come, thro' thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn:
'Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their lordships had sate late.

Behold the place where, if a poet
Shin'd in description, he might show it;
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls:
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors:
But let it, in a word, be said,
The moon was up, and men a bed,
The napkin white, the carpet red:
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sat, *tête-à-tête*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
"*Que ça est bon! Ah, goutez ça!*
"That jelly 's rich, this malmesey healing;
"Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
Was ever such a happy swain?
He stuffs and swills; and stuffs again.
"I 'm quite ashamed — 'tis mighty rude
"To eat so much — but all 's so good!
"I have a thousand thanks to give —
"My lord alone knows how to live."
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all:
"A rat! a rat! clap to the door."—
The cat comes bouncing on the floor!
O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods, to save them in a trice!
(It was by Providence, they think,
For your damn'd stucco has no chink.)
"An't please your Honor," quoth the peasant,
"This same dessert is not so pleasant:
"Give me again my hollow tree,
"A crust of bread and liberty!"

ODE I. BOOK IV.

To Venus.

Again? new tumults in my breast?
Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle reign of my queen Anne.
Ah sound no more thy soft alarms,
Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms!
Mother too fierce of dear desires!
Turn, turn, to willing hearts your wanton fires.
To *number five* direct your doves, [loves;
There spread round Murray all your blooming
Noble and young, who strikes the heart
With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry decent, part;
Equal, the injur'd to defend,
To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.
He, with a hundred arts refin'd,
Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:
To him each rival shall submit,
Make but his riches equal to his wit.
Then shall thy form the marble grace
(Thy Grecian form), and Chloe lend the face:
His house embosom'd in the grove,
Sacred to social life and social love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendant green,
Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:
Thither the silver sounding lyres
Shall call the smiling loves and young desires:
There ev'ry grace and Muse shall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the song;
There youths and nymphs, in concert gay,
Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
With me, alas! those joys are o'er;
For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu, fond hope of mutual fire!
The still-believing, still renew'd desire;
Adieu, the heart-expanding bowl!
And all the kind deceivers of the soul!

But

But why? ah tell me, ah, too dear!
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?
Thee, drest in fancy's airy beam,
Absent I follow thro' th' extended dream;
Now, now, I cease, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my arms;
And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
Or softly glide by the Canal;
Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

Part of the Ninth Ode of the Fourth Book.

A FRAGMENT.

Lest you should think that verse shall die,
Which sounds the silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of truth to fly,
Above the reach of vulgar song.

Tho' daring Milton sits sublime,
In Spenser native muses play;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay.

Sages and chiefs long since had birth,
Ere Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd;
These rais'd new empires o'er the earth,
And those new heavens and systems fram'd.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died;
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no poet, and are dead.

§ 23. *A Panegyric to my Lord Protector, of the present Greatness, and joint Interest of his Highness and this Nation.* Waller.

While with a strong, and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too.

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign;
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune show'd his face
To chide the winds and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, rais'd above the rest,
Storms of ambition, tossing us, repress'd.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea 's our own: and now all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet:
Your pow'r extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven (that hath plac'd this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and her states to awe)
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile;
The greatest Leader, and the greatest Isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent
By the rude ocean from the continent,
Or thus created: it was sure design'd
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour, at your court;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector shall be known.

Fame, swifter than your wing'd navy, flies
Through ev'ry land that near the ocean lies;
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy and rapine use.

With such a Chief the meanest nation blest,
Might hope to lift her head above the rest;
What may be thought impossible to do
By us, embraced by the Sea and You?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea;
And ev'ry coast may trouble or relieve;
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy seats arrive;
While we descend at pleasure to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth hath all that nature craves;
And all that 's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the sky;
So what our earth, and what our heaven, denies,
Our ever-constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching-sun that makes it grow;
Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine;
And, without planting, drink of ev'ry vine.

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs;
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims:
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow;
We plough the deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds:
Rome, tho' her eagle thro' the world had flown,
Could never make this island all her own.

Here the third Edward, and the Black Prince too,
France-conqu'ring Henry, flourish'd; and now You;
For whom we stay'd, as did the Grecian state,
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cried,
He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide
Another yet; a world reserv'd for you
To make more great than that he did subdue.

He safely might old troops to battle lead,
Against th' unwarlike Persian and the Mede;
Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless field,
More spoils than honor to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom

Whom the old Roman wall so ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garrisons you bind:
Here foreign gold no more shall make them come;
Our English iron holds them fast at home.

They, that henceforth must be content to know,
No warmer region than their hills of snow,
May blame the sun; but must extol your Grace,
Which in our senate hath allow'd them place.

Preferr'd by conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one:
So kind dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquish'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favor find the Irish, with like fate,
Advanc'd to be a portion of our state;
While by your valor, and your bounteous mind,
Nations divided by the sea are join'd.

Holland, to gain your friendship, is content
To be our out-guard on the Continent:
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse,
Preventing posts, the terror and the news,
Our neighbour-princes trembled at their roar;
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing sword make war to cease;
And now you heal us with the acts of peace,
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and restrain our rage.

Less pleasure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in restoring such as are undone:
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear;
But man alone can whom he conquers spare.

To pardon willing, and to punish loth,
You strike with one hand, but you heal with both:
Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When fate or error had our age misled,
And o'er this nation such confusion spread;
The only cure which could from heaven come down,
Was so much pow'r and piety in one!

One, whose extraction from an antient line
Gives hope again that well-born men may shine:
The meanest, in your nature mild and good;
The noble rest secured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to such things as these;
How such a ruling sp'rit you could restrain,
And practise first over yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give,
How fathers, husbands, pious sons, should live;
Born to command, your princely virtues slept,
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchless worth,
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a prosp'rous end.

Still as you rise, the state, exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis chang'd by you:
Chang'd like the world's great scene! when without noise
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story;
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found; and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage:
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars;
To such a tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them lord,
What hope had ours, while yet their pow'r was new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You, that had taught them to subdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high sp'rits compose:
To ev'ry duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So, when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth, approach the haughty beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast;
So England now does, with like toil opprest,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses with such notes as these
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace!
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight;

Tell of towns storm'd, of armies over-run,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won:
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust did choke
Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And ev'ry conqueror creates a Muse:
Here in low strains your milder deeds we sing:
But there, my Lord! we'll bays and olives bring

To crown your head; while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquish'd nations, and the sea beside;
While all your neighbour-princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence and bow.

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§ 24. *Cooper's Hill.* Denham.

Sure there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did take the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those.
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muses and their train resort,
Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.

T Nor

Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight
By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye:
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place.
Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud, [flight
Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse* whose
Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height:
Now shalt thou stand, tho' sword, or time, or fire:
Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire;
Secure whilst thee the best of poets sings,
Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.
Under his proud survey the city lies,
And, like a mist beneath a hill, doth rise;
Whose state and wealth, the business and the
Seem at this distance but a darker cloud; [crowd,
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems:
Where, with like haste, tho' several ways they run
Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increase;
As rivers lost in seas some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
Oh happiness of sweet retir'd content!
To be at once secure and innocent.
Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes;
But such a rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure and a rev'rence from the sight.
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace;
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load.
Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only which supports their spheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiser Pow'r than Chance;
Mark'd out for such an use, as if 'twere meant
T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we choose
Folly or blindness only could refuse.
A crown of such majestic tow'rs doth grace
The god's great mother, when her heav'nly race
Do homage to her; yet she cannot boast,
Among that num'rous and celestial host,
More heroes than can Windsor; nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
The British Arthur, or the Danish Cnute,
(Tho' this of old no less contest did move,
Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove;)
(Like him in birth, thou shouldst be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd
First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount those sev'ral kings, to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
But thee, great Edward, and thy greater son †,
(The lilies which his father wore he won),
And thy Bellona ‡, who the consort came
Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame.
She to thy triumph led one captive king §,
And brought that son which did the second bring §.
Then didst thou found that order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move,
Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
Than the design has been the great success),
Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honor to their diadem.
Had thy great destiny but given thee skill
To know, as well as pow'r to act, her will;
That from those kings, who then thy captives
In after-times should spring a royal pair, [were,
Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour;
To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear;
That blood which thou and thy great grandsire
And all that since these sister nations bled, [shed,
Had been unspilt, had happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt had been his own.
When he that patron chose, in whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circle, he did seem
But to foretel and prophecy of him
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at first design'd;
That bound to which the world's extremest ends,
Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
But is himself the soldier and the saint.
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
But my fix'd thoughts my wand'ring eye betrays,
Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell (may no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!)
Tell me, my Muse, what monstrous dire offence,
What crime, could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was 't luxury, or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just? [more:
Were these their crimes? They were his own much
But wealth is crime enough to him that 's poor;
Who, having spent the treasure of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
And yet this act to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear Devotion's name,
No crime so bold but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming, good:
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame:
Thus he the church at once protects and spoils:
But princes' swords are sharper than their styles.

And

* Mr. Waller. † Edward III. and the Black Prince. ‡ Queen Philippa.
§ § The Kings of France and Scotland.

And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did religion in a lazy cell.
In empty airy contemplations dwell;
And, like the block, unmoved lay: but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temperate region can be known
Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure,
But to be cast into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance;
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a false guide to err by day?
Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring
This desolation, but a Christian king;
When nothing but the name of zeal appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs:
What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such th' effects of our devotions are?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,
My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays.
Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs;
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Tho' with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers who their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, or mock the plowman's toil:
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does:
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free and common, as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants;
Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
Heaven her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost;
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars*, and bathe the gods.
Here nature, whether more intent to please
Us for herself, with strange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no less delight
To the wise Maker's than beholder's sight:
Tho' these delights from several causes move;
For so our children, thus our friends we love,)
Wisely she knew, the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
Such was the discord which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, through the universe;
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists.
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood.
Such huge extremes when nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
The stream is so transparent, pure and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows;
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat,
The common fate of all that 's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd;
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories have we heard
Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames!
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead, that noble herd,
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great master-piece; to show how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
Here have I seen the King, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chace by all the flow'r
Of youth, whose hopes a noble prey devour:
Pleasure with praise, and danger they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag, now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eyes nor heaven's should invade
His soft repose: when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear does wound:
Rous'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms, that more than all his fears are true.

* The Forest.

Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset;
All instruments, all arts of ruin met;
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With these t'avoid, with that his fate to meet:
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, 'till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent.
Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks; the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chaces him from thence, or from him flies;
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scene of his past triumphs and his loves;
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own;
And, like a bold knight errant, did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame;
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam.
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now ev'ry leaf and ev'ry moving breath
Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
Wearied, forsaken, and pursued, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight:
But when he sees the eager chace renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursued,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends nor force,
Nor speed, nor art avail, he shapes his course;
Thinks not their rage so desp'rate to essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst; alas, they thirst for blood!
So towards a ship the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
So fares the stag among th' enraged hounds,
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds.
And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those;
Through prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands; but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls:
So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent and happy chace,
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
Fair Liberty pursued *, and meant a prey
To lawless pow'r, here turn'd and stood at bay.
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
Which was, or should have been at least, the last,
Here was that charter seal'd, wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary pow'r lays down:
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of king and subject bear:
Happy, when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty, and subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this charter stood;
Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took the more to crave;
'Till kings by giving give themselves away,
And ev'n that pow'r that should deny betray.
"Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles;
"Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts,
but spoils."
Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their subjects by oppression bold;
And pop'lar sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes: and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th'adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
Their greedy hopes; and this he can endure.
But if with bays and dams they strive to force
His channel to a new or narrow course,
No longer then within his banks he dwells;
First to a torrent, then a deluge swells;
Stronger and fiercer by restraint he roars, [shores.
And knows no bound, but make his pow'r his

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§ 25. *On Mr. Abraham Cowley's Death, and Burial amongst the antient Poets.* Denham

Old Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far;
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But, he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows;
The other three with his own fires
Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires;
By Shakspeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines
Our stage's lustre Rome outshines;
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave our mansion keep.
They liv'd to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their bays;
But cursed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest flow'r.

That

* Runny Mead.

That in the Muse's garden grew,
And amongst wither'd laurels threw!
Time, which made their fame out-live,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother Wit and Nature gave
Shakspeare and Fletcher all they have;
In Spenser, and in Jonson, art
Of slower nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share.
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the antient gold,
Nor, with Ben Jonson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators:
Horace's wit, and Virgil's state,
He did not steal, but emulate!
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear:
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason, brought the golden fleece;
To him that language (though to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a stiff gale (as Flaccus sings)
The Theban swan extends his wings:
When thro' th' ethereal clouds he flies,
To the same pitch our swan doth rise;
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
When on that gale his wings are stretch'd:
His fancy and his judgement such,
Each to the other seem'd too much;
His severe judgement (giving law)
His modest fancy kept in awe;
As rigid husbands jealous are,
When they believe their wives too fair.
His English streams so pure did flow,
As all that saw and tasted know;
But for his Latin vein, so clear,
Strong, full, and high, it doth appear,
That, were immortal Virgil here,
Him for his judge he would not fear;
Of that great portraiture, so true
A copy pencil never drew.
My Muse her song had ended here,
But both their Genii straight appear;
Joy and amazement her did strike,
Two twins she never saw so like.
'Twas taught by wise Pythagoras,
One soul might through more bodies pass:
Seeing such transmigration there,
She thought it not a fable here;
Such a resemblance of all parts,
Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts;
Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell,
And show the world this parallel;
Fix'd and contemplative their looks,
Still turning over nature's books:
Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine;
They, gilding dirt, in noble verse
Rustic philosophy rehearse.
When heroes, gods, or godlike kings
They praise, on their exalted wings
To the celestial orbs they climb,
And with th' harmonious spheres keep time:
Nor did their actions fall behind
Their words, but with like candor shin'd;
Each drew fair characters, yet none
Of those they feign'd excels their own.
Both by two generous princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd:
Yet having each the same desire,
Both from the busy throng retire.
Their bodies, to their minds resign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their kind:
Yet though both fell before their hour,
Time on their offspring hath no pow'r;
Nor fire nor fate their bays shall blast,
Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercast.

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§ 26. *An Essay on Translated Verse.*
Earl of Roscommon.

Happy that author whose correct essay *
Repairs so well our old Horatian way:
And happy you, who (by propitious fate)
On great Apollo's sacred standard wait,
And with strict discipline instructed right,
Have learn'd to use your arms before you fight:
But since the press, the pulpit, and the stage,
Conspire to censure and expose our age;
Provoked too far, we resolutely must,
To the few virtues that we have, be just.
For who have long'd or who have labor'd more
To search the treasures of the Roman store,
Or dig in Grecian mines for purer ore?
The noblest fruits transplanted in our isle,
With early hope and fragrant blossoms smile.
Familiar Ovid tender thoughts inspires,
And nature seconds all his soft desires:
Theocritus does now to us belong;
And Albion's rocks repeat his rural song.
Who has not heard how Italy was blest
Above the Medes, above the wealthy East?
Or Gallus' song so tender and so true,
As ev'n Lycoris might with pity view! [hearse,
When mourning nymphs attend their Dalphis'
Who does not weep that reads the moving verse?
But hear, oh hear, in what exalted strains
Sicilian Muses through these happy plains
Proclaim Saturnian times — our own Apollo reigns!
When France had breath'd after intestine broils,
And peace and conquest crown'd her foreign toils,
There (cultivated by a royal hand)
Learning grew fast, and spread, and bless'd the land; [known,
The choicest books that Rome or Greece have
Her excellent translators made her own;
And Europe still considerably gains
Both by their good example and their pains.
From hence our generous emulation came;
We undertook, and we perform'd the same

* John Sheffield Duke of Buckingham.

But now we show the world a nobler way,
And in translated verse do more than they;
Serene and clear harmonious Horace flows,
With sweetness not to be express'd in prose:
Degrading prose explains his meaning ill,
And shows the stuff, but not the workman's skill:
I (who have serv'd him more than twenty years)
Scarce know my master as he there appears.
Vain are our neighbours' hopes, and vain their cares;
The fault is more their language's than theirs;
'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in words
Of sof er sound than ours perhaps affords;
But who did ever in French authors see
The comprehensive English energy?
The weighty bullion of one sterling line,
Drawn to French wire, would thro' whole pages shine.
I speak my private but impartial sense,
With freedom, and I hope without offence;
For I 'll recant when France can show me wit
As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.
'Tis true, composing is a nobler part;
But good translation is no easy art.
For though materials have long since been found,
Yet both your fancy and your hands are bound;
And by improving what was writ before,
Invention labors less, but judgement more.
The soil intended for Pierian seeds
Must be well purg'd from rank pedantic weeds.
Apollo starts, and all Parnassus shakes,
At the rude rumbling Baralipton makes.
For none have been with admiration read,
But who (beside their learning) were well bred.
The first great work (a task perform'd by few)
Is, that yourself may to yourself be true:
No mask, no tricks, no favor, no reserve;
Dissect your mind, examine ev'ry nerve.
Whoever vainly on his strength depends,
Begins like Virgil, but like Mævius ends.
That wretch (in spite of his forgotten rhymes),
Condemn'd to live to all succeeding times,
With pompous nonsense and a bellowing sound,
Sung lofty Ilium tumbling to the ground.
And (if my Muse can through past ages see)
That noisy, nauseous, gaping fool was he:
Exploded when, with universal scorn,
The mountains labor'd and a mouse was born.
Learn, learn, Crotona's brawny wrestler cries,
Audacious mortals, and be timely wise;
'Tis I that call, remember Milo's end,
Wedg'd in that timber which he strove to rend.
Each poet with a diff'rent talent writes;
One praises, one instructs, another bites.
Horace did ne'er aspire to Epic bays,
Nor lofty Maro stoop to Lyric lays.
Examine how your humor is inclin'd,
And which the ruling passion of your mind;
Then seek a poet who your way does bend,
And choose an author as you choose a friend;
United by this sympathetic bond,
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond;
Your thoughts, your words, your styles, your souls agree,
No longer his interpreter, but he.

With how much ease is a young Muse betray'd!
How nice the reputation of the maid!
Your early, kind, paternal care appears,
By chaste instruction of her tender years.
The first impression in her infant breast
Will be the deepest, and should be the best.
Let no austerity breed servile fear,
No wanton sound offend her virgin ear.
Secure from foolish pride's affected state,
And specious flatt'ry's more pernicious bait,
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts;
But your neglect must answer for her faults.
Immodest words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of sense.
What mod'rate fop would rake the Park or stews,
Who among troops of faultless nymphs may choose?
Variety of such is to be found:
Then take a subject proper to expound;
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice,
For men of sense despise a trivial choice:
And such applause it must expect to meet,
As would some painter busy in a street
To copy bulls and bears, and ev'ry sign
That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.
Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good;
It must delight us when 'tis understood.
He that brings fulsome objects to my view
(As many old have done, and many new)
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squills.
Instruct the list'ning world how Maro sings
Of useful subjects and of lofty things.
These will such true, such bright ideas raise,
As merit gratitude as well as praise:
But foul descriptions are offensive still,
Either for being like, or being ill.
For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd
On holy garbage, though by Homer cook'd?
Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded Gods,
Make some suspect he snores as well as nods.
But I offend — Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down;
My blushing Muse with conscious fear retires,
And whom they like implicitly admires.
On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise,
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts;
Which through the whole insensibly must pass,
With vital heat to animate the mass:
A pure, an active, and auspicious flame,
And bright as heaven, from whence the blessing came,
But few, oh few, souls pre-ordain'd by fate,
The race of Gods, have reach'd that envied height.
No rebel Titan's sacrilegious crime,
By reaping hills on hills, can hither climb:
The grizly ferryman of hell denied
Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide:
How justly then will impious mortals fall,
Whose pride would soar to heaven without a call!
Pride (of all others the most dang'rous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense or want of thought.
The men who labor and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast:

For

For if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.
How many ages since has Virgil writ?
How few are they who understand him yet!
Approach his altars with religious fear,
No vulgar deity inhabits there:
Heaven shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod,
Than poets should before their Mantuan god.
Hail, mighty Maro! may that sacred name
Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame;
Sublime ideas and apt words infuse; [the Muse!
The Muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire
What I have instanc'd only in the best,
Is, in proportion, true of all the rest.
Take pains the genuine meaning to explore;
There sweat, there strain, tug the laborious oar;
Search ev'ry comment that your care can find,
Some here, some there, may hit the poet's mind;
Yet be not blindly guided by the throng:
The multitude is always in the wrong.
When things appear unnatural or hard,
Consult your author, with himself compar'd;
Who knows what blessing Phœbus may bestow,
And future ages to your labor owe?
Such secrets are not easily found out;
But, once discover'd, leave no room for doubt.
Truth stamps conviction in your ravish'd breast,
And peace and joy attend the glorious guest.
Truth still is one: truth is divinely bright;
No cloudy doubts obscure her native light;
While in your thoughts you find the least debate,
You may confound, but never can translate.
Your style will thus thro' all disguises show,
For none explain more clearly than they know.
He only proves he understands a text,
Whose exposition leaves it unperplex'd.
They who too faithfully on names insist,
Rather create than dissipate the mist;
And grow unjust by being over-nice
(For superstitious virtue turns to vice).
Let Crassus' * ghost and Labienus tell
How twice in Parthian plains their legions fell:
Since Rome hath been so jealous of her fame,
That few know Pacorus' or Monæses' name.
Words in one language elegantly us'd,
Will hardly in another be excus'd.
And some that Rome admir'd in Cæsar's time,
May neither suit our genius nor our clime.
The genuine sense, intelligibly told,
Shows a translator both discreet and bold.
Excursions are inexpiably bad:
And 'tis much safer to leave out than add.
Abstruse and mystic thoughts you must express
With painful care, but seeming easiness;
For truth shines brightest thro' the plainest dress.
Th' Ænean Muse, when she appears in state,
Makes all Jove's thunder on her verses wait;
Yet writes sometimes as soft and moving things
As Venus speaks, or Philomela sings.
Your author always will the best advise:
Fall when he falls, and when he rises rise.

Affected noise is the most wretched thing
That to contempt can empty scribblers bring.
Vowels and accents regularly plac'd,
On even syllables (and still the last),
Though gross innumberable faults abound,
In spite of nonsense, never fail of sound.
But this is meant of even verse alone,
As being most harmonious and most known:
For if you will unequal numbers try,
There accents on odd syllables must lie.
Whatever sister of the learned Nine
Does to your suit a willing ear incline,
Urge your success, deserve a lasting name,
She'll crown a grateful and a constant flame.
But if a wild uncertainty prevail,
And turn your veering heart with ev'ry gale,
You lose the fruit of all your former care
For the sad prospect of a just despair.
A quack (too scandalously mean to name)
Had, by man-midwifery, got wealth and fame:
As if Lucina had forgot her trade,
The laboring wife invokes his surer aid.
Well-season'd bowls the gossip's spirits raise,
Who, while she guzzles, chats the doctor's praise;
And largely what she wants in words supplies
With maudlin-eloquence of trickling eyes.
But what a thoughtless animal is man!
How very active in his own trepan!
For greedy of physicians' frequent fees,
From female mellow praise he takes degrees;
Struts in a new unlicens'd gown, and then,
From saving women, falls to killing men.
Another such had left the nation thin,
In spite of all the children he brought in.
His pills as thick as hand-granadoes flew,
And where they fell, as certainly they slew;
His name struck ev'ry where as great a damp
As Archimedes' thro' the Roman camp.
With this, the doctor's pride began to cool;
For smarting soundly may convince a fool.
But now repentance came too late for grace,
And meagre famine star'd him in the face:
Fain would he to the wives be reconcil'd,
But found no husband left to own a child.
The friends that got the brats were poison'd too;
In this sad case what could our vermin do?
Worried with debts, and past all hope of bail,
Th' unpitied wretch lies rotting in a jail:
And there with basket-alms scarce kept alive,
Shows how mistaken talents ought to thrive.
I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,
Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen;
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
But you, Pompilian, wealthy pamper'd heirs,
Who to your country owe your swords and cares,
Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
For rich ill poets are without excuse.
'Tis very dang'rous tampering with a Muse;
The profit's small, and you have much to lose:
For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
Degenerate lines degrade th' attainted race.

* Hor. iii. Od. 6.

No poet any passion can excite, [write.
But what they feel transport them when they
Have you been led through the Cumean cave,
And heard the impatient maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I see her rolling eyes:
And panting, Lo! the god! the god! she cries;
With words not hers, and more than human sound,
She makes th' obedient ghosts peep trembling
thro' the ground.
But, tho' we must obey when Heaven commands,
And man in vain the sacred call withstands,
Beware what spirit rages in your breast;
For ten inspir'd, ten thousand are possest.
Thus make the proper use of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
As when the cheerful hours too freely pass,
And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,
Your pulse advises, and begins to beat
Through ev'ry swelling vein a loud retreat:
So when a Muse propitiously invites,
Improve her favors, and indulge her flights;
But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
Leave off, and for another summons wait.
Before the radiant sun a glimm'ring lamp,
Adulterate metals to the sterling stamp,
Appear not meaner than mere human lines,
Compar'd with those which inspiration shines:
These nervous, bold; those languid and remiss;
There, cold salutes; but here a lover's kiss.
Thus have I seen a rapid headlong tide
With foaming waves the passive Soane divide;
Whose lazy waters without motion lay,
While he with eager force, urg'd his impetuous
way.
The privilege that antient poets claim,
Now turn'd to licence by too just a name,
Belongs to none but an establish'd fame,
Which scorns to take it ——
Absurd expressions, crude abortive thoughts,
All the lewd legion of exploded faults,
Base fugitives, to that asylum fly,
And sacred laws with insolence defy.
Not thus our heroes of the former days
Deserv'd and gain'd their never-fading bays;
For I mistake, or far the greatest part
Of what some call neglect, was study's art.
When Virgil seems to trifle in a line,
'Tis like a warning-piece, which gives the sign
To wake your fancy, and prepare your sight,
To reach the noble height of some unusual flight
I lose my patience when, with saucy pride,
By untun'd ears I hear his numbers tried.
Reverse of nature; shall such copies then
Arraign th' originals of Maro's pen;
And the rude notions of pedantic schools
Blaspheme the sacred founder of our rules?
The delicacy of the nicest ear
Finds nothing harsh or out of order there.
Sublime or low, unbended or intense,
The sound is still a comment to the sense.
A skilful ear in numbers should preside,
And all disputes without appeal decide.
This antient Rome and elder Athens found,
Before mistaken stops debauch'd the sound.
When, by impulse from Heaven, Tyrtæus sung,
In drooping soldiers a new courage sprung;
Reviving Sparta now the flight maintain'd,
And what two generals lost a poet gain'd.
By secret influence of indulgent skies,
Empire and poesy together rise.
True poets are the guardians of the state,
And, when they fail, portend approaching fate.
For that which Rome to conquest did aspire,
Was not the vestal, but the Muse's fire;
Heaven joins the blessings: no declining age
E'er felt the raptures of poetic rage.
Of many faults rhyme is perhaps the cause;
Too strict to rhyme, we slight more useful laws;
For that, in Greece or Rome, was never known,
Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown:
Subdu'd, undone, they did at last obey,
And change their own for their invader's way.
I grant that, from some mossy idol oak,
In double rhymes our Thor and Woden spoke;
And by succession of unlearned times,
As bards began, so monks rung on the chimes.
But now that Phœbus and the sacred Nine
With all their beams on our blest island shine,
Why should not we their antient rights restore,
And be what Rome or Athens were before?
' *Have you forgot how Raphael's numerous prose
' Led our exalted souls thro' heavenly camps,
' And mark'd the ground where proud apostate
' thrones
' Defied Jehovah! here, 'twixt host and host,
' (A narrow, but a dreadful interval)
' Portentous sight! before the cloudy van
' Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,
' Came tow'ring arm'd in adamant and gold.
' There bellowing engines, with their fiery tubes,
' Dispers'd ethereal forms, and down they fell
' By thousands, angels on archangels roll'd;
' Recover'd, to the hills they ran, they flew,
' Which (with their ponderous load, rocks,
' waters, woods),
' From their firm seats torn by the shaggy tops,
' They bore like shields before them through the
' air, [foes.
' Till more incens'd they hurl'd them at their
' All was confusion, heaven's foundation shook,
' Threat'ning no less than universal wreck;
' For Michael's arm main promontories flung,
' And over-press'd whole legions weak with sin.
' Yet they blasphem'd and struggled as they lay,
' Till the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd,
' And (arm'd with vengeance) God's victorious
' (Effulgence of paternal Deity!) [Son
' Grasping ten thousand thunders in his hand,
' Drove th' old original rebels headlong down,
' And sent them flaming to the vast abyss.'
O may I live to hail the glorious day,
And sing loud pæans through the crowded way,
When in triumphant state the British Muse,
True to herself, shall barbarous aid refuse,
And

* An Essay on Blank Verse, cut of Paradise Lost, B. VI.

And in the Roman majesty appear, [near.
Which none know better, and none come so

§ 27. *Absalom and Achitophel.* Dryden.

In pious times, ere priestcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin;
When man on many multiplied his kind,
Ere one to one was cursedly confin'd!
When nature prompted, and no law denied
Promiscuous use of concubine and bride;
Then Israel's monarch, after Heaven's own heart,
His vigorous warmth did variously impart
To wives and slaves; and wide as his command,
Scatter'd his Maker's image thro' the land.
Michal, of royal blood, the crown did wear;
A soil ungrateful to the tiller's care:
Not so the rest; for several mothers bore
To godlike David several sons before.
But since, like slaves, his bed they did ascend,
No true succession could their seed attend.
Of all the numerous progeny, was none
So beautiful, so brave, as Absalom:
Whether inspired by some diviner lust,
His father got him with a greater gust;
Or that his conscious destiny made way,
By manly beauty, to imperial sway.
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and states allied to Israel's crown:
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seem'd as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please:
His motions all accompanied with grace;
And paradise was open'd in his face.
With secret joy indulgent David view'd
His youthful image in his son renew'd:
To all his wishes nothing he denied;
And made the charming Annabel his bride.
What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
His father could not, or he would not see.
Some warm excesses which the law forbore,
Were construed youth that purg'd by boiling o'er,
And Ammon's murder, by a specious name,
Was call'd a just revenge for injur'd fame.
Thus prais'd and lov'd the noble youth remain'd,
While David undisturb'd in Sion reign'd;
But life can never be sincerely blest:
Heaven punishes the bad, and proves the best.
The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murm'ring race,
As ever tried th' extent and stretch of grace;
God's pamper'd people, whom, debauched with ease,
No king could govern, nor no God could please.
Gods they had tried of every shape and size,
That goldsmiths could produce, or priests devise:
These Adam-wits, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted liberty;
And when no rule, no precedent was found
Of men by laws less circumscrib'd and bound,
They led their wild desires to woods and caves,
And thought that all but Savages were slaves.
They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow,
Made foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego;
Who banish'd David did from Hebron bring,
And with a gen'ral shout proclaim'd him king.
Those very Jews, who at their very best
Their humor more than loyalty express'd,
Now wonder'd why so long they had obey'd
An idol monarch which their hands had made;
Thought they might ruin him they could create,
Or melt him to that golden calf of state.
But these were random bolts: no form'd design,
Nor int'rest made the factious crowd to join:
The sober part of Israel, free from stain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;
And looking backward with a wise affright,
Saw seams of wounds dishonest to the sight:
In contemplation of whose ugly scars,
They curs'd the mem'ry of civil wars.
The moderate sort of men thus qualified,
Inclin'd the balance to the better side:
And David's mildness manag'd it so well,
The bad found no occasion to rebel.
But when to sin our biass'd nature leans,
The careful devil is still at hand with means;
And providently pimps for ill desires:
The good old cause reviv'd a plot requires.
Plots true or false are necessary things
To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings.
Th' inhabitants of old Jerusalem ——
Were Jebusites; the town so call'd from them;
And theirs the native right ——
But when the chosen people grew more strong,
The rightful cause at length became the wrong;
And ev'ry loss the men of Jebus bore,
They still were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus worn or weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they must to David's government;
Impoverish'd, and depriv'd of all command,
Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;
And what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common wood.
This set the heathen priesthood in a flame;
For priests of all religions are the same.
Of whatsoe'er descent their godhead be,
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his servants are as bold
As if he had been born of beaten gold.
The Jewish rabbins, though their enemies,
In this conclude them honest men and wise:
For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,
T' espouse his cause by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that plot, the nation's curse,
Bad in itself, but represented worse;
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decried;
With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows denied;
Not weigh'd nor winnow'd by the multitude;
But swallow'd in the mass, unchew'd and crude.
Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with lies;
To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise.
Succeeding times did equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.
Th' Egyptian rites the Jebusites embrac'd;
Where gods were recommended by their taste.
Such savory deities must needs be good,
As serv'd at once for worship and for food.

By

By force they could not introduce these gods;
For ten to one in former days was odds:
So fraud was us'd, the sacrificer's trade:
Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade.
Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews,
And rak'd for converts ev'n the court and stews:
Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly took,
Because the fleece accompanies the flock.
Some thought they God's anointed meant to slay
By guns, invented since full many a day:
Our author swears it not; but who can know
How far the devil and Jebusites may go?
This plot, which fail'd for want of common sense,
Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence:
For as, when raging fevers boil the blood,
The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
And ev'ry hostile humor, which before
Slept quiet in its channel, bubbles o'er;
So several factions, from this first ferment,
Work up to foam, and threat the government.
Some by their friends, more by themselves thought wise,
Oppos'd the pow'r to which they could not rise.
Some had in courts been great; and thrown from thence
Like fiends, were harden'd in impenitence.
Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
From pardon'd rebels kinsmen to the throne,
Were rais'd in pow'r and public office high;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.
Of these the false Achitophel was first;
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
In pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the danger when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honor blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a Son;
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try;
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state.
To compass this, the triple bond he broke;
The pillars of the public safety shook;
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:
Then, seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves, in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes,
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will!
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge:
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
With virtues only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand:
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now, manifest of crimes contriv'd long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his prince;
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and skulk'd behind the laws.
The wish'd occasion of the plot he takes;
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes:
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
Of list'ning crowds with jealousies and fears
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the King himself a Jebusite.
Weak arguments! which yet, he knew full well,
Were strong with people easy to rebel.
For, govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the same track when she the prime renews;
And once in twenty years, their scribes record,
By natural instinct they change their lord.
Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalom.
Not that he wish'd his greatness to create,
For politicians neither love nor hate:
But, for he knew his title not allow'd
Would keep him still depending on the crowd:
That kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
Him he attempts with studied arts to please,
And sheds his venom in such words as these:
Auspicious prince! at whose nativity
Some royal planet rul'd the southern sky;
Thy longing country's darling and desire;
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire;
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas, and shows the promis'd land;
Whose dawning day, in ev'ry distant age,
Has exercis'd the sacred prophet's rage;
The people's pray'r, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream!
Thee, Saviour, thee the nation's vows confess,
And, never satisfied with seeing, bless:
Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
And stamm'ring babes are taught to lisp thy name.
How long wilt thou the gen'ral joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign;
Content ingloriously to pass thy days,
Like one of Virtue's fools that feed on praise;

Till

Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,
Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight:
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree.
Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate:
Whose motions if we watch and guide with skill,
For human good depends on human will,
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes the bent:
But, if unseis'd, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind.
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
And spreads her locks before you as she flies.
Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,
Not dar'd when fortune call'd him to be king,
At Gath an exile he might still remain,
And Heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.
Let his successful youth your hopes engage;
But shun the example of declining age:
Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows length'ning as the vapors rise.
He is not now, as when on Jordan's sand
The joyful people throng'd to see him land,
Covering the beach, and blackening all the strand;
But, like the prince of angels, from his height,
Come tumbling downward with diminish'd light;
Betray'd by one poor plot to public scorn;
Our only blessing since his curs'd return:
Those heaps of people which one sheaf did bind,
Blown off and scatter'd by a puff of wind,
What strength can he to your designs oppose,
Naked of friends, and round beset with foes?
If Pharaoh's doubtful succour he should use,
A foreign aid would more incense the Jews:
Proud Egypt would dissembled friendship bring:
Foment the war, but not support the King:
Nor would the royal party ere unite
With Pharaoh's arms to assist the Jebusite;
Or, if they should, their int'rest soon would break,
And with such odious aid make David weak.
All sorts of men, by my successful arts,
Abhorring kings, estrange their alter'd hearts
From David's rule; and 'tis their gen'ral cry,
Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.
If you, as champion of the public good,
Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
What may not Isreal hope, and what applause
Might such a gen'ral gain by such a cause?
Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flow'r,
Fair only to the sight, but solid pow'r;
And nobler is a limited command,
Given by the love of all your native land,
Than a successive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.

What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,
When flatt'ry soothes, and when ambition blinds?
Desire of pow'r, on earth a vicious weed,
Yet sprung from high, is of celestial seed:
In God 'tis glory; and when men aspire,
'Tis but a spark too much of heavenly fire.
Th' ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
Too full of angel's metal in his frame,
Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,
Made drunk with honor, and debauch'd with praise.
Half loth, and half consenting to the ill,
For royal blood within him struggled still,
He thus replied:—And what pretence have I
To take up arms for public liberty?
My father governs with unquestioned right;
The faith's defender, and mankind's delight:
Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws;
And Heaven by wonders has espous'd his cause.
Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?
Who sues for justice to his throne in vain?
What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose!
Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good;
Inclin'd to mercy, and averse from blood.
If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,
His crime is God's belov'd attribute.
What could he gain his people to betray,
Or change his right for arbitrary sway?
Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign
His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.
If David's rule Jerusalem displease,
The dog-star heats their brains to this disease.
Why then should I, encouraging the bad,
Turn rebel, and run popularly mad?
Were he the tyrant, who by lawless might
Oppress'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebusite,
Well might I mourn; but nature's holy bands
Would curb my spirits, and restrain my hands:
The people might assert their liberty;
But what was right in them were crime in me.
His favor leaves me nothing to require,
Prevents my wishes, and outruns desire;
What more can I expect while David lives?
All but his kingly diadem he gives:
And that—but here he paus'd; then, sighing, said—
Is justly destin'd for a worthier head.
For when my father from his toils shall rest,
And late augment the number of the blest,
His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,
Or the collateral line, where that shall end.
His brother, though oppress'd with vulgar spite,
Yet dauntless, and secure of native right,
Of every royal virtue stands possest;
Still dear to all the bravest and the best.
His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim,
His loyalty the king, the world his fame.
His mercy e'en th' offending crowd will find;
For sure he comes of a forgiving kind.
Why should I then repine at Heaven's decree,
Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
Yet, oh that fate, propitiously inclin'd,
Had rais'd my birth, or had debas'd my mind!
To my large soul not all her treasure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean descent!
I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,
And David's part disdains my mother's mould.
Why am I scanted by a niggard birth?
My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth;
And, made for empire, whispers me within,
Desire of greatness is a godlike sin.

Him

Him staggering so when hell's dire agent found,
While fainting virtue scarce maintain'd her ground,
He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies:
Th' eternal God, supremely good and wise,
Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain:
What wonders are reserv'd, to bless your reign!
Against your will your arguments have shown,
Such virtue's only giv'n to guide a throne.
Not that your father's mildness I contemn;
But manly force becomes the diadem.
'Tis true, he grants the people all they crave;
And more perhaps than subjects ought to have:
For lavish grants suppose a monarch tame,
And more his goodness than his wit proclaim.
But when should people strive their bonds to break,
If not when kings are negligent or weak? Let him give on till he can give no more,
The thrifty sanhedrim shall keep him poor:
And ev'ry shekel which he can receive
Shall cost a limb of his prerogative.
To ply him with new plots shall be my care,
Or plunge him deep in some expensive war;
Which when his treasure can no more supply,
He must, with the remains of kingship, buy.
His faithful friends, his jealousies and fears
Call Jebusites, and Pharaoh's pensioners;
Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,
He shall be naked left to public scorn.
The next successor, whom I fear and hate,
My arts have made obnoxious to the state;
Turn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,
And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.
His right, for sums of necessary gold,
Shall first be pawn'd, and afterwards be sold;
Till time shall ever-wanting David draw
To pass your doubtful title into law:
If not, the people have a right supreme
To make their kings; for kings are made for them.
All empire is no more than pow'r in trust,
Which, when resum'd, can be no longer just.
Succession, for the general good design'd,
In its own wrong a nation cannot bind;
If alt'ring that the people can relieve,
Better one suffer than the nation grieve.
The Jews well know their pow'r: ere Saul they choose,
God was their king, and God they durst depose.
Urge now your piety, your filial name,
A father's right, and fear of future fame;
The public good, that universal call,
To which e'en Heaven submitted, answers all
Nor let his love enchant your gen'rous mind;
'Tis nature's trick to propagate her kind.
Our fond begetters, who would never die,
Love but themselves in their posterity.
Or let his kindness by th' effects be tried,
Or let him lay his vain pretence aside.
God said, he lov'd your father; could he bring
A better proof than to anoint him king?
It surely show'd, he lov'd the shepherd well,
Who gave so fair a flock as Israel.
Would David have you thought his darling son,
What means he then to alienate the crown?
The name of Godly he may blush to bear;
Is't after God's own heart to cheat his heir?
He to his brother gives supreme command,
To you a legacy of barren land;
Perhaps th' old harp on which he thumps his lays,
Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise.
Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,
Already looks on you with jealous eyes;
Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,
And marks your progress in the people's hearts;
Though now his mighty soul his grief contains;
He meditates revenge who least complains:
And like a lion, slumb'ring in the way,
Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey,
His fearless foes within his distance draws,
Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws;
Till at the last, his time for fury found,
He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground;
The prostrate vulgar passes o'er and spares,
But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.
Your case no tame expedients will afford:
Resolve on death, or conquest by the sword,
Which for no less a stake than life you draw;
And self-defence is nature's eldest law.
Leave the warm people no considering time;
For then rebellion may be thought a crime.
Avail yourself of what occasion gives,
But try your title while your father lives:
And, that your arms may have a fair pretence,
Proclaim you take them in the king's defence;
Whose sacred life each moment would expose
To plots, from seeming friends and secret foes
And, who can sound the depth of David's soul?
Perhaps his fear his kindness may control.
He fears his brother, though he loves his son,
For plighted vows too late to be undone.
If so, by force he wishes to be gain'd:
Like women's lechery to seem constrain'd.
Doubt not: but, when he most affects the frown,
Commit a pleasing rape upon the crown.
Secure his person to secure your cause:
They who possess the prince possess the laws.
He said: and this advice above the rest,
With Absalom's mild nature suited best;
Unblam'd of life, ambition set aside,
Not stain'd with cruelty, nor puff'd with pride.
How happy had he been, if destiny
Had higher plac'd his birth, or not so high!
His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne,
And bless'd all other countries but his own.
But charming greatness since so few refuse,
'Tis juster to lament him than accuse.
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandishments to gain the public love;
To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly prosecute the plot.
To further this, Achitophel unites
The malcontents of all the Israelites;
Whose diff'ring parties he could wisely join,
For several ends, to serve the same design.
The best, and of the princes some were such,
Who thought the pow'r of monarchy too much;
Mistaken men, and patriots in their hearts;
Not wicked, but seduc'd by impious arts;

By

By these the springs of property were bent,
And wound so high, they crack'd the government.
The next for int'rest sought t' embroil the state,
To sell their duty at a dearer rate,
And make their Jewish markets of the throne;
Pretending public good to serve their own.
Others thought kings an useless heavy load,
Who cost too much, and did too little good.
These were for laying honest David by,
On principles of pure good husbandry.
With them join'd all th' haranguers of the throng,
That thought to get preferment by the tongue.
Who follow next, a double danger bring,
Not only hating David, but the king.
The Solymæan rout; well vers'd of old
In godly faction, and in treason bold;
Cow'ring and quaking at a conqu'ror's sword,
But lofty to a lawful prince restor'd;
Saw with disdain an Ethnic plot begun,
And scorn'd by Jebusites to be outdone.
Hot Levites headed these; who pull'd before
From th' ark, which in the judge's days they bore.
Resum'd their cant, and with a zealous cry
Pursued their old belov'd theocracy:
When sanhedrim and priest enslav'd the nation,
And justified their spoils by inspiration:
For who so fit to reign as Aaron's race,
If once dominion they could found in grace?
These led the pack, though not of surest scent,
Yet deepest mouth'd against the government.
A num'rous host of dreaming saints succeed,
Of the true old enthusiastic breed;
'Gainst form and order they their pow'r employ,
Nothing to build, and all things to destroy.
But far more num'rous was the herd of such
Who think too little, and who talk too much;
These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
Ador'd their fathers' God, and property;
And, by the same blind benefit of fate,
The devil and the Jebusite did hate:
Born to be sav'd, ev'n in their own despite,
Because they could not help believing right.
Such were the tools: but a whole Hydra more
Remains of sprouting heads too long to score.
Some of their chiefs were princes of the land:
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was ev'ry thing by starts, and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman! who could ev'ry hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy.
Railing and praising were his usual themes:
And both, to show his judgement, in extremes:
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That ev'ry man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded but desert;
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late;
He had his jest, and they had his estate:
He laugh'd himself from court: then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

Titles and names 't were tedious to rehearse,
Of lords, below the dignity of verse.
Wits, warriors, commonwealths-men, were the best:
Kind husbands and mere nobles all the rest.
And therefore, in the name of dulness, be
The well-hung Balaam and cold Caleb free:
And canting Nadab let oblivion damn,
Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb.
Let friendship's holy band some names assure;
Some their own worth, and some let scorn secure.
Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place,
Whom kings no title gave, and God no grace:
Not bull-fac'd Jonas, who could statutes draw
To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
The wretch who heaven's anointed dar'd to curse;
Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
Of zeal to God and hatred to his king,
Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
And never broke the Sabbath but for gain:
Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
Or curse, unless against the government.
Thus heaping wealth by the most ready way
Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray;
The city, to reward his pious hate
Against his master, chose him magistrate.
His hand a vase of justice did uphold;
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold;
During his office treason was no crime;
The sons of Belial had a glorious time;
For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
Yet lov'd his wicked neighbour as himself.
When two or three were gather'd to declaim
Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
Shimei was always in the midst of them;
And, if they curs'd the king when he was by,
Would rather curse than break good company;
If any durst his factious friends accuse,
He pack'd a Jury of dissenting Jews;
Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
Would free the suff'ring saint from human laws.
For laws are only made to punish those
Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
If any leisure time he had from pow'r,
Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour,
His business was, by writing to persuade
That kings were useless, and a clog to trade:
And, that his noble style he might refine,
No Rechabite more shunn'd the fumes of wine.
Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board
The grossness of a city feast abhorr'd;
His cooks, with long disguise, their trade forgot;
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
Such frugal virtue malice may accuse;
But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews:
For towns once burnt, such magistrates require
As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.

With

With spiritual food he fed his servants well,
But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel:
And Moses' laws he held in more account,
For forty days of fasting in the mount.
To speak the rest, who better are forgot,
Would tire a well-breath'd witness of the plot.
Yet, Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass;
Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,
High as the serpent of thy metal made,
While nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
What though his birth were base, yet comets rise
From earthly vapors ere they shine in skies.
Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue, as by prince's son.
This arch-attestor for the public good,
By that one deed, ennobles all his blood.
Who ever ask'd the witness's high race,
Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace?
Ours was a Levite; and, as times went then,
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud;
Sure signs he neither choleric was, nor proud:
His long chin prov'd his wit; his saint-like grace
A church vermillion, and a Moses' face.
His memory, miraculously great,
Could plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat;
Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
For human wit could never such devise.
Some future truths are mingled in his book;
But where the witness fail'd, the prophet spoke;
Some things like visionary flights appear;
The spirit caught him up the Lord knows where:
And gave him his rabinnical degree,
Unknown to foreign univer-ity.
His judgement yet his memory did excel;
Which pierc'd his wond'rous evidence so well,
And suited to the temper of the times,
Then groaning under Jebusitic crimes.
Let Israel's foes suspect his heavenly call,
And rashly judge his writ apocryphal;
Our laws for such affronts have forfeits made:
He takes his life who takes away his trade.
Were I myself in witness Corah's place,
The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace
Should whet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an appendix of my plot.
His zeal to Heaven made him his prince despise,
And load his person with indignities.
But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
Indulging latitude to deeds and words:
And Corah might for Agag's murder call,
In terms as coarse as Samuel us'd to Saul.
What others in his evidence did join,
The best that could be had for love or coin,
In Corah's own predicament will fall;
For Witness is a common name to all.

Surrounded thus with friends of ev'ry sort,
Deluded Absalom forsakes the court:
Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
And fir'd with near possession of a crown,
Th' admiring crowd are dazzled with surprise,
And on his goodly person feed their eyes.
His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show;
On each side bowing popularly low:
His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar ease repeats their names.
Thus form'd by nature, furnish'd out with arts,
He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.
Then with a kind compassionating look,
And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke,
Few words he said; but easy those and fit,
More slow than Hybla-drops, and far more sweet.

I mourn, my countrymen, your lost estate;
Though far unable to prevent your fate:
Behold a banish'd man, for your dear cause
Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws!
Yet oh! that I alone should be undone,
Cut off from empire, and no more a son!
Now all your liberties a spoil are made;
Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade;
And Jebusites your sacred rights invade.
My father, whom with rev'rence yet I name,
Charm'd into ease, is careless of his fame:
And, brib'd with petty sums of foreign gold,
Is grown in Bathsheba's embraces old;
Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys;
And all his power against himself employs.
He gives, and let him give my right away:
But why should he his own and yours betray?
He, only he, can make the nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my tears (with that he wip'd his eyes),
'Tis all the aid my present pow'r supplies;
No court-informer can these arms accuse;
These arms may sons against their fathers use:
And 'tis my wish the next successor's reign
May make no other Israelite complain.

Youth, beauty, graceful action, seldom fail;
But common int'rest always will prevail:
And pity never ceases to be shown
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.
The crowd, that still believe their kings oppress,
With lifted hands their young Messiah bless:
Who now begins his progress to ordain
With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train;
From east to west his glories he displays,
And, like the sun, the promis'd land surveys.
Fame runs before him as the morning star,
And shouts of joy salute him from afar:
Each house receives him as a guardian god,
And consecrates the place of his abode.
But hospitable treats did most commend
Wise Issachar, his wealthy western friend.

This moving court, that caught the people's eyes,
And seem'd but pomp, did other ends disguise;
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To sound the depths, and fathom where it went:
The people's hearts, distinguish friends from foes,
And try their strength before they came to blows.
Yet all was color'd with a smooth pretence
Of specious love and duty to their prince.
Religion, and redress of grievances,
Two names that always cheat and always please,
Are often urg'd; and good king David's life
Endanger'd by a brother and a wife.
Thus in a pageant show a plot is made;
And peace itself is war in masquerade.

Oh

Oh foolish Israel! never warn'd by ill!
Still the same bait, and circumvented still!
Did ever men forsake the present ease;
In midst of health imagine a disease;
Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee;
Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree?
What shall we think? Can people give away,
Both for themselves and sons, their native sway?
Then they are left defenceless to the sword
Of each unbounded arbitrary lord:
And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
If kings unquestion'd can those laws destroy.
Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just,
And kings are only officers in trust,
Then this resuming cov'nant was declar'd
When kings were made, or is for ever barr'd.
If those who gave the sceptre could not tie
By their own deed their own posperity,
How then could Adam bind his future race?
How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
Or how could heavenly justice damn us all,
Who ne'er consented to our father's fall?
Then kings are slaves to those whom they command,
And tenants to their people's pleasure stand.
Add, that the pow'r for property allow'd
Is mischievously seated in the crowd:
For who can be secure of private right,
If sovereign sway may be dissolv'd by might?
Nor is the people's judgement always true:
The most may err as grossly as the few;
And faultless kings run down by common cry,
For vice, oppression, and for tyranny,
What standard is there in a fickle rout,
Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster out?
Nor only crowds, but sanhedrims may be
Infected with this public lunacy,
And share the madness of rebellious times,
To murder monarchs for imagin'd crimes.
If they may give and take whene'er they please,
Not kings alone, the Godhead's images,
But government itself, at length must fall
To nature's state, where all have right to all.
Yet, grant our lords the people kings can make,
What prudent men a settled throne would shake?
For whatsoe'er their sufferings were before,
That change they covet makes them suffer more.
All other errors but disturb a state;
But innovation is the blow of fate.
If antient fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
To patch their flaws, and buttress up the wall,
Thus far 'tis duty: but here fix the mark;
For all beyond it, is to touch the ark.
To change foundations, cast the frame anew,
Is work for rebels, who base ends pursue,
At once divine and human laws control,
And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
The tamp'ring world is subject to this curse,
To physic their disease into a worse.
Now what relief can righteous David bring?
How fatal 'tis to be too good a king!
Friends he has few, so high the madness grows;
Who dares be such must be the people's foes.
Yet some there were, ev'n in the worst of days;
Some let me name, and naming is to praise.
In this short file Barzillai first appears;
Barzillai, crown'd with honor and with years.
Long since, the rising rebels he withstood
In regions waste beyond the Jordan's flood:
Unfortunately brave to buoy the state;
But sinking underneath his master's fate:
In exile with his godlike prince he mourn'd;
For him he suffer'd, and with him return'd.
The court he practis'd, not the courtier's art:
Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart.
Which well the noblest objects knew to choose,
The fighting warrior, and recording Muse.
His bed could once a fruitful issue boast;
Now more than half a father's name is lost.
His eldest hope, with ev'ry grace adorn'd,
By me (so Heaven will have it) always mourn'd
And always honor'd, snatch'd in manhood's
B' unequal fates, and providence's crime: [prime
Yet not before the goal of honor won,
All parts fulfill'd of subject and of son:
Swift was the race, but short the time to run.
Oh narrow circle, but of pow'r divine,
Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line!
By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was known,
Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own:
Thy force infus'd the fainting Tyrians propp'd;
And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stopp'd.
Oh antient honor! oh unconquer'd hand,
Whom foes unpunish'd never could withstand!
But Israel was unworthy of his name:
Short is the date of all immod'rate fame.
It looks as Heaven our ruin had design'd,
And durst not trust thy fortune and thy mind.
Now, free from earth, thy disencumber'd soul
Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and starry pole:
From thence thy kindred legions may'st thou bring,
To aid the guardian angel of thy king.
Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful flight:
No pinions can pursue immortal height:
Tell good Barzillai thou canst sing no more,
And tell thy soul she should have fled before:
Or fled she with his life, and left this verse
To hang on her departed patron's hearse?
Now take thy steepy flight from heaven, and see
If thou canst find on earth another he:
Another he would be too hard to find;
See then whom thou canst see not far behind.
Zadoc the priest, whom, shunning pow'r and place,
His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace.
With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,
Of hospitable soul, and noble stem;
Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The prophet's sons, by such example led,
To learning and to loyalty were bred:
For colleges on bounteous kings depend;
And never rebel was to arts a friend.
To these succeed the pillars of the laws;
Who best can plead, and best can judge, a cause.

Next

Next them a train of loyal peers ascend ;
Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muses' friend,
Himself a Muse : in sanhedrims debate
True to his prince, but not a slave of state ;
Whom David's love with honors did adorn,
That from his disobedient son were torn.
Jotham of piercing wit, and pregnant thought,
Endued by nature, and by learning taught,
To move assemblies, who but only tried
The worse awhile, then chose the better side :
Nor chose alone, but turn'd the balance too ;
So much the weight of one brave man can do.
Hushai, the friend of David in distress ;
In public storms of manly stedfastness :
By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth,
And join'd experience to his native truth.
His frugal care supplied the wanting throne ;
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own :
'Tis easy conduct when exchequers flow ;
But hard the task to manage well the low :
For sov'reign pow'r is too depress'd or high,
When kings are forc'd to sell, or crowds to buy.
Indulge one labor more, my weary Muse,
For Amiel : who can Amiel's praise refuse ?
Of antient race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without title great :
The sanhedrim long time as chief he rul'd,
Their reason guided, and their passion cool'd :
So dext'rous was he in the crowns defence,
So form'd to speak a loyal nation's sense,
That, as their band was Israel's tribes in small,
So fit was he to represent them all.
Now rasher charioteers the seat ascend,
Whose loose careers his steady skill commend :
They, like th' unequal ruler of the day,
Misguide the seasons, and mistake the way ;
While he withdrawn at their mad labors smiles,
And safe enjoys the sabbath of his toils.
These were the chief, a small but faithful band
Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to stand,
And tempt th' united fury of the land.
With grief they view'd such pow'rful engines bent
To batter down the lawful government :
A num'rous faction, with pretended frights,
In sanhedrims to plume the regal rights ;
The true successor from the court remov'd ;
The plot by hireling witnesses improv'd.
These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,
They show'd the king the danger of the wound :
That no concessions from the throne would please,
But lenitives fomented the disease :
That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,
Was made the lure to draw the people down :
That false Achitophel's pernicious hate
Had turn'd the plot to ruin church and state ;
The council violent, the rabble worse :
That Shimei taught Jerusalem to curse.
With all these loads of injuries oppress,
And long revolving in his careful breast
Th' event of things, at last his patience tir'd,
Thus from his royal throne, by heaven inspir'd,
The godlike David spoke ; with awful fear
His train their Maker in their master hear :.

Thus long have I, by native mercy sway'd,
My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delay'd :
So willing to forgive th' offending age ;
So much the father did the king assuage.
But now so far my clemency they slight,
Th' offenders question my forgiving right :
That one was made for many, they contend ;
But 'tis to rule ; for that 's a monarch's end.
They call my tenderness of blood my fear ;
Though manly tempers can the longest bear.
Yet, since they will divert my native course,
'Tis time to show I am not good by force.
Those heap'd affronts that haughty subjects bring
Are burdens for a camel, not a king.
Kings are the public pillars of the state,
Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight :
If my young Samson will pretend a call
To shake the column, let him share the fall :
But, oh ! that yet he would repent and live !
How easy 'tis for parents to forgive !
With how few tears a pardon might be won
From nature, pleading for a darling son !
Poor, pitied youth, by my paternal care
Rais'd up to all the height his fame could bear :
Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,
He would have given his soul another turn :
Gull'd with a patriot's name, whose modern sense
Is one that would by law supplant his prince ;
The people's brave, the politician's tool ;
Never was patriot yet but was a fool.
Whence comes it that religion and the laws
Should more be Absalom's than David's cause?
His old instructor, ere he lost his place,
Was never thought endued with so much grace.
Good heavens! how faction can a patriot paint !
My rebel ever proves my people's saint.
Would they impose an heir upon the throne,
Let sanhedrims be taught to give their own.
A king's at least a part of government ;
And mine as requisite as their consent :
Without my leave a future king to choose,
Infers a right the present to depose.
True, they petition me t' approve their choice:
But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.
My pious subjects for my safety pray ;
Which to secure, they take my pow'r away.
From plots and treasons heaven preserve my years,
But save me most from my petitioners !
Unsatiate as the barren womb or grave,
God cannot grant so much as they can crave.
What then is left, but with a jealous eye
To guard the small remains of loyalty ?
The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,
And the same law teach rebels to obey :
Votes shall no more establish'd power control,
Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.
No groundless clamors shall my friends remove,
Nor crowds have pow'r to punish ere they prove ;
For Gods and godlike kings their care express,
Still to defend their servants in distress.
Oh, that my pow'r to saving were confin'd !
Why am I forc'd, like heaven, against my mind,
To make examples of another kind?

Must

Must I at length the sword of justice draw?
Oh curst effects of necessary law!
How ill my fear they by my mercy scan!
Beware the fury of a patient man.
Law they require, let law then show her face;
They could not be content to look on grace,
Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
To tempt the terror of her front, and die.
By their own arts 'tis righteously decreed,
Those dire artificers of death shall bleed;
Against themselves their witnesses will swear,
Till, viper-like, their mother plot they tear;
And suck for nutriment that bloody gore;
Which was their principle of life before.
Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight:
Thus on my foes my foes shall do me right.
Nordoubt th' event: for factious crowds engage,
In their first onset, all their brutal rage.
Then let them take an unresisted course:
Retire, and traverse, and delude their force:
But when they stand all breathless, urge the fight,
And rise upon them with redoubled might:
For lawful pow'r is still superior found;
When long driv'n back, at length it stands the ground.

He said: th' Almighty nodding gave consent;
And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
Henceforth a series of new time began,
The mighty years in long procession ran:
Once more the godlike David was restor'd,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

PART II.

" — Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis
" Captus amore leget—"

In the year 1680, *Mr. Dryden undertook the poem of Absalom and Achitophel, upon the desire of king Charles II. The performance was applauded by every one; and several persons pressing him to write a Second Part, he, upon declining it himself, spoke to Mr. Tate to write one, and gave him his advice in the direction of it: and that part beginning with*

" Next these, a troop of busy spirits press,"

and ending with

" To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee,"

containing near two hundred verses, was entirely Mr. Dryden's composition, besides some touches in other places. — The preceding lines, upwards of three hundred in number, were written by Mr. Tate. The poem is here printed complete.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Since men, like beasts, each other's prey were made;
Since trade began, and priesthood grew a trade;
Since realms were form'd, none sure so curst as those
That madly their own happiness oppose;
There Heaven itself, and godlike kings in vain
Show'r down the manna of a gentle reign;
While pamper'd crowds to mad sedition run,
And monarchs by indulgence are undone.
Thus David's clemency was fatal grown,
While wealthy faction aw'd the wanting throne;
For now their sovereign's orders to contemn
Was held the charter of Jerusalem;
His rights t' invade, his tributes to refuse,
A privilege peculiar to the Jews;
As if from heavenly call this licence fell,
And Jacob's seed were chosen to rebel!

Achitophel with triumph sees his crimes
Thus suited to the madness of the times;
And Absalom, to make his hopes succeed,
Of flatt'ring charms no longer stands in need;
While, fond of change, tho' ne'er so dearly bought,
Our tribes outstript the youth's ambitious thought,
His swiftest hopes with swifter homage meet,
And crowd their servile necks beneath his feet.
Thus to his aid while pressing tides repair,
He mounts, and spreads his streamers in the air.
The charms of empire might his youth mislead,
But what can our besotted Israel plead?
Sway'd by a monarch whose serene command
Seems half the blessing of our promis'd land,
Whose only grievance is excess of ease;
Freedom our pain, and plenty our disease!
Yet, as all folly would lay claim to sense,
And wickedness ne'er wanted a pretence,
With argument, they'd make their treason good,
And righteous David's self with slanders load:
That arts of foreign sway he did affect,
And guilty Jebusites from law protect,
Whose very chiefs, convict, were never freed;
Nay, we have seen their sacrifices bleed!
Accusers' infamy is urg'd in vain,
While in the bounds of sense they did contain;
But soon they launch'd into th' unfathom'd tide,
And in the depths they knew disdain'd to ride.
For probable discoveries to dispense
Was thought below a pension'd evidence;
Mere truth was dull, nor suited with the port
Of pamper'd Corah when advanc'd to court.
No less than wonders now they will impose,
And projects void of grace or sense disclose.
Such was the change on pious Michael brought,
Michael that ne'er was cruel even in thought,
The best of queens and most obedient wife,
Impeach'd of curst designs on David's life!
His life, the theme of her eternal pray'r,
'Tis scarce so much his guardian angel's care:
Not summer morns such mildness can disclose,
The Hermon lily, nor the Sharon rose.
Neglecting each vain pomp of majesty,
Transported Michael feeds her thoughts on high:
She lives with angels, and, as angels do,
Quits heaven sometimes to bless the world below:
Where, cherish'd by her bounty's plenteous spring,
Reviving widows smile, and orphans sing.
Oh! when rebellious Israel's crimes at height
Are threaten'd with her lord's approaching fate;
The piety of Michael then remain
In Heaven's remembrance, and prolong his reign!

Less desolation did the pest pursue
That from Dan's limits to Beersheba slew,

Less fatal the repeated wars of Tyre,
And less Jerusalem's avenging fire:
With gentler terror these our state o'er-ran,
Than since our evidencing days began!
On ev'ry check a pale confusion sat,
Continued fear beyond the worst of fate!
Trust was no more; art, science, useless made:
All occupations lost but Corah's trade.
Meanwhile a guard on modest Corah wait,
If not for safety, needful yet for state.
Well might he deem each peer and prince his slave,
And lord it o'er the tribes which he could save:
Ev'n vice in him was virtue — what sad fate
But for his honesty had seis'd our state!
And with what tyranny had we been curst,
Had Corah never prov'd a villain first!
T'have told his knowledge of th' intrigue in
Had been, alas! to our deponent's loss: [gross,
The travell'd Levite had th' experience got,
To husband well, and make the best of 's plot;
And therefore, like an evidence of skill,
With wise reserves secur'd his pension still;
Not quite of future pow'r himself bereft,
But limbos large for unbelievers left.
And now his writ such reverence had got,
'Twas worse than plotting to suspect his plot.
Some were so well convinc'd, they made no doubt
Themselves to help the founder'd swearers out.
Some had their sense impos'd on by their fear,
But more for interest sake believe and swear:
Even to that height with some the phrenzy grew,
They rag'd to find their danger not prove true.
Yet, than all these a viler crew remain,
Who with Achitophel the cry maintain;
Not urg'd by fear, nor thro' misguided sense —
Blind zeal and starving need had some pretence —
But for the good old cause that did excite
Th' original rebel's wiles — revenge and spite.
These raise the plot to have the scandal thrown
Upon the bright successor of the crown,
Whose virtue with such wrongs they had pursued,
As seem'd all hope of pardon to exclude.
Thus, while on private ends their zeal is built,
The cheated crowd applaud and share their guilt.
Such practices as these, too gross to lie
Long unobserv'd by each discerning eye,
The more judicious Israelites unspell'd,
Though still the charm the giddy rabble held.
Even Absalom, amidst the dazzling beams
Of empire, and ambition's flatt'ring dreams,
Perceives the plot, too foul to be excus'd,
To aid designs, no less pernicious, us'd:
And, filial sense yet striving in his breast,
Thus to Achitophel his doubts express'd:
(Why are my thoughts upon a crown employ'd,
Which once obtain'd can be but half enjoy'd?
Not so when virtue did my arms require,
And to my father's wars I flew entire.
My regal pow'r how will my foes resent,
When I myself have scarce my own consent!
Give me a son's unblemish'd truth again,
Or quench the sparks of duty that remain.
How slight to force a throne that legions guard
The task to me; to prove unjust, how hard!
And if th' imagin'd guilt thus wound my thought,
What will it when the tragic scene is wrought?
Dire war must first be conjur'd from below,
The realm we 'd rule we first must overthrow;
And when the civil furies are on the wing,
That blind and undistinguish'd slaughters fling,
Who knows what impious chance may reach the king?
Oh! rather let me perish in the strife,
Than have my crown the price of David's life!
Or, if the tempest of the war he stand,
In peace, some vile officious villain's hand
His soul's anointed temple may invade;
Or, press'd by clam'rous crowds, myself be made
His murderer — rebellious crowds, whose guilt
Shall dread his vengeance till his blood be spilt.
Which if my filial tenderness oppose,
Since to the empire by their arms I rose,
Those very arms on me shall be employ'd,
A new usurper crown'd, and I destroy'd.
The same pretence of public good will hold,
And new Achitophels be found as bold
To urge the needful change, perhaps the old.
He said: the statesman with a smile replies,
A smile that did his rising spleen disguise:
My thoughts presum'd our labors at an end,
And are we still with conscience to contend,
Whose want in kings as needful is allow'd
As 'tis for them to find it in the crowd?
Far in the doubtful passage you are gone,
And only can be safe by pressing on.
The crown's true heir, a prince severe and wise,
Has view'd your motions long with jealous eyes;
Your person's charms, your more prevailing arts,
And mark'd your progress in the people's hearts,
Whose patience is th' effect of stinted pow'r,
But treasures vengeance for the fatal hour;
And, if remote the peril he can bring,
Your present danger's greater from the king.
Let not a parent's name deceive your sense,
Nor trust the father in a jealous prince!
Your trivial faults if he could so resent,
To doom you little less than banishment,
What rage must your presumption since inspire
Against his orders you return from Tyre.
Nor only so, but with a pomp more high,
And open court of popularity,
The factious tribes — And this reproof from thee?
The prince replies, O statesman's winding skill!
They first condemn that first advis'd the ill!
Illustrious youth, return'd Achitophel,
Misconstrue not the words that mean you well.
The course you steer I worthy blame conclude,
But 'tis because you leave it unpursued.
A monarch's crown with fate surrounded lies;
Who reach, lay hold on death that miss the prize.
Did you for this expose yourself to show,
And to the crowd bow popularly low?
For this your glorious progress next ordain,
With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train,
With fame before you like the morning star,
And shouts of joy saluting from afar?
Oh, from the heights you've reach'd but take a view,
Scarce leading Lucifer could fall like you!

And must I here my shipwreck'd arts bemoan?
Have I for this so oft made Israel groan?
Your single int'rest with the nation weigh'd?
And turn'd the scale where your desires were laid?
Even when at helm a course so dang'rous mov'd
To hand your hopes as my removal prov'd?
I not dispute, the royal youth replies,
The known perfection of your policies;
Nor in Achitophel yet grudge or blame
The privilege that statesmen ever claim;
Who private int'rest never yet pursued,
But still pretended 'twas for others' good:
What politician yet e'er scap'd his fate,
Who saving his own neck not sav'd the state?
From hence on ev'ry humorous wind that veer'd,
With shifted sails a several course you steer'd.
What from a sway did David e'er pursue,
That seem'd like absolute, but sprung from you?
Who at your instance quash'd each penal law,
That kept dissenting factions Jews in awe;
And who suspends fix'd laws, may abrogate;
That done, form new, and so enslave the state.
Even property, whose champion now you stand,
And seem for this the idol of the land,
Did ne'er sustain such violence before,
As when your counsel shut the royal store;
Advice, that ruin to whole tribes procur'd,
But secret kept till your own banks secur'd.
Recount with this the triple cov'nant broke,
And Israel fitted for a foreign yoke;
Nor here your counsel's fatal progress staid,
But sent our levied pow'rs to Pharaoh's aid.
Hence Tyre and Israel low in ruins laid,
And Egypt, once their scorn, their common terror made,
Even yet of such a season can we dream,
When royal rights you made your darling theme,
For pow'r unlimited could reasons draw,
And place prerogative above the law;
Which on your fall from office grew unjust,
The laws made king, the king a slave in trust;
Whom with state-craft, to int'rest only true,
You now accuse of ills contriv'd by you.
To this hell's agent — Royal youth, fix here,
Let int'rest be the star by which you steer;
Hence to repose your trust in me was wise,
Whose int'rest most in your advancement lies:
A tie so firm as always will avail,
When friendship, nature, and religion, fail.
On ours the safety of the crowd depends;
Secure the crowd, and we obtain our ends;
Whom I will cause so far our guilt to share,
Till they are made our champions by their fear.
What opposition can your rival bring,
While sanhedrims are jealous of the king?
His strength as yet in David's friendship lies,
And what can David's self without supplies?
Who with exclusive bills must now dispense,
Debar the heir, or starve in his defence;
Conditions which our elders ne'er will quit,
And David's justice never can admit.
Or forc'd by wants his brother to betray,
To your ambition next he clears the way;
For if succession once to nought they bring,
Their next advance removes the present king:
Persisting else his senates to dissolve,
In equal hazard shall his reign involve.
Our tribes, whom Pharaoh's pow'r so much alarms,
Shall rise without their prince t' oppose his arms,
Nor boots it on what cause at first they join,
Their troops once up are tools for our design.
At least such subtile cov'nants shall be made,
Till peace itself is war in masquerade.
Associations of mysterious sense,
Against, but seeming for, the king's defence —
E'en on their courts of justice fetters draw,
And from our agents muzzle up their law:
By which a conquest if we fail to make,
'Tis a drawn game at worst, and we secure our stake.
He said; and for the dire success depends
On various sects, by common guilt made friends;
Whose heads, tho' ne'er so diff'ring in their creed,
I' th' point of treason yet were well agreed.
'Mongst these, extorting Ishban first appears,
Pursued by meagre troops of bankrupt heirs.
Blest times, when Ishban, he whose occupation
So long has been to cheat, reforms the nation!
Ishban of conscience suited to his trade,
As good a saint as usurer ever made.
Yet Mammon has not so engross'd him quite,
But Belial lays as large a claim of spite;
Who, for those pardons from his prince he draws,
Return reproaches, and cries up the cause.
That year in which the city he did sway,
He left rebellion in a hopeful way.
Yet his ambition once was found so bold,
To offer talents of extorted gold;
Could David's wants have so been brib'd, to shame
And scandalise our peerage with his name,
For which, his dear sedition he 'd forswear,
And ev'n turn loyal to be made a peer.
Next him, let railing Rabsheka have place,
So full of zeal he has no need of grace;
A saint that can both flesh and spirit use,
Alike haunt conventicles and the stews:
Of whom the question difficult appears,
If most i' th' preacher's or the bawd's arrears.
What caution could appear too much in him
That keeps the treasure of Jerusalem!
Let David's brother but approach the town,
Double our guards, he cries, we are undone!
Protesting that he dares not sleep in 's bed,
Lest he should rise next morn without his head.
"Next these, a troop of busy spirits press,
Of little fortunes, and of conscience less;
With them the tribe, whose luxury had drain'd
Their banks, in former sequestrations gain'd;
Who rich and great by past rebellions grew,
And long to fish the troubled streams anew.
Some future hopes, some present payment draws,
To sell their conscience and espouse the cause.
Such stipends those vile hirelings best befit,
Priests without grace, and poets without wit.
Shall that false Hebronite escape our curse,
Judas that keeps the rebels' pensive purse;

Judas that pays the treason-writer's fee,
Judas that well deserves his namesake's tree;
Who at Jerusalem's own gates erects
His college for a nursery of sects;
Young prophets with an early care secures,
And with the dung of his own arts manures?
What have the men of Hebron here to do?
What part in Israel's promis'd land have you?
Here Phaleg the lay-Hebronite is come,
'Cause like the rest he could not live at home;
Who from his own possessions could not drain
An omer even of Hebronitish grain,
Here struts it like a patriot, and talks high
Of injur'd subjects, alter'd property:
An emblem of that buzzing insect just,
That mounts the wheel, and thinks she raises dust.
Can dry bones live? or skeletons produce
The vital warmth of cuckoldising juice?
Slim Phaleg could, and at the table fed,
Return'd the grateful product to the bed.
A waiting man to travelling nobles chose,
He his own laws would saucily impose;
Till bastinadoed back again he went,
To learn those manners he to teach was sent.
Chastis'd he ought to have retreated home;
But he reads politics to Absalom.
For never Hebronite, tho' kick'd and scorn'd,
To his own country willingly return'd.
But, leaving famish'd Phaleg to be fed,
And to talk treason for his daily bread.
Let Hebron, nay let hell, produce a man
So made for mischief as Ben-Jochanan;
A Jew of humble parentage was he,
By trade a Levite, though of low degree:
His pride no higher than the desk aspir'd;
But for the drudgery of priests was hir'd,
To read and pray in linen ephod brave,
And pick up single shekels from the grave.
Married at last, but finding charge come faster,
He could not live by God, so chang'd his master.
Inspir'd by want, was made a factious tool;
They got a villain, and we lost a fool.
Still violent, whatever cause he took,
But most against the party he forsook.
For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
Are bound in conscience to be double knaves.
So this prose-prophet took most monstrous pains,
To let his masters see he earn'd his gains.
But, as the devil owes all his imps a shame,
He chose th' apostate for his proper theme;
With little pains he made the picture true,
And from reflection took the rogue he drew.
A wond'rous work, to prove the Jewish nation
In every age a murmuring generation:
To trace them from their infancy of sinning,
And show them factious from their first beginning,
To prove they could rebel, and rail, and mock,
Much to the credit of the chosen flock:
A strong authority, which must convince,
That saints owe no allegiance to their prince,
As 'tis a leading card to make a whore,
To prove her mother had turn'd up before.
But, tell me, did the drunken patriarch bless
The son that show'd his father's nakedness.

Such thanks the present church thy pen will give
Which proves rebellion was so primitive.
Must antient failings be examples made?
Then murderers from Cain may learn their trade.
As thou the heathen and the saint hast drawn,
Methinks th' apostate was the better man;
And thy hot father, waving my respect,
Not of a mother-church, but of a sect:
And such he needs must be of thy inditing;
This comes of drinking asses' milk, and writing.
If Balak should be call'd to leave his place,
As profit is the loudest call of grace,
His temple, dispossess'd of one, would be
Replenish'd with seven devils more by thee.
Levi, thou art a load, I 'll lay thee down,
And show rebellion bare, without a gown;
Poor slaves, in metre, dull and addle-pated,
Who rhyme below ev'n David's Psalms translated.
Some in my speedy pace I must out-run,
As lame Mephibosheth, the wizard's son;
To make quick way, I 'll leap o'er heavy blocks,
Shun rotten Uzza as I would the pox;
And hasten Og and Doeg to rehearse,
Two fools that crutch their feeble sense on verse;
Who by my Muse to all succeeding times
Shall live, in spite of their own doggrel rhymes.
Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made still a blundering kind of melody;
Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd thro' thick and thin,
Thro' sense and nonsense, never out nor in;
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And, in one word, heroically mad:
He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
But fagotted his notions as they fell,
And, if they rhym'd and rattled, all was well;
Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satire,
For still there goes some thinking to ill-nature;
He needs no more than birds and beasts to think,
All his occasions are to eat and drink.
If he call rogue and rascal from a garret,
He means you no more mischief than a parrot;
The words for friend and foe alike were made;
To fetter them in verse, is all his trade.
For almonds he 'll cry whore to his own mother;
And call young Absalom king David's brother.
Let him be gallows-free by my consent,
And nothing suffer since he nothing meant;
Hanging supposes human soul and reason;
This animal's below committing treason:
Shall he be hang'd who never could rebel?
That 's a preferment for Achitophel.
The woman that committed burglary
Was rightly sentenc'd by the law to die;
But 'twas hard fate that to the gallows led
The dog that never heard the statute read.
Railing in other men may be a crime,
But ought to pass for mere instinct in him:
Instinct he follows, and no farther knows;
For to write verse with him is to transpose.
'Twere pity treason at his door to lay,
Who makes heaven's gate a lock to its own key:
Let him rail on, let his invective Muse
Have four-and-twenty letters to abuse;

Which

Which, if he jumbles to one line of sense,
Indict him of a capital offence.
In fire-works give him leave to vent his spite,
Those are the only serpents he can write;
The height of his ambition is, we know,
But to be master of a puppet-show;
On that one stage his works may yet appear:
And a month's harvest keeps him all the year.

Now stop your noses, readers, all and some,
For here 's a turn of midnight-work to come,
Og from a treason-tavern rolling home.
Round as a globe, and liquor'd ev'ry chink,
Goodly and great he sails behind his link;
With all this bulk there 's nothing lost in Og;
For every inch that is not fool, is rogue:
A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
As all the devils had spew'd to make the batter.
When wine has given him courage to blaspheme,
He curses God, but God before curs'd him;
And, if man could have reason, none has more,
That made his paunch so rich, and him so poor.
With wealth he was not trusted, for Heaven knew
What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;
To what would he on quail and pheasant swell,
That e'en on tripe and carrion could rebel?
But tho' Heaven made him poor, with rev'rence speaking,
He never was a poet of God's making;
The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
With this prophetic blessing — "Be thou dull;
Drink, swear, and roar; forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk; do any thing but write:
Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men;
A strong nativity — but for the pen!
Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
Still thou may'st live, avoiding pen and ink:
I see, I see, 'tis counsel given in vain,
For treason botch'd in rhyme will be thy bane:
Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,
'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck:
Why should thy metre good king David blast?
A psalm of his will surely be thy last.
Dar'st thou presume in verse to meet thy foes,
Thou whom the penny pamphlet foil'd in prose?
Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
O'ertops thy talent in thy very trade:
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,
A poet is, tho' he 's the poet's horse.
A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull
For writing treason, and for writing dull:
To die for faction is a common evil;
But to be hang'd for nonsense is the devil.
Hadst thou the glories of thy king express'd,
Thy praises had been satire at the best;
But thou in clumsy verse, unlick'd, unpointed,
Hast shamefully defied the Lord's anointed:
I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?
But of king David's foes be this the doom,
May all be like the young man Absalom!
And for my foes, may this their blessing be,
To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee!
Achitophel each rank, degree, and age,
For various ends neglects not to engage
The wise and rich for purse and council brought,
The fools and beggars for their numbers sought:
Who yet not only on the town depends,
For ev'n in court the faction had its friends;
These thought the places they possess'd too small,
And in their hearts wish'd court and king to fall:
Whose name the Muse disdaining, holds i'th' dark,
Thrust in the villain herd without a mark;
With parasites and libel-spawning imps,
Intriguing fops, dull jesters, and worse pimps.
Disdain the rascal rabble to pursue;
Their set cabals are yet a viler crew:
See where involv'd in common smoke they sit;
Some for our mirth, some for our satire fit.
These gloomy, thoughtful, and on mischief bent,
While for those mere good fellowship frequent
Th' appointed club, can let sedition pass,
Sense, no sense, any thing, t' employ the glass;
And who believe in their dull honest hearts,
The rest talk treason but to show their parts;
Who ne'er had wit or will for mischief yet,
But pleas'd to be reputed of a set.
But, in the sacred annals of our plot,
Industrious Arod never be forgot:
The labors of this midnight magistrate
May vie with Corah's to preserve the state,
In search of arms he fail'd not to lay hold
On war's most pow'rful, dangerous weapon, gold.
And last, to take from Jebusites all odds,
Their altars pillag'd, stole their very gods.
Oft would he cry, when treasure he surpris'd,
'Tis Baalish gold in David's coin disguis'd:
Which to his house with richer relics came,
While lumber idols only fed the flame:
For our wise rabble ne'er took pains to inquire
What 'twas he burnt, so 't made a rousing fire.
With which our elder was enrich'd no more
Than false Gehazi with the Syrian's store;
So poor, that when our choosing tribes were met,
Ev'n for his stinking votes he ran in debt;
For meat the wicked, and, as authors think,
The saints he chous'd for his electing drink;
Thus ev'ry shift and subtle method past,
And all to be no Zaken at the last.

Now, rais'd on Tyre's sad ruins, Pharaoh's pride
Soar'd high, his legions threat'ning far and wide.
As when a battering storm engender'd high,
By wings upheld, hangs hovering in the sky,
Is gaz'd upon by ev'ry trembling swain;
This for his vineyard fears, and that his grain;
For blooming plants, and flow'rs new opening, these,
For lambs yean'd lately, and far-laboring bees:
To guard his stock each to the gods does call,
Uncertain where the fire-charg'd clouds will fall.
Ev'n so the doubtful nations watch his arms,
With terror each expecting his alarms.
Where, Judah, where was now the lion's roar,
Thou only could'st the captive lands restore:
But thou, with inbred broils and faction prest,
From Egypt need'st a guardian with the rest.
Thy prince from sanhedrims no trust allow'd,
Too much the representers of the crowd,

Who for their own defence give no supply,
But what the crown's prerogative must buy:
As if their monarch's right to violate
More needful were, than to preserve the state!
From present dangers they divert their care,
And all their fears are of the royal heir;
Whom now the reigning malice of his foes,
Unjudg'd would sentence, and ere crown'd depose,
Religion the pretence, but their decree
To bar his reign, whate'er his faith may be!
By sanhedrims and clam'rous crowds thus prest,
What passions rent the righteous David's breast!
Who knows not how t' oppose or to comply,
Unjust to grant, and dang'rous to deny!
How near in this dark juncture Israel's fate,
Whose peace one sole expedient could create,
Which yet th' extremest virtue did require,
Ev'n of that prince whose downfall they conspire!
His absence David does with tears advise
T' appease their rage: undaunted he complies.
Thus he who, prodigal of blood and ease,
A royal life expos'd to winds and seas,
At once contending with the waves and fire,
And heading danger in the wars of Tyre,
Inglorious now forsakes his native sand,
And, like an exile, quits the promis'd land!
Our monarch scarce from pressing tears refrains,
And painfully his royal state maintains;
Who now embracing on the extremest shore
Almost revokes what he enjoin'd before:
Concludes at last more trust to be allow'd
To storms and seas than to the raging crowd!
Forbear, rash Muse, the parting scene to draw,
With silence charm'd as deep as theirs that saw!
Not only our attending nobles weep,
But hardy sailors swell with tears the deep!
The tide restrain'd her course, and more amaz'd
The twin-stars on the royal brothers gaz'd:
While this sole fear ——
Does trouble to our suffering hero bring,
Lest next the popular rage oppress the king!
Thus parting, each for th' other's danger griev'd,
The shore the king, and seas the prince receiv'd.
Go, injur'd hero, while propitious gales,
Soft as thy consort's breath, inspire thy sails;
Well may she trust her beauties on a flood,
Where thy triumphant fleets so oft have rode!
Safe on thy breast reclin'd her rest be deep,
Rock'd like a Nereid by waves asleep;
While happiest dreams her fancy entertain,
And to Elysian fields convert the main!
Go, injur'd hero, while the shores of Tyre
At thy approach so silent shall admire,
Who on thy thunder still their thoughts employ,
And greet thy landing with a trembling joy.
On heroes thus the prophet's fate is thrown,
Admir'd by ev'ry nation but their own;
Yet while our factious Jews his worth deny,
Their aching conscience gives their tongue the lie.
Ev'n in the worst of men the noblest parts
Confess him, and he triumphs in their hearts,
Who to his king the best respects commend
Of subject, soldier, kinsman, prince, and friend.
All sacred names of most divine esteem,
And to perfection all sustain'd by him;
Wise, just, and constant, courtly without art,
Swift to discern and to reward desert;
No hour of his in fruitless ease destroy'd,
But on the noblest subjects still employ'd:
Whose steady soul ne'er learnt to separate
Between his monarch's int'rest and the state;
But heaps those blessings on the royal head,
Which he well knows must be on subjects shed.
On what pretence could then the vulgar rage
Against his worth and native rights engage?
Religious fears their arguments are made,
Religious fears his sacred rights invade!
Of future superstition they complain,
And Jebusitic worship in his reign:
With such alarms his foes the crowd deceive,
With dangers fright which not themselves believe.
Since nothing can our sacred rights remove,
Whate'er the faith of the successor prove:
Our Jews their ark shall undisturb'd retain,
At least while their religion is their gain;
Who know, by old experience, Baal's commands
Not only claim'd their conscience, but their lands;
They grudg'd God's tithes, how therefore shall they
An idol full possession of the field? [yield
Grant such a prince enthron'd, we must confess
The people's sufferings than that monarch's less,
Who must to hard conditions still be bound,
And for his quiet with the crowd compound;
Or, should his thoughts to tyranny incline,
Where are the means to compass the design?
Our crown's revenues are too short a store,
And jealous sanhedrims would give no more.
As vain our fears of Egypt's potent aid,
Not so has Pharaoh learnt ambition's trade;
Nor ever with such measures can comply,
As shock the common rules of policy;
None dread like him the growth of Israel's king,
And he alone sufficient aids can bring;
Who knows that prince to Egypt can give law;
That on our stubborn tribes his yoke could draw,
At such profound expence he has not stood,
Nor dyed for this his hands so deep in blood; [take,
Would ne'er thro' wrong and right his progress
Grudge his own rest, and keep the world awake,
To fix a lawless prince on Juda's throne,
First to invade our rights, and then his own:
His dear-gain'd conquests cheaply to despoil,
And reap the harvests of his crimes and toil.
We grant his wealth vast as our ocean's sand,
And curse its fatal influence on our land,
Which our brib'd Jews so num'rously partake,
That ev'n an host his pensioners would make;
From these deceivers our divisions spring,
Our weakness, and the growth of Egypt's king;
These, with pretended friendship to the state,
Our crowds suspicion of their prince create;
Both pleas'd and frighten'd with the specious cry,
To guard their sacred rights and property;
To ruin thus the chosen flock are sold,
While wolves are ta'en for guardians of the fold;
Seduc'd by these we groundlessly complain,
And loath the manna of a gentle reign:

Thus

Thus our forefathers' crooked paths are trod;
We trust our prince no more than they their God.
But all in vain our reas'ning prophets preach
To those whom sad experience ne'er could teach,
Who can commence new broils in bleeding scars,
And fresh remembrance of intestine wars;
When the same household mortal foes did yield,
And brothers stain'd with brothers' blood the field,
When sons' curs'd steel the fathers' gore did stain,
And mothers mourn'd for sons by fathers slain!
When thick as Egypt's locusts on the sand
Our tribes lay slaughter'd thro' the promis'd land,
Whose few survivors with worse fate remain,
To drag the bondage of a tyrant's reign:
Which scene of woes, unknowing, we renew,
And madly, ev'n those ills we fear, pursue;
While Pharaoh laughs at our domestic broils,
And safely crowds his tents with nations' spoils.
Yet our fierce sanhedrim in restless rage
Against our absent hero still engage;
And chiefly urge, such did their phrenzy prove,
The only suit their prince forbids to move;
Which till obtain'd they cease affairs of state,
And real dangers wave for groundless hate.
Long David's patience waits relief to bring,
With all th' indulgence of a lawful king,
Expecting till the troubled waves would cease,
But found the raging billows still increase.
The crowd, whose insolence forbearance swells,
While he forgives too far, almost rebels.
At last his deep resentment silence broke,
Th' imperial palace shook while thus he spoke:
Then Justice wake, and Rigor take her time,
For, lo! our mercy is become our crime.
While halting Punishment her stroke delays,
Our sov'reign right, heaven's sacred trust, decays!
For whose support ev'n subjects' interest calls,
Woe to that kingdom where the monarch falls!
That prince who yields the least of regal sway;
So far his people's freedom does betray.
Right lives by law, and law subsists by pow'r;
Disarm the shepherd, wolves the flock devour.
Hard lot of empire o'er a stubborn race,
Which Heaven itself in vain has tried with grace!
When will our reason's long-charm'd eyes unclose,
And Israel judge between her friends and foes?
When shall we see expired deceivers sway,
And credit what our God and monarchs say?
Dissembled patriots, brib'd with Egypt's gold,
Ev'n sanhedrims in blind obedience hold;
Those patriots falsehood in their actions see,
And judge by the pernicious fruit the tree;
If aught for which so loudly they declaim,
Religion, laws, and freedom, were their aim;
Our senates in due methods they had led,
T'avoid those mischiefs which they seem'd to dread,
But first ere yet they propp'd the sinking state,
T' impeach and charge, as urg'd by private hate:
Proves that they ne'er believ'd the fears they press'd,
But barb'rously destroy'd the nation's rest!
O! whither will ungovern'd senates drive,
And to what bounds licentious votes arrive?
When their injustice we are press'd to share,
The monarch urg'd t' exclude the lawful heir;
Are princes thus distinguish'd from the crowd,
And this the privilege of royal blood?
But grant we should confirm the wrongs they press,
His sufferings yet were than the people's less;
Condemn'd for life the murdering sword to wield,
And on their heirs entail a bloody field:
Thus madly their own freedom they betray,
And for th' oppression which they fear make way;
Succession fix'd by Heaven, the kingdom's bar,
Which once dissolv'd admits the flood of war:
Waste, rapine, spoil, without, th' assault begin;
And our mad tribes supplant the fence within.
Since then their good they will not understand,
'Tis time to take the monarch's pow'r in hand;
Authority and force to join with skill,
And save the lunatics against their will.
The same rough means that 'suage the crowd, appease
Our senates raging with the crowd's disease.
Henceforth unbiass'd measures let them draw
From no false glass, but genuine text of law;
Nor urge those crimes upon religion's score,
Themselves so much in Jebusites abhor.
Whom laws convict, and only they, shall bleed;
Nor Pharisees by Pharisees be freed.
Impartial justice from our throne shall show'r;
All shall have right, and we our sov'reign pow'r.
He said: th' attendants heard with awful joy,
And glad presages their fix'd thoughts employ;
From Hebron now the suffering heir return'd,
A realm that long with civil discord mourn'd;
Till his approach, like some arriving God,
Compos'd and heal'd the place of his abode;
The deluge check'd that to Jucca spread,
And stopp'd sedition at the fountain's head.
Thus in forgiving David's paths he drives,
And, chas'd from Israel, Israel's peace contrives.
The field confess'd his pow'r in arms before,
And seas proclaim'd his triumphs to the shore;
As nobly has his sway in Hebron shown,
How fit t' inherit godlike David's throne.
Through Sion's streets his glad arrival's spread,
And conscious faction shrinks her snaky head;
His train their sufferings think o'erpaid, to see
The crowd's applause with virtue once agree.
Success charms all, but zeal for worth distrest
A virtue proper to the brave and best;
'Mongst whom was Jothran, Jothran always bent
To serve the crown, and loyal by descent;
Whose constancy so firm, and conduct just,
Deserv'd at once two royal master's trust;
Who Tyre's proud arms had manfully withstood,
On seas, and gather'd laurels from the flood;
Of learning yet no portion was denied,
Friend to the Muses, and the Muses' pride.
Nor can Benaiah's worth forgotten lie,
Of steady soul when public storms were high;
Whose conduct, while the Moor fierce onsets made,
Secur'd at once our honor and our trade.
Such were the chiefs who most his sufferings mourn'd,
And view'd with silent joy the prince return'd;
While those that sought his absence to betray,
Press first their nauseous false respects to pay;

Him still th' officious hypocrites molest,
And with malicious duty break his rest.
While real transports thus his friends employ,
And foes are loud in their dissembled joy,
His triumphs, so resounded far and near,
Miss'd not his young ambitious rival's ear;
And as when joyful hunter's clam'rous train
Some slumb'ring lion wakes in Moab's plain,
Who oft had forc'd the bold assailants yield,
And scatter'd his pursuers through the field,
Disdaining, furls his mane and tears the ground,
His eyes inflaming all the desert round,
With roar of seas directs his chasers' way,
Provokes from far, and dares them to the fray:
Such rage storm'd now in Absalom's fair breast,
Such indignation his fir'd eyes confess'd;
Where now was the instructor of his pride?
Slept the old pilot in so rough a tide?
Whose wiles had from the happy shore betray'd,
And thus on shelves the credulous youth convey'd.
In deep revolving thought he weighs his state,
Secure of craft, nor doubts to baffle fate;
At least, if his storm'd bark should go adrift,
To baulk his charge, and for himself to shift,
In which his dext'rous wit had oft been shown,
And in the wreck of kingdoms sav'd his own.
But now, with more than common danger prest,
Of various resolutions stands possest,
Perceives the crowd's unstable zeal decay,
Lest their recanting chief the cause betray:
Who on a father's grace his hopes may ground,
And for his pardon with their heads compound.
Him therefore, ere his fortune slip her time,
The statesman plots t' engage in some bold crime.
Past pardon, whether to attempt his bed,
Or threat with open arms the royal head,
Or other daring method, and unjust,
That may confirm him in the people's trust.
But failing thus t' ensnare him, nor secure
How long his foil'd ambition may endure,
Plots next to lay him by, as past his date,
And try some new pretender's luckier fate;
Whose hopes with equal toil he would pursue,
Nor cares what claimer's crown'd except the true.
Wake, Absalom, approaching ruin shun,
And see, oh see, for whom thou art undone!
How are thy honors and thy fame betray'd,
The property of desperate villain's made!
Lost pow'r and conscious fear their crimes create,
And guilt in them was little less than fate:
But why should'st thou, from ev'ry grievance free,
Forsake thy vineyards for their stormy sea?
For thee did Canaan's milk and honey flow;
Love dress'd thy bow'rs, and laurels sought thy brow;
Preferment, wealth, and pow'r, thy vassals were,
And of a monarch all things but the care.
Oh should'st four crimes again that curse draw down,
And rebel-arms once more attempt the crown,
Sure ruin waits unhappy Absalom,
Alike by conquest or defeat undone;
Who could relentless see such youth and charms
Expire with wretched fate in impious arms?
A prince so form'd with earth's and heaven applause
To triumph o'er crown'd heads in David's cause:
Or, grant him victor, still his hopes must fail,
Who conquering would not for himself prevail:
The faction whom he trusts for future sway,
Him and the public would alike betray;
Amongst themselves divide the captive state,
And found their hydra empire in his fate!
Thus having beat the clouds with painful flight,
The pitied youth, with sceptres in his sight,
So have their cruel politics decreed,
Must, by that crew that made him guilty bleed!
For could their pride brook any prince's sway,
Whom but mild David would they choos t' obey?
Who once at such a gentle reign repine,
The fall of monarchy itself design;
From hate to that their reformations spring,
And David not the grievance, but the king.
Seis'd now with panic fear the faction lies,
Lest this clear truth strike Absalom's charm'd eyes,
Lest he perceive, from long enchantment free,
What all beside the flatter'd youth must see.
But whate'er doubts his troubled bosom swell,
Fair carriage still became Achitophel;
Who now an envious festival installs,
And to survey their strength the faction calls,
Which fraud, religious worship too must gild;
But oh how weakly does sedition build!
For, lo! the royal mandate issues forth,
Dashing at once their treason, zeal, and mirth!
So have I seen disastrous chance invade,
Where careful emmets had their forage laid,
Whether fierce Vulcan's rage the furzy plain
Had seis'd, engender'd by some careless swain;
Or swelling Neptune lawless inroads made,
And to their cell of store his flood convey'd;
The commonwealth broke up, distracted go,
And in wild haste their loaded mates o'erthrow:
Ev'n so our scatter'd mates confus'dly meet,
With boil'd, bake, roast, all justling in the street;
Dejecting all, and ruefully dismay'd,
For sheked without treat or treason paid.
Sedition's dark eclipse now fainter shows,
More bright each hour the royal planet grows,
Of force the clouds of envy to disperse,
In kind conjunction of assisting stars.
Here, lab'ring Muse, those glorious chiefs relate,
That turn'd the doubtful scale of David's fate;
The rest of that illustrious band rehearse,
Immortaliz'd in laurel'd Asaph's verse:
Hard task! yet will not I thy flight recall;
View heaven, and then enjoy thy glorious fall!
First write Bezaliel, whose illustrious name
Forestals our praise, and gives his poet fame.
The Kenites' rocky province his command,
A barren limb of fertile Canaan's land;
Which for its generous natives yet could be
Held worthy such a president as he!
Bezaliel with such grace and virtue fraught,
Serene his looks, serene his life and thought;
On whom so largely nature heap'd her store,
There scarce remain'd for arts to give him more!

To

To aid the crown and state his greatest zeal,
His second care that service to conceal:
Of dues observant, firm to ev'ry trust,
And to the needy always more than just:
Who truth from specious falsehood can divide,
Has all the gownsmen's skill without their pride;
Thus crown'd with worth from heights of honor won,
See all his glories copied in his son,
Whose forward fame should ev'ry Muse engage,
Whose youth boasts skill denied to others age.
Men, manners, language, books of noblest kind,
Already are the conquest of his mind;
Whose loyalty before its date was prime,
Nor waited the dull course of rolling time:
The monster Faction early he dismay'd,
And David's cause long since confess'd his aid.
Brave Abdael o'er the prophet's school was plac'd;
Abdael with all his father's virtue grac'd;
A hero, who, while stars look'd wond'ring down,
Without one Hebrew's blood restor'd the crown.
That praise was his; what therefore did remain
For following chiefs, but boldly to maintain
That crown restor'd? and in this rank of fame,
Brave Abdael with the first a place must claim.
Proceed, illustrious, happy chief! proceed,
Foresee the garlands for thy brow decreed,
While th' inspir'd tribe attend with noblest strain
To register the glories thou shalt gain:
For sure the dew shall Gilboah's hills forsake,
And Jordan mix his stream with Sodom's lake;
Or seas retir'd their secret stores disclose,
And to the sun their scaly brood expose;
Or swell'd above the cliffs their billows raise,
Before the Muses leave their patron's praise.
Eliab our next labor does invite,
And hard the task to do Eliab right:
Long with the royal wanderer he rov'd,
And firm in all the turns of fortune prov'd!
Such antient service, and desert so large,
Well claim'd the royal household for his charge;
His age with only one mild heiress blest,
In all the bloom of smiling nature drest,
And blest again to see his flow'r allied
To David's stock, and made young Othniel's bride!
The bright restorer of his father's youth,
Devoted to a son's and subject's truth:
Resolv'd to bear that prize of beauty home,
So bravely sought, while sought by Absalom.
Ah prince! th' illustrious planet of thy birth,
And thy more pow'rful virtue, guard thy worth!
That no Achitophel thy ruin boast!
Israel too much in one such wreck has lost.
E'en envy must consent to Helon's worth,
Whose soul, though Egypt glories in his birth,
Could for our captive ark its zeal retain;
And Pharaoh's altars in their pomp disdain:
To slight his goods was small; with nobler pride,
He all th' allurements of his court defied.
Whom profit nor example could betray,
But Israel's friend, and true to David's sway.
What acts of favor in his province fall,
On merit he confers, and freely all.

Our list of nobles next let Amri grace,
Whose merits claim'd the Abethdin's high place;
Who, with a loyalty that did excel,
Brought all th' endowments of Achitophel.
Sincere was Amri, and not only knew,
But Israel's sanctions into practice drew;
Our laws, that did a boundless ocean seem,
Were coasted all, and fathom'd all by him.
No rabbin speaks like him their mystic sense,
So just, and with such charms of eloquence:
To whom the double blessing does belong,
With Moses' inspiration, Aaron's tongue.
Than Sheva none more loyal zeal have shown,
Wakeful as Judah's lion for the crown,
Who for that cause still combats in his age,
For which his youth with danger did engage.
In vain our factious priests the cant revive;
In vain seditious scribes with libel strive
T' inflame the crowd; while he with watchful eye
Observes, and shoots their treasons as they fly;
Their weekly frauds his keen replies detect;
He undeceives more fast than they infect.
So Moses, when the pest on legions prey'd,
Advanc'd his signal, and the plague was stay'd.
Once more, my fainting Muse, thy pinions try,
And strength's exhausted store let love supply.
What tribute, Asaph, shall we render thee?
We'll crown thee with a wreath from thy own tree!
Thy laurel grove no envy's flash can blast:
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.
With wonder late posterity shall dwell
On Absalom and false Achitophel:
Thy strain shall be our slumb'ring prophet's dream,
And when our Sion virgins sing their theme,
Our jubilees shall with thy verse be grac'd;
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.
How fierce his satire loos'd! restrain'd, how tame!
How tender of th' offending young man's fame!
How well his worth and brave adventures styl'd!
Just to his virtues, to his error mild.
No page of thine, that fears the strictest view,
But teems with just reproof, or praise as true.
Not Eden could a fairer prospect yield;
All paradise without one barren field:
Whose wit the censure of his foes has past,
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.
What praise for such rich strains shall we allow?
What just rewards the grateful crown bestow?
While bees in flow'rs rejoice, and flow'rs in dew,
While stars and fountains to their course are true;
While Judah's throne and Sion's rock stand fast,
The song of Asaph and the fame shall last.
Still Hebron's honor'd happy soil retains
Our royal hero's beauteous dear remains;
Who now sails off with winds nor wishes slack,
To bring his suff'rings' bright companion back,
But ere such transport can our sense employ,
A bitter grief must poison half our joy;
Nor can our coasts restor'd those blessings see
Without a bribe to envious destiny!
Curs'd Sodom's doom for ever fix the tide
Where, by inglorious chance, the valiant died!
Give not insulting Askalon to know,
Nor let Gath's daughters triumph in our woe!

No

No sailor with the news swell Egypt's pride,
By what inglorious fate our valiant died!
Weep Arnon! Jordan, weep thy fountains dry,
While Sion's rock dissolves for a supply.
Calm were the elements, night's silence deep,
The waves scarce murmuring, and the winds asleep;
Yet fate for ruin takes so still an hour,
And treach'rous sands the princely bark devour;
Then death unworthy seiz'd a gen'rous race,
To virtue's scandal, and the stars disgrace!
Oh! had the indulgent pow'rs vouchsaf'd to yield,
Instead of faithless shelves, a listed field;
A listed field of Heaven's and David's foes,
Fierce as the troops that did his youth oppose;
Each life had on his slaughter'd heap retir'd,
Not tamely and uncong'ring thus expir'd:
But destiny is now their only foe,
And dying e'en o'er that they triumph too;
With loud last breaths their master's 'scape applaud,
Of whom kind force could scarce the fates defraud;
Who for such followers lost, O matchless mind!
At his own safety now almost repin'd!
Say, royal Sir, by all your fame in arms,
Your praise in peace, and by Urania's charms,
If all your sufferings past so nearly press'd,
Or pierc'd with half so painful grief, your breast?
Thus some diviner Muse her hero forms,
Not sooth'd in soft delights, but toss'd in storms;
Nor stretch'd on roses in the myrtle grove,
Nor crowns his days with mirth, his nights with love;
But far remov'd in thund'ring camps is found,
His slumbers short, his bed the herbless ground:
In tasks of danger always seen the first,
Feeds from the hedge, and slakes with ice his thirst.
Long must his patience strive with fortune's rage,
And long opposing gods themselves engage:
Must see his country flame, his friends destroy'd,
Before the promis'd empire be enjoy'd:
Such toils of fate must build a man of fame,
And such to Israel's crown, the godlike David came.
What sudden beams dispel the clouds so fast,
Whose drenching rains laid all our vineyards waste!
The spring so far behind her course delay'd,
On th' instant is in all her bloom array'd;
The winds breathe low, the elements serene;
Yet mark what motion in the waves is seen!
Thronging and busy as Hyblaen swarms,
Or straggled soldiers summon'd to their arms.
See where the princely bark in loosest pride,
With all her guardian fleet, adorns the tide!
High on her deck the royal lovers stand,
Our crimes to pardon ere he touch'd our land.
Welcome to Israel and to David's breast!
Here all your toils, here all your suff'rings rest.
This year did Ziloah rule Jerusalem,
And boldly all Sedition's syrtes stem.
Howe'er encumber'd with a viler pair
Than Ziph or Shimei to assist the chair;
Yet Ziloah's loyal labors so prevail'd,
That faction at the next election fail'd;
When ev'n the common cry did justice sound,
And merit by the multitude was crown'd:
With David then was Israel's peace restor'd;
Crowds mourn'd their error, and obey'd their lord.

Key to Absalom and Achitophel.

Abdael,	—	General Monk, Duke of Albemarle.
Abethdin,	—	The name given thro' this poem to a Lord Chancellor in general.
Absalom,	—	Duke of Monmouth.
Achitophel,	—	The Earl of Shaftesbury.
Adriel,	—	Earl of Mulgrave.
Agag,	—	Sir Edmundbury Godfrey.
Amiel,	—	Mr. Seymour, Speaker of the House of Commons.
Amri,	—	Sir Heneage Finch, Earl of Winchelsea, and Lord Chancellor.
Annabel,	—	Duchess of Monmouth.
Arod,	—	Sir William Waller.
Asaph,	—	A Character drawn by Tate for Dryden, in the second part of his poem.
Balaam,	—	Earl of Huntingdon.
Balaak,	—	Barnet.
Barzillai,	—	Duke of Ormond.
Bathsheba,	—	Duchess of Portsmouth.
Benaiah,	—	General Sackville.
Ben Jochanan,		Rev. Mr. Sam. Johnson.
Bezaliel,	—	Duke of Beaufort.
Caleb,	—	Lord Grey.
Corah,	—	Dr. Oates.
David,	—	Charles II.
Doeg,	—	Elkanah Settle.
Egypt,	—	France.
Eliab,	—	Sir Hen. Bennet, Earl of Arlington.
Ethnic Plot,	—	The Popish Plot.
Gath,	—	The Land of Exile, more particularly Brussels, where King Charles II. long resided.
Hebron,	—	Scotland.
Hebrew Priests,		The Ch. of Engl. Clergy.
Hebon,	—	Earl of Feversham.
Hushai,	—	Hyde, Earl of Rochester.
Jebusites,	—	Papists.
Jerusalem,	—	London.
Jews,	—	English.
Jonas,	—	Sir William Jones.
Jordan,	—	Dover.
Jotham,	—	Marquis of Hallifax.
Jothran,	—	Lord Dartmouth.
Ishbosheth,	—	Richard Cromwell.
Israel,	—	England.
Issachar,	—	Thomas Thynne, Esq.
Judas,	—	Mr. Ferguson, a canting Teacher.
Ishban,	—	Sir Robert Clayton.
Mephibosheth,		Pordage.
Michal,	—	Queen Catharine.
Nadab,	—	Lord Howard of Escrick.
Og,	—	Shadwell.
Phaleg,	—	Forbes.

Pharaoh,

Pharaoh, — King of France.
Rabsheka, — Sir Thomas Player.
Sagan of Jerusalem, Dr Compton, Bp. of Lon.
Sanhedrim, — Parliament.
Saul, — Oliver Cromwell.
Shimei, — Sheriff Bethel.
Sheva, — Sir Roger Lestrange.
Sodymean Rout, London Rebels.
Tyre, — Holland.
Uzza, — Jack Hall.
Zadoc, — Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury.
Zaken, — A Member of the House of Commons.
Zimri, — Villiers, D. of Buckingham.
Ziloah, — Sir John Moor.

§ 28. *Palamon and Arcite: or, the Knight's Tale.* Dryden.

BOOK I.

In days of old, there liv'd of mighty fame,
A valiant prince, and Theseus was his name:
A chief who more in feats of arms excell'd
The rising nor the setting sun beheld.
Of Athens he was lord; much land he won,
And added foreign countries to his crown.
In Scythia with the warrior queen he strove,
Whom first by force he conquer'd, then by love:
He brought in triumph back the beauteous dame,
With whom her sister, fair Emilia, came.
With honor to his home let Theseus ride,
With love to friend, and fortune for his guide,
And his victorious army at his side.
I pass their warlike pomp, their proud array,
Their shouts, their songs, their welcome on the way:
But, were it not too long, I would recite
The fear of Amazons, the fatal fight
Betwixt the hardy queen and hero knight;
The town besieg'd, and how much blood it cost
The female army and th' Athenian host;
The spousals of Hippolita the queen;
What tilts and tourneys at the feast were seen;
The storm at their return, the ladies' fear:
But these and other things, I must forbear.
The field is spacious I design to sow,
With oxen far unfit to draw the plough;
The remnant of my tale is of a length
To tire your patience, and to waste my strength;
And trivial accidents shall be forborne,
That others may have time to take their turn:
As was at first enjoin'd us by mine host,
That he whose tale is best, and pleases most,
Should win his supper at our common cost.
And therefore where I left I will pursue
This antient story, whether false or true,
In hope it may be mended with a new.
The prince I mention'd, full of high renown,
In this array drew near the Athenian town;
When in his pomp and utmost of his pride,
Marching he chanc'd to cast his eye aside,
And saw a choir of mourning dames, who lay
By two and two across the common way:
At his approach they rais'd a rueful cry, [high,
And beat their breasts, and held their hands on
Creeping and crying, till they seis'd at last
His courser's bridle, and his feet embrac'd.
Tell me, said Theseus, what and whence you are,
And why this fun'ral pageant you prepare:
Is this the welcome of my worthy deeds,
To meet my triumph in ill-omen'd weeds?
Or envy you my praise, and would destroy
With grief my pleasures, and pollute my joy?
Or are you injur'd, and demand relief?
Name your request, and I will ease your grief.
The most in years of all the mourning train,
Began (but swooned first away for pain);
Then scarce recover'd spoke: Nor envy we
Thy great renown, nor grudge thy victory:
'Tis thine, O king, th' afflicted to redress,
And fame has fill'd the world with thy success:
We wretched women sue for that alone,
Which of thy goodness is refus'd to none;
Let fall some drops of pity on our grief,
If that we beg be just, and we deserve relief:
For none of us, who now thy grace implore,
But held the rank of sov'reign queen before;
Till, thanks to giddy chance, which never bears
That mortal bliss should last for length of years,
She cast us headlong from our high estate;
And here in hope of thy return we wait:
And long have waited in the temple nigh,
Built to the gracious goddess Clemency. [bears,
But rev'rence thou the pow'r whose name it
Relieve th' oppress, and wipe the widow's tears.
I, wretched I, have other fortune seen,
The wife of Capaneus, and once a queen:
At Thebes he fell; curst be the fatal day;
And all the rest thou seest in this array,
To make their moan, their lords in battle lost
Before that town besieg'd by our confed'rate host:
But Creon, old and impious, who commands
The Theban city, and usurps the lands,
Denies the rites of fun'ral fires to those
Whose breathless bodies yet he calls his foes.
Unburn'd, unburied, on a heap they lie;
Such is their fate, and such his tyranny;
No friend has leave to bear away the dead,
But with their lifeless limbs his hounds are fed.
At this she shriek'd aloud; the mournful train
Echoed her grief, and grov'ling on the plain,
With groans, and hands upheld, to move his mind,
Besought his pity to their helpless kind!
The prince was touch'd, his tears began to flow,
And, as his tender heart would break in two,
He sigh'd: and could not but their fate deplore,
So wretched now, so fortunate before.
Then lightly from his lofty steed he flew,
And raising one by one the suppliant crew,
To comfort each, full solemnly he swore,
That by the faith which knights to knighthood bore,
And whate'er else to chivalry belongs,
He would not cease, till he reveng'd their wrongs:
That Greece should see perform'd what he declar'd;
And cruel Creon find his just reward.
He

He said no more, but, shunning all delay,
Rode on, nor entered Athens on his way:
But left his sister and his queen behind,
And waved his royal banner in the wind:
Where in an argent field the god of war
Was drawn triumphant on his iron car:
Red was his sword, and shield, and whole attire;
And all the godhead seem'd to glow with fire;
E'en the ground glitter'd where the standard flew,
And the green grass was dy'd to sanguine hue.
High on his pointed lance his pennon bore
His Cretan fight, the conquer'd Minotaur;
The soldiers shout around with gen'rous rage,
And in that victory their own presage.
He prais'd their ardor, inly pleas'd to see
His host the flow'r of Grecian chivalry.
All day he march'd, and all th' ensuing night;
And saw the city with returning light.
The process of the war I need not tell,
How Theseus conquer'd, and how Creon fell;
Or after, how by storm the walls were won,
Or how the victor sack'd and burn'd the town;
How to the ladies he restored again
The bodies of their lords in battle slain;
And with what antient rites they were interr'd:
All these to fitter times shall be deferr'd.
I spare the widows' tears, their woeful cries,
And howling at their husbands' obsequies;
How Theseus at these fun'rals did assist,
And with what gifts the mourning dames dismiss'd.
Thus, when the victor chief had Creon slain,
And conquer'd Thebes, he pitch'd upon the plain
His mighty camp, and when the day return'd,
The country wasted, and the hamlets burn'd;
And left the pillagers to rapine bred,
Without control to strip and spoil the dead.
There, in a heap of slain, among the rest,
Two youthful knights they found, beneath a load oppress
Of slaughter'd foes, whom first to death they sent,
The trophies of the strength a bloody monument.
Both fair, and both of royal blood they seem'd,
Whom kinsmen to the crown the herald's deem'd:
That day in equal arms they fought for fame:
Their swords, their shields, their surcourts, were the same.
Close by each other laid, they press'd the ground,
Their manly bosoms pierc'd with many a grissly wound;
Nor well alive, nor wholly dead, they were,
But some faint signs of feeble life appear:
The wand'ring breath was on the wing to part,
Weak was the pulse, and hardly heav'd the heart.
These two were sister's sons, and Arcite one,
Much fam'd in fields, with valiant Palamon.
From these their costly arms the spoilers rent;
And softly both conveyed to Theseus' tent:
Whom known of Creon's line, and cur'd with care,
He to his city sent, as pris'ners of the war,
Hopeless of ransom, and condemn'd to lie
In durance, doom'd a lingering death to die.
This done, he march'd away with warlike sound,
And to his Athens turn'd with laurels crown'd,
Where happy long he liv'd, much lov'd, and more renown'd.

But in the tow'r, and never to be loos'd,
The woeful captive kinsmen are inclos'd.
Thus year by year they pass, and day by day,
Till once, 'twas on the morn of cheerful May,
The young Emilia, fairer to be seen
Than the fair lily on the flow'ry green,
More fresh than May herself in blossoms new,
For with the rosy color strove her hue,
Wak'd, as her custom was, before the day
To do th' observance due to sprightly May:
For sprightly May commands our youth to keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sluggard sleep;
Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she moves;
Inspires new flames, revives extinguish'd loves.
In this remembrance Emily ere day
Arose, and dress'd herself in rich array;
Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair,
Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair:
A riband did the braided tresses bind,
The rest was lose, and wanton'd in the wind:
Aurora had but newly chas'd the night,
And purpled o'er the sky with blushing light,
When to the garden walk she took her way,
To sport and trip along in cool of day,
And offer maiden vows in honor of the May.
At ev'ry turn she made a little stand,
And thrust among the thorns her lily hand
To draw the rose; and ev'ry rose she drew,
She shook the stalk, and brush'd away the dew.
Then party-color'd flow'rs of white and red
She wove, to make a garland for her head:
This done, she sung and carol'd out so clear,
That men and angels might rejoice to hear:
Ev'n wond'ring Philomel forgot to sing;
And learn'd from her to welcome in the spring.
The tow'r, of which before was mention made,
Within whose keep the captive knights were laid,
Built of a large extent and strong withal,
Was one partition of the palace wall:
The garden was inclos'd within the square,
Where young Emilia took the morning air.
It happen'd Palamon, the pris'ner knight,
Restless for woe, arose before the light,
And, with his jailor's leave, desir'd to breathe
An air more wholesome than the damps beneath.
This granted, to the tow'r he took his way,
Cheer'd with the promise of a glorious day:
Then cast a languishing regard around,
And saw with hateful eyes the temples crown'd
With golden spires, and all the hostile ground.
He sigh'd, and turn'd his eyes because he knew
'Twas but a larger goal he had in view:
Then look'd before, and from the castle's height
Beheld a nearer and more pleasing sight:
The garden which before he had not seen,
In spring's new liv'ry clad of white and green,
Fresh flow'rs in wide parterres and shady walks between.
This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with arms across
He stood, reflecting on his country's loss;
Himself an object of the public scorn,
And often wish'd he never had been born.

At

At last, for so his destiny requir'd,
With walking giddy, and with thinking tir'd,
He through a little window cast his sight,
Though thick of bars, that gave a scanty light:
But ev'n that glimm'ring serv'd him to descry
Th' inevitable charms of Emily.

Scarce had he seen, but seis'd with sudden smart,
Stung to the quick, he felt it at his heart;
Struck blind with overpow'ring light he stood,
Then started back amaz'd, and cried aloud.

Young Arcite heard; and up he ran with haste,
To help his friend, and in his arms embrac'd;
And ask'd him why he look'd so deadly wan,
And whence and how his change of cheer began?
Or who had done th' offence? But if, said he,
Your grief alone is hard captivity,
For love of heaven, with patience undergo
A cureless ill, since fate will have it so:
So stood on horoscope in chains to lie
And Saturn in the dungeon of the sky,
Or other baleful aspect, rul'd our birth,
When all the friendly stars were under earth;
Whate'er betides, my destiny 'tis done;
And better bear, like men, than vainly seek to shun.

Nor of my bonds, said Palamon again,
Nor of unhappy planets, I complain:
But when my mortal anguish caus'd my cry,
That moment I was hurt through either eye;
Pierc'd with a random shaft, I faint away,
And perish with insensible decay:
A glance of some new goddess gave the wound,
Whom, like Acteon, unaware I found.
Look how she walks along yon shady space,
Not Juno moves with more majestic grace;
And all the Cyprian queen is in her face.
If thou art Venus (for thy charms confess
That face was form'd in heaven, or art thou less;
Disguis'd in habit, undisguis'd in shape)
O help us captives from our chains to 'scape;
But if our doom be pass'd in bonds to lie
For life, and in a loathsome dungeon die.
Then be thy wrath appeas'd with our disgrace,
And show compassion to the Theban race,
Oppress'd by tyrant pow'r! While yet he spoke,
Arcite on Emily had fix'd his look;
The fatal dart a ready passage found,
And deep within his heart infix'd the wound:
So that if Palamon were wounded soar,
Arcite was hurt as much as he, or more:
Then from his inmost soul he sigh'd, and said,
The beauty I beheld has struck me dead:
Unknowingly she strikes, and kills by chance;
Poison is in her eyes, and death in ev'ry glance.
O, I must ask; nor ask alone, but move
Her mind to mercy, or must die for love.

Thus Arcite: and thus Palamon replies
(Eager his tone, and ardent were his eyes):
Speak'st thou in earnest, or in jesting vain?
Jesting, said Arcite, suits but ill with pain.
It suits far worse (said Palamon again,
And bent his brows), with men who honor weigh,
Their faith to break, their friendship to betray;
But worst with thee of noble lineage born,
My kinsman, and in arms my brother sworn.
Have we not plighted each our holy oath,
That one should be the common good of both:
One soul should both inspire, and neither prove
His fellow's hindrance in pursuit of love?
To this before the gods we gave our hands,
And nothing but our death can break the bands.
This binds thee, then, to further my design,
As I am bound by vow to further thine:
Nor canst, nor dar'st thou, traitor, on the plain
Approach my honor, or thine own maintain,
Since thou art of my council, and the friend
Whose faith I trust, and on whose care depend:
And would'st thou court my lady's love, which I
Much rather than rehearse would choose to die?
But thou, false Arcite, never shalt obtain
Thy bad pretence. I told thee first my pain:
For first my love began ere thine was born:
Thou, as my counsel and my brother sworn,
Art bound t' assist my eldership of right,
Or justly to be deem'd a perjur'd knight.

Thus Palamon; but Arcite with disdain,
In haughty language, thus replied again:
Forsworn thyself; the traitor's odious name
I first return, and then disprove thy claim.
If love be passion, and that passion nurs'd
With strong desires, I lov'd the lady first.
Canst thou pretend desire, whom zeal inflam'd
To worship, and a pow'r celestial nam'd?
Thine was devotion to the blest above;
I saw the woman, and desir'd her love;
First own'd my passion, and to thee commend
Th' important secret, as my chosen friend.
Suppose (which yet I grant not) thy desire
A moment elder than my rival fire:
Can chance of seeing first thy title prove?
And know'st thou not, no law is made for love?
Law is to things which to free choice relate;
Love is not in our choice, but in our fate;
Laws are but positive; love's pow'r we see
Is nature's sanction, and her first decree.
Each day we break the bond of human laws
For love, and vindicate the common cause.
Laws for defence of civil rights are plac'd;
Love throws the fences down, and makes a gen'ral waste:
Maids, widows, wives, without distinction fall; all.
The sweeping deluge, Love, comes on, and covers
If then the laws of friendship I transgress,
I keep the greater, while I break the less;
And both are mad alike, since neither can possess.
Both hopeless to be ransom'd, never more
To see the sun, but as he passes o'er.

Like Æsop's hounds contending for the bone,
Each pleaded right, and would be lord alone;
The fruitless fight continued all the day;
A cur came by, and snatch'd the prize away.
As courtiers therefore justle for a grant, want,
And when they break their friendship plead their
So thou, if fortune will thy suit advance,
Love on, nor envy me my equal chance:
For I must love, and am resolv'd to try
My fate, or, failing in th' adventure, die.

Great was their strife, which hourly was renew'd,
'Till each with mortal hate his rival view'd:

Now

Now friends no more, nor walking hand in hand,
But when they met they made a surly stand;
And glar'd like angry lions as they pass'd,
And wish'd that ev'ry look might be their last.
It chanc'd at length, Pirithous came t' attend
This worthy Theseus, his familiar friend;
Their love in early infancy began,
And rose as childhood ripen'd into man.
Companions of the war; and lov'd so well,
That when one died, as antient stories tell,
His fellow to redeem him went to hell.
But to pursue my tale; to welcome home
His warlike brother is Pirithous come:
Arcite of Thebes was known in arms long since.
And honor'd by this young Thessalian prince.
Theseus, to gratify his friend and guest,
Who made our Arcite's freedom his request,
Restor'd to liberty our captive knight,
But on these hard conditions I recite:
That if hereafter Arcite should be found
Within the compass of Athenian ground,
By day or night, or on whate'er pretence,
His head should pay the forfeit of th' offence.
To this Pirithous for his friend agreed,
And on his promise was the pris'ner freed.
Unpleas'd and pensive thus he takes his way,
At his own peril; for his life must pay.
Who now but Arcite mourns his bitter fate,
Finds his dear purchase, and repents too late?
What have I gain'd, he said, in prison pent,
If I but change my bonds for banishment?
And banish'd from her sight, I suffer more
In freedom, than I felt in bonds before;
Forc'd from her presence, and condemn'd to love;
Unwelcome freedom, and unthank'd reprieve!
Heaven is not but where Emily abides;
And where she 's absent all is hell besides.
Next to my day of birth was that accurs'd,
Which bound my friendship to Pirithous first;
Had I not known that prince, I still had been
In bondage, and had still Emilia seen:
For though I never can her grace deserve,
'Tis recompence enough to see and serve.
O Palamon, my kinsman and my friend,
How much more happy fates thy love attend!
Thine is th' adventure, thine the victory;
Well as thy fortune turn'd the dice for thee:
Thou on that angel's face mayst feed thine eyes,
In prison — no — but blissful paradise!
Thou daily seest that sun of beauty shine,
And lov'st at least in love's extremest line.
I mourn in absence, love's eternal night,
And who can tell but, since thou hast her sight,
And art a comely, young, and valiant knight,
Fortune (a various pow'r) may cease to frown,
And by some ways unknown thy wishes crown?
But I, the most forlorn of human kind,
Nor help can hope, nor remedy can find;
But doom'd to drag my loathsome life in care,
For my reward, must end it in despair.
Fire, water, air, and earth, and force of fates
That governs all, and Heaven that all creates,
Nor art, nor nature's hand, can ease my grief;
Nothing but death, the wretch's last relief:
Then farewell youth, and all the joys that dwell
With youth and life, and life itself farewell.
But why, alas! do mortal men in vain
Of fortune, fate, or providence complain?
God gives us what he knows our wants require,
And better things than those which we desire.
Some pray for riches, riches they obtain;
Bo't, watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are slain:
Some pray from prison to be freed; and come,
When guilty of their vows, to fall at home;
Murder'd by those they trusted with their life,
A favor'd servant, or a bosom wife.
Such dear-bought blessings happen ev'ry day,
Because we know not for what things to pray.
Like drunken sots about the street we roam:
Well knows the sot he has a certain home;
Yet knows not how to find th' uncertain place,
And blunders on, and staggers ev'ry pace.
Thus all seek happiness, but few can find:
For far the greater part of men are blind.
This is my case, who thought our utmost good
Was in one word of freedom understood:
The fatal blessing came: from prison free,
I starve abroad, and lose the sight of Emily.
Thus Arcite: but if Arcite thus deplore
His suff'rings, Palamon yet suffers more.
For when he knew his rival freed and gone,
He swells with wrath, he makes outrageous moan:
He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the ground;
The hollow tow'r with clamors rings around:
With briny tears he bath'd his fetter'd feet,
And dropp'd all o'er with agony of sweat.
Alas! he cried, I wretch in prison pine,
Too happy rival, while the fruit is thine:
Thou liv'st at large, thou draw'st thy native air,
Pleas'd with thy freedom, proud of my despair:
Thou may'st, since thou hast youth and courage join'd,
A sweet behaviour, and a solid mind,
Assemble ours and all the Theban race,
To vindicate on Athens thy disgrace;
And after, by some treaty made, possess
Fair Emily, the pledge of lasting peace.
So thine shall be the beauteous prize, while I
Must languish in despair, in prison die.
Thus all th' advantage of the strife is thine;
Thy portion double joys, and double sorrows mine.
The rage of Jealousy then fir'd his soul,
And his face kindled like a burning coal:
Now cold Despair, succeeding in her stead,
To livid paleness turns the glowing red.
His blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his veins,
Like water which the freezing wind constrains.
Then thus he said: Eternal Deities,
Who rule the world with absolute decrees,
And write whatever time shall bring to pass,
With pens of adamant, on plates of brass;
What, is the race of human kind your care
Beyond what all his fellow creatures are?
He with the rest is liable to pain;
And like the sheep, his brother-beast, is slain.
Cold, hunger, prisons, ills without a cure,
All these he must, and guiltless oft, endure;
Or does your justice, pow'r, or prescience fail
When the good suffer, and the bad prevail?

What

What worse to wretched virtue could befal,
If fate, or giddy fortune, govern'd all?
Nay, worse than other beasts is our estate:
Them to pursue their pleasures you create;
We, bound by harder laws, must curb our will,
And your commands, not our desires fulfil;
Then when the creature is unjustly slain,
Yet after death at least he feels no pain:
But man, in life surcharg'd with woe before,
Not freed when dead, is doom'd to suffer more.
A serpent shoots his sting at unaware;
An ambush'd thief forelays a traveller:
The man lies murder'd; while the thief and snake,
One gains the thickets, and one thrids the brake.
This let divines decide; but well I know,
Just or unjust, I have my share of woe;
Through Saturn seated in a luckless place,
And Juno's wrath, that persecutes my race;
Or Mars and Venus, in a quartil, move
My pangs of jealousy for Arcite's love.
Let Palamon oppress'd in bondage mourn,
While to his exil'd rival we return.
By this, the sun, declining from his height,
The day had shorten'd, to prolong the night:
The lengthen'd night gave length of misery
Both to the captive lover and the free;
For Palamon in endless prison mourns,
And Arcite forfeits life if he returns:
The banish'd never hopes his love to see,
Nor hopes the captive lord his liberty.
'Tis hard to say who suffers greater pains:
One sees his love, but cannot break his chains;
One free, and all his motions uncontrol'd,
Beholds whate'er he would, but what he would
behold.
Judge as you please, for I will haste to tell
What fortune to the banish'd knight befel.
When Arcite was to Thebes return'd again,
The loss of her he lov'd renew'd his pain;
What could be worse, than never more to see
His life, his soul, his charming Emily?
He rav'd with all the madness of despair,
He roar'd, he beat his breast, he tore his hair.
Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears;
For, wanting nourishment, he wanted tears:
His eye-balls in their hollow sockets sink;
Bereft of sleep, he loaths his meat and drink.
He withers at his heart, and looks as wan
As the pale spectre of a murder'd man:
That pale turns yellow, and his face receives
The faded hue of sapless boxen leaves:
In solitary groves he makes his moan,
Walks early out, and ever is alone:
Nor mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleasures shares,
But sighs when songs and instruments he hears.
His spirits are so low, his voice is drown'd,
He hears as from afar, or in a sweon,
Like the deaf murmurs of a distant sound:
Uncomb'd his locks, and squalid his attire,
Unlike the trim of love and gay desire:
But full of museful mopings, which presage
The loss of reason, and conclude in rage.
This when he had endur'd a year and more,
Now wholly chang'd from what he was before,
It happen'd once, that, slumb'ring as he lay,
He dream'd (his dream began at break of day)
That Hermes o'er his head in air appear'd,
And with soft words his drooping spirits cheer'd:
His hat, adorn'd with wings, discloss'd the God,
And in his hand he bore the sleep-compelling rod:
Such as he seem'd, when, at his sire's command,
On Argus' head he laid the snaky wand.
Arise, he said, to conqu'ring Athens go;
There fate appoints an end to all thy woe.
The fright awaken'd Arcite with a start;
Against his bosom bounc'd his heaving heart;
But soon he said, with scarce-recover'd breath,
And thither will I go to meet my death,
Sure to be slain; but death is my desire,
Since in Emilia's sight I shall expire.
By chance he spied a mirror while he spoke,
And gazing there, beheld his alter'd look;
Wond'ring he saw his features and his hue
So much were change'd, that scarce himself he knew.
A sudden thought then started in his mind,
Since I in Arcite cannot Arcite find,
The world may search in vain with all their eyes,
But never penetrate through this disguise.
Thanks to the change which grief and sickness
In low estate I may securely live, [give,
And see, unknown, my mistress day by day.
He said; and cloath'd himself in coarse array,
A lab'ring hind in show; and forth he went,
And to th' Athenian tow'rs his journey bent;
One 'squire attended in the same disguise,
Made conscious of his master's enterprise.
Arriv'd at Athens, soon he came to court,
Unknown, unquestion'd, in that thick resort:
Proff'ring for hire his service at the gate,
To drudge, draw water, and to run or wait.
So far befel him, that for little gain
He serv'd at first Emilia's chamberlain;
And, watchful all advantages to spy,
Was still at hand, and in his master's eye;
And as his bones were big, his sinews strong,
Refus'd no toil that could to slaves belong!
But from deep wells with engines water drew,
And us'd his noble hands the world to hew.
He pass'd a year at least attending thus
On Emily, and call'd Philostratus.
But never was there man of his degree
So much esteem'd, so well belov'd as he.
So gentle of condition was he known,
That thro' the court his courtesy was blown;
All think him worthy of a greater place,
And recommend him to the royal grace;
That, exercis'd within a higher sphere,
His virtues more conspicuous might appear.
Thus by the gen'ral voice was Arcite prais'd;
And by great Theseus to high favor rais'd:
Among his menial servants first enroll'd,
And largely entertain'd with sums of gold:
Besides what secretly from Thebes was sent,
Of his own income, and his annual rent:
This well employ'd, he purchas'd friends and fame,
But cautiously conceal'd from whence it came.
Thus for three years he liv'd with large increase,
In arms of honor, and esteem in peace;

To

To Theseus' person he was ever near;
And Theseus, for his virtues, held him dear.

BOOK II.

While Arcite lives in bliss, the story turns
Where hopeless Palamon in prison mourns.
For six long years immur'd, the captive knight
Had drag'd his chains, and scarcely seen the light:
Lost liberty and love at once he bore:
His prison pain'd him much, his passion more:
Nor dares he hope his fetters to remove,
Nor ever wishes to be free from love.
But when the sixth revolving year was run,
And May within the Twins receiv'd the sun,
Were it by chance, or fore-ful destiny,
Which forms in causes first what e'er shall be,
Assisted by a friend, one moonless night,
This Palamon from prison took his flight:
A pleasant beverage he prepar'd before
Of wine and honey mix'd with added store
Of opium; to his keeper this he brought,
Who swallow'd unaware the sleepy draught,
And snor'd secure till morn; his senses bound
In slumber, and in long oblivion drown'd.
Short was the night, and careful Palamon
Sought the next covert ere the rising sun.
A thick-spread forest near the city lay,
To this with lengthen'd strides he took his way
(For far he could not fly, and fear'd the day).
Safe from pursuit, he meant to shun the light,
Till the brown shadows of the friendly night
To Thebes might favor his intended flight.
When to his country come, his next design
Was all the Theban race in arms to join,
And war on Theseus, till he lost his life,
Or won the beauteous Emily to wife.
Thus while his thoughts the ling'ring day beguile;
To gentle Arcite let us turn our style;
Who little dream'd how nigh he was to care,
Till treach'rous fortune caught him in the snare.
The morning-lark, the messenger of day,
Saluted in her song the morning grey;
And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,
That all the horizon laugh'd to see the joyous sight:
He with his trepid rays the rose renews,
And licks the drooping leaves, and dries the dews;
When Arcite left his bed resolv'd to pay
Observance to the month of merry May:
Forth on his fiery steed betimes he rode,
That scarcely prints the turf on which he trod;
At ease he seem'd, and, prancing o'er the plains,
Turn'd only to the grove his horse's reins,
The grove I nam'd before; and, lighted there,
A woodbine garland sought to crown his hair;
Then turn'd his face against the rising day,
And rais'd his voice to welcome in the May.
For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries wear;
If not the first, the fairest of the year:
For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flow'rs:
When thy short reign is past, the feverish sun
The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on:
So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight,
Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite,
As thou shalt guide my wand'ring feet to find
The fragrant greens I seek, my brows to bind.
His vows address'd, within the grove he stray'd,
Till fate, or fortune, near the place convey'd
His steps where secret Palamon was laid.
Full little thought of him the gentle knight,
Who flying death had there conceal'd his flight,
In brakes and brambles hid, and shunning mortal sight;
And less he knew him for his hated foe,
But fear'd him as a man he did not know.
But as it has been said of antient years,
That fields are full of eyes, and woods have ears;
For this the wise are ever on their guard;
For unforeseen, they say, is unprepar'd.
Uncautious Arcite thought himself alone,
And less than all suspected Palamon,
Who list'ning heard him, while he search'd the grove;
And loudly sung his roundelay of love;
But on the sudden stopp'd, and silent stood,
As lovers often muse, and change their mood;
Now high as heaven, and then as low as hell;
Now up, now down, as buckets in a well:
For Venus, like her day, will change her cheer,
And seldom shall we see a Friday clear.
Thus, Arcite, having sung, with alter'd hue
Sunk on the ground, and from his bosom drew
A desp'rate sigh, accusing Heaven and Fate,
And angry Juno's unrelenting hate.
Curs'd be the day when first I did appear!
Let it be blotted from the calendar, [year,
Lest it pollute the month, and poison all the
Still will the jealous Queen pursue our race?
Cadmus is dead, the Theban city was:
Yet ceases not her hate; for all who come
From Cadmus are involv'd in Cadmus' doom.
I suffer for my blood: unjust decree!
That punishes another's crime on me.
In mean estate I serve my mortal foe,
The man who caus'd my country's overthrow.
This is not all; for Juno, to my shame,
Has forc'd me to forsake my former name;
Arcite I was, Philostratus I am.
That side of heaven is all my enemy;
Mars ruin'd Thebes, his mother ruin'd me.
Of all the royal race remains but one
Besides myself, th' unhappy Palamon,
Whom Theseus holds in bonds, and will not free;
Without a crime except his kin to me.
Yet these, and all the rest I could endure;
But love's a malady without a cure;
Fierce Love has pierc'd me with his fiery dart;
He fires within, and hisses at my heart.
Your eyes, fair Emily, my fate pursue,
I suffer for the rest, I die for you.
Of such a Goddess no time leaves record,
Who burn'd the temple where she was ador'd:
And let it burn, I never will complain;
Pleas'd with my suff'rings, if you knew my pain.
At this a sickly qualm his heart assail'd,
His ears ring inward, and his senses fail'd.
No word miss'd Palamon of all he spoke,
But soon to deadly pale he chang'd his look:

He

He trembled every limb, and felt a smart,
As if cold steel had glided through his heart;
No longer staid; but, starting from his place,
Discover'd stood, and show'd his hostile face.
False traitor, Arcite, traitor to thy blood,
Bound by thy sacred oath to seek my good,
Now art thou found forsworn for Emily,
And dar'st attempt her love for whom I die.
So hast thou cheated Theseus with a wile,
Against thy vow, returning to beguile
Under a borrow'd name; as false to me,
So false thou art to him who set thee free:
But rest assur'd that either thou shalt die,
Or else renounce thy claim in Emily:
For though unarm'd I am, and (freed by chance)
Am here without my sword or pointed lance,
Hope not, base man, unquestion'd hence to go;
For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe.
Arcite, who heard his tale, and knew the man,
His sword unsheath'd and fiercely thus began:
Now by the Gods who govern heaven above,
Wert thou not weak with hunger, mad with love,
That word had been thy last, or in this grove
This hand should force thee to renounce thy love,
The surety which I gave thee, I defy:
Fool, not to know that love endures no tie;
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.
Know, I will serve the fair in thy despite;
But since thou art my kinsman and a knight,
Here, have my faith, to-morrow in this grove
Our arms shall plead the titles of our love:
And Heaven so help my right, as I alone
Will come, and keep the cause and quarrel both unknown,
With arms of proof both for myself and thee;
Choose thou the best, and leave the worst to me.
And, that a better case thou may'st abide,
Bedding and clothes I will this night provide,
And needful sustenance, that thou may'st be
A conquest better won, and worthy me.
His promise Palamon accepts; but pray'd
To keep it better than the first he made.
Thus fair they parted till the morrow's dawn;
For each had laid his plighted faith to pawn.
Oh Love! thou sternly does thy pow'r maintain,
And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign;
Tyrants and thou all fellowship disdain.
This was in Arcite prov'd, and Palamon;
Both in despair, yet each would love alone.
Arcite return'd, and, as in honor tied,
His foe with bedding and with food supplied;
Then, ere the day, two suits of armor sought,
Which borne before him on his steed he brought:
Both were of shining steel, and wrought so pure,
As might the strokes of two such arms endure.
Now at the time, and in th' appointed place,
The challenger and challeng'd, face to face,
Approach; each other from afar they knew,
And from afar their hatred chang'd their hue.
So stands the Thracian herdsman with his spear
Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear;
And hears him rustling in the wood, and sees
His course at distance by the bending trees;
And thinks, here comes my mortal enemy,
And either he must fall in fight, or I:
This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his dart:
A gen'rous chilness seises ev'ry part;
The veins pour back the blood, and fortify the heart.
Thus pale they meet, their eyes with fury burn;
None greets, for none the greeting will return;
But in dumb surliness each arm'd with care,
His foe profest, as brother of the war:
Then both, no moment lost, at once advance
Against each other, arm'd with sword and lance:
They lash, they foin, they pass, they strive to bore
Their corslets, and the thinnest parts explore.
Thus two long hours in equal arms they stood,
And wounded, wound; till both were bath'd in blood;
And not a foot of ground had either got,
As if the world depended on the spot.
Fell Arcite like an angry tiger far'd,
And like a lion Palamon appear'd:
Or as two boars whom love to battle draws,
With rising bristles, and with frothy jaws,
Their adverse breasts with tusks oblique they wound,
With grunts and groans the forest rings around.
So fought the knights, and fighting must abide,
Till fate an umpire sends their diff'rence to decide.
The pow'r that ministers to God's decrees,
And executes on earth what Heaven foresees,
Call'd providence, or chance, or fatal sway,
Comes with resistless force, and finds or makes her way.
Nor kings, nor nations, nor united pow'r,
One moment can retard th' appointed hour,
And some one day some wond'rous chance appears,
Which happen'd not in centuries of years:
For sure whate'er we mortals hate, or love,
Or hope, or fear, depends on pow'rs above:
They move our appetites to good or ill,
And by foresight necessitate the will.
In Theseus this appears, whose youthful joy
Was beasts of chase in forests to destroy;
This gentle knight, inspir'd by jolly May,
Forsook his easy couch at early day,
And to the wood and wilds pursued his way.
Beside him rode Hippolita the queen,
And Emily attir'd in lively green,
With horns, and hounds, and all the tuneful cry,
To hunt a royal hart within the covert nigh:
And as he follow'd Mars before, so now
He serves the goddess of the silver bow.
The way that Theseus took was to the wood
Where the two knights in cruel battle stood:
The lawn on which they fought, th' appointed place
In which the uncoupled hounds began the chace.
Thither forth-right he rode to rouse the prey,
That shaded by the fern in harbour lay;
And, thence dislodg'd, was wont to leave the wood
For open fields, and cross the crystal flood.
Approach'd, and looking underneath the sun,
He saw proud Arcite, and fierce Palamon
In mortal battle doubling blow on blow,
Like light'ning flam'd their falchions to and fro,

And shot a dreadful gleam; so strong they struck,
There seem'd less force requir'd to fell an oak:
He gaz'd with wonder on their equal might,
Look'd eager on, but knew not either knight:
Resolv'd to learn, he spurr'd his fiery steed
With goring rowels to provoke his speed.
The minute ended that began the race,
So soon he was betwixt them on the place;
And with his sword unsheath'd, on pain of life,
Commands both combatants to cease their strife:
Then with imperious tone pursues his threat—
What are you? why in arms together met?
How dares your pride presume against my laws,
As in a listed field, to fight your cause?
Unask'd the royal grant; no marshal by,
As knightly rites require, nor judge to try!
Then Palamon, with scarce recover'd breath,
Thus hasty spoke: We both deserve the death,
And both would die; for look the world around,
A pair so wretched is not to be found:
Our life's a load; encumber'd with the charge,
We long to set th' imprisoned soul at large.
Now as thou art a sov'reign judge, decree
The rightful doom of death to him and me;
Let neither find thy grace, for grace is cruelty.
Me first, oh kill me first, and cure my woe;
Then sheath the sword of justice on my foe:
Or kill him first; for when his name is heard,
He foremost will receive his due reward.
Arcite of Thebes is he, thy mortal foe,
On whom thy grace did liberty bestow;
But first contracted, that if ever found
By day or night upon th' Athenian ground,
His head should pay the forfeit; see return'd
The perjur'd knight, his oath and honor scorn'd.
For this is he who, with a borrow'd name
And profer'd service to thy palace came,
Now call'd Philostratus; retain'd by thee,
A traitor trusted, and in high degree,
Aspiring to the bed of beauteous Emily.
My part remains; from Thebes my birth I own,
And call myself th' unhappy Palamon.
Think me not like that man; since no disgrace
Can force me to renounce the honor of my race.
Know me from what I am: I broke my chain,
Nor promis'd I thy pris'ner to remain:
The love of liberty with life is given;
And life itself th' inferior gift of Heaven.
Thus without crime I fled; but farther know,
I with this Arcite am thy mortal foe:
Then give me death, since I thy life pursue;
For safeguard of thyself, death is my due.
More would'st thou know? I love bright Emily,
And for her sake and in her sight will die:
But kill my rival too; for he no less
Deserves; and I thy righteous doom will bless,
Assur'd that what I lose he never shall possess.
To this replied the stern Athenian prince,
And sourly smil'd—In owning your offence,
You judge yourself; and I but keep record
In place of law, while you pronounce the word.
Take your desert, the death you have decreed;
I seal your doom, and ratify the deed:
By Mars, the patron of my arms, you die.
He said; dumb sorrow seis'd the standers-by.
The queen above the rest, by nature good
(The pattern form'd of perfect womanhood),
For tender pity wept: when she began,
Thro' the bright quire th' infectious virtue ran.
All dropp'd their tears, ev'n the contended maid;
And thus among themselves they softly said:
What eyes can suffer this unworthy sight:
Two youths of royal blood, renown'd in fight,
The mastership of heaven in face and mind,
And lovers far beyond their faithless kind:
See their wide streaming wounds; they neither came
For pride of empire, nor desire of fame.
Kings fight for kingdoms, madmen for applause:
But love for love alone; that crowns the lover's cause.
This thought, which ever bribes the beauteous kind,
Such pity wrought in ev'ry lady's mind,
They left their steeds, and, prostrate on the place,
From the fierce king implor'd the offenders' grace.
He paus'd awhile, stood silent in his mood
(For yet his rage was boiling in his blood);
But soon his tender mind th' impression felt,
(As softest metals are not slow to melt,
And pity soonest runs in softest minds):
Then reasons with himself; and first he finds
His passion cast a mist before his sense,
And either made or magnified th' offence.
Offence? of what? to whom? who judg'd the cause?
The pris'ner freed himself by nature's laws:
Born free, he sought his right: the man he freed
Was perjur'd; but his love excus'd the deed:
Thus pond'ring, he look'd under with his eyes,
And saw the women's tears, and heard their cries,
Which mov'd compassion more: he shook his head,
And, softly sighing, to himself he said:
Curse on th' unpardoning prince, whom tears can draw,
To no remorse, who rules by lions' law;
And deaf to prayers, by no submission bow'd,
Rends all alike, the penitent and proud!
At this with look serene, he rais'd his head:
Reason resum'd her place, and passion fled:
Then thus aloud he spoke: The pow'r of love,
In earths, and seas, and air, and heaven above,
Rules, unresisted, with an awful nod;
By daily miracles declar'd a God:
He blinds the wise, gives eye-sight to the blind;
And moulds and stamps anew the lover's mind.
Behold that Arcite, and this Palamon,
Freed from my fetters, and in safety gone
What hinder'd either in their native soil
At ease to reap the harvest of their toil;
But Love, their lord, did otherwise ordain,
And brought them in their own despite again,
To suffer death deserv'd; for well they know
'Tis in my pow'r, and I their deadly foe;
The proverb holds, that to be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the Gods above.

See

See how the madmen bleed: behold the gains
With which their master, Love, rewards their pains;
For seven long years, on duty ev'ry day,
Lo their obedience, and their monarch's pay:
Yet, as in duty bound, they serve him on;
And, ask the fools, they think it wisely done;
Nor ease, nor wealth, nor life itself regard,
For 'tis their maxim love is love's reward.
This is not all; the fair for whom they strove
Nor knew before, nor could suspect, their love;
Nor thought when she beheld the fight from far,
Her beauty was the occasion of the war.
But sure a gen'ral doom on man is past,
And all are fools and lovers first or last:
This both by others and myself I know,
For I have serv'd their sov'reign long ago;
Oft have been caught within the winding train
Of female snares, and felt the lover's pain,
And learn'd how far the God can human hearts constrain.
To this remembrance, and the pray'rs of those
Who for th' offending warriors interpose,
I give their forfeit lives; on this accord,
To do me bondage as their sov'reign lord;
And as my vassals, to their utmost might,
Assist my person and assert my right.
This freely sworn, the knights their grace obtain'd,
Then thus the king his secret thoughts explain'd:
If wealth, or honor, or a royal race,
Or each, or all, may win a lady's grace,
Then either of you knights may well deserve
A princess born; and such is she you serve:
For Emily is sister to the crown,
And but too well to both her beauty known:
But should you combat till you both were dead,
Two lovers cannot share a single bed:
As therefore both are equal in degree,
The lot of both be left to destiny.
Now hear the award, and happy may it prove
To her, and him who best deserves her love!
Depart from hence in peace, and free as air
Search the wide world, and where you please repair;
But on the day when this returning sun
To the same point through ev'ry sign has run,
Then each of you his hundred knights shall bring,
In royal lists, to fight before the king;
And then the knight whom fate or happy chance
Shall with his friends to victory advance,
And grace his arms so far in equal fight
From out the bars to force his opposite,
Or kill, or make him recreant on the plain,
The prize of valor and of love shall gain;
The vanquish'd party shall their claim release,
And the long jars conclude in lasting peace.
The charge be mine t' adorn the chosen ground,
The theatre of war, for champions so renown'd,
And take the patron's place of either knight,
With eyes impartial to behold the fight:
And heaven of me so judge as I shall judge aright!
If both are satisfied with this accord,
Swear by the laws of knighthood on my sword.
Who now but Palamon exults with joy?
And ravish'd Arcite seems to touch the sky;
The whole assembled troop was pleas'd as well;
Extol th' award, and on their knees they fell
To bless the gracious king. The knights with leave
Departing from the place, his last commands receive;
On Emily with equal ardor look,
And from her eyes their inspiration took:
From thence to Thebes' old walls pursue their way,
Each to provide his champions for the day.
It might be deem'd, on our historian's part,
Or too much negligence, or want of art,
If he forgot the vast magnificence
Of royal Theseus, and his large expence.
He first inclos'd for lists a level ground,
The whole circumference a mile around;
The form was circular; and all without
A trench was sunk, to moat the place about.
Within an amphitheatre appear'd,
Rais'd in degrees, to sixty paces rear'd:
That when a man was plac'd in one degree,
Height was allow'd for him above to see.
Eastward was built a gate of marble white;
The like adorn'd the western opposite.
A nobler object than this fabric was
Rome never saw, nor of so vast a space:
For, rich with spoils of many a conquer'd land,
All arts and artists Theseus could command:
Who sold for hire, or wrought for better fame,
The master-painters and the carvers came.
So rose within the compass of the year
An age's work, a glorious theatre.
Then o'er its eastern gate was rais'd above
A temple, sacred to the queen of love;
An altar stood below: on either hand
A priest with roses crown'd, who held a myrtle wand.
The dome of Mars was on the gate oppos'd,
And on the north a turret was inclos'd,
Within the wall of alabaster white,
And crimson coral for the queen of night,
Who takes in sylvan sports her chaste delight.
Within these oratories might you see
Rich carvings, portraitures, and imagery:
Where ev'ry huge figure to the life express'd
The godhead's pow'r to whom it was address'd.
In Venus' temple, on the sides were seen
The broken slumbers of enamour'd men,
Pray'rs that e'en spoke, and pity seem'd to call,
And issuing sighs that smok'd along the wall.
Complaints, and hot desires, the lover's hell,
And scalding tears that wore a channel where they fell:
And all around were nuptial bonds, the ties
Of love's assurance, and a train of lies,
That, made in lust, conclude in perjuries.
Beauty, and youth, and wealth, and luxury,
And sprightly hope, and short-enduring joy;
And sorceries to raise th' infernal pow'rs,
And sigils fram'd in planetary hours:
Expence, and after-thought, and idle care,
And doubts of motley hue, and dark despair;
Suspicious, and fantastical surmise,
And jealousy suffus'd with jaundice in her eyes,
Discoloring all she view'd, in tawny drest:
Down-look'd, and with a cuckow on her fist.

Oppos'd to her, on t' other side advance
The costly feast, the carol, and the dance,
Minstrels and music, poetry and play,
And balls by night, and tournaments by day.
All these were painted on the wall, and more;
With acts and monuments of times before:
And others added by prophetic doom,
And lovers yet unborn, and loves to come:
For there th' Idalian mount and Citheron,
The court of Venus was in colors drawn:
Before the palace gate, in careless dress,
And loose array, sat portress Idleness:
There, by the fount, Narcissus pin'd alone;
There Sampson was, with wiser Solomon,
And all the mighty names by Love undone.
Medea's charms were there, Circean feasts,
With bowls that turn'd enamour'd youths to beasts.
Here might be seen, that beauty, wealth and wit,
And prowess, to the pow'r of love submit:
The spreading snare for all mankind is laid:
And lovers all betray, and are betray'd.
The Goddess' self some noble hand had wrought:
Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing thought:
From Ocean as she first began to rise,
And smooth'd the ruffled seas and clear'd the skies;
She trod the brine all bare above the breast,
And the green waves but ill conceal'd the rest;
A lute she held; and on her head was seen
A wreath of roses red, and myrtles green;
Her turtles fann'd the buxom air above,
And, by his mother, stood an infant Love.
With wings unfledg'd, his eyes were banded
His hands a bow, his back a quiver bore, [o'er,
Supplied with arrows bright and keen, a deadly
store.
But in the dome of mighty Mars the red
With diff'rent figures all the sides were spread;
This temple, less in form, with equal grace,
Was imitative of the first in Thrace:
For that cold region was the lov'd abode,
And sov'reign mansion, of the warrior god.
The landscape was a forest wide and bare,
Where neither beast nor human kind repair;
The fowl, that scent afar, the borders fly,
And shun the bitter blast, and wheel about the sky.
A cake of scurf lies baking on the ground;
And prickly stubs instead of trees are found;
Or woods with knots and knares deform'd and
old,
Headless the most, and hideous to behold:
A ratling tempest through the branches went,
That stripp'd them bare, and one sole way they
bent.
Heaven froze above severe, the clouds congeal,
And through the crystal vault appear'd the
standing hail;
Such was the face without: a mountain stood
Threat'ning from high, and overlook'd the wood
Beneath the low'ring brow, and on a bent,
The temple stood of Mars armipotent:
The frame of burnish'd steel that cast a glare
From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing air.
A straight long entry to the temple led,
Blind with high walls, and horror over head:
Thence issued such a blast and hollow roar,
As threaten'd from the hinge to heave the door
In through that door a northern light there shone;
'Twas all it had, for windows there were none.
The gate was adamant; eternal frame!
Which, hew'd by Mars himself, from Indian
quarries came,
The labor of a God; and all along
Tough iron plates were clench'd to make it
A tun about was ev'ry pillar there: [strong.
A polish'd mirror shone not half so clear.
There saw I how the secret felon wrought,
And treason lab'ring in the traitor's thought;
And midwife Time the ripen'd plot to murder
brought.
There the red anger dar'd the pallid fear;
Next stood hypocrisy with holy leer,
Soft smiling, and demurely looking down,
But hid the dagger underneath the gown:
Th' assassinating wife, the household fiend;
And, far the blackest there, the traitor friend.
On t' other side, there stood destruction bare,
Unpunish'd rapine, and a waste of war;
Contest, with sharpen'd knives, in cloisters drawn,
And all with blood bespread the holy lawn.
Loud menaces were heard, and foul disgrace,
And bawling infamy, in language base;
Till sense was lost in sound, and silence fled
the place.
The slayer of himself yet saw I there,
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair:
With eyes half clos'd and gaping mouth he lay,
And grim as when he breath'd his sullen soul
In midst of all the dome misfortune sat, [away.
And gloomy discontent, and fell debate,
And madness laughing in his ireful mood;
And arm'd complaint on theft, and cries of blood.
There was the murder'd corpse, in covert laid,
And violent death in thousand shapes display'd:
The city to the soldier's rage resign'd;
Successless wars, and poverty behind:
Ships burnt in fight, or forc'd on rocky shores,
And the rash hunter strangled by the boars:
The new-born babe, by nurses overlaid; [made.
And the cook caught within the raging fire he
All ills of Mars's nature, flame and steel;
The gasping charioteer beneath the wheel
Of his own car: the ruin'd house that falls,
And intercepts her lord betwixt the walls;
The whole division that to Mars pertains;
All trades of death that deal in steel for gains
Were there: the butcher, armorer, and smith,
Who forges sharpen'd falchions, or the scythe.
The scarlet conquest on a tow'r was plac'd,
With shouts and soldiers' acclamations grac'd:
A pointed sword hung threat'ning o'er his head
Sustain'd but by a slender twine of thread.
There saw I Mars's ides, the capitol,
The seer in vain foretelling Cæsar's fall;
The last triumvirs, and the wars they move,
And Anthony, who lost the world for love.
These, and a thousand more, the fane adorn;
Their fates were painted ere the men were
born,

All

All copied from the heavens, and ruling force
Of the red star, in his revolving course.
The form of Mars high on a chariot stood,
All sheath'd in arms, and gruffly look'd the God:
Two geomantic figures were display'd
Above his head, a warrior and a maid;
One when direct, and one when retrograde.
Tir'd with deformities of death, I haste
To the third temple of Diana chaste.
A sylvan scene with various greens was drawn,
Shades on the sides and on the midst a lawn:
The silver Cynthia, with her nymphs around,
Pursued the flying deer, the woods with horns resound:
Calisto there stood manifest of shame,
And turn'd a bear, the northern star became:
Her son was next, and by peculiar grace
In the cold circle held the second place:
The stag Acteon in the stream had spied
The naked huntress, and, for seeing, died:
His hounds, unknowing of his change, pursue
The chace, and their mistaken master slew.
Penelan Daphne too was there to see,
Apollo's love before, and now his tree:
Th'adjoining fane th'assembled Grecks express'd,
And hunting of the Caledonian beast.
Oenides' valor, and his envied prize;
The fatal pow'r of Atalanta's eyes;
Diana's vengeance on the victor shown,
The murd'ress mother, and consuming son;
The Volscian queen extended on the plain;
The treason punish'd, and the traitor slain.
The rest were various huntings, well design'd,
And savage beasts destroy'd, of ev'ry kind.
The graceful goddess was array'd in green;
About her feet were little beagles seen,
That watch'd with upward eyes the motions of their queen.
Her legs were buskin'd, and the left before,
In act to shoot; a silver bow she bore,
And at her back a painted quiver wore.
She trod a waxing moon, that soon would wane,
And, drinking borrow'd light, be fill'd again;
With down cast eyes, as seeming to survey
The dark dominions, her alternate sway.
Before her stood a woman in her throes,
And call'd Lucina's aid, her burden to disclose.
All these the painter drew with such command,
That Nature snatch'd the pencil from his hand,
Asham'd and angry that his art could feign
And mend the tortures of a mother's pain.
Theseus beheld the fanes of ev'ry God,
And thought his mighty cost was well bestow'd.
So princes now their poets should regard;
But few can write, and fewer can reward.
The theatre thus rais'd, the lists inclos'd,
And all with vast magnificence dispos'd,
We leave the monarch pleas'd, and haste to bring
The knights to combat, and their arms to sing.

BOOK III.

The day approach'd when Fortune should decide
Th' important enterprise, and give the bride;
For now the rivals round the world had sought,
And each his number, well appointed, brought.
The nations far and near contend in choice,
And send the flow'r of war by public voice;
That after, or before, were never known
Such chiefs, as each an army seem'd alone:
Beside the champions, all of high degree,
Who knighthood lov'd and deeds of chivalry,
Throng'd to the lists, and envied to behold
The names of others, not their own, enroll'd.
Nor seems it strange; for every noble knight
Who loves the fair, and is endued with might,
In such a quarrel would be proud to fight.
There breathes not scarce a man on British ground
(An isle for love and arms of old renown'd)
But would have sold his life to purchase fame,
To Palamon or Arcite sent his name:
And had the land selected of the best, [the rest.
Half had come hence, and let the world provide
A hundred knights with Palamon there came,
Approv'd in sight, and men of mighty name;
Their arms were several, as their nations were,
But furnish'd all alike with sword and spear.
Some wore coat-armor imitating scale;
And next their skins were stubborn shirts of mail;
Some wore a breast-plate and a light juppon,
Their horses cloth'd with rich caparison;
Some for defence would leathern bucklers use
Of folded hides, and others shields of pruce;
One hung a pole-ax at his saddle-bow,
And one a heavy mace to stun the foe;
One for his legs and knees provided well,
With jambeux arm'd, and double plates of steel:
This on his helmet wore a lady's glove,
And that a sleeve embroider'd by his love.
With Palamon, above the rest in place,
Lycurgus came, the surely king of Thrace;
Black was his beard, and manly was his face;
The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
And glar'd betwixt a yellow and a red:
He look'd a lion with a gloomy stare,
And o'er his eye-brows hung his matted hair:
Big-bon'd, and large of limbs, with sinews strong;
Broad-shoulder'd, and his arms were round and long.
Four milk-white bulls (the Thracian use of old)
Were yok'd to draw his car of burnish'd gold.
Upright he stood and bore aloft his shield,
Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the field.
His surcoat was a bear-skin on his back;
His hair hung long behind, and glossy raven black.
His ample forehead bore a coronet
With sparkling diamonds and with rubies set:
Ten brace, and more, of greyhounds, snowy fair
And tall as stags, ran loose, and cours'd around his chair, [the bear:
A match for pards in flight, in grappling for
With golden muzzles all their mouths were bound,
And collars of the same their necks surround.
Thus thro' the field Lycurgus took his way;
His hundred knights attend in pomp and proud array.
To match this monarch, with strong Arcite came
Emetrius, king of Inde, a mighty name,

On a bay courser, goodly to behold, [gold.
The trappings of his horse adorn'd with barb'rous
Not Mars bestrode a steed with greater grace;
His surcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Thrace,
Adorn'd with pearls, all orient, round, and great;
His saddle was of gold, with emeralds set.
His shoulders large a mantle did attire,
With rubies thick, and sparkling as the fire;
His amber-color'd locks in ringlets run, [sun.
With graceful negligence, and shone against the
His nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
Ruddy his lips, and fresh and fair his hue:
Some sprinkled freckles on his face were seen,
Whose dusk set off the whiteness of the skin;
His awful presence did the crowd surprise,
Nor durst the rash spectator meet his eyes;
Eyes that confess'd him born for kingly sway,
So fierce, they flash'd intolerable day.
His age in nature's youthful prime appear'd,
And just began to bloom his yellow beard.
Whene'er he spoke, his voice was heard around,
Loud as a trumpet, with a silver sound.
A laurel wreath'd his temples, fresh and green;
And myrtle sprigs, the marks of love, were mix'd
Upon his fist he bore, for his delight, [between.
An eagle well reclaim'd, and lily white.
His hundred knights attend him to the war,
All arm'd for battle, save their heads were bare.
Words and devices blaz'd on every shield,
And pleasing was the terror of the field.
For kings, and dukes, and barons, you might see,
Like sparkling stars, though diff'rent in degree,
All for th' increase of arms, and love of chivalry.
Before the king tame leopards led the way,
And troops of lions innocently play.
So Bacchus thro' the conquer'd Indies rode,
And beasts in gambols frisk'd before the honest god.
In this array the war of either side
Through Athens pass'd with military pride.
At prime, they enter'd on the Sunday morn;
Rich tap'stry spread the streets, and flow'rs the posts
The town was all a jubilee of feasts; [adorn,
So Theseus will'd in honor of his guests;
Himself with open arms the king embrac'd,
Than all the rest in their degrees were grac'd.
No harbinger was needful for a night,
For ev'ry house was proud to lodge the knight.
I pass the royal treat, nor must relate
The gifts bestow'd, nor how the champions sat:
Who first or last, or how the knights address'd
Their vows, or who was fairest at the feast:
Whose voice, whose graceful dance did most surprise;
Soft am'rous sighs, and silent love of eyes.
The rivals call my Muse another way,
To sing their vigils for th' ensuing day.
'Twas ebbing darkness, past the noon of night;
And Phospher on the confines of the light,
Promis'd the sun, ere day began to spring;
The tuneful lark already stretch'd her wing,
And, flick'ring on her nest, made short essays to sing:
When wakeful Palamon, preventing day,
Took to the royal lists his early way, [pray.
To Venus at her fane, in her own house to

There, falling on his knees before her shrine,
He thus implor'd with pray'rs her pow'r divine.
Creator Venus, genial pow'r of love,
The bliss of men below, and gods above!
Beneath the sliding sun, thou runn'st thy race,
Dost fairest shine, and best become thy place.
For thee the winds their eastern blasts forbear,
Thy mouth reveals the spring, and opens all the year.
Thee, Goddess, thee the storms of winter fly,
Earth smiles with flow'rs renewing, laughs the sky,
And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes apply.
For thee the lion loaths the taste of blood,
And roaring hunts his female thro' the wood:
For thee the bulls re-bellow thro' the groves,
And tempt the stream, and snuff their absent loves.
'Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good or fair.
All nature is thy province, life thy care:
Thou mad'st the world, and dost the world repair.
Thou gladder of the mount of Cytheron,
Increase of Jove, companion of the sun;
If e'er Adonis touch'd thy tender heart,
Have pity, Goddess, for thou know'st the smart.
Alas! I have not words to tell my grief;
To vent my sorrow would be some relief;
Light suff'rings give us leisure to complain;
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.
O Goddess, tell thyself what I would say,
Thou know'st it, and I feel too much to pray.
So grant my suit, as I inforce my might,
In love to be thy champion and thy knight;
A servant to thy sex, a slave to thee,
A foe profest to barren chastity.
Nor ask I fame or honor of the field,
Nor choose I more to vanquish than to yield:
In my divine Emilia make me blest,
Let fate, or partial chance, dispose the rest:
Find thou the manner, and the means prepare;
Possession, more than conquest, is my care.
Mars is the warrior's god; in him it lies,
On whom he favors to confer the prize;
With smiling aspect you serenely move
In your fifth orb, and rule the realm of love.
The fates but only spin the coarser clew,
The finest of the wool is left for you.
Spare me but one small portion of the twine,
And let the sisters cut below your line:
The rest among the rubbish may they sweep,
Or add it to the yarn of some old miser's heap.
But if you this ambitious pray'r deny
(A wish, I grant, beyond mortality),
Then let me sink beneath proud Arcite's arms,
And I, once dead, let him possess her charms.
Thus ended he; then with observance due
The sacred incense on her altar threw:
The curling smoke mounts heavy from the fires;
At length it catches flame, and in a blaze expires;
At once the gracious Goddess gave the sign,
Her statue shook, and trembled all the shrine:
Pleas'd Palamon the tardy omen took;
For, since the flames pursued the trailing smoke,
He knew his boon was granted; but the day [delay.
To distance driven, and joy adjourn'd with long

Now

Now morn with rosy light had streak'd the sky;
Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily;
Address'd her early steps to Cynthia's fane,
In state attended by her maiden train,
Who bore the vests that holy rites require,
Incense, and od'rous gums, and cover'd fire.
The plenteous horns with pleasant mead they crown,
Nor wanted aught besides in honor of the moon.
Now while the temple smok'd with hallow'd steam
They wash the virgin in a living stream;
The secret ceremonies I conceal,
Uncouth, perhaps unlawful, to reveal,
But such they were as Pagan use requir'd,
Perform'd by women when the men retir'd,
Whose eyes profane their chaste mysterious rites
Might turn to scandal, or obscene delights.
Well-meaners think no harm; but for the rest,
Things sacred they pervert, and silence is the best.
Her shining hair, uncomb'd, was loosely spread,
A crown of mastless oak adorn'd her head:
When to the shrine approach'd the spotless maid
Had kindling fires on either altar laid
(The rites were such as were observ'd of old,
By Statius in his Theban story told);
Then kneeling with her hands across her breast,
Thus lowly she preferr'd her chaste request:
O Goddess, hunter of the woodland green,
To whom both heaven, and earth, and seas, are seen;
Queen of the nether skies, where half the year
Thy silver beams descend, and light the gloomy sphere;
Goddess of maids, and conscious of our hearts;
So keep me from the vengeance of thy darts,
Which Niobe's devoted issue felt,
When hissing through the skies the feather'd deaths
As I desire to live a virgin life, [were dealt;
Nor know the name of mother or of wife.
Thy votress from my tender years I am,
And love, like thee, the woods and sylvan game.
Like death, thou know'st, I loath the nuptial state,
And man, the tyrant of our sex, I hate,
A lowly servant, but a lofty mate;
Where love is duty on the female side;
On theirs mere sensual gust, and sought with surly pride.
Now by thy triple shape, as thou art seen
In heaven, earth, hell, and ev'ry where a queen,
Grant this my first desire; let discord cease,
And make betwixt the rivals lasting peace:
Quench their hot fire, or far from me remove
The flame, and turn it on some other love:
Or, if my frowning stars have so decreed,
That one must be rejected, one succeed,
Make him my lord, within whose faithful breast
Is fix'd my image, and who loves me best.
But, oh! even that avert! I choose it not,
But take it as the least unhappy lot.
A maid I am, and of thy virgin train;
Oh let me still that spotless name retain!
Frequent the forests, thy chaste will obey,
And only make the beasts of chace my prey!
The flames ascend on either altar clear, [pray'r.
While thus the blameless maid address'd her
When, lo! the burning fire that shone so bright,
Flew off, all sudden, with extinguish'd light,
And left one altar dark, a little space; [blaze:
Which turn'd self-kindled, and renew'd the
The other victor flame a moment stood,
Then fell, and lifeless left the extinguish'd wood;
For ever lost, th' irrevocable light
Forsook the black'ning coals, and sunk to night:
At either end it whistled as it flew, [dew;
And as the brands were green, so dropp'd the
Infected as it fell with sweat of sanguine hue.
The maid from that ill omen turn'd her eyes,
And with loud shrieks and clamors rent the skies,
Nor knew what signified the boding sign,
But found the pow'rs displeas'd, and fear'd the wrath divine.
Then shook the sacred shrine, and sudden light
Sprung through the vaulted roof, and made the temple bright.
The pow'r, behold! the pow'r in glory shone,
By her bent bow and her keen arrows known;
The rest, a huntress issuing from the wood,
Reclining on her cornel spear she stood.
Then gracious thus began: Dismiss thy fear,
And Heaven's unchang'd decrees attentive hear:
More pow'rful Gods have torn thee from my side,
Unwilling to resign, and doom'd a bride:
The two contending knights are weigh'd above;
One Mars protects, and one the Queen of Love:
But which the man, is in the Thund'rer's breast;
This he pronounc'd, 'tis he who loves thee best.
The fire that once extinct reviv'd again,
Foreshows the love allotted to remain:
Farewell! she said, and vanish'd from the place;
The sheaf of arrows shook, and rattled in the case.
Aghast at this the royal virgin stood,
Disclaim'd, and now no more a sister of the wood:
But to the parting Goddess thus she pray'd:
Propitious still be present to my aid,
Nor quite abandon your once favor'd maid.
Then sighing she return'd; but smil'd betwixt,
With hopes and fears, and joys with sorrows mixt.
The next returning planetary hour
Of Mars, who shar'd the heptarchy of pow'r,
His steps bold Arcite to the temple bent,
T' adore with Pagan rites the pow'r armipotent:
Then prostrate low before his altar lay, [pray:
And rais'd his manly voice, and thus began to
Strong God of arms, whose iron sceptre sways
The freezing North, and Hyperborean seas,
And Scythian colds, and Thracia's winter coast,
Where stand thy steeds, and thou art honor'd most: [known,
There most; but ev'ry where thy pow'r is
The fortune of the fight is all thy own:
Terror is thine, and wild amazement, flung
From out thy chariot, withers even the strong:
And disarray and shameful rout ensue,
And force is added to the fainting crew.
Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my pray'r,
If aught I have achiev'd deserve thy care:
If to my utmost pow'r with sword and shield
I dar'd the death, unknowing how to yield,
And, falling in my rank, still kept the field:

Then let my arms prevail, by thee sustain'd,
That Emily by conquest may be gain'd.
Have pity on my pains; nor those unknown
To Mars, which, when a lover, were his own.
Venus, the public care of all above,
Thy stubborn heart has soften'd into love:
Now by her blandishments and pow'rful charms,
When yielded she lay curling in my arms,
Ev'n by thy shame, if shame it may be call'd,
When Vulcan had thee in his net enthrall'd;
O envied ignominy, sweet disgrace,
When ev'ry God that saw thee wish'd thy place!
By those dear pleasures, aid my arms in fight,
And make me conquer in my patron's right:
For I am young, a novice in the trade,
The fool of love unpractis'd to persuade,
And want the soothing arts that catch the fair;
But, caught myself, lie struggling in the snare:
And she I love, or laughs at all my pain,
Or knows her worth too well, and pays me with disdain,
For sure I am, unless I win in arms,
To stand excluded from Emilia's charms:
Nor can my strength avail, unless by thee
Endued by force, I gain the victory;
Then for the fire which warm'd thy gen'rous heart,
Pity thy subject's pains and equal smart.
So be the morrow's sweat and labor mine,
The palm and honor of the conquest thine:
Then shall the war, and stern debate, and strife
Immortal, be the business of my life;
And in thy fane, the dusty spoils among, hung;
High on the burnished roof my banner shall be
Rank'd with my champions buckler, and below,
With arms revers'd, th' achievements of my foe:
And while these limbs the vital spirit feeds,
While day to night, and night to day succeeds,
Thy smoking altar shall be fat with food
Of incense, and the grateful stream of blood;
Burnt off'rings morn and evening shall be thine,
And fires eternal in thy temple shine.
The bush of yellow beard, this length of hair,
Which from my birth inviolate I bear,
Guiltless of steel and from the razor free,
Shall fall a plenteous crop, reserv'd for thee;
So may my arms with victory be blest:
I ask no more: let fate dispose the rest.

The champion ceas'd; there followed in the close
A hollow groan: a murmuring wind arose;
The rings of iron, that on the doors were hung,
Sent out a jarring sound, and harshly rung;
The bolted gates flew open at the blast;
The storm rush'd in, and Arcite stood aghast;
The flames were blown aside, yet shone they bright,
Fann'd by the wind, and gave a ruffled light.

Then from the ground, a scent began to rise,
Sweet-smelling as accepted sacrifice:
This omen pleas'd, and as the flames aspire
With odorous incense Arcite heaps the fire;
Nor wanted hymns to Mars, or heathen charms:
At length the nodding statue clash'd his arms,
And with a sullen sound and feeble cry
Half sunk, and half pronounced, the word of victory.
For this, with soul devout, he thank'd the God;
And of success secure, returned to his abode.

These vows thus granted rais'd a strife above
Betwixt the God of War and Queen of Love.
She granting first had right of time to plead;
But he had granted too, nor would recede.
Jove was for Venus; but he feared his wife;
And seemed unwilling to decide the strife;
Till Saturn from his leaden throne arose,
And found a way the diff'rence to compose:
Though sparing of his grace, to mischief bent,
He seldom does a good with good intent.
Wayward, but wise; by long experience taught,
To please both parties, for ill ends, he sought:
For this advantage age from youth has won,
As not to be outridden, though outrun:
By fortune he was now to Venus trin'd,
And with stern Mars in Capricorn was join'd:
Of him disposing in his own abode,
He sooth'd the Goddess, while he gull'd the God.
Cease, daughter, to complain and stint the strife;
Thy Palamon shall have this promis'd wife:
And Mars, the lord of conquest in the fight
With palm and laurel shall adorn his knight.
Wide is my course, nor turn I to my place,
Till length of time, and move with tardy pace.
Man feels me, when I press th' ethereal plains;
My hand is heavy, and the wound remains.
Mine is the shipwreck, in a wat'ry sign;
And, in an earthy, the dark dungeon mine.
Cold shivering agues, melancholy care,
And bitter blasting winds, and poison'd air,
Are mine, and wilful death, resulting from despair.
The throtling quinsey 'tis my star appoints,
And rheumatisms ascend to rack the joints:
When churls rebel against their native prince,
I arm their hands and furnish with pretence;
And, housing in the lion's hateful sign,
Bought senates, and deserting troops are mine.
Mine is the privy pois'ning; I command
Unkindly seasons and ungrateful land.
By me kings' palaces are push'd to ground,
And miners crush'd beneath their mines are found.
'Twas I slew Sampson, when the pillar'd hall
Fell down, and crush'd the many with the fall.
My looking is the fire of pestilence,
That sweeps at once the people and the prince.
Now sweep no more but trust thy grandsire's art,
Mars shall be pleas'd, and thou perform thy part.
'Tis ill, though diff'rent your complexions are,
The family of Heaven for men should war.
Th' expedient pleas'd, where neither lost his right;
Mars had the day, and Venus had the night.
The management they left to Chronos' care;
Now turn we to th' effect, and sing the war.

In Athens all was pleasure, mirth, and play,
All proper to the spring, and sprightly May:
Which ev'ry soul inspir'd with such delight,
'Twas jesting all the day, and love at night.
Heaven smil'd, and gladded was the heart of man;
And Venus had the world as when it first began.

At

At length in sleep their bodies they compose,
And dreamt the future fight, and early rose.
Now scarce the dawning day began to spring,
As at a signal given the streets with clamors ring,
At once the crowd arose; confus'd and high
Even from the Heaven was heard a shouting cry;
For Mars was early up, and rous'd the sky.
The Gods came downward to behold the wars,
Sharp'ning their sights, and leaning from their stars.
The neighing of the gen'rous horse was heard,
For battle by the busy groom prepar'd.
Rustling of harness, rattling of the shield,
Clattering of armor furbish'd for the field.
Crowds to the castle mounted up the street,
Batt'ring the pavement with their coursers' feet:
The greedy fight might there devour the gold
Of glittering arms, too dazzling to behold:
And polish'd steel that cast the view aside,
And crested morions, with their plumy pride.
Knights with a long retinue of their 'squires,
In gaudy liveries march, and quaint attires.
One lac'd the helm, another held the lance:
A third the shining buckler did advance.
The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
And snorting foam'd, and champ'd the golden bit.
The smiths and armors on palfreys ride,
Files in their hands, and hammers at their side,
And nails for loosen'd spears, and thongs for shields provide.
The yeomen guard the streets in seemly bands;
And clowns come crowding on, with cudgels in their hands.
The trumpets, next the gate, in order placed,
Attend the sign to sound the martial blast;
The palace-yard is fill'd with floating tides,
And the last comers bear the former to the sides.
The throng is in the midst: the common crew
Shut out, the hall admits the better few;
In knots they stand, or in a rank they walk,
Serious in aspect, earnest in their talk:
Factious, and favoring this or t' other side,
As their strong fancy or weak reason guide:
Their wagers back their wishes: numbers hold
With the fair freckled king, and beard of gold:
So vigorous are his eyes, such rays they cast,
So prominent his eagle's beak is plac'd.
But most their looks on the black monarch bend,
His rising muscles and his brawn commend;
His double-biting axe and beamy spear,
Each asking a gigantic force to rear.
All spoke as partial favor mov'd the mind;
And, safe themselves, at others cost divin'd.
Wak'd by the cries, th' Athenian chief arose,
The Knightly forms of combat to dispose;
And passing thro' th' obsequious guards he sat
Conspicuous on a throne, sublime in state;
There for the two contending knights he sent:
Arm'd cap-a-pee, with rev'rence low they bent.
He smil'd on both, and with superior look
Alike their offered adoration took,
The people press on ev'ry side, to see
Their awful prince, and hear his high decree.
Then signing to their heralds with his hand,
They gave his orders from their lofty stand.
Silence is thrice enjoin'd: then thus aloud
The king at arms bespeaks the knights and list'ning crowd.
Our sov'reign lord has ponder'd in his mind
The means to spare the blood of gentle kind;
And of his grace and inborn clemency,
He modifies his first severe decree;
The keener edge of battle to rebate,
The troops for honor fighting, nor for hate.
He wills not death should terminate their strife;
And wounds, if wounds ensue, be short of life:
But issues, ere the fight, his dread command,
That flings afar the poniards hand to hand,
Be banish'd from the field; that none shall dare
With shorten'd sword to stab in closer war;
But in fair combat fight with manly strength,
Nor push with biting point, but strike at length.
The tourney is allow'd but one career
Of the tough ash, with the sharp grinded spear:
But knights unhors'd may rise from off the plain,
And fight on foot their honor to regain;
Nor, if at mischief taken, on the ground
Be slain, but prisoners to the pillar bound,
At either barrier plac'd; nor, captives made,
Be freed, or armed anew, the fight invade.
The chief of either side, bereft of life,
Or yielded to his foe, concludes the strife.
Thus dooms the lord: now valiant knights and young,
Fight each his fill with swords and maces long.
The herald ends: the vaulted firmament
With loud acclaims and vast applause is rent:
Heaven guard a prince so gracious and so good,
So just and yet so provident of blood!
This was the gen'ral cry. The trumpets sound,
And warlike symphony is heard around.
The marching troops thro' Athens take their way,
The great earl-martial orders their array.
The fair from high the passing pomp behold;
A rain of flow'rs is from the windows toll'd,
The casements are with golden tissue spread,
And horses' hoofs, for earth, or silken tapestry tread:
The king goes midmost, and the rivals ride
In equal rank, and close his either side.
Next after them there rode the royal wife,
With Emily, the cause and the reward of strife,
The following cavalcade, by three and three,
Proceed by titles marshall'd in degree.
Thus thro' the southern gate they take their way,
And at the list arrive ere prime of day.
There, parting from the king, the chiefs divide,
And, wheeling east and west, before their many ride.
Th' Athenian monarch mounts his throne on high,
And after him the queen and Emily:
Next these the kindred of the crown are grac'd
With nearer seats, and lords by ladies plac'd.
Scarce were they seated, when with clamors loud
In rush'd at once a rude promiscuous crowd:
The guards, and then each other overbear,
And in a moment throng the spacious theatre.
Now chang'd the jarring noise to whispers low,
As winds forsaking seas more softly blow;

When

When at the western gate, on which the car
Is plac'd aloft, that bears the God of war,
Proud Arcite ent'ring arm'd before his train,
Stops at the barrier and divides the plain.
Red was his banner, and display'd abroad
The bloody colors of his patron God.
At that self moment enters Palamon
The gate of Venus, and the rising sun:
Wav'd by the wanton winds, his banner flies,
All maiden white, and shares the people's eyes.
From east to west, look all the world around,
Two troops so match'd were never to be found:
Such bodies built for strength, of equal age,
In stature siz'd; so proud an equipage:
The nicest eye cou'd no distinction make
Where lay th' advantage, or what side to take.
Thus, rang'd the herald, for the last proclaims
A silence, while they answer to their names:
For so the king decreed, to shun the care, [war.
The fraud of musters false, the common bane of
The tale was just, and then the gates were clos'd,
And chief to chief, and troop to troop oppos'd.
The heralds last retir'd and loudly cried,
The fortune of the field be fairly tried.
At this, the challenger with fierce defy
His trumpet sounds, the challeng'd makes reply:
With clangor rings the field, resounds the vaulted sky.
Their vizors clos'd, their lances in the rest,
Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest:
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,
And spurring see decrease the middle space.
A cloud of smoke envelops either host,
And all at once the combatants are lost:
Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen,
Coursers with coursers justling, men with men:
As lab'ring in eclipse, awhile they stay,
Till the next blast of wind restores the day.
They look anew: the beauteous form of fight
Is chang'd, and war appears a grizly sight.
Two troops in fair array one moment show'd,
The next, a field with fallen bodies strew'd:
Not half the number in their seats are found;
But men and steeds lie grov'ling on the ground.
The points of spears are struck within the shield,
The steeds without their riders scour the field.
The knights unhors'd on foot renew the fight;
The glitt'ring falchions cast a gleaming light:
Hauberks and helms are hew'd with many a wound:
Out spins the streaming blood, and dyes the ground.
The mighty maces with such haste descend,
They break the bones, and make the solid armor bend.
This thrusts amid the throng with furious force;
Down goes at once, the horseman and the horse:
That courser stumbles on the fallen steed,
And flound'ring throws the rider o'er his head.
One rolls along a foot-ball to his foes;
One with a broken truncheon deals his blows.
This halting, this disabled with his wound,
In triumph led, is to the pillar bound;
Where by the king's award he must abide:
There goes a captive led on t' other side.
By fits they cease; and, leaning on the lance,
Take breath awhile, and to new fight advance.
Full oft the rivals met, and neither spar'd
His utmost force, and each forgot to ward.
The head of this was to the saddle bent,
The other backward to the crupper sent:
Both were by turns unhors'd; the jealous blows
Fall thick and heavy, when on foot they close.
So deep their falchions bite, that ev'ry stroke
Pierc'd to the quick; and equal wounds they gave and took.
Borne far asunder by the tides of men,
Like adamant and steel they meet again.
So when a tiger sucks the bullock's blood,
A famish'd lion issuing from the wood
Roars lordly fierce, and challenges the food.
Each claims possession, neither will obey,
But both their paws are fastened on the prey:
They bite, they tear, and while in vain they strive,
The swains come arm'd between, and both to distance drive.
At length, as fate foredoom'd, and all things tend
By course of time to their appointed end,
So when the sun to west was far declin'd,
And both afresh in mortal battle join'd,
The strong Emetrius came in Arcite's aid,
And Palamon with odds was overlaid:
For, turning short, he struck with all his might
Full on the helmet of the unwary knight.
Deep was the wound; he stagger'd with the blow,
And turn'd him to his unexpected foe:
Whom with such force he struck, he fell'd him down,
And cleft the circle of his golden crown.
But Arcite's men who now prevail'd in fight,
Twice ten at once surround the single knight:
O'erpower'd at length, they force him to the ground
Unyielded as he was, and to the pillar bound;
And king Lycurgus, while he fought in vain
His friend to free, was tumbled on the plain.
Who now laments but Palamon, compell'd
No more to try the fortune of the field!
And, worse than death, to view with hateful eyes
His rival's conquest, and renounce the prize!
The royal judge on his tribunal plac'd,
Who had beheld the fight from first to last,
Bade cease the wars: pronouncing from on high,
Arcite of Thebes has won the beauteous Emily,
The sound of trumpets to the voice replied,
And round the royal lists the heralds cried,
Arcite of Thebes has won the beauteous bride.
The people rend the skies with vast applause;
All own the chief, when fortune owns the cause.
Arcite is own'd ev'n by the gods above,
And conqu'ring Mars insults the Queen of Love.
So laugh'd he, when the rightful Titan fail'd,
And Jove's usurping arms in heaven prevail'd.
Laugh'd all the pow'rs who favor tyranny;
And all the standing army of the sky.
But Venus with dejected eyes appears,
And weeping on the lists distils her tears;

Her

Her will refus'd, which grieves a woman most,
And in her champion foil'd, the cause of love is lost.
Till, Saturn said, Fair daughter, now be still,
The blust'ring fool has satisfied his will;
His boon is given; his knight has gain'd the day,
But lost the prize; th' arrears are yet to pay.
Thy hour is come, and mine the care shall be
To please thy knight, and set thy promise free.
Now while the heralds run the lists around,
And Arcite, Arcite, heaven and earth resound;
A miracle (not less it could be call'd)
Their joy with unexpected sorrow pall'd.
The victor knight had laid his helm aside,
Part for his ease, the greater part for pride:
Bare-headed, popularly low he bow'd,
And paid the salutations to the crowd.
Then spurring at full speed, ran headlong on
Where Theseus sat on his imperial throne;
Furious he drove, and upward cast his eye,
Where, next the queen, was plac'd his Emily;
Then passing to the saddle-bow he bent:
A sweet regard the gracious virgin lent.
(For woman, to the brave an easy prey,
Still follow fortune where she leads the way.)
Just then from earth sprung out a flashing fire,
By Pluto sent, at Saturn's bad desire:
The startling steed was seis'd with sudden fright,
And, bounding, o'er the pommel cast the knight:
Forward he flew, and, pitching on his head,
His quiver'd with his feet, and lay for dead.
Black was his countenance in a little space;
For all the blood was gather'd in his face.
Help was at hand: they rear'd him from the ground,
And from his cumbrous arms his limbs unbound:
Then lanc'd a vein, and watch'd returning breath;
It came, but clogg'd with symptoms of his death.
The saddle-bow the nobler parts had prest,
All bruis'd and mortified his manly breast.
Him still entranc'd, and in a litter laid,
They bore from field, and to his bed convey'd.
At length he wak'd, and, with a feeble cry,
The word he first pronounc'd was Emily.
Meantime the king, though inwardly he mourn'd,
In pomp triumphant to the town return'd,
Attended by the chiefs who fought the field
(Now friendly mix'd, and in one troop compell'd),
Compos'd his looks to counterfeited cheer,
And bade them not for Arcite's life to fear.
But that which gladded all the warrior train,
Though most were sorely wounded none were slain.
The surgeons soon despoil'd them of their arms,
And some with salves they cure, and some with charms;
Foment the bruises, and the pains assuage,
And heal their inward hurts with sov'reign draughts of sage.
The king in person visits all around;
Comforts the sick, congratulates the sound;
Honors the princely chiefs, rewards the rest,
And holds for thrice three days a royal feast.
None was disgrac'd; for failing is no shame,
And cowardice alone is loss of fame.
The vent'rous knight is from the saddle thrown;
But 'tis the fault of fortune, not his own.
If crowns and palms the conqu'ring side adorn,
The victor under better stars was born:
The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor overpower'd with arms deserts his cause;
Unsham'd, tho' foil'd, he does the best he can;
Force is of brutes, but honor is of man.
Thus Theseus smil'd on all with equal grace,
And each was set according to his place.
With ease were reconcil'd the diff'ring parts,
For envy never dwells in noble hearts.
At length they took their leave, the time expir'd,
Well pleas'd, and to their several homes retir'd.
Meanwhile the health of Arcite still impairs;
From bad proceeds to worse, and mocks the leeches cares;
Swoln is his breast, his inward pains increase;
All means are us'd, and all without success.
The clotted blood lies heavy on his heart,
Corrupts, and there remains in spite of art:
Nor breathing veins, nor cupping, will prevail;
All outward remedies and inward fail:
The mould of nature's fabric is destroy'd;
Her vessels discompos'd, her virtue void:
The bellows of his lungs begin to swell:
All out of frame is every secret cell,
Nor can the good receive, nor bad expel.
Those breathing organs thus within oppress'd,
With venom soon distend the sinews of his breast.
Nought profits him to save abandon'd life,
Nor vomits upward aid, nor downward laxative.
The midmost region batter'd and destroy'd,
When nature cannot work th' effect of art is void.
For physic can but mend our crazy state,
Patch an old building, not a new create.
Arcite is doom'd to die in all his pride,
Must leave his youth, and yield his beauteous bride,
Gain'd hardly, against right, and unenjoy'd.
When 'twas declar'd all hope of life was past,
Conscience (that of all physic works the last)
Caus'd him to send for Emily in haste.
With her, at his desire, came Palamon;
Then on his pillow rais'd, he thus begun:
No language can express the smallest part
Of what I feel, and suffer in my heart,
For you, whom best I love and value most;
But to your service I bequeath my ghost;
Which from this mortal body when untied,
Unseen, unheard, shall hover at your side;
Nor fright you waking, nor your sleep offend,
But wait officious, and your steps attend.
How I have lov'd, excuse my falt'ring tongue,
My spirits feeble, and my pains are strong:
This I may say, I only grieve to die,
Because I lose my charming Emily:
To die, when Heaven had put you in my pow'r,
Fate could not choose a more malicious hour!
What greater curse could envious fortune give,
Than just to die when I began to live!
Vain men, how vanishing a bliss we crave,
Now warm in love, now with'ring in the grave!

Never

Never, O never more to see the sun!
Still dark, in a damp vault, and still alone!
This fate is common; but I lose my breath,
Near bliss, and yet not bless'd before my death.
Farewell; but take me dying in your arms,
'Tis all I can enjoy of all your charms:
This hand I cannot but in death resign;
Ah! could I live! but while I live 'tis mine.
I feel my end approach, and thus embrac'd,
Am pleas'd to die; but hear me speak my last:
Ah! my sweet foe, for you, and you alone,
I broke my faith with injur'd Palamon.
But love the sense of right and wrong confounds,
Strong love and proud ambition have no bounds:
And much I doubt, should Heaven my life prolong,
I should return to justify my wrong.
For, while my former flames remain within,
Repentance is but want of pow'r to sin.
With mortal hatred I pursued his life;
Nor he, nor you, were guilty of the strife:
Nor I, but as I lov'd; yet all combin'd,
Your beauty, and my impotence of mind,
And his concurrent flame, that blew my fire;
For still our kindred souls had one desire.
He had a moment's right in point of time;
Had I seen first, then his had been the crime.
Fate made it mine, and justified his right;
Nor holds this earth a more deserving knight
For virtue, valor, and for noble blood,
Truth, honor, all that is compris'd in good;
So help me Heaven, in all the world is none
So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon.
He loves you too with such an holy fire
As will not, cannot, but with life expire:
Our vow'd affections both have often tried,
Nor any love but yours could ours divide.
Then, by my love's inviolable band,
By my long suff'ring, and my short command,
If e'er you plight your vows when I am gone,
Have pity on the faithful Palamon.

This was his last; for death came on amain,
And exercis'd below his iron reign;
Then upward to the seat of life he goes:
Sense fled before him, what he touch'd he froze.
Yet could he not his closing eyes withdraw,
Though less and less of Emily he saw;
So, speechless, for a little space he lay;
Then grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd his soul away.

But whither went his soul, let such relate
Who search the secrets of the future state:
Divines can say but what themselves believe;
Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative:
For were all plain, then all sides must agree,
And faith itself be lost in certainty.
To live uprightly then is sure the best;
To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.
The soul of Arcite went where heathens go,
Who better live than we, though less they know.

In Palamon a lively grief appears;
Silent he wept, asham'd to show his tears:
Emilia shriek'd but once, and then oppress'd
With sorrow, sunk upon her lover's breast:
Till Theseus in his arms convey'd with care,
Far from so sad a sight, the swooning fair.
'Twere loss of time her sorrow to relate;
Ill bears the sex a youthful lover's fate,
When just approaching to the nuptial state;
But, like a low-hung cloud, it rains so fast,
That all at once it falls, and cannot last.
The face of things is chang'd, and Athens now,
That laugh'd so late, becomes the scene of woe:
Matrons and maids, both sexes, ev'ry state,
With tears lament the knight's untimely fate.
Nor greater grief in falling Troy was seen
For Hector's death; but Hector was not then.
Old men with dust deform'd their hoary hair;
The women beat their breasts, their cheeks they tear.
Why wouldst thou go, with one consent they cry,
When thou hadst gold enough, and Emily?
Theseus himself, who should have cheer'd the grief
Of others, wanted now the same relief.
Old Egeus only could revive his son,
Who various changes of the world had known;
And strange vicissitudes of human fate,
Still alt'ring, never in a steady state;
Good after ill, and after pain delight;
Alternate, like the scenes of day and night:
Since ev'ry man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind what happens let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.
Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
Even kings but play; and when their part is done,
Some other, worse or better, mount the throne.
With words like these the crowd was satisfied:
And so they would have been had Theseus died.
But he, their king, was lab'ring in his mind
A fitting place for fun'ral pomps to find,
Which were in honor of the dead design'd:
And, after long debate, at last he found
(As love itself had mark'd the spot of ground)
That grove for ever green, that conscious land,
Where he with Palamon fought hand to hand:
That where he fed his amorous desires
With soft complaints, and felt his hottest fires.
There other flames might waste his earthly part,
And burn his limbs, where love had burn'd his heart.

This once resolv'd, the peasants were enjoin'd
Sere-wood, and firs, and dodder'd oaks to find.
With sounding axes to the grove they go,
Fell, split, and lay the fuel on a row,
Vulcanian food: a bier is next prepar'd,
On which the lifeless body should be rear'd,
Cover'd with cloth of gold, on which was laid
The corpse of Arcite, in like robes array'd.
White gloves were on his hands, and on his head
A wreath of laurel, mix'd with myrtle, spread.
A sword keen-edg'd within his right he held,
The warlike emblem of the conquer'd field:
Bare was his manly visage on the bier:
Menac'd his countenance; even in death severe.

Then

Then to the palace-hall they bore the knight,
To lie in solemn state, a public sight.
Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the crowded place,
And unaffected sorrow sat on ev'ry face.
Sad Palamon above the rest appears,
In sable garments, dew'd with gushing tears:
His auburn locks on either shoulder flow'd,
Which to the fun'ral of his friend he vow'd:
But Emily, as chief, was next his side,
A virgin-widow, and a mourning bride.
And, that the princely obsequies might be
Perform'd according to his high degree,
The steed that bore him living to the fight
Was trapp'd with polish'd steel, all shining bright,
And cover'd with th' achievements of the knight.
The riders rode abreast, and one his shield,
His lance of cornel-wood another held;
The third his bow, and, glorious to behold,
The costly quiver, all of burnish'd gold.
The noblest of the Grecians next appear,
And, weeping, on their shoulders bore the bier;
With sober pace they march'd, and often staid,
And thro' the master-street the corpse convey'd.
The houses to their tops with black were spread,
And even the pavements were with mourning hid.
The right side of the pall old Egeus kept,
And on the left the royal Theseus wept;
Each bore a golden bowl of work divine,
With honey fill'd, and milk, and mix'd with ruddy wine.
Then Palamon, the kinsman of the slain,
And after him appear'd th' illustrious train,
To grace the pomp, came Emily the bright,
With cover'd fire, the fun'ral pile to light.
With high devotion was the service made,
And all the rites of Pagan honor paid:
So lofty was the pile, a Parthian bow,
With vigor drawn, must send the shaft below.
The bottom was full twenty fathom broad,
With crackling straw beneath in due proportion strew'd.
The fabric seem'd a wood of rising green,
With sulphur and bitumen cast between,
To feed the flames: the trees were unctuous fir,
And mountain-ash, the mother of the spear:
The mourner-yew and builder-oak were there:
The beech, the swimming alder, and the plane,
Hard box, and linden of a softer grain,
And laurels, which the Gods for conqu'ring chiefs ordain.
How they were rank'd shall rest untold by me,
With nameless nymphs that liv'd in ev'ry tree:
Nor how the dryads, or the woodland train,
Disherited, ran howling o'er the plain:
Nor how the birds to foreign seats repair'd,
Or beasts, that bolted out, and saw the forest bar'd:
Nor how the ground, now clear'd, with ghastly fright,
Beheld the sudden sun, a stranger to the light.
The straw, as I first said, was laid below:
Of chips and sere-wood was the second row;
The third of greens, and timber newly fell'd;
The fourth high stage the fragrant odors held.
And pearls, and precious stones, and rich array;
In midst of which, embalmed, his body lay.
The service sung, the maid with mourning eyes
The stubble fir'd; the smould'ring flames arise:
This office done, she sunk upon the ground;
But what she spoke recover'd from her swoon,
I want the wit in moving words to dress;
But by themselves the tender sex may guess.
While the devouring fire was burning fast,
Rich jewels in the flame the wealthy cast;
And some their shields, and some their lances threw,
And gave their warrior's ghost a warrior's due.
Full bowls of wine, of honey, milk, and blood,
Where pour'd upon the pile of burning wood,
And hissing flames receive, and, hungry, lick the food.
Then thrice the mounted squadrons ride around
The fire, and Arcite's name they thrice resound;
Hail, and farewell, they shouted thrice amain;
Thrice facing to the left, and thrice they turn'd again:
Still as they turn'd, they beat their circl'att'ring shields;
The women mix their cries; and clamor fills the fields.
The warlike wakes continu'd all the night,
And fun'ral games were play'd at new returning light.
Who naked wrestled best, besmear'd with oil,
Or who with gauntlets gave or took the foil,
I will not tell you, nor would you attend;
But briefly haste to my long story's end.
I pass the rest; the year was fully mourn'd,
And Palamon long since to Thebes return'd:
When, by the Grecians general consent,
At Athens Theseus held his parliament:
Among the laws that pass'd, it was decreed,
That conquer'd Thebes from bondage should be freed,
Reserving homage to th' Athenian throne,
To which the sovereign summon'd Palamon.
Unknowing of the cause, he took his way,
Mournful in mind, and still in black array.
The monarch mounts the throne, and, plac'd on high,
Commands into the court the beauteous Emily:
So call'd, she came; the senate rose, and paid
Becoming rev'rence to the royal maid.
And first soft whispers through th' assembly went:
With silent wonder then they watch'd the event:
All hush'd, the king arose with awful grace:
Deep thought was in his breast, and counsel in his face.
At length he sighed; and, having first prepar'd
Th' attentive audience, thus his will declar'd:
The cause and spring of motion, from above,
Hung down on earth the golden chain of love:
Great was th' effect, and high was his intent,
When peace among the jarring seeds he sent.
Fire, flood, and earth, and air, by this were bound,
And Love, the common link, the new creation crown'd.
The chain still holds, for, though the forms decay,
Eternal matter never wears away:

The

The same first Mover certain bounds has plac'd,
How long those perishable forms shall last:
Nor can they last beyond the time assign'd
By that all-seeing and all-making mind:
Shorten their hours they may; for will is free;
But never pass th' appointed destiny.
So men oppress'd, when weary of their breath,
Throw off their burden, and suborn their death.
Then, since those forms begin, and have their end,
On some unalter'd cause they sure depend:
Parts of the whole are we; but God the whole;
Who gives us life and animating soul:
For nature cannot from a part derive
That being, which the whole can only give:
He perfect, stable; but imperfect we,
Subject to change, and diff'rent in degree;
Plants, beasts, and man; and, as our organs are,
We more or less of his perfection share.
But by a long descent th' ethereal fire
Corrupts; and forms, the mortal part, expire:
As he withdraws his virtue, so they pass;
And the same matter makes another mass.
This law th' Omniscient Pow'r was pleas'd to give,
That ev'ry kind should by succession live:
That individuals die his will ordains;
The propagated species still remains.
The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by low degrees;
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays,
Supreme in state, and in three more decays;
So wears the paving pebble in the street,
And towns and tow'rs their fatal periods meet:
So rivers, rapid once, now naked lie,
Forsaken of their springs, and leave their channels dry.
So man, at first a drop, dilates with heat,
Then, form'd, the little heart begins to beat;
Secret he feeds unknowing in the cell;
At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the shell,
And struggles into breath, and cries for aid;
Then, helpless, in his mother's lap is laid.
He creeps, he walks, and, issuing into man,
Grudges their life from whence his own began:
Reckless of laws, effects to rule alone,
Anxious to reign, and restless on the throne:
First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last;
Rich of three souls, and lives all three to waste.
Some thus: but thousands more in flow'r of age:
For few arrive to run the latter stage.
Sunk in the first, in battle some are slain,
And others whelm'd beneath the stormy main.
What makes all this, but Jupiter the king,
At whose command we perish and we spring?
Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die,
To make a virtue of necessity.
Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain;
The bad grows better, which we well sustain;
And could we choose the time, and choose aright,
'Tis best to die, our honor at the height.
When we have done our ancestors no shame,
But serv'd our friends, and well secur'd our fame:
Then should we wish our happy life to close,
And leave no more for fortune to dispose:
So should we make our death a glad relief
From future shame, from sickness, and from grief:
Enjoying while we live the present hour,
And dying in our excellence and flow'r.
Then round our death-bed ev'ry friend should run,
And joyous of our conquest early won:
While the malicious world with envious tears
Should grudge our happy end, and wish it theirs.
Since then our Arcite is with honor dead,
Why should we mourn that he so soon is freed,
Or call untimely what the Gods decreed?
With grief as just a friend may be deplor'd,
From a foul prison to free air restor'd.
Ought he to thank his kinsmen or his wife,
Could tears recal him into wretched life?
Their sorrow hurts themselves; on him is lost;
And, worse than both, offends his happy ghost.
What then remains, but, after past annoy,
To take the good vicissitude of joy?
To thank the gracious Gods for what they give,
Possess our souls, and, while we live, to live?
Ordain we then two sorrows to combine,
And in one point th' extremes of grief to join;
That thence resulting joy may be renew'd;
As jarring notes in harmony conclude.
Then I propose that Palamon shall be
In marriage join'd with beauteous Emily;
For which already I have gain'd th' assent
Of my free people in full parliament.
Long love to her has borne the faithful knight,
And well deserv'd, had fortune done him right:
'Tis time to mend her fault; since Emily
By Arcite's death from former vows is free:
If you, fair sister, ratify th' accord,
And take him for your husband and your lord,
'Tis no dishonor to confer your grace
On one descended from a royal race:
And were he less, yet years of service past
From grateful souls exact reward at last.
Pity is Heaven's and yours: nor can she find
A throne so soft as in a woman's mind.
He said; she blush'd; and, as o'eraw'd by might,
Seem'd to give Theseus what she gave the knight.
Then, turning to the Theban, thus he said;
Small arguments are needful to persuade
Your temper to comply with my command;
And, speaking thus, he gave Emilia's hand.
Smil'd Venus, to behold her own true knight
Obtain the conquest, tho' he lost the fight;
And bless'd with nuptial bliss the sweet laborious night.
Eros and Anteros on either side,
One fir'd the bridegroom, and one warm'd the bride;
And long-attending Hymen from above
Shower'd on the bed the whole Idalian grove.
All of a tenor was their after-life,
No day discolor'd with domestic strife;
No jealousy, but mutual truth believ'd,
Secure repose, and kindness undeceiv'd.
Thus Heaven, beyond the compass of his thought,
Sent him the blessing he so dearly bought.
So may the Queen of Love long duty bless,
And all true lovers find the same success

§ 29.

§ 29. *Religio Laici.* Dryden.

AN EPISTLE.

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely weary wand'ring travellers,
Is reason to the soul: and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Nor light us here; so reason's glimm'ring ray
Was lent not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
So pale grows reason at religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernat'ral light.
Some few, whose lamps shone brighter, have been led
From cause to cause, to nature's secret head;
And found that one first principle must be:
But what, or who, that universal He;
Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving all;
Or various atoms, interfering dance,
Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance;
Or this great all was from eternity;
Not e'en the Stagyrite himself could see,
And Epicurus guess'd as well as he;
As blindly grop'd they for a future state;
As rashly judg'd of providence and fate:
But least of all could their endeavours find
What most concern'd the good of human kind:
For happiness was never to be found,
But vanish'd from them like enchanted ground.
One thought content the good to be enjoy'd:
This every little accident destroy'd:
The wiser madmen did for virtue toil;
A thorny, or at best a barren soil:
In pleasure some their glutton souls would steep:
But found their line too short, the well too deep;
And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the soul:
In this wild maze their vain endeavours end:
How can the less the greater comprehend?
Or finite reason reach Infinity?
For what could fathom God were more than He.
The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground;
Cries εὕρηκα, the mighty secret's found:
God is that spring of good; supreme, and best;
We made to serve, and in that service blest.
If so, some rules of worship must be given,
Distributed alike to all by Heaven:
Else God were partial, and to some denied
The means his justice should for all provide.
This gen'ral worship is to praise and pray;
One part to borrow blessings, one to pay:
And when frail nature slides into offence,
The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.
Yet, since th' effects of Providence, we find,
Are variously dispens'd to human kind;
That vice triumphs, and virtue suffers here,
A brand that sov'reign justice cannot bear;
Our reason prompts us to a future state,
The last appeal from fortune and from fate;
Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd;
The bad meet punishment, the good reward.

Thus man by his own strength to Heaven would soar;
And would not be oblig'd to God for more.
Vain wretched creature! how art thou misled,
To think thy wit these godlike notions bred!
These truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropt from heaven, and of a nobler kind.
Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,
And reason saw not till faith sprung the light.
Hence all thy nat'ral worship takes the source;
'Tis revelation, what thou think'st discourse.
Else how comest thou to see these truths so clear,
Which so obscure to Heathens did appear?
Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found;
Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.
Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,
Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb?
Canst thou by reason more of godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
Those giant wits in happier ages born,
When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,
Knew no such system; no such piles could raise
Of nat'ral worship built on prayer and praise
To one sole God.
Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe;
But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:
The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence;
And cruelty and blood were penitence.
If sheep and oxen could atone for men,
Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin!
And great oppressors might heaven's wrath be-
By offering his own creatures for a spoil! [guile,
Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?
And must the terms of pence be given by thee?
Then thou art Justice in the last appeal;
Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel;
And like a king, remote and weak, must take
What satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.
But if there be a pow'r too just and strong
To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd wrong,
Look humbly upward, see his will disclose
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose;
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not eternal wisdom found the way,
And with celestial wealth supplied thy store;
His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits the score.
See God descending in thy human frame;
Th' offending suffering in th' offender's name;
All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,
And all his righteousness devolv'd on thee.
For, granting we have sinn'd, and that th' of-
Of man is made against Omnipotence, [fence
Some price that bears proportion must be paid;
And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
See then the Deist lost; remorse for vice,
Not paid; or, paid, inadequate in price:
What farther means can reason now direct,
Or what relief from human wit expect?
That shows us sick; and sadly are we sure
Still to be sick, till Heaven reveal the cure:
If then Heaven's will must needs be understood,
Which must, if we want cure, and Heaven be good,
Let all records of will reveal'd be shown;
With scripture all in equal balance thrown,
And our one sacred book will be that one.

Proof

Proof needs not here: for whether we compare
That impious idle superstitious ware
Of rites, lustrations, offrings, which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,
With christian faith and virtues; we shall find
None answ'ring the great ends of human kind,
But this one rule of life, that shows us best
How God may be appeas'd, and mortals blest.
Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
The word is scarce more antient than the law;
Heaven's early care prescrib'd for ev'ry age;
First in the soul, and after in the page.
Or whether more abstractedly we look,
Or, on the writers, or the written book,
Whence, but from Heaven, could men unskill'd in arts,
In sev'ral ages born, in sev'ral parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lye?
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.
If on the book itself we cast our view,
Concurrent heathens prove the story true;
The doctrine, miracles; which must convince,
For heaven in them appeals to human sense;
And tho' they prove not, they confirm the cause,
When what is taught agrees with nature's laws.
Then for the style, majestic and divine,
It speaks no less than God in ev'ry line;
Commanding words; whose force is still the same
As the first fiat that produc'd our frame.
All faiths beside or did by arms ascend,
Or since indulg'd has made mankind their friend,
This only doctrine does our lusts oppose,
Unfed by nature's soil, in which it grows;
Cross to our int'rests, curbing sense and sin:
Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,
It thrives thro' pain; its own tormentors tires;
And with a stubborn patience still aspires.
To what can reason such effects assign
Transcending nature, but to laws divine;
Which in that sacred volume are contain'd;
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd?
But stay: the Deist here will urge anew.
No supernat'ral worship can be true;
Because a gen'ral law is that alone
Which must to all, and ev'ry where, be known:
A style so large as not this book can claim,
Nor aught that bears reveal'd religion's name.
'Tis said, the sound of a Messiah's birth
Is gone thro' all the habitable earth;
But still that text must be confin'd alone
To what was then inhabited and known:
And what provisions could from thence accrue
To Indian souls, and worlds discover'd new?
In other parts it helps, that ages past,
The scriptures there were known, and were embrac'd
Till sin spread once again the shades of night:
What's that to these, who never saw the light?
Of all objections this indeed is chief
To startle reason, stagger frail belief:
We grant 'tis true, that Heaven from human sense
Has hid the secret paths of Providence:
But boundless wisdom, boundless mercy, may
Find, ev'n for those bewilder'd souls, a way;
If from his nature foes may pity claim,
Much more may strangers who ne'er heard his name.
And though no name be for salvation known,
But that of his eternal Son's alone;
Who knows how far transcending goodness can
Extend the merits of that Son to man?
Who knows what reasons may his mercy lead;
Or ignorance invincible may plead?
Not only charity bids hope the best,
But more the great apostle has express'd:
"That if the Gentiles, whom no law inspir'd,
By nature did what was by law requir'd,
They, who the written rule had never known,
Were to themselves both rule and law alone:
To nature's plain indictment they shall plead;
And by their conscience be condemn'd or freed."
Most righteous doom! because a rule reveal'd
Is none to those from whom it was conceal'd.
Then those who follow'd reason's dictates right
Liv'd up, and lifted high their nat'ral light;
With Socrates may see their Maker's face,
While thousand rubric-martyrs want a place.
Nor does it baulk my charity, to find
Th' Egyptian bishop of another mind;
For though his creed eternal truth contains,
'Tis hard for man to doom to endless pains.
All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd;
Unless he first could prove he was inspir'd.
Then let us either think he meant to say,
This faith, where publish'd, was the only way;
Or else conclude that, Arius to confute,
The good old man, too eager in dispute,
Flew high; and as his christian fury rose
Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.
Thus far my charity this path has tried;
A much unskilful, but well-meaning guide:
Yet what they are, e'en these crude thoughts were bred,
By reading that which better thou had read.
Thy matchless author's work; which thou my friend,
By well translating better dost commend:
Those youthful hours which of thy equals most
In toys have squander'd, or in vice have lost;
Those hours hast thou to nobler use employ'd,
And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd.
Witness this weighty book, in which appears
The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
Spent by thy author, in the sifting care
Of rabbins old sophisticated ware
From gold divine; which he who well can sort
May afterwards make algebra a sport.
A treasure, which if country curates buy,
They Junius and Tremellius may defy;
Save pains in various readings and translations;
And without Hebrew make most learn'd quotations.
A work so full with various learning fraught,
So nicely ponder'd, yet so strongly wrought,
As nature's height and art's last hand requir'd,
As much as man could compass, uninspir'd:

Where

Where we may see what errors have been made
Both in the copyer's and translator's trade;
How Jewish, Popish, int'rests have prevail'd,
And where infallibility has fail'd.
For some, who have his secret meaning guess'd,
Have found our author not too much a priest:
For fashion's sake he seems to have recourse
To pope, and councils, and tradition's force:
But he that old traditions could subdue,
Could not but find the weakness of the new;
If scripture, tho' deriv'd from heavenly birth,
Has been but carelessly preserv'd on earth;
If God's own people, who of God before
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more
In fuller terms of heaven's assisting care,
And who did neither time nor study spare,
To keep this book untainted, unperplex'd,
Let in gross errors to corrupt the text,
Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the sense,
With vain traditions stopt the gaping fence,
Which ev'ry common hand pull'd up with ease,
What safety from such brush-wood-helps as these?
If written words from time are not secur'd,
How can we think have oral sounds endur'd?
Which thus transmitted, if one mouth has fail'd,
Immortal lyes on ages are entail'd:
And that some such have been, is prov'd too plain,
If we consider int'rest, church, and gain.
O but, says one, tradition set aside,
Where can we hope for an unerring guide?
For since th' original scripture has been lost,
All copies disagreeing, maim'd the most,
Or christian faith can have no certain ground,
Or truth in church-tradition must be found.
Such an omniscient church we wish indeed:
'Twere worth both Testaments; cast in the creed:
But if this mother be a guide so sure
As can all doubts resolve, and truth secure,
Then her infallibility, as well
Where copies are corrupt or lame, can tell;
Restore lost canons with as little pains,
As truly explicate what still remains:
Which yet no council dare pretend to do;
Unless, like Esdras, they could write it new:
Strange confidence still to interpret true,
Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd
Is in the blest original contain'd.
More safe, and much more modest, 'tis to say,
God would not leave mankind without a way:
And that the scriptures, tho' not every where
Free from corruption, or entire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, entire,
In all things which our needful faith require.
If others in the same glass better see,
'Tis for themselves they look, but not for me:
For my salvation must its doom receive,
Not from what others, but what I believe.
Must all tradition then be set aside?
This to affirm, were ignorance and pride.
Are there not many points, some needful sure
To saving faith, that scripture leaves obscure?
Which ev'ry sect will wrest a sev'ral way;
For what one sect interprets, all sects may:
We hold, and say we prove from scripture plain,
That Christ is God; the bold Socinian
From the same scripture urges he 's but man.
Now what appeal can end th' important suit?
Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute.
Shall I speak plain, and in a nation free
Assume an honest layman's liberty?
I think, according to my little skill,
To my own mother-church submitting still,
That many have been sav'd, and many may,
Who never heard this question brought in play.
Th' unletter'd Christian, who believes in gross,
Plods on to heaven, and ne'er is at a loss:
For the strait gate would be made straiter yet,
Were none admitted there but men of wit.
The few by nature form'd, with learning fraught,
Born to instruct, as others to be taught,
Must study well the sacred page; and see
Which doctrine, this or that, does best agree
With the whole tenor of the work divine,
And plainliest points to Heaven's reveal'd design?
Which exposition flows from genuine sense,
And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
Not that tradition's parts are useless here;
When gen'ral, old, disint'rested, and clear;
That antient fathers thus expound the page,
Gives truth the reverend majesty of age;
Confirms its force by 'biding ev'ry test;
For best authorities next rules are best.
And still the nearer to the spring we go,
More limpid, more unsoil'd, the waters flow.
Thus first traditions were a proof alone;
Could we be certain, such they were, so known;
But since some flaws in long descent may be,
They make not truth, but probability.
E'en Arius and Pelagius durst provoke
To what the centuries preceeding spoke.
Such diff'rence is there in an oft told tale:
But truth by its own sinews will prevail.
Tradition written therefore more commends
Authority, than what from voice descends:
And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
Rolls down to us the sacred history:
Which, from the universal church receiv'd,
Is tried, and after for itself believ'd.
The partial Papists would infer from hence
Their church, in last resort, should judge the sense.
But first they would assume with wondrous art
Themselves to be the whole, who are but part
Of that vast frame the church; yet grant they were
The handers-down, can they from thence infer
A right t' interpret? or would they alone,
Who brought the present, claim it for their own?
The book's a common largess to mankind;
Not more for them than ev'ry man design'd:
The welcome news is in the letter found;
The carrier's not commission'd to expound.
It speaks itself, and what it does contain
In all things needful to be known is plain.
In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance,
A gainful trade their clergy did advance;
When want of learning kept the laymen low,
And none but priests were authoriz'd to know:

When what small knowledge was in them did dwell;
And he a god who could but read and spell;
The mother-church did mightily prevail;
She parcel'd out the Bible by retail:
But still expounded what she sold or gave,
To keep it in her power to damn or save.
Scripture was scarce, and, as the market went,
Poor laymen took salvation on content;
As needy men take money good or bad: [had.
God's word they had not but the priest's they
Yet whate'er false conveyances they made,
The lawyer still was certain to be paid.
In those dark times they learn'd their knack so well,
That by long use they grew infallible.
At last a knowing age began t' inquire
If they the book or that did them inspire: [late,
And making narrower search they found, tho'
That what they thought the priest's was their estate:
Taught by the will produc'd, the written word,
How long they had been cheated on record.
Then ev'ry man who saw the title fair,
Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a share:
Consulted soberly his private good,
And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he could.

'Tis true, my friend, and far be flatt'ry hence,
This good had full as bad a consequence:
The book thus put in ev'ry vulgar hand,
Which each presum'd he best could understand,
The common rule was made the common prey,
And at the mercy of the rabble lay.
The tender page with horny fists was gall'd:
And he was gifted most that loudest bawl'd;
The spirit gave the doctoral degree:
And ev'ry member of a company
Was of his trade and of the Bible free.
Plain truths enough for needful use they found;
But men would still be itching to expound:
Each was ambitious of the obscurest place,
No measure ta'en from knowledge, all from grace.
Study and pains were now no more their care;
Texts were explain'd by fasting and by pray'r:
This was the fruit the private spirit brought;
Occasion'd by great zeal and little thought;
While crowds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm,
About the sacred winds buz and swarm.
The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood;
And turns to maggots what was meant for food.
A thousand daily sects rise up and die;
A thousand more the perish'd race supply:
So all we make of Heaven's discover'd will,
Is not to have it, or to use it ill.
The danger's much the same; on sev'ral shelves
If others wreck us, or we wreck ourselves.

What then remains but waving each extreme,
The tides of ignorance and pride to stem?
Neither so rich a treasure to forego;
Nor proudly seek beyond our pow'r to know:
Faith is not built on disquisitions vain;
The things we must believe are few and plain.
But since men will believe more than they need,
And ev'ry man will make himself a creed,
In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way
To learn what unsuspected antients say:
For 'tis not likely we should higher soar
In search of heaven than all the church before;
Nor can we be deceiv'd unless we see
The scripture and the fathers disagree.
If after all they stand suspected still,
For no man's faith depends upon his will;
'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known
Without much hazard may be let alone:
And after hearing what our church can say,
If still our reason runs another way,
That private reason 'tis more just to curb,
Than by disputes the public peace disturb;
For points obscure are of small use to learn;
But common quiet is mankind's concern.

Thus have I made my own opinions clear;
Yet neither praise expect, nor censure fear:
And this unpolish'd rugged verse I chose,
As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose:
For while from sacred truth I do not swerve,
Tom Sternhold's or Tom Shadwell's rhymes will serve.

§ 30. *Mac Flecknoe.* Dryden.

All human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who like Augustus, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long:
In prose and verse was own'd without dispute,
Thro' all the realms of Nonsense absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase;
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state:
And pond'ring which, of all his sons, was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with Wit;
Cried, 'Tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads that he
Should only rule who most resembles me.
Sh——, alone, my perfect image bears,
Mature in dullness from his tender years:
Sh——, alone, of all my sons, is he,
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence;
But Sh—— never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike thro', and make a lucid interval;
But Sh——'s genuine night admits no ray;
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty:
Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain,
And spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of Tautology.
Ev'n I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way;
And coarsely clad in Norwich drugget, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
When to king John of Portugal I sung,
Was but the prelude of that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way.

With

With well-tim'd oars, before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge;
And, big with hymn, commander of an host,
The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets toss'd.
Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well shapen'd thumb, from shore to shore
The trebles squeak for fear, the basses roar:
Echoes from Pissing-Alley Sh—— call,
And Sh—— they resound from Aston-Hall.
About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing hand.
St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not e'en the feet of thy own Psyche's rhyme:
Though they in number as in sense excel;
So just, so like Tautology they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore
The lute and sword which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more.

Here stopt the good old sire, and wept for joy,
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.
Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind
(The fair Augusta, much to fears inclin'd)
An antient fabric, rais'd t' inform the sight,
There stood of yore and Barbican it hight:
A watch-tow'r once: but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains:
From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets keep,
And undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep.
Near these a nursery erects its head, [bred:
Where queens are form'd, and future heroes
Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads the buskins here,
Nor greater Johnson dares in socks appear;
But gentle Simpkin just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds:
Pure clinches the suburbian Muse affords,
And Panton waging harmless war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his Sh——'s throne:
For antient Decker prophesied, long since,
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense:
To whom true dulness should some Psyche's owe,
But worlds of Misers from his pen should flow;
Humorists and Hypocrites it should produce,
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce,
Now empress Fame had publish'd the renown
Of Sh——'s coronation thro' the town.
Rous'd by report of Fame, the nations meet,
From near Bun-hill and distant Watling-street;
No Persian carpets spread th' imperial way,
But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay:
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pyes, and relics of the bum.
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby, there lay;
But loads of Sh—— almost choak'd the way.
Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
And H—n was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on the throne of his own labors rear'd,
At his right hand our young Ascanius sat,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state.
His brows, thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent Dulness play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the aliars come,
Sworn by his fire a mortal foe to Rome;
So Sh—— swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he, till death, true dulness would maintain,
And, in his father's right and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as a priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
Love's kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his sceptre and his rule of sway;
Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd young,
And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung;
His temples last with poppies were o'erspread,
That, nodding, seem'd to consecrate his head.
Just at the point of time, if fame not lye,
On his right hand twelve rev'rend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis sung by Tiber's brook,
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The fire then shook the honors of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood.

'Heavens bless my son, from Ireland let him reign
To far Barbadoes on the western main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's kingdom let him stretch his pen.'
He paus'd, and all the people cried, Amen.
Then thus continued he: 'My son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach; learn thou, from me,
Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
Let Virtuosos in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage;
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
Let Cully Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And, in their folly, show the writer's wit.
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justify their author's want of sense.
Let 'em be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of my own.
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
All full of thee, and diff'ring but in name.
But let no alien S—dl—y interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.

And, when false flow'rs of Rhetoric thou would'st cull,
Trust Nature, do not labor to be dull:
But write thy best, and top; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:
Sir Formal, tho' unsought, attends thy quill,
And does thy Northern Dedications fill.
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.
Let father Frecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
And make Ogleby thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part;
What share have we in nature or in art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein,
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain?
Where sold he bargains, whip-stitch, kiss my arse;
Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce?
When did his muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
As thou whole Eth'redge dost transfuse to thine?
But so transfus'd, as oil and water flow;
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wond'rous way,
New humors to invent for each new play;
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which, one way, to dulness 'tis inclin'd:
Which make thy writings lean on one side still,
And in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ;
But sure thou 'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy tragic Muse gives smiles; thy comic, sleep.
With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive satires never bite.
In thy felonious heart though venom lies
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.
Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land.
There thou may'st wings display, and altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.
Or, if thou would'st thy diff'rent talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute.
He said; but his last words were scarcely heard;
For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepar'd,
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking, he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

§ 31. *An Essay upon Satire.*

Dryden *and* Buckingham.

How dull and how insensible a beast
Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the rest!
Philosophers and poets vainly strove
In ev'ry age the lumpish mass to move: these,
But those were pedants, when compar'd with
Who know not only to instruct but please.
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Mysterious morals gently to convey
In charming numbers; so that, as men grew
Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiser too.
Satire has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best,
To tell men freely of their foulest faults;
To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.
In satire too the wise took diff'rent ways,
To each deserving its peculiar praise.
Some did all folly with just sharpness blame,
Whilst others laugh'd, and scorn'd them into shame.
But of these two, the last succeeded best,
As men aim rightest when they shoot in jest.
Yet if we may presume to blame our guides,
And censure those who censure all besides,
In other things they justly are preferr'd;
In this alone methinks the antients err'd:
Against the grossest follies they declaim;
Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble game,
Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,
And 'tis a talent of each vulgar wit:
Besides, 'tis labor lost; for who would preach
Morals to Armstrong, or dull Aston teach?
'Tis being devout at play, wise at a ball,
Or bringing wit and friendship to Whitehall.
But with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,
Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind;
That little speck which all the rest does spoil,
To wash off that, would be a noble toil;
Beyond the loose-writ libels of this age,
Or the fore'd scenes of our declining stage;
Above all censure too, each little wit
Will be so glad to see the greater hit;
Who judging better though concern'd the most,
Of such correction will have cause to boast.
In such a satire all would seek a share,
And ev'ry fool will fancy he is there.
Old story-tellers too must pine and die,
To see their antiquated wit laid by;
Like her, who miss'd her name in a lampoon,
And griev'd to find herself decay'd so soon.
No common coxcomb must be mention'd here;
Not the dull train of dancing sparks appear;
Nor flutt'ring officers who never fight:
Of such a wretched rabble who would write?
Much less half wits: that's more against our rules,
For they are fops, the other are but fools.
Who would not be as silly as Dunbar?
As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr?
The cunning courtier should be slighted too,
Who with dull knav'ry makes so much ado;
Till the shrewd fool, by thriving too, too fast,
Like Æsop's fox, becomes a prey at last.
Nor shall the royal mistresses be nam'd,
Too ugly, or too easy, to be blam'd;
With whom each rhyming fool keeps such a pother,
They are as common that way as the other:
Yet saunt'ring Charles, between his beastly brace,
Meets with dissembling still in either place,
Affected humor, or a painted face.

In

In royal libels we have often told him
How one has jilted him, the other sold him;
How that affects to laugh, how this to weep:
But who can rail so long as he can sleep?
Was ever prince by two at once misled,
False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred?
Earnely and Aylesbury, with all that race
Of busy blockheads, shall have here no place;
At council sat as fojls on Dorset's score,
To make the great false jewel shine the more;
Who all that while was thought exceeding wise:
Only for taking pains and telling lies.
But there's no meddling with such nauseous men;
Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen:
'Tis time to quit their company, and choose
Some fitter subject for a sharper Muse.

First let's behold the merriest man alive
Against his careless genius vainly strive;
Quit his dear ease, some deep design to lay,
'Gainst a set time; and then forget the day:
Yet he will laugh at his best friends: and be
Just as good company as Nokes and Lee.
But when he aims at reason or at rule,
He turns himself the best to ridicule.
Let him at business ne'er so earnest sit,
Show him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit;
That shaddow of a jest shall be enjoy'd,
Though he left all mankind to be destroy'd.
So cat transformed sat gravely and demure,
Till mouse appear'd, and thought himself secure;
But soon the lady had him in her eye,
And from her friend did just as oddly fly.
Reaching above our nature does no good:
We must fall back to our old flesh and blood:
As, by our little Machiaval, we find
That nimblest creature of the busy kind,
His limbs are crippled, and his body shakes;
Yet his hard mind, with all this hustle makes,
No pity of its poor companion takes.
What gravity can hold from laughing out,
To see him drag his feeble legs about,
Like hounds ill-coupled? Jowler lugs him still
Thro' hedges, ditches, and thro' all that's ill.
'Twere crime in any man but him alone,
To use a body so, tho' 'tis one's own:
Yet this false comfort never gives him o'er,
That whilst the creeps his vig'rous thoughts can soar:
Alas! that soaring to those few that know,
Is but a busy grov'ling here below.
So men in rapture think they mount the sky,
Whilst on the ground th'entranced wretch is lie:
So modern fops have fancied they could fly.
As the new earl with parts deserving praise,
And wit enough to laugh at his own ways;
Yet loses all soft days and sensual nights,
Kind nature cheeks, and kinder fortune slights;
Striving against his quiet all he he can,
For the fine motion of a busy man.
And what is that, at best, but one whose mind
Is made to tire himself and all mankind?
For Ireland he would go; 'faith, let him reign;
For if some odd fantastic lord would fain
Carry in trunks, and all my drudg'ry do,
I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.

But is there any other beast that lives,
Who his own harm so wittingly contrives?
Will any dog, that has his teeth and stones,
Refin'dly leave his bitches and his bones
To turn a wheel? and bark to be employ'd,
While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd?
Yet this fond man, to get a statesman's name,
Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.
Though satire nicely writ no humor stings
By those who merit praise in other things:
Yet we must needs this one exception make,
And break our rules for folly Tropos' sake,
Who was too much despis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd;
Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,
For railing smoothly, and for reas'ning wrong,
As boys on holidays let loose to play,
Lay waggish traps for girls that pass that way,
Then shunt to see in dirt and deep distress
Some silly cit in her flower'd foolish dress;
So have I mighty satisfaction found,
To see his tinsel reason on the ground;
To see the florid fool despis'd, and know it, [it:
By some who scarce have words enough to show
For sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker
The finer may sometimes the wittest speaker:
But 'tis prodigious so much eloquence
Should be acquir'd by such little sense;
For words and wit did antiently agree;
And Tully was no fool though this man be:
At bar abusive, on the bench unable,
Knave on the wool-sack, fop at council-table.
These are the grievances of such fools as would
Be rather wise than honest, great than good.

Some other kind of wits must be made known,
Whose harmless errors hurt themselves alone;
Excess of luxury they think can please,
And laziness call loving of their ease;
To live dissolv'd in pleasure still they feign,
Though their whole life's but intermitting pain:
So much of surfeits, head-achs, claps, are seen,
We scarce perceive the little time between;
Well-meaning men who make this gross mistake,
And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake;
Each pleasure has its price; and when we pay
Too much of pain, we squander life away.

Thus Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Married; but wiser puss ne'er thought of that;
And first he worried her with railing rhyme,
Like Pembroke's mastiffs at his kindest time;
Then for one night sold all his slavish life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife;
Swell'd by contact of such a fulsome toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load:
Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill restor'd him to his liberty!
Which he would use in his old sneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day;
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times
Had fam'd for dulness in malicious rhymes.

Mulgrave had much ado to 'scape the snare,
Tho' learn'd in all those arts that cheat the fair;
For after all his vulgar marriage-mocks,
With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the stocks;

Deluded parents dried their weeping eyes,
To see him catch a tartar for his prize;
Th' impatient town waited the wish'd-for change
And cuckolds smil'd in hopes of sweet revenge:
Till Petworth plot made us with sorrow see,
As his estate, his person too was free:
Him no soft thoughts, no gratitude could move;
To gold he fled from beauty and from love;
Yet failing there he keeps his freedom still,
Fore'd to live happily against his will:
'Tis not his fault, if too much wealth and pow'r
Break not his boasted quiet ev'ry hour.
And little Sid, for simile renown'd,
Pleasure has always sought, but never found;
Though all his thoughts on wine and women
His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all. [fall,
The flesh he lives upon is rank and strong;
His meat and mistresses are kept too long.
But sure we all mistake this pious man,
Who mortifies his person all he can:
What we uncharitably take for sin,
Are only rules of this odd capuchin:
For never hermit, under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common sense;
And 'tis a miracle, we may suppose,
No nastiness offends his skilful nose;
Which from all stink can with peculiar art
Extract perfume, and essence from a f—t:
Expecting supper is his great delight;
He toils all day but to be drunk at night:
Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping sits,
Till he takes Hewit and Jack Hall for wits.
Rochester I despise for want of wit,
Though thought to have a tail and cloven feet;
For, while he mischief means to all mankind,
Himself alone the ill effects doth find:
And so like witches justly suffer shame,
Whose harmless malice is so much the same.
False are his words, affected is his wit;
So often he does aim, so seldom hit:
To ev'ry face he cringes while he speaks,
But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks:
Mean in each action, lewd in ev'ry limb,
Manners themselves are mischievous in him:
A proof that chance alone makes ev'ry creature
A very Killigrew, without good nature.
For what a Bessus has he always liv'd,
And his own kickings notably contriv'd!
For there's the folly that's still mix'd with fear,
Cowards more blows than any hero bear;
Of fighting sparks some may their pleasures say,
But 'tis a bolder thing to run away:
The world may well forgive him all his ill,
For ev'ry fault does prove his penance still:
Falsely he falls into some dang'rous noose,
And then as meanly labors to get loose:
A life so infamous is better quitting,
Spent in base injury and low submitting.
I'd like to have left out his poetry;
Forgot by all almost as well as me.
Sometimes he has some humor, never wit:
And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
'Tis under so much nasty rubbish laid,
To find it out 's the cinderwoman's trade;
Who, for the wretched remnants of a fire,
Must toil all day in ashes and in mire.
So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
The wretched texts deserve no comments here;
Where one poor thought sometimes, left all alone,
For a whole page of dulness must atone.
How vain a thing is man, and how unwise!
Ev'n he who would himself the most despise!
I, who so wise and humble seem to be,
Now my own vanity and pride can't see.
While the world's nonsense is so sharply shown,
We pull down others but to raise our own:
That we may angels seem, we paint them elves,
And are but satires to set up ourselves.
I (who have all this while been finding fault,
Ev'n with my master, who first satire taught;
And did by that describe the task so hard,
It seem'd stupendous and above reward)
Now labor with unequal force to climb
That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time;
'Tis just that I should to the bottom fall;
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

§ 32. *Cymon and Iphigenia.* Dryden.

Poeta loquitur.

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The pow'r of beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflam'd my soul, and still inspires my wit.
If love be folly, the severe divine
Has felt that folly, though he censures mine;
Pollutes the pleasures of a chaste embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in grace,
With riotous excess, a priestly race.
Suppose him free, and that I forge th' offence,
He show'd the way, perverting first my sense;
In malice witty, and with venom fraught,
He makes me speak the things I never thought,
Compute the gains of his ungovern'd zeal;
Ill suits his cloth the praise of railing well.
The world will think that what we loosely write,
Tho' now arrang'd, he read with some delight;
Because he seems to chew the cud again,
When his broad comment makes the text too plain:
And teaching more in one explaining page
Than all the double-meanings of the stage.
What needs he paraphrase on what we mean?
We were at most but wanton; he's obscene.
I not my fellows nor myself excuse;
But love's the subject of the comic Muse;
Nor can we write without it, nor would you
A tale of only dry instruction view;
Nor love is always of a vicious kind,
But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind;
Awakes the sleepy vigor of the soul,
And, brushing o'er, adds motion to the pool.
Love, studious how to please, improves our parts
With polish'd manners, and adorns with arts.
Love first invented verse, and form'd the rhyme,
The motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the chime;
To lib'ral acts enlarg'd the narrow soul'd,
Soften'd the fierce, and made the coward bold;

The

The world, when waste, he peopled with increase,
And warring nations reconcil'd in peace.
Ormond, the first, and all the fair may find,
In this one legend, to their fame design'd,
When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the mind.

In that sweet isle where Venus keeps her court,
And ev'ry grace, and all the loves, resort;
Where either sex is form'd of softer earth,
And takes the bent of pleasure from their birth:
There liv'd a Cyprian lord, above the rest
Wise, wealthy, with a num'rous issue blest:
But, as no gift of fortune is sincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy heir.
His eldest born, a goodly youth to view,
Excell'd the rest in shape and outward shew;
Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion join'd,
But of a heavy, dull, degen'rate mind.
His soul belied the features of his face;
Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace:
A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
And stupid eyes that ever lov'd the ground.
He look'd like nature's error; as the mind
And body were not of a piece design'd, [join'd.
But made for two, and by mistake in one were

The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercis'd in vain on wit's despair;
The more inform'd, the less he understood;
And deeper sunk by flound'ring in the mud.
Now scorn'd of all, and grown the public shame,
The people from Galesus chang'd his name,
And Cymon call'd, which signifies a brute;
So well his name did with his nature suit.

His father, when he found his labor lost,
And care employ'd that answer'd not the cost,
Chose an ungrateful object to remove,
And loath'd to see what nature made him love;
So to his country farm the fool confin'd:
Rude work well suited to a rustic mind.
Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went,
A 'squire among the swains, and pleas'd with banishment.

His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight a country fair.

It happen'd on a summer's holiday,
That to the green-wood shade he took his way;
For Cymon shunn'd the church, and us'd not much to pray.

His quarter-staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for want of thought.

By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,
The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd;
Where, in a plain defended by the wood,
Crept thro' the matted grass a crystal flood,
By which an alabaster fountain stood:
And on the margin of the fount was laid
(Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid.
Like Dian and her nymphs, when tir'd with sport,
To rest by cool Eurotas they resort:
The dame herself the goddess well express'd,
Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And ev'n in slumber a superior grace:
Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,
Her body shaded with a slight cymarr;
Her bosom to the view was only bare
Where two beginning paps were scarcely spied,
For yet their places were but signified:
The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose:
The fanning wind and purling streams, continue her repose.

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth that testified surprise,
Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his sight,
New as he was to love, and novice to delight:
Long mute he stood, and, leaning on his staff,
His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh;
Then would have spoke, but by his glimm'ring sense.
First found his want of words, and fear'd offence:
Doubted for what he was he should be known,
By his clown accent, and his country tone.
Thro' the rude chaos thus the running light
Shot the first ray that pierc'd the native light:
Then day and darkness in the mass were mix'd,
Till gather'd in a globe the beams were fix'd:
Last shone the sun, who, radiant in his sphere,
Illumin'd heaven and earth, and roll'd around
So reason in this brutal soul began, [the year.
Love made him first suspect he was a man;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound;
By love his want of words and wit he found;
That sense of want prepar'd the future way
To knowledge, and disclos'd the promise of a day,
What not his father's care, nor tutor's art,
Could plant with pains in his unpolished heart,
The best instructor, love, at once inspir'd,
As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fir'd:
Love taught him shame; and shame, with love
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life; [at strife,
His gross material soul at once could find
Somewhat in her excelling all her kind:
Exciting a desire till then unknown;
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone:
This made the first impression on his mind,
Above, but just above, the brutal kind.
For beasts can like, but not distinguish too,
Nor their own liking by reflection know;
Nor why they like or this or t'other face,
Or judge of this or that peculiar grace;
But love in gross, and stupidly admire:
As flies allur'd by light, approach the fire.
Thus our man-beast, advancing by degrees,
First likes the whole, then separates what he sees:
On sev'ral parts a sev'ral praise bestows:
The ruby lips, the well proportion'd nose,
The snowy skin and raven-glossy hair,
The dimpled cheek, and forehead rising fair,
And ev'n in sleep itself, a smiling air.
From thence his eyes descending view'd the rest,
Her plump round arms, white hands, and heaving breast.
Long on the last he dwelt, though every part
A pointed arrow sped to pierce his heart.

Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown
(A judge erected from a country clown)
He long'd to see her eyes, in slumber hid,
And wish'd his own could pierce within the lid;
He would have wak'd her, but restrain'd his thought,
And love new-born the first good manners taught.
And awful fear his ardent wish withstood,
Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood.
For such she seem'd by her celestial face,
Excelling all the rest of human race.
And things divine, by common sense he knew,
Must be devoutly seen, at distant view:
So checking his desire, with trembling heart,
Gazing he stood, nor would nor could depart;
Fix'd as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way,
Who dares not stir by night, for fear to stray,
But stand with awful eyes to watch the dawn of day.

At length awaking, Iphigene the fair
(So was the beauty call'd who caus'd his care)
Unclos'd her eyes, and double day reveal'd.
While those of all her slaves in sleep were seal'd.
The slav'ring curden, propp'd upon his staff,
Stood ready gaping, with a grinning laugh,
To welcome her awake; nor durst begin
To speak, but wisely kept the fool within.
Then she: What makes you, Cymon, here alone?
(For Cymon's name was round the country known,
Because descended of a noble race,
And for a soul ill sorted with his face).
But still the sot stood silent with surprise,
With fix't regard on her new open'd eyes,
And in his breast receiv'd th' envenom'd dart,
A tickling pain that pleas'd amid the smart.
But conscious of her form, with quick distrust
She saw his sparkling eyes, and fear'd his brutal lust:
This to prevent, she wak'd her sleepy crew,
And, rising hasty, took a short adieu.

Then Cymon first his rustic voice essay'd,
With profer'd service to the parting maid,
To see her safe; his hand she long denied,
But took at length, asham'd of such a guide.
So Cymon led her home, and leaving there,
No more would to his country clowns repair;
But sought his father's house with better mind,
Refusing in the farm to be confin'd.

The father wonder'd at the son's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn;
But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting still
To learn the secret causes of his alter'd will.
Nor was he long delay'd: the first request
He made, was like his brothers to be dress'd,
And, as his birth requir'd, above the rest.

With ease his suit was granted by his sire,
Distinguishing his heir by rich attire;
His body thus adorn'd, he next design'd
With lib'ral arts to cultivate the mind:
He sought a tutor with his own accord,
And studied lessons he before abhorr'd.
Thus the man-child advanc'd and learn'd so fast,
That in short time his equals he surpass'd;
His brutal manners from his breast exil'd,
His mien he fashion'd, and his tongue he fil'd;
In ev'ry exercise of all admir'd,
He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was inspir'd:
Inspir'd by love, whose business is to please;
He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful ease;
More fam'd for sense, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.

What then of alter'd Cymon shall we say,
But that the fire which chok'd in ashes lay,
A load too heavy for his soul to move,
Was upward blown below, and brush'd away by love?
Love made an active progress thro' his mind,
The dusky parts he clear'd, the gross refin'd,
The drowsy wak'd; and, as he went, impress'd
The maker's image on the human breast.
Thus was the man amended by desire:
And tho' he lov'd perhaps with too much fire,
His father all his faults with reason scann'd,
And lik'd an error of the better hand:
Excus'd the excess of passion in his mind,
By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd:
So Cymon, since his sire indulg'd his will,
Impetuous lov'd, and would be Cymon still;
Galesus he disown'd, and chose to bear
The name of fool, confirm'd, and bishop'd by the fair.

To Cipseus by his friends his suit he mov'd,
Cipseus the father of the fair he lov'd:
But he was pre-engag'd by former ties,
While Cymon was endeavouring to be wise:
And Iphigene, oblig'd by former vows,
Had given her faith to wed a foreign spouse:
Her sire and she to Rhodian Pasinond,
Though both repenting, were by promise bound,
Nor could retract; and thus, as fate decreed,
Though better lov'd, he spoke too late to speed.

The doom was past, the ship already sent
Did all his tardy diligence prevent:
Sign'd to herself the fair unhappy maid,
While stormy Cymon thus in secret said:
The time is come for Iphigene to find
The miracle she wrought upon my mind:
Her charms have made me man, her ravish'd love
In rank shall place me with the blest above.
For mine by love, by force she shall be mine,
Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my design.
Resolv'd he said; and rigg'd with speedy care
A vessel strong, and well equipp'd for war.
The secret ship with chosen friends he stor'd;
And, bent to die or conquer, went abroad.
Ambush'd he lay behind the Cyprian shore,
Waiting the sail that all his wishes bore:
Nor long expected, for the following tide
Sent out the hostile ship and beauteous bride.

To Rhodes the rival bark directly steer'd,
When Cymon sudden at her back appear'd,
And stop't her flight; then, standing on his prow,
In haughty terms he thus defied the foe:
Or strike your sails at summons, or prepare
To prove the last extremities of war.
Thus warn'd, the Rhodians for the fight provide,
Already were the vessels side by side;
These obstinate to save, and those to seize the bride.

But

But Cymon soon his crooked grapples cast,
Which with tenacious hold his foes embrac'd,
And, arm'd with sword and shield, amid the press he pass'd.
Fierce was the fight; but, hast'ning to his prey,
By force the furious lover freed his way:
Himself alone dispers'd the Rhodian crew,
The weak disdain'd, the valiant overthrew.
Cheap conquest for his following friends remain'd,
He reap'd the field, and they but only glean'd.
His victory confess'd, the foes retreat,
And cast the weapons at the victor's feet,
Whom thus he cheer'd: O Rhodian youth, I fought
For love alone, nor other beauty sought:
Your lives are safe; your vessels I resign;
Yours be your own, restoring what is mine:
In Iphigene I claim my rightful due,
Robb'd by my rival, and detain'd by you.
Your Pasimond a lawless bargain drove,
The parent could not sell the daughter's love;
Or, if he could, my love disdains the laws,
And, like a king, by conquest gains his cause;
Where arms take place, all other pleas are vain;
Love taught me force, and force shall love maintain;
You, what by strength you could not keep, release,
And at an easy ransom buy your peace.
Fear on the conquer'd side soon sign'd th' accord,
And Iphigene to Cymon was restor'd:
While to his arms the blushing bride he took,
To seeming sadness she compos'd her look;
As if by force subjected to his will,
Tho' pleas'd dissembling, and a woman still.
And (for she wept) he wip'd her falling tears,
And pray'd her to dismiss her empty fears:
For yours I am, he said, and have deserv'd
Your love much better whom so long I serv'd,
Than he to whom your formal father tied
Your vows, and sold a slave, not sent a bride.
Thus while he spoke, he seis'd the willing prey,
As Paris bore the Spartan spouse away.
Faintly she scream'd, and ev'n her eyes confess'd
She rather would be thought, than was, distress'd.
Who now exults but Cymon in his mind;
Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind,
Proud of the present, to the future blind!
Secure of fate, while Cymon ploughs the sea,
And steers to Candy with his conquer'd prey,
Scarce the third glass of measur'd hours was run,
When, like a fiery meteor, sunk the sun,
The promise of a storm; the shifting gales
Forsake by fits, and fill the flagging sails;
Hoarse murmers of the main from far were heard,
And night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
But all at once; at once the winds arise,
The thunders roll, the forky lightning flies.
In vain the master issues out commands,
In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands:
The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,
And from the first they labor in despair.
The giddy ship, betwixt the winds and tides,
Forc'd back, and forward, in a circle rides,
Stunn'd with the diff'rent blows; then shoots a main,
Till, counterbuff'd, she stops, and sleeps again.
Not more aghast the proud archangel fell,
Plung'd from the height of heaven to deepest hell,
Than stood the lover of his love possest,
Now curs'd the more, the more he had been blest;
More anxious for her danger than his own,
Death he defies, but would be lost alone.
Sad Iphigene to womanish complaints
Adds pious prayers, and wearies all the saints;
Ev'n if she could, her love she would repent;
But since she cannot, dreads the punishment:
Her forfeit faith, and Pasimond betray'd,
Are ever present, and her crime upbraid.
She blames herself, nor blames her lover less,
Augments her anger as her fears increase;
From her own back the burden would remove,
And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,
Which interposing durst, in Heaven's despite,
Invade and violate another's right:
The pow'rs incens'd awhile deferr'd his pain,
And made him master of his vows in vain:
But soon they punish'd his presumptuous pride;
That for his daring enterprise she died,
Who rather not resisted than complied.
Then, impotent of mind, with alter'd sense
She hugg'd th' offender, and forgave the offence.
Sex to the last: meantime, with sails declin'd,
The wand'ring vessel drove before the wind;
Toss'd and retoss'd, aloft, and then below,
Nor port they seek, nor certain course they know,
But every moment wait the coming blow.
Thus blindly driven, by breaking day they view'd
The lands before them, and their fears renew'd;
The land was welcome, but the tempest bore
The threaten'd ship against a rocky shore.
A winding bay was near; to this they bent,
And just escap'd; their force already spent:
Secure from storms, and panting from the sea,
The land unknown at leisure they survey;
And saw (but soon their sickly sight withdrew)
The rising tow'rs of Rhodes at distant view:
And curs'd the hostile shore of Pasimond,
Sav'd from the seas, and shipreck'd on the ground.
The frighted sailors tried their strength in vain
To turn the stern, and tempt the stormy main:
But the stiff wind withstood the lab'ring bar,
And forc'd them forward on the fatal shore!
The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian strand,
And the ship moor'd constrains the crew to land:
Yet still they might be safe, because unknown;
But, as ill fortune seldom comes alone,
The vessel they dismiss'd was driven before,
Already shelter'd on their native shore;
Known each, they know, but each with change of cheer:
The vanquish'd side exults, the victors fear;
Not them but theirs, made pris'ners ere they fight,
Despairing conquest, and depriv'd of flight.
The country rings around with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;
Mouths without hands, maintain'd at vast expence,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence:

Stout

Scant once a month they march, a blust'ring band;
And ever, but in times of need, at hand;
This was the morn when, issuing on the guard,
Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepar'd
Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.
The cowards would have fled, but that they knew
Themselves so many, and their foes so few:
But, crowding on, the last the first impel;
Till overborne with weight the Cyprians fell.
Cymon enslav'd, who first the war began;
And Iphigene once more is lost and won.
Deep in a dungeon was the captive cast,
Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters fast;
His life was only spar'd at their request,
Whom taken he so nobly had releas'd;
But Iphigenia was the ladies' care,
Each in their turn address'd to treat the fair;
While Pasimond and his then uptial feast prepare.
Her secret soul to Cymon was inclin'd,
But she must suffer what her fates assign'd;
So passive is the church of womankind.
What worse to Cymon could his fortune deal,
Roll'd to the lowest spoke of all her wheel?
It rested to dismiss the downward weight,
Or raise him upward to his former height;
The latter pleas'd; and love (concern'd the most)
Prepar'd th' amends for what by love he lost.
The sire of Pasimond had left a son,
Though younger, yet for courage early known,
Ormisda call'd, to whom, by promise tied,
A Rhodian beauty was the destin'd bride;
Cassandra was her name, above the rest
Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply blest.
Lysimachus, who rul'd the Rhodian state,
Was then by choice their annual magistrate;
He lov'd Cassandra too with equal fire,
But fortune had not favor'd his desire;
Cross'd by her friends, by her not disapprov'd,
Nor yet preferr'd, or like Ormisda lov'd:
So stood th' affair; some little hope remain'd,
That should his rival chance to lose, he gain'd.
Mean time young Pasimond his marriage press'd,
Ordain'd the nuptial day, prepar'd the feast;
And frugally resolv'd (the charge to shun
Which would be double should he wed alone)
To join his brother's bridal with his own.
Lysimachus, oppress'd with mortal grief,
Receiv'd the news and studied quick relief;
The fatal day approach'd; if force were us'd,
The magistrate his public trust abus'd;
To justice liable, as law requir'd;
For, when his office ceas'd, his pow'r expir'd:
While pow'r remain'd, the means were in his hand,
By force to seise, and then forsake the land:
Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move;
A slave to fame, but more a slave to love:
Restraining others, yet himself not free,
Made impotent by pow'r, debas'd by dignity.
Both sides he weigh'd; but, after much debate,
The man prevail'd above the magistrate.
Love never fails to master what he finds,
But works a diff'rent way in diff'rent minds,
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.
This youth proposing to possess and 'scape,
Began in murder, to conclude in rape:
Unprais'd by me, tho' Heaven sometimes may bless
An impious act with undeserv'd success;
The great, it seems, are privileg'd alone
To punish all injustice but their own.
But here I stop, not daring to proceed,
Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous deed;
For crimes are but permitted, not decreed.
Resolv'd on force, his wit the prætor bent
To find the means that might secure th' event;
Nor long he labor'd, for his lucky thought
In captive Cymon found the friend he sought;
Th' example pleas'd; the cause and crime the same;
An injur'd lover and a ravish'd dame.
How much he durst he knew by what he dar'd,
The less he had to lose, the less he car'd,
To manage loathsome life when love was the reward.
This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his intent,
In depth of night he for the pris'ner sent;
In secret sent, the public view to shun;
Then, with a sober smile, he thus begun:
The pow'rs above, who bounteously bestow
Their gifts and graces on mankind below,
Yet prove our merit first, nor blindly give
To such as are not worthy to receive;
For valor and for virtue they provide
Their due reward, but first they must be tried:
These fruitful seeds within your mind they sow'd;
'Twas yours t' improve the talent they bestow'd:
They gave you to be born of noble kind,
They gave you love to lighten up your mind,
And purge the grosser parts; they gave you care
To please, and courage to deserve the fair.
Thus far they tried you, and by proof they found
The grain entrusted in a grateful ground;
But still the great experiment remain'd,
They suffer'd you to lose the prize you gain'd,
That you might learn the gift was theirs alone;
And, when restor'd, to them the blessing own.
Restor'd it soon will be; the means prepar'd,
The difficulty smooth'd, the danger shar'd;
Be but yourself, the care to me resign,
Then Iphigene is yours, Cassandra mine.
Your rival Pasimond pursues your life;
Impatient to revenge his ravish'd wife.
But yet not his to-morrow is behind,
And love our fortunes in one band has join'd;
Two brothers are our foes; Ormisda mine,
Be much declar'd as Pasimond is thine;
To-morrow must their common vows be tied;
With love to friend, and fortune for our guide,
Let both resolve to die, or each redeem a bride.
Right I have none, nor hast thou much to plead;
'Tis force, when done, must justify the deed;
Our

Our task perform'd, we next prepare for flight,
And let the losers talk in vain of right:
We with the fair will sail before the wind;
If they are griev'd, I leave the laws behind.
Speak thy resolves; if now thy courage droop,
Despair in prison, and abandon hope:
But if thou dar'st in arms thy love regain
(For liberty without thy love were vain)
Then second my design to seise the prey,
Or lead to second rape, for well thou know'st the way.

Said Cymon, overjoy'd, Do thou propose
The means to fight, and only show thy foes:
For from the first, when love had fir'd my mind,
Resolv'd I left the care of life behind.

To this the bold Lysimachus replied:
Let heaven be neuter, and the sword decide;
The sponsals are prepar'd, already play
The minstrels, and provoke the tardy day:
By this the brides are wak'd, their grooms are dress'd;
All Rhodes is summon'd to the nuptial feast,
All but myself, the sole unbidden guest.
Unbidden though I am, I will be there;
And, join'd by thee, intend to joy the fair.

Now hear the rest; when day resigns the light,
And cheerful torches gild the jolly night,
Be ready at my call; my chosen few
With arms admixister'd shall aid thy crew.
Then, eut'ring unexpected, will we seise
Our destin'd prey, from men dissolv'd in ease,
By wine disabled, unprepar'd for fight;
And, hastening to the seas, suborn our flight:
The seas are ours, for I command the fort;
A ship well-mann'd expects us in the port,
If they, or if their friends, the prize contest,
Death shall attend the man who dares resist.

It pleas'd: the prisoner to his hold retir'd;
His troop with equal emulation fir'd,
All fix'd to fight, and all their wanton work requir'd.

The sun arose; the streets were throng'd around,
The palace open'd, and the posts were crown'd.
The double bridegroom at the door attends
Th' expected spouse, and entertains the friends;
They meet, they lead to church, the priests invoke
The pow'rs, and feed the flames with fragrant smoke.
This done, they feast, and at the close of night
By kindled torches vary their delight;
These lead the lively dance, and those the brimming bowls invite.

Now at th' appointed place and hour assign'd,
With souls resolv'd the ravishers were join'd:
Three bands are form'd; the first is sent before
To favor the retreat, and guard the shore;
The second at the palace gate is plac'd,
And up the lofty stairs ascend the last;
A peaceful troop they seem with shining vests,
But coats of mail beneath secure their breasts.

Dauntless they enter, Cymon at their head,
And find the feast renew'd, the table spread;
Sweet voices, mix'd with instrumental sounds,
Ascend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof rebounds:
When, like the harpies rushing through the hall,
The sudden troop appears, the tables fall,
Their smoking load is on the pavement thrown;
Each ravisher prepares to seise his own;
The brides, invaded with a rude embrace,
Shriek out for aid, confusion fills the place.
Quick to redeem the prey their plighted lords
Advance, the palace gleams with shining swords.

But late is all defence, and succour vain;
The rape is made, the ravishers remain;
Two sturdy slaves were only sent before
To bear the purchas'd prize in safety to the shore:
The troop retires, the lovers close the rear,
With forward faces not confessing fear;
Backward they move, but scorn their pace to mend;
Then seek the stairs, and with slow haste descend.

Fierce Pasimond, their passage to prevent,
Thrust full on Cymon's back in his descent;
The blade return'd unbath'd, and to the handle bent.

Stout Cymon soon remounts, and cleft in two
His rival's head with one descending blow;
And as the next in rank Ormisda stood,
Return'd the point; the sword, inur'd to blood,
Bor'd his ungarded breast, which pour'd a purple flood.

With vow'd revenge, the gath'ring crowd pursues,
The ravishers turn head, the fight renews;
The hall is heap'd with corps; the sprinkled gore
Besmears the walls, and floats the marble floor.
Dispers'd at length the drunken squadron flies,
The victors to their vessel bear the prize; cries.
And hear behind loud groans and lamentable
The crew with merry shouts their anchors weigh,
Then ply their oars, and brush the buxom sea,
While troops of gather'd Rhodians crowd the key.

What should the people do when left alone;
The governor and government are gone:
The public wealth to foreign parts convey'd;
Some troops disbanded, and the rest unpaid.
Rhodes is the sovereign of the sea no more;
Their ships unrigg'd, and spent their naval store;
They neither could defend, nor can pursue,
But grinn'd their teeth, and cast a helpless view;
In vain with darts a distant war they try,
Short, and more short, the missive weapons fly.
Meanwhile the ravishers their crimes enjoy,
And flying sails and sweeping oars employ:
The cliffs of Rhodes in little space are lost;
Jove's isle they seek, nor Jove denies his coast.

In safety landed on the Candian shore,
With gen'rous wines their spirits they restore;
There Cymon with his Rhodian friends resides,
Both court and wed at once the willing brides.
A war ensues, the Cretans own their cause,
Stiff to defend their hospitable laws;
Both parties lose by turns, and neither wins,
Till peace propounded by a truce begins.
The kindred of the slain forgive the deed,
But a short exile must for show proceed;
The term expir'd from Candia they remove;
And happy each at home enjoys his love.

§ 33.

§ 33. *Theodore and Honoria.*

A Translation from Boccace. *Dryden.*

Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief, and most renown'd, Ravenna stands,
Adorn'd in antient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants with gen'rous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the rest,
With gifts of fortune and of nature blest,
The foremost place for wealth and honor held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.

This noble youth to madness lov'd a dame
Of high degree; Honoria was her name;
Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became so soft a kind;
Proud of her birth (for equal she had none)
The rest she scorn'd, but hated him alone;
His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing gain'd;
For she, the more he lov'd, the more disdain'd.
He liv'd with all the pomp he could devise,
At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize;
But found no favor in his lady's eyes;
Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid
Turn'd all to poison that he did or said:
Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offer'd vows, could move;
The work went backward: and the more he strove
To advance his suit, the farther from her love.

Wearied, at length, and wanting remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die.
But pride stood ready to prevent the blow,
For who would die to gratify a foe!
His gen'rous mind disdain'd so mean a fate!
That pass'd, his next endeavour was to hate.
But vainer that relief than all the rest,
The less he hop'd, with more desire possess'd;
Love stood the siege, and would not yield his breast.
Change was the next, but change deceiv'd his care;
He sought a fairer, but found none so fair.
He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
As men by fasting starve th' untam'd disease:
But present love requir'd a present ease.
Looking he feeds alone his famish'd eyes,
Feeds ling'ring death, but looking not he dies.
Yet still he chose the longest way to fate,
Wasting at once his life, and his estate.

His friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain,
For what advice can ease a lover's pain!
Absence, the best expedient they could find,
Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind:
This means they long propos'd, but little gain'd,
Yet, after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.

Hard you may think it was to give consent,
But struggling with his own desires he went,
With large expence, and with a pompous train,
Provided as to visit France and Spain,
Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
But love had clipp'd his wings and cut him short,
Confin'd within the purlieus of the court.
Three miles he went, nor farther could retreat;
His travels ended at his country seat;

To Chassis' pleasing plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his tents, and there resolv'd to stay.
The spring was in the prime; the neighbouring grove
Supply'd with birds, the choristers of love:
Music unbought, that minister'd delight
To morning walks, and lull'd his cares by night:
There he discharg'd his friends; but not th' expence
Of frequent treats, and proud magnificence.
He liv'd as kings retire, tho' more at large
From public business, yet with equal charge;
With house and heart still open to receive;
As well content as love would give him leave:
He would have liv'd more free; but many a guest,
Who could forsake the friend, pursu'd the feast.

It happ'd one morning as his fancy led,
Before his usual hour he left his bed;
To walk within a lonely lawn that stood
On every side surrounded by a wood:
Alone, he walk'd to please his pensive mind,
And sought the deepest solitude to find:
'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he stray'd;
The winds within the quiv'ring branches play'd,
And dancing trees a mournful music made.
The place itself was suiting to his care,
Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.
He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
Lost in the wood, and on all love intent:
The day already half his race had run,
And summon'd him to due repast at noon,
But love could feel no hunger but his own.

While list'ning to the murm'ring leaves he stood,
More than a mile immers'd within the wood,
At once the wind was laid; the whisp'ring sound
Was dumb; a rising earthquake rock'd the ground;
With deeper brown the grove was overspread;
A sudden horror seis'd his giddy head,
And his ears tingled, and his color fled;
Nature was in alarm; some danger nigh
Seem'd threaten'd, tho' unseen to mortal eye.
Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his soul,
And stood collected in himself, and whole;
Not long: for soon a whirlwind rose around,
And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
As of a dame distress'd, who cried for aid,
And fill'd with loud laments the secret shade.

A thicket close beside the grove there stood
With briers and brambles choak'd, and dwarfish wood:
From thence the noise, which now approaching near,
With more distinguish'd notes invades his ear;
He rais'd his head, and saw a beauteous maid,
With hair dishevell'd, issuing through the shade,
Strip'd of her clothes, and ev'n those parts reveal'd,
Which modest nature keeps from sight conceal'd.
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
With passing thro' the brakes, and prickly thorn,
Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursu'd,
And oft their fasten'd fangs in blood embru'd:
Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender side;
Mercy, O mercy Heaven! she ran, and cry'd;

When

When Heav'n was nam'd, they loos'd their hold again,
Then sprung she forth, they follow'd her amain.
Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,
High on a coal-black steed pursu'd the chace;
With flashing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,
And in his hand a naked sword he held:
He cheer'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.
As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action rous'd his manly mind;
Mov'd with unworthy usage of the maid,
He, tho' unarm'd, resolv'd to give her aid.
A saplin pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
The readiest weapon that his fury found.
Thus furnish'd for offence, he cross'd the way
Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey. [afar,
The knight came thund'ring on, but, from
Thus, in imperious tone, forbad the war:
Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;
But give me leave to seise my destin'd prey,
And let eternal justice take the way:
I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,
And suff'ring death for this ungrateful maid.
He said, at once dismounting from the steed:
For now the hell-hounds, with superior speed,
Had reach'd the dame, and, fast'ning on her side,
The ground with issuing streams of purple dy'd;
Stood Theodore surpris'd in deadly fright,
With chatt'ring teeth, and bristling hair upright;
Yet arm'd with inborn worth, What'e'er, said he,
Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee,
Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defied:
The spectre, fiercely staring, thus reply'd.
Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name:
One common sire our fathers did beget,
My name and story some remember yet:
Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my sins I lov'd this haughty maid;
Not less ador'd in life, nor serv'd by me,
Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee.
What did I not her stubborn heart to gain?
But all my vows are answer'd with disdain:
She scorn'd my sorrows, and despis'd my pain.
Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless care;
Then, loathing life, and plung'd in deep despair,
To finish my unhappy life, I fell
On this sharp sword, and now am damn'd in hell.
Short was her joy, for soon the insulting maid
By heaven's decree in this cold grave was laid:
And as in unrepented sin she dy'd,
Doom'd to the same bad place is punish'd for her pride:
Because she deem'd I well deserv'd to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.
There, then, we met; both try'd, and both were cast,
And this irrevocable sentence pass'd;
That she, whom I so long pursu'd in vain,
Should suffer from my hands a ling'ring pain!
Renew'd to life, that she might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly:
No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
I seek her life (for love is none below):
As often as my dogs with better speed
Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed:
Then with this fatal sword, on which I dy'd
I pierce her open back, or tender side,
And tear that harden'd heart from out her breast,
Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry hounds a feast.
Nor lies she long, but, as the fates ordain,
Springs up to life, and, fresh to second pain,
Is sav'd to-day, to-morrow to be slain.
This, vers'd in death, th' infernal knight relates,
And then for proof fulfill'd the common fates;
Her heart and bowels thro' her back he drew,
And fed the hounds that help'd him to pursue.
Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the soul, expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathless on the ground,
When thus the grisly spectre spoke again:
Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain:
As many months as I sustain'd her hate,
So many years is she condemn'd by fate
To daily death; and ev'ry several place,
Conscious of her disdain and my disgrace,
Must witness her just punishment; and be
A scene of triumph and revenge to me!
As in this grove I took the last farewell,
As on this very spot of earth I fell,
As Friday saw me die, so she my prey
Becomes ev'n here, on this revolving day.
Thus while he spoke the virgin from the ground
Upstarted fresh, already clos'd the wound,
And, unconcern'd for all she felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the shore:
The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with flesh and blood,
Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food:
The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace,
And all the vision vanish'd from the place.
Long stood the noble youth oppress'd withawe,
And stupid at the wond'rous things he saw.
Surpassing common faith, transgressing nature's law:
He would have been asleep, and wish'd to wake,
But dreams, he knew, no long impression make,
Though strong at first: if vision, to what end,
But such as must his future state portend?
His love the damsel, and himself the fiend.
But yet, reflecting that it could not be
From heaven, which cannot impious acts decree,
Resolv'd within himself to shun the snare,
Which hell for his destruction did prepare;
And as his better genius should direct,
From an ill cause to draw a good effect.
Inspir'd from heaven he homeward took his way,
Nor pall'd his new design with long delay:
But of his train a trusty servant sent
To call his friends together at his tent.

They

They came, and, usual salutations paid,
With words premeditated, thus he said;
What you have often counsell'd, to remove
My vain pursuit of unregarded love;
By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
Tho' late, yet is at last became my care:
My heart shall be my own; my vast expence
Reduc'd to bounds, by timely providence;
This only I require; invite for me
Honoria, with her father's family,
Her friends and mine; the cause I shall display,
On Friday next; for that's the appointed day.
Well pleas'd were all his friends, the task was light,
The father, mother, daughter, they invite;
Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast;
But yet resolv'd, because it was the last.
The day was come, the guests invited came,
And with the rest, th' inexorable dame:
A feast prepar'd with riotous expence,
Much cost, more care, and most magnificence,
The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove,
Where the revenging ghost pursu'd his love.
The tables in a proud pavillion spread,
With flow'rs below, and tissue overhead:
The rest in rank, Honoria chief in place,
Was artfully contriv'd to set her face
To front the thicket, and behold the chace.
The feast was serv'd the time so well forecast,
That just when the dessert and fruits were plac'd,
The fiend's alarm began; the hollow sound
Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around,
Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd the ground.
Nor long before the loud laments arise
Of one distress'd, and mastiffs' mingled cries;
And first the dame came rushing thro' the wood,
And next the famish'd hounds that sought their food,
And grip'd her flanks, and oft essay'd their jaws in blood.
Last came the felon, on his sable steed,
Arm'd with his naked sword, and urg'd his dogs to speed.
She ran, and cry'd, her flight directly bent
(A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent,
The scene of death, and place design'd for punishment.
Loud was the noise, aghast was ever guest,
The women shriek'd, the men forsook the feast;
The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bay'd;
The hunter close pursu'd the visionary maid.
She rent the heav'n with loud laments, implor-ring aid.
The gallants, to protect the lady's right,
Their falchions brandish'd at the grisly spright;
High on his stirrups he provok'd the fight,
Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
And wither'd all their strength before he spoke:
Back, on your lives; let be, said he, my prey,
And let my vengeance take the destin'd way:
Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
Against th' eternal doom of Providence:
Mine is th' ungrateful maid by heaven design'd,
Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find.
At this the former tale again he told,
With thund'ring tone, and dreadful to behold:
Sunk were the hearts with horror of the crime,
Nor needed to be warn'd a second time,
But bore each other back: some knew the face,
And all had heard the much lamented case
Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.
And now th' infernal minister advanc'd,
Seis'd the due victim and with fury lanc'd
Her back, and piercing through her inmost heart,
Drew backward, as before, th' offending part.
The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey.
The pale assistants on each other star'd,
With gaping mouths for issuing words prepar'd;
The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
And dy'd imperfect on the falt'ring tongue.
The fright was gen'ral; but the female band
(A helpless train) in more confusion stand;
With horror shudd'ring, on a heap they run,
Sick at the sight of hateful justice done;
For conscience rung the alarm, and made the case their own.
So spread upon a lake, with upward eye,
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high;
They close their trembling troop, and all attend
On whom the sowsing eagle will descend.
But most the proud Honoria fear'd the event,
And thought to her alone the vision sent.
Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
Heaven's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
And the same fate to the same sin assign'd:
Already sees herself the monster's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn away.
'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mix'd with fear:
Still on the table lay th' unfinish'd cheer:
The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around,
The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground,
When on a sudden, re-inspir'd with breath,
Again she rose, again to suffer death;
Nor staid the hell-hounds nor the hunter staid,
But follow'd, as before, the flying maid:
Th' avenger took from earth th' avenging sword,
And mounting light as air his sable steed he spurr'd:
The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd the light,
And nature stood recover'd of her fright.
But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy sat on ev'ry mind.
Nor Theodore encourag'd more the feast,
But sternly look'd as hatching in his breast
Some deep designs; which when Honoria view'd,
The fresh impulse her former fright renew'd;
She thought herself the trembling dame who fled,
And him the grisly ghost that spurr'd th' infernal steed:
The more dismay'd, for when the guests with-drew
Their courteous host, saluting all the crew,
Regardless pass'd her o'er; nor grac'd with kind adieu.
That sting infix'd within her haughty mind,
The downfall of her empire she divin'd;
And her proud heart with secret sorrow pin'd.

Home

Home as they went, the sad discourse renew'd
Of the relentless dame to death pursu'd,
And of the sight obscene so lately view'd.
None durst arraign the righteous doom she bore,
Ev'n they who pity'd most, yet blam'd her more:
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damn'd the living dame.
At ev'ry little noise she look'd behind,
For still the knight was present to her mind:
And anxious oft she started on the way,
And thought the horseman-ghost came thund'ring for his prey.
Return'd, she took her bed with little rest,
But in soft slumbers dreamt the fun'ral feast:
Awak'd, she turn'd her side, and slept again;
The same black vapors mounted in her brain,
And the same dreams return'd with double pain.
Now fore'd to wake, because afraid to sleep,
Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap,
She sprang from bed, distracted in her mind,
And fear'd at ev'ry step, a twitching spright behind.
Darkling and desperate, with stagg'ring pace,
Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace:
Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart assail'd,
Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevail'd.
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her soul forethought the fiend would change his game,
And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,
And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er the plain.
This dreadful image so possess'd her mind,
That, desperate any succour else to find,
She ceas'd all farther hope; and now began
To make reflection on th' unhappy man.
Rich, brave, and young, who pastexpressionlov'd,
Proof to disdain, and not to be remov'd:
Of all the men respected and admir'd,
Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd:
Why not of her? preferr'd above the rest,
By him with knightly deeds, and open love profess'd?
So had another been, where he his vows address'd.
This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts remain'd,
That, once disdaining, she might he disdain'd.
The fear was just, but greater fear prevail'd,
Fear of her life by hellish hounds assail'd:
He took a low'ring leave; but who can tell
What outward hate might inward love conceal?
Her sex's arts she knew; and why not, then,
Might deep dissembling have a place in men?
Here hope began to dawn; resolv'd to try,
She fix'd on this her utmost remedy:
Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
'Twas time enough at last on death to call,
The precipice in sight: a shrub was all,
That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal fall.
One maid she had, belov'd above the rest:
Secure of her, the secret she confess'd;
And now the cheerful light her fears dispell'd,
She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,
But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd:
With faults confess'd commission'd her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe:
The welcome message made, was soon receiv'd;
'Twas to be wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce believ'd;
Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present;
He knew the sex, and fear'd she might repent,
Should he delay the moment of consent.
There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care
The modesty of maidens well might spare:)
But she with such a zeal the cause embrac'd,
(As women, where they will, are all in haste)
The father, mother, and the kin beside,
Were overborne by fury of the tide;
With full consent of all she chang'd her state;
Resistless in her love, as in her hate.
By her example warn'd, the rest beware;
More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

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§ 34. *The Rosciad.* Churchill.

Roscius deceas'd, each high aspiring play'r
Push'd all his int'rest for the vacant chair.
The buskin'd heroes of the mimic stage
No longer whine in love, and rant in rage;
The monarch quits his throne, and condescends
Humbly to court the favor of his friends;
For pity's sake tells undeserv'd mishaps,
And, their applause to gain, recounts his claps.
Thus the victorious chiefs of antient Rome,
To win the mob, a suppliant's form assume,
In pompous strain fight o'er th'extinguish'd war,
And show where honor bled in ev'ry scar.
But though bare merit might in Rome appear
The strongest plea for favor, 'tis not here;
We form our judgement in another way;
And they will best succeed, who best can pay:
Those, who would gain the votes of British tribes,
Must add to force of merit force of bribes.
What can an actor give? in ev'ry age
Cash hath been rudely banish'd from the stage;
Monarchs themselves, to grief of ev'ry play'r
Appear as often as their image there:
They can't, like candidate for other seat,
Pour seas of wine, and mountains raise of meat.
Wine! they could bribe you with the world as soon,
And of roast beef, they only know the tune:
But what they have they give; could Clive do more, [four?
Though for each million he had brought home
Shuter keeps open house at Southwark fair,
And hopes the friends of humor will be there;
In Smithfield, Yates prepares the rival treat
For those who laughter love instead of meat;
Foote, at Old House, for even Foote will be,
In self-conceit, an actor, bribes with tea;
Which Wilkinson at second-hand receives,
And at the New, pours water on the leaves.
The town divided, each runs sev'ral ways,
As passion, humor, int'rest, party sways.
Things of no moment, color of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,

A dress

A dress well chosen, or a patch misplac'd,
Conciliate favor, or create distaste.
From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder Shuter's praises — he 's so *droll*.
Imbroil'd, the ladies must have something smart,
Palmer! Oh! Palmer tops the janty part.
Seated in pit, the dwarf, with aching eyes,
Looks up, and vows that Barry 's out of size;
Whilst to six feet the vig'rous stripling grown,
Declares that Garrick is another Coan.
When place of judgement is by whim supplied,
And our opinions have their rise in pride;
When, in discoursing on each mimic elf,
We praise and censure with an eye to self;
All must meet friends, and Ackman bids as fair
In such a court, as Garrick, for the chair.
At length agreed, all squabbles to decide,
By some one judge the cause was to be tried;
But this their squabbles did afresh renew,
Who should be judge in such a trial:—Who?
For Johnson some, but Johnson, it was fear'd,
Would be too grave; and Sterne too gay appear'd:
Others for Franklin voted; but 'twas known,
He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own:
For Colman many, but the peevish tongue
Of prudent Age found out that he was young:
For Murphy some few pilf'ring wits declar'd,
Whilst Folly clapp'd her hands, and Wisdom
star'd. [womb.
To mischief train'd, e'en from his mother's
Grown old in fraud, tho' yet in manhood's bloom,
Adopting arts, by which gay villains rise,
And reach the heights which honest men despise;
Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud;
A pert, prim prater of the northern race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,
Stood forth — and thrice he wav'd his lily hand —
And thrice he twirl'd his eye — thrice strok'd his
hand — [aim,
"At Friendship's call (thus oft with trait'rous
Men void of faith usurp faith's sacred name)
"At Friendship's call I come, by Murphy sent,
Who thus by me develops his intent.
But lest, transfus'd, the spirit should be lost,
That spirit which in storms of Rhet'ric tost,
Bounces about and flies like bottled beer,
In his own words his own intentions hear.
"Thanks to my friends—But to vile fortunes
born,
No robes of fur these shoulders must adorn.
Vain your applause, no aid from thence I draw;
Vain all my wit, for what is wit in law?
Twice (curs'd remembrance!) twice I strove to
gain
Admittance 'mongst the law-instructed train,
Who, in the Temple and Gray's Inn, prepare
For clients' wretched feet the legal snare:
Dead to those arts, which polish and refine,
Deaf to all worth, because that worth was mine,
Twice did those blockheads startle at my name'
And foul rejection gave me up to shame.
To law and lawyers then I bade adieu,
And plans of far more lib'ral note pursue.
Who will may be a judge—my kindling breast
Burns for that chair which Roscius once possess'd.
Here give your votes, your int'rest here exert,
And let success for once attend desert."
With sleek appearance, and with ambling pace,
And, type of vacant head, with vacant face,
The Proteus Hill put in his modest plea,—
"Let favor speak for others, worth for me."—
For who, like him, his various powers could call
Into so many shapes, and shine in all?
Who could so nobly grace the motley list,
Actor, inspector, doctor, botanist?
Knows any one so well—sure no one knows,—
At once to play, prescribe, compound, compose?
Who can—But Woodward came,—Hill slipp'd
away,
Melting, like ghosts, before the rising day.
*With that low cunning, which in fools supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise,
Which Nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave;
With that smooth falsehood, whose appearance
charms,
And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that malignant envy, which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the cold caution of a coward's spleen,
Which fears not guilt but always seeks a screen;
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's basely done, should be done safely too;
With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,
Which dead to shame, and ev'ry nicer sense,
Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading Vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares;
With all these blessings, which we seldom find
Lavish'd by Nature on one happy mind,
A motley figure, of the Fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,
Came simp'ring on; to ascertain whose sex
Twelve savage impanell'd matrons would perplex.
Nor male, nor female; neither, and yet both;
Of neuter gender, tho' of Irish growth;
A six-foot suckling, mincing in its gait;
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
Fearful it seem'd, tho' of athletic make,
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
Its tender form, and savage motion spread,
O'er its pale cheeks the horrid manly red.
Much did it talk, in its own pretty phrase,
Of genius and of taste, of plays and plays;
Much

* This severe character was intended for Mr. Fitzpatrick, a person who had rendered himself remarkable by his activity in the playhouse riots of 1763, relative to the taking half prices. He was the hero of Garrick's Fribbleriad.

Much too of writings, which itself had wrote,
Of special merit, tho' of little note;
For Fate, in a strange humor, had decreed
That what it wrote, none but itself should read;
Much too it chatter'd of dramatic laws,
Misjudging critics, and misplac'd applause;
Then, with a self complacent jutting air,
It smil'd, it smirk'd, it wriggled to the chair;
And, with an awkward briskness not its own,
Looking around, and perking on the throne,
Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage dame,
Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain Common Sense appear'd, by Nature there
Appointed, with plain truth, to guard the chair.
The pageant saw, and blasted with her frown,
To its first state of nothing melted down.
Nor shall the Muse (for even there the pride
Of this vain nothing shall be mortified)
Nor shall the Muse (should fate ordain her rhymes,
Fond, pleasing thought! to live in after-times)
With such a trifler's name her pages blot;
Known be the character, the thing forgot;
Let it, to disappoint each future aim,
Live without sex, and die without a name!
Cold-blooded critics, by enervate sires
Scarce hammer'd out, when nature's feeble fires
Glimmer'd their last; whose sluggish blood, half froze,
Creeps lab'ring thro' the veins; whose heart ne'er glows
With fancy-kindled heat; — a servile race,
Who in mere want of fault, all merit place;
Who blind obedience pay to antient schools,
Bigots to Greece, and slaves to musty rules;
With solemn consequence declar'd that none
Could judge that cause but Sophocles alone.
Dupes to their fancied excellence, the crowd,
Obsequious to the sacred dictate, bow'd.
When, from amidst the throng, a youth stood forth,
Unknown his person, not unknown his worth;
His look bespoke applause; alone he stood,
Alone he stemm'd the mighty critic flood.
He talk'd of antients, as the man became
Who priz'd their own, but envy'd not their fame;
With noble rev'rence spoke of Greece and Rome,
And scorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb.
"But more than just to other countries grown,
Must we turn base apostates to our own?
Where do these words of Greece and Rome excel,
That England may not please the ear as well?
What mighty magic's in the place or air,
That all perfection needs must centre there?
In states, let strangers blindly be preferr'd;
In state of letters, merit should be heard.
Genius is of no country, her pure ray
Spreads all abroad, as gen'ral as the day;
Foe to restraint, from place to place she flies,
And may hereafter e'en in Holland rise.
May not (to give a pleasing fancy scope
And cheer a patriot heart with patriot hope)
May not some great extensive Genius raise
The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praise;
And, whilst brave thirst of fame his bosom warms
Make England great in letters as in arms?
There may — there hath — and Shakspeare's Muse aspires
Beyond the reach of Greece: with native fires
Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,
While Sophocles below stands trembling at his height.
Why should we then abroad for judges roam,
When abler judges we may find at home?
Happy in tragic and in comic pow'rs,
Have we not Shakspeare? — Is not Jonson ours?
For them, your nat'ral judges, Britons, vote;
They'll judge like Britons, who like Britons wrote.
He said, and conquer'd — Sense resum'd her sway,
And disappointed pedants stalk'd away.
Shakspeare and Jonson, with deserv'd applause,
Joint judges were ordain'd to try the cause.
Mean time the stranger ev'ry voice employ'd,
To ask or tell his name — Who is it? — Lloyd.
Thus, when the aged friends of Job stood mute,
And tamely prudent, gave up the dispute,
Elihu, with the decent warmth of youth,
Boldly stood forth the advocate of truth;
Confuted falsehood, and disabled pride,
Whilst baffled age stood snarling at his side.
The day of trial 's fix'd, nor any fear
Lest day of trial should be put off here.
Causes but seldom for delay can call
In courts where forms are few, fees none at all.
The morning came, nor find I that the sun,
As he on other great events hath done,
Put on a brighter robe than what he wore
To go his journey in the day before.
Full in the centre of a spacious plain,
On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,
Nothing magnificent appear'd, but Art
With decent modesty perform'd her part,
Rose a tribunal: from no other court
It borrow'd ornament, or sought support:
No juries here were pack'd to kill or clear,
No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here;
No gownsmen, partial to a client's cause,
To their own purpose turn'd the pliant laws.
Each Judge was true and steady to his trust,
As Mansfield wise, and as old Foster* just.
In the first seat, in robes of various dyes,
A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,
Sat Shakspeare — in one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore;
The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill:
Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
And look'd thro' nature at a single view;
A loose he gave to his unbounded soul;
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll;
Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
And, passing nature's bounds, was something more.
Next Jonson sat, in antient learning train'd,
His rigid judgement fancy's flights restrain'd,

* Sir Michael Foster, one of the Judges of the King's Bench.

Correctly prun'd each wild luxuriant thought,
Mark'd out her course, nor spar'd a glorious fault.
The book of man he read with nicest art,
And ransack'd all the secrets of the heart;
Exerted penetration's utmost force,
And trac'd each passion to its proper source;
Then strongly mark'd, in liveliest colors drew,
And brought each foible forth to public view.
The coxcomb felt a lash in ev'ry word.
And fools, hung out, their brother fools deter'd.
His comic humor kept the world in awe,
And laughter frighten'd folly more than law.
But, hark! — The trumpet sounds, the crowd give way,
And the procession comes in just array.
Now should I, in some sweet poetic line,
Offer up incense at Apollo's shrine;
Invoke the Muse to quit her calm abode,
And waken mem'ry with a sleeping ode.
For how should mortal man, in mortal verse,
Their titles, merits, or their names rehearse?
But give, kind dulness, memory and rhyme,
We'll put off genius till another time.
First, order came, — with solemn step, and slow,
In measur'd time his feet were taught to go.
Behind, from time to time, he cast his eye,
Lest this should quit his place, that step awry.
Appearances to save his only care;
So things seem right no matter what they are.
In him his parents saw themselves renew'd,
Begotten by Sir Critic on Saint Prude.
Then came drum, trumpet, hautboy, fiddle, flute;
Next snuffler, sweeper, shifter, soldier, mute;
Legions of angels all in white advance;
Furies, all fire, come forward in a dance;
Pantomime figures then are brought to view,
Fools hand in hand with fools go two by two.
Next came the treasurer of either house;
One with full purse, t' other with not a sous.
Behind, a groupe of figures awe create,
Set off with all th' impertinence of state;
By lace and feather consecrate to fame,
Expletive kings, and queens without a name.
Here Havard, all serene, in the same strains,
Loves, hates and rages, triumphs, and complains:
His easy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.
With him came mighty Davies. On my life,
That Davies hath a very pretty wife: —
Statesman all over! — In plots famous grown!
He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone.
Next Holland came. — With truly tragic stalk,
He creeps, he flies — A hero should not walk.
As if with heav'n he warr'd, his eager eyes
Planted their batteries against the skies;
Attitude, action, air, pause, start, sigh, groan,
He borrow'd, and made use of as his own.
By fortune thrown on any other stage,
He might, *perhaps*, have pleas'd an easy age;
But now appears a copy, and no more,
Of something better we have seen before:
The actor who would build a solid fame,
Must imitation's servile arts disclaim;
Act from himself, on his own bottom stand
I hate e'en Garrick thus at second-hand.
Behind came King. — Bred up in modest lore;
Bashful and young he sought Hibernia's shore;
Hibernia, fam'd, 'bove ev'ry other grace,
For matchless intrepidity of face.
From her his features caught the gen'rous flame,
And bid defiance to all sense of shame.
Tutor'd by her all rivals to surpass, [brass.
'Mongst Drury's sons he comes, and shines in
Lo Yates! — Without the least finesse of art
He gets applause — I wish he'd get his part.
When hot impatience is in full career,
How vilely "Hark'e! Hark'e!" grates the ear!
When active fancy from the brain is sent,
And stands on tip-toe for some wish'd event,
I hate those careless blunders which recall
Suspended sense, and prove it fiction all.
In characters of low and vulgar mould,
Where Nature's coarsest features we behold,
Where, destitute of ev'ry decent grace,
Unmanner'd jests are blurted in your face,
There Yates with justice strict attention draws,
Acts truly from himself, and gains applause.
But when, to please himself or charm his wife,
He aims at something in politer life,
When, blindly thwarting nature's stubborn plan,
He treads the stage, by way of gentleman,
The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
Looks like Tom Errand dress'd in Clincher's clothes.
Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown,
Laugh'd at by all, and to himself unknown,
From side to side he struts, he smiles, he prates,
And seems to wonder what's become of Yates.
Woodward, endow'd with various tricks of face,
Great master in the science of grimace,
From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the town,
Lur'd by the pleasing prospect of renown;
A squeaking Harlequin, made up of whim,
He twists, he twines, he tortures ev'ry limb,
Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,
And leaves to sense the conquest of the heart.
We laugh indeed, but, on reflection's birth,
We wonder at ourselves, and curse our mirth.
His walk of parts he fatally misplac'd,
And inclination fondly took for taste;
Hence hath the town so often seen display'd
Beau in burlesque, high life in masquerade.
But when bold wits, not such as patch up plays,
Cold and correct, in these insipid days,
Some comic character, strong featur'd, urge
To probability's extremest verge,
Where modest judgement her decree suspends,
And, for a time, nor censures nor commends,
Where critics can't determine on the spot,
Whether it is in nature found or not,
There Woodward safely shall his pow'rs exert,
Nor fail of favor where he shows desert.
Hence he in Bobadil such praises bore,
Such worthy praises, Kitely scarce had more.
By turns transform'd into all kinds of shapes,
Constant to none, Foote laughs, cries, struts, and scrapes:

Now

Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
The Proteus shifts, bawd, parson, auctioneer.
His strokes of humor, and his bursts of sport,
Are all contain'd in this one word, Distort.
Doth a man stutter, look a-squint, or halt?
Mimics draw humor out of nature's fault,
With personal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortunes out to public scorn.
E'en I, whom nature cast in hideous mould,
Whom, having made, she trembled to behold,
Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
And find that nature's errors are my own.
Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward came;
Wilkinson this, Obrien was that name.
Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even shadows have their shadows too!
With not a single comic pow'r endu'd,
The first a mere mere mimic's mimic stood;
The last, by nature form'd to please, who shows,
In Jonson's Stephen, which way Genius grows;
Self quite put off, affects, with too much art,
To put on Woodward in each mangled part;
Adopts his shrug, his wink, his stare; nay, more,
His voice, and croaks; for Woodward croak'd
When a dull copier simple grace neglects, [before.
And rests his imitation in defects,
We readily forgive; but such vile arts
Are double guilt in men of real parts.
By nature form'd in her perversest mood,
With no one requisite of art endu'd,
Next Jackson came.—Observe that settled glare,
Which better speaks a puppet than a player:
List to that voice—did ever Discord hear
Sounds so well fitted to her untun'd ear?
When, to enforce some very tender part,
The right-hand sleeps by instinct on the heart,
His soul, of every other thought bereft,
Is anxious only where to place the left;
He sobs and pants to sooth his weeping spouse,
To sooth his weeping mother, turns and bows,
Awkward, embarrass'd, stiff, without the skill
Of moving gracefully, or standing still,
One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
Desirous seems to run away from t' other.
Some errors, handed down from age to age,
Plead custom's force, and still possess the stage.
That's vile—should we a parent's faults adore,
And err, because our fathers err'd before?
If, inattentive to the author's mind,
Some actors made the jest they could not find,
If by low tricks they marr'd fair nature's mien,
And blurr'd the graces of the simple scene,
Shall we, if reason rightly is employ'd,
Not see their faults, or seeing not avoid?
When Falstaff stands detected in a lie,
Why, without meaning, rolls Love's glassy eye?
Why?—there's no cause—at least no cause we
It was the fashion twenty years ago: [know—
Fashion, a word which knaves and fools may use
Their knavery and folly to excuse.
To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence
To fame—to copy faults, is want of sense.
Yet (tho' in some particulars he fails,
Some few particulars, where mode prevails)
If in these hallow'd times, when sober, sad,
All gentlemen are melancholy mad,
When 'tis not deem'd so great a crime by half
To violate a vestal, as to laugh,
Rude mirth may hope presumptuous to engage
An act of toleration for the stage,
All courtiers will, like reasonable creatures,
Suspend vain fashion, and unscrue their features;
Old Falstaff, play'd by Love, shall please once more,
And humor set the audience in a roar.
Actors I've seen, and of no vulgar name,
Who, being from one part possess'd of fame,
Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
Still introduce that fav'rite part in all.
Here, Love, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd
To call in that wag Falstaff's dang'rous aid;
Like Goths of old, howe'er he seems a friend,
He'll seise that throne you wish him to defend.
In a peculiar mould by humor cast,
For Falstaff fram'd—himself, the first and last,—
He stands aloof from all—maintains his state,
And scorns, like Scotsmen, to assimulate.
Vain all disguise—too plain we seek the trick,
Tho' the knight wears the weeds of Dominic,
And Boniface, disgrac'd, betrays the smack,
In Anno Domini, of Falstaff's sack.
Arms cross'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet marching slow,
A band of malcontents with spleen o'erflow;
Wrapt in conceit's impenetrable fog,
Which pride, like Phœbus, draws from ev'ry bog,
They curse the managers, and curse the town,
Whose partial favor keeps such merit down.
But if some man more hardy than the rest,
Should dare attack these gnatlings in their nest;
At once they rise with impotence of rage,
Whet their small stings, and buzz about the stage.
"'Tis breach of privilege!—Shall any dare
To arm satiric truth against a player?
Prescriptive rights we plead time out of mind;
Actors, unlash'd themselves, may lash mankind."
What! shall opinion then, of nature free
And lib'ral as the vagrant air, agree
To rust in chains like these, impos'd by things
Which, less than nothing, ape the pride of kings?
No—though half-poets with half-players join
To curse the freedom of each honest line;
Though rage and malice dim their faded cheek;
What the Muse freely thinks, she'll freely speak.
With just disdain of ev'ry paltry sneer,
Stranger alike to flattery and fear,
In purpose fix'd, and to herself a rule,
Public contempt shall wait the public fool.
Austin would always glisten in French silks,
Ackman would Norris be, and Packer Wilks.
For who, like Ackman, can with humor please?
Who can like Packer, charm with sprightly ease?
Higher than all the rest, see Bransby strut:
A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput!
Ludicrous Nature! which at once could show
A man so very high, so very low.
If I forget thee, Blakes, or if I say
Aught hurtful, may I never see thee play!

Let critics, with a supercilious air,
Decry thy various merit, and declare
Frenchmen is still at top;—but scorn that rage
Which in attacking thee, attacks the age.
French follies, universally embrac'd,
At once provoke our mirth, and form our taste.
Long, from a nation ever hardly us'd,
At random censur'd, wantonly abus'd,
Have Britons drawn their sport, with partial view
Form'd gen'ral notions from the rascal few;
Condemn'd a people, as for vices known,
Which, from their country banish'd, seek our own.
At length, howe'er, the slavish chain is broke,
And sense, awaken'd, scorns her antient yoke:
Taught by thee, Moody, we now learn to raise
Mirth from their foibles; from their virtues, praise.
Next came the legion, which our *Summer* Bayes
From alleys, here and there, contriv'd to raise,
Flush'd with vast hopes, and certain to succeed
With Wits who cannot write, and scarce can read.
Vet'rans no more support the rotten cause,
No more from Elliot's worth they reap applause:
Each on himself determines to rely,
Be Yates disbanded, and let Elliot fly.
Never did play'rs so well an author fit,
To nature dead, and foes declar'd to wit.
So loud each tongue, so empty was each head,
So much they talk'd, so very little said,
So wondrous dull, and yet so wondrous vain,
At once so willing, and unfit to reign,
That reason swore, nor would the oath recall,
Their mighty master's soul inform'd them all.
As one with various disappointments sad,
Whom dulness only kept from being mad,
Apart from all the rest great Murphy came—
Common to fools and wits, the rage of fame.
What tho' the sons of nonsense hail him sire,
Auditor, author, manager, and squire,
His restless soul's ambition stops not there—
To make his triumphs perfect, dub him player.
In person tall, a figure form'd to please,
If symmetry could charm, depriv'd of ease;
When motionless he stands, we all approve;
What pity 'tis the thing was made to move!
His voice, in one dull, deep, unvaried sound,
Seems to break forth from caverns under ground.
From hollow chest the low sepulchral note
Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his throat.
Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace,
All must to him resign the foremost place.
When he attempts, in some one fav'rite part,
To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
His honest feature the disguise defy,
And his face loudly gives his tongue the lye.
Still in extremes, he knows no happy mean,
Or raving mad, or stupidly serene.
In cold-wrought scenes the lifeless actor flags,
In passion, tears the passion into rags.
Can none remember?—Yes—I know all must—
When in the Moor he ground his teeth to dust,
When o'er the stage he folly's standard bore,
Whilst common sense stood trembling at the door.
How few are found with real talents bless'd!
Fewer with nature's gifts contented rest.
Man from his sphere eccentric starts astray;
All hunt for fame; but most mistake the way.
Bred at St. Omer's to the shuffling trade,
The hopeful youth a jesuit might have made,
With various readings stor'd his empty skull,
Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull.
Or, at some banker's desk, like many more,
Content to tell that two and two make four,
His name had stood in city's annals fair,
And prudent dulness mark'd him for a mayor.
What then could tempt thee, in a critic age,
Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a stage?
Could it be worth thy wondrous waste of pains
To publish to the world thy lack of brains?
Or might not reason e'en to thee have shown
Thy greatest praise had been to live unknown;
Yet let not vanity, like thine, despair:
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.
A vacant throne high plac'd in Smithfield view,
To sacred dulness and her first-born due;
Thither with haste in happy hour repair,
Thy birth-right claim, nor fear a rival there.
Shuter himself shall own thy juster claim,
And venal Lodgers puff their Murphy's name,
Whilst Vaughan* or Dapper, call him which you will,
Shall blow the trumpet, and give out the bill.
There rule secure from critics and from sense,
Nor once shall genius rise to give offence;
Eternal peace shall bless the happy shore,
And little factions break thy rest no more.
From Covent-Garden crowds promiscuous go,
Whom the Muse knows not, nor desires to know,
Vet'rans they seem'd, but knew of arms no more
Than if, till that time, arms they never bore:
Like Westminster militia train'd to fight,
They scarcely knew the left hand from the right.
Asham'd among such troops to show their head,
Their chiefs were scatter'd, and their heroes fled.
Sparks at his glass sat comfortably down
To sep'rate frown from smile, and smile from frown:
Smith, the genteel, the airy, and the smart,
Smith was just gone to school to say his part:
Ross (a misfortune which we often meet)
Was fast asleep at dear Statira's feet;
Statira, with her hero to agree,
Stood on her feet as fast asleep as he:
Macklin, who largely deals in half-form'd sounds,
Who wantonly transgresses nature's bounds,
Whose acting 's hard, affected, and constrain'd,
Whose features, as each other they disdain'd,
At variance set, inflexible and coarse,
Ne'er know the workings of united force,
Ne'er kindly soften to each other's aid,
Nor show the mingled pow'rs of light and shade;
No longer for a thankless stage concern'd,
To worthier thoughts his mighty genius turn'd;

* A gentleman still living, who published, at this juncture, a Poem entitled "The Retort."

Harangu'd,

Harangu'd, gave lectures, made each simple elf
Almost as good a speaker as himself;
Whilst the whole town, mad with mistaken zeal,
An awkward rage for elocution feel;
Dull cits and grave divines his praise proclaim,
And join with Sheridan's their Macklin's name:
Shuter, who never car'd a single pin
Whether he left out nonsense, or put in,
Who aim'd at wit, tho', level'd in the dark,
The random arrow seldom hit the mark,
At Islington, all by the placid stream
Where City swains in lap of dulness dream,
Where, quiet as her streams their strains do flow,
That all the patron by the bards may know,
Secret as night, with Roh's experienc'd aid,
The plan of future operations laid,
Projected schemes the summer months to cheer,
And spin out happy folly through the year.
But think not, though these dastard-chiefs are fled,
That Covent-Garden troops shall want a head:
Harlequin comes their chief!—See from afar
The hero seated in fantastic car!
Wedded to novelty, his only arms [charms;
Are wooden swords, wands, talismans, and
On one side folly sits, by some call'd fun,
And on the other, his arch-patron, Lun.
Behind, for liberty a-thirst in vain,
Sense, helpless captive, drags the galling chain.
Six rude mis-shapen beasts the chariot draw,
Whom reason loaths, and nature never saw;
Monsters with tails of ice, and heads of fire;
Gorgons and hydras, and chimeras dire.
Each was bestrode by full as monstrous wight,
Giant, dwarf, genius, elf, hermaphrodite.
The town, as usual, met him in full cry;
The town, as usual, knew no reason why.
But fashion so directs, and moderns raise
On fashion's mould'ring base their transient praise.
Next, to the field a band of females draw
Their force; for Britain owns no salique law:
Just to their worth, we female rites admit,
Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.
First, giggling, plotting chambermaids arrive,
Hoydens and romps, led on by Gen'ral Clive.
In spite of outward blemishes, she shone
For humor fam'd, and humor all her own.
Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod,
Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod.
Original in spirit and in ease,
She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to please.
No comic actress ever yet could raise,
On humor's base, more merit or more praise.
With all the native vigor of sixteen,
Among the merry troop conspicuous seen,
See lively Pope advance in gig and trip,
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip.
Not without art, but yet to nature true,
She charms the town with humor just, yet new.
Cheer'd by her promise, we the less deplore
The fatal time when Clive shall be no more.
Lo! Vincent comes—with simple grace array'd,
She laughs at paltry arts, and scorns parade.
Nature through her is by reflection shown,
Whilst Guy once more knows Polly for his own.
Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—
I see it all, but must forgive it here.
Defects like these, which modest terrors cause,
From impudence itself extort applause.
Candor and reason still take virtue's part;
We love e'en foibles in so good a heart.
Let Tommy Arne, with usual pomp of style,
Whose chief, whose only merit 's to compile,
Who, meanly pilfering here and there a bit,
Deals music out as Murphy deals out wit,
Publish proposals, laws for taste prescribe,
And chant the praise of an Italian tribe:
Let him reverse kind nature's first decrees,
And teach e'en Brent a method not to please;
But never shall a truly British age
Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the stage.
The boasted work 's call'd National in vain,
If one Italian voice pollutes the strain.
Where tyrants rule, and slaves with joy obey,
Let slavish minstrels pour th' enervate lay;
To Britons far more noble pleasures spring,
In native notes while Beard and Vincent sing.
Might figure give a title unto fame,
What rival should with Yates dispute her claim?
But justice may not partial trophies raise,
Nor sink the actress in the woman's praise.
Still hand in hand her words and actions go,
And the heart feels more than the features show:
For, through the regions of that beauteous face,
We no variety of passions trace;
Dead to the soft emotions of the heart,
No kindred softness can those eyes impart;
The brow, still tix'd in sorrow's sullen frame,
Void of distinction, marks all parts the same.
What 's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Bless'd with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease;
The curious eye their awkward movement tires;
They seem like puppets led about by wires.
Others, like statues, in one posture still,
Give great ideas of the workman's skill;
Wond'ring, his art we praise the more we view,
And only grieve he gave not motion too.
Weak of themselves are what we beauties call;
It is the manner which gives strength to all.
This teaches ev'ry beauty to unite,
And brings them forward in the noblest light.
Happy in this, behold, amidst the throng,
With transient gleam of grace, Hart sweeps along.
If all the wonders of external grace,
A person finely turn'd, a mould of face,
Where, union rare, expression's lively force
With beauty's softest magic holds discourse,
Attract the eye; if feelings void of art
Rouse the quick passions, and inflame the heart;
If music, sweetly breathing from the tongue,
Captives the ear, Bride must not pass unsung.
When fear, which rank ill-nature calls conceit,
By time and custom conquer'd, shall retreat;
When judgement, tutor'd by experience sage,
Shall shoot abroad, and gather strength from age;

When heav'n in mercy shall the stage release
From the dull slumbers of a still-life piece;
When some stale flow'r, disgraceful to the walk,
Which long hath hung, tho' wither'd on the stalk,
Shall kindly drop then Bride shall make her way,
And merit find a passage to the day;
Brought into action she at once shall raise
Her own renown, and justify our praise.

Form'd for the tragic scene, to grace the stage
With rival excellence of love and rage,
Mistress of each soft art, with matchless skill
To turn and wind the passions as she will;
To melt the heart with sympathetic woe,
Awake the sigh and teach the tear to flow;
To put on phrensy's wild distracted glare,
And freeze the soul with horror and despair;
With just desert enroll'd in endless fame,
Conscious of worth superior, Cibber came.

When poor Alicia's mad'ning brains are rack'd,
And strongly imag'd griefs her mind distract;
Struck with her grief, I catch the madness too!
My brains turn round, the headless trunk I view!
The roof cracks, shakes, and falls!—new horrors rise,
And reason buried in the ruin lies.

Nobly disdainful of each slavish art,
She makes her first attack upon the heart,
Pleas'd with her summons, it receives her laws,
And all is silence, sympathy, applause.

But when by fond ambition drawn aside,
Giddy with praise, and puff'd with female pride,
She quits the tragic scene, and, in pretence
To comic merit, breaks down nature's fence;
I scarcely can believe my ears or eyes,
Or find out Cibber through the dark disguise.

Pritchard, by nature for the stage design'd,
In person graceful, and in sense refin'd;
Her heart as much as nature's friend became,
Her voice as free from blemish as her fame.
Who knows so well in majesty to please,
Attemper'd with the graceful charms of ease?

When Congreves favor'd pantomime to grace,
She comes a captive queen of Morish race;
When love, hate, jealousy, despair and rage,
With wildest tumults in her breast engage;
Still equal to herself is Zara seen;
Her passions are the passions of a queen.

Where she to mourn her whets the tim'rous Thane,
I feel ambition rush through ev'ry vein;
Persuasion hangs upon her daring tongue,
My heart grows flint, and ev'ry nerve's new strung.

In comedy—"Nay, there," cries critic, "hold,
Pritchard's for comedy too fat and old.
Who can, with patience, bear the grey coquette,
Or force a laugh with over-grown Juliet?
Her speech, look, action, humor, all are just;
But then, her age and figure give disgust."

Are foibles, then, and graces of the mind,
In real life, to size or age confin'd?
Do spirits flow, and is good breeding plac'd
In any set circumference of waist?
As we grow old, doth affectation cease,
Or gives not age new vigor to caprice?

If in originals these things appear,
Why should we bar them in the copy here?
The nice punctilio-mongers of this age,
The grand minute reformers of the stage,
Slaves to propriety of ev'ry kind,
Some standard-measure for each part should find,
Which when the best of actors shall exceed,
Let it devolve to one of smaller breed.
All actors too upon the back should bear
Certificate of birth—time, when—place, where;
For how can critics rightly fix their worth,
Unless they know the minute of their birth?
An audience too, deceiv'd, may find too late
That they have clapp'd an actor out of date.

Figure, I own, at first may give offence,
And harshly strike the eye's too curious sense:
But when perfections of the mind break forth,
Humor's chaste sallies, judgement's solid worth;
When the pure genuine flame, by nature taught,
Springs into sense, and ev'ry action's thought;
Before such merit all objections fly;
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high.

Oft have I, Pritchard, seen thy wond'rous skill,
Confess'd thee great, but find thee greater still.
That worth which shone in scatter'd rays before,
Collected now, breaks forth with double pow'r.
The Jealous Wife; on that thy trophies raise,
Inferior only to the author's praise.

From Dublin, fam'd in legions of romance
For mighty magic of the enchanted lance,
With which her heroes arm'd victorious prove,
And like a flood rush o'er the land of love,
Mossop and Barry came—names ne'er design'd,
By fate in the same sentence to be join'd.
Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim,
They mounted to the pinnacle of fame; [height,
There the weak brain, made giddy with the
Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight.
Thus sportive boys around some bason's brim
Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling swim:
But if, from lungs more potent, there arise
Two bubbles of a more than common size,
Eager for honor they for fight prepare,
Bubble meets bubble, and both sink to air.

Mossop, attach'd to military plan,
Still kept his eye fix'd on his right-hand man.
Whilst the mouth measures words with seeming skill,
The right-hand labors, and the left lies still;
For he resolv'd on scripture grounds to go,
What the right doth, the left-hand shall not know.
With studied impropriety of speech,
He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach;
To epithets allots emphatic state,
Whilst principals, ungrac'd, like lacquies wait;
In ways first trodden by himself excels,
And stands alone in indeclinables;
Conjunction, preposition, adverb join,
To stamp new vigor on the nervous line:
In monosyllables his thunders roll.—
He, she, it, and, we, ye, they, fright the soul.

In person taller than the common size,
Behold where Barry draws admiring eyes!

When

When lab'ring passions, in his bosom pent,
Convulsive rage, and struggling heave for vent,
Spectators, with imagin'd terrors warm,
Anxious expect the bursting of the storm:
But, all unfit in such a pile to dwell,
His voice comes forth like Echo from her cell;
To swell the tempest needful aid denies,
And all a-down the stage in feeble murmurs dies.
When man, like Barry, with such pains can
In elocution, action, character? [err
What man could give, if Barry was not here,
Such well-applauded tenderness to Lear?
Who else could speak so very, very fine,
That sense may kindly end with ev'ry line?
Some dozen lines before the ghost is there,
Behold him for the solemn scene prepare.
See how he frames his eyes, poises each limb,
Puts the whole body into proper trim. — [art,
From whence we learn, with no great stretch of
Five lines hence comes a ghost, and, ha! a start.
When he appears most perfect, still we find
Something which jars upon, and hurts the mind.
Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,
We see too plainly they are not his own.
No flame from nature ever yet he caught;
Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught;
He rais'd his trophies on the base of art,
And conn'd his passions, as he conn'd his part.
Quin, from afar lur'd by the scent of fame,
A stage Leviathan, put in his claim,
Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own.
For how should moderns, mushrooms of the day,
Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to play?
Grey-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial tongue,
Extol the times when they themselves were young;
Who, having lost all relish for the stage,
See not their own defects, but lash the age;
Receiv'd with joyful murmers of applause
Their darling chief, and lin'd his fav'rite cause.
Far be it from the candid Muse to tread
Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead,
But, just to living merit, she maintains,
And dares the test, whilst Garrick's genius reigns;
Antients in vain endeavour to excel,
Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.
But though prescription's force we disallow,
Nor to antiquity submissive bow;
Though we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accidents of time and place;
Yet real worth of every growth shall bear
Due praise, nor must we, Quin, forget thee there.
His words bore sterling weight, nervous and
In manly tides of sense they roll'd along. [strong
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense.
No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labor'd artifice of speech.
Speech! is that all? — And shall an actor found
An universal fame on partial ground?
Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
And in six months, my dog shall howl by note.
I laugh at those, who, when the stage they tread,
Neglect the heart, to compliment the head;
With strict propriety their care's confin'd
To weigh out words, while passion halts behind.
To syllable-dissectors they appeal,
Allow them accent, cadence, — fools may feel;
But, spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.
His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,
Proclaim'd the sullen habit of his soul.
Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,
Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.
When Hector's lovely widow shines in tears,
Or Rowe's gay rake dependant virtue jeers,
With the same cast of features he is seen
To chide the libertine, and court the queen.
From the same scene, which without passion flows,
With just desert his reputation rose;
Nor less he pleas'd, when, on some surly plan,
He was, at once, the actor and the man.
In Brute he shone unequall'd: all agree
Garrick's not half so great a brute as he.
When Cato's labor'd scenes are brought to view,
With equal praise the actor labor'd too;
For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,
Small diff'rence 'twixt the Stoic and the brute.
In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not for a moment sink the man.
In whate'er cast his character was laid,
Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.
Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in:
Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff, — still 'twas Quin.
Next follows Sheridan — a doubtful name,
As yet unsettled in the rank of fame,
This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
Gives him all merit: That allows him none.
Between them both we'll steer the middle course,
Nor, loving praise, rob judgement of her force.
Just his conceptions, natural and great:
His feelings strong, his words enforc'd with weight.
Was speech-fam'd Quin himself to hear him speak,
Envy would drive the color from his cheek:
But step-dame nature, niggard of her grace,
Deny'd the social pow'rs of voice and face.
Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie:
In vain the wonders of his skill are try'd
To form distinctions nature hath deny'd.
His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep and shrill by fits:
The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife. [such
His action's always strong, but sometimes
That candor must declare he acts too much.
Why must impatience fall three paces back;
Why paces three return to the attack?
Why is the right-leg too forbid to stir,
Unless in motion semicircular?
Why must the hero with the Sailor vie,
And hurl the close-clench'd fist at nose or eye?
In royal John, with Philip angry grown,
I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down.
Inhuman tyrant! was it not a shame,
To fright a king so harmless and so tame?

But, spite of all defects, his glories rise;
And art, by judgement form'd, with nature vies:
Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's soul,
Whilst in his own contending passions roll;
View the whole scene, with critic judgement soan,
And then deny him merit if you can.
Where he falls short, 'tis nature's fault alone;
Where he succeeds, the merit 's all his own.
Last Garrick came. Behind him throng a train,
Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.
One finds out,—"He 's of stature somewhat low,—
"Your hero always should be tall, you know.—
"True natural greatness all consists in height."
Produce your voucher, critic.—"Serjeant Kite."
Another can't forgive the paltry arts
By which he makes his way to shallow hearts;
Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause—
"Avaunt, unnatural start, affected pause."
For me, by nature form'd to judge with phlegm;
I can't acquit by wholesale, nor condemn.
The best things carried to excess are wrong:
The start may be too frequent, pause too long:
But only us'd in proper time and place,
Severest judgement must allow them grace.
If bunglers, form'd on imitation's plan,
Just in the way that monkies mimic man,
Their copied scene with mangled arts disgrace,
And pause and start with the same vacant face;
We join the critic laugh; those tricks we scorn,
Which spoil the scenes they mean them to adorn.
But when, from nature's pure and genuine source,
These strokes of acting flow with gen'rous force;
When in the features all the soul 's portray'd,
And passions, such as Garrick's, are display'd;
To me they seem from quickest feelings caught:
Each start is nature; and each pause is thought.
When reason yields to passion's wild alarms,
And the whole state of man is up in arms;
What but a critic could condemn the player,
For pausing here, when cool sense pauses there?
Whilst, working from the heart, the fire I trace,
And mark it strongly flaming to the face;
Whilst, in each sound, I hear the very man;
I cant 't catch words, and pity those who can.
Let wits, like spiders, from the tortur'd brain
Fine-draw the critic web with curious pain;
The gods,—a kindness I with thanks must pay,—
Have form'd me of a coarser kind of clay;
Nor stung with envy, nor with spleen diseas'd,
A poor dull creature, still with nature pleas'd;
Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree,
And, pleas'd with nature, must be pleas'd with thee.
Now might I tell, how silence reign'd through-out,
And deep attention hush'd the rabble rout:
How ev'ry claimant, tortur'd with desire,
Was pale as ashes, or as red as fire:
But, loose to fame, the Muse more simply acts,
Rejects all flourish, and relates mere facts.
The judges, as the several parties came,
With temper heard, with judgement weigh'd each claim,
And, in their sentence happily agreed,
In name of both, great Shakspeare thus decreed:
"If manly sense; if nature link'd with art;
If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
If pow'rs of acting vast and unconfin'd;
If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd;
If strong expression, and strange pow'rs which lie
Within the magic circle of the eye;
If feelings which few hearts like his can know,
And which no face so well as his can show;
Deserve the pref'rence;—Garrick, take the chair;
Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there."

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§ 35. *The Pleasures of Imagination.* Akenside.

BOOK I.

With what attractive charms this goodly frame
Of nature touches the consenting hearts
Of mortal men: and what the pleasing stores
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil;
My verse unfolds. Attend, ye gentle powers
Of musical delight! and, while I sing
Your gifts, your honors, dance around my strain.
Thou, smiling queen of ev'ry tuneful breast,
Indulgent fancy! from the fruitful banks
Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull
Fresh flowers and dews to sprinkle on the turf
Where Shakspeare lies, be present: and with thee
Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings
Wafting ten thousand colors through the air,
Which, by the glances of her magic eye,
She blends and shifts at will, through countless forms,
Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre
Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony! descend
And join this festive train? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,
Majestic Truth; and where Truth deigns to come,
Her sister Liberty will not be far.
Be present, all ye Genii, who conduct
The wandering footsteps of the youthful bard.
New to your springs and shades: who touch his ear
With finer sounds: who heighten to his eye
The bloom of nature, and before him turn
The gayest, happiest attitude of things.
Oft have the laws of each poetic strain
The critic-verse employed; yet still unsung
Lay this prime subject, though importing most
A poet's name; for fruitless is the attempt,
By dull obedience and by creeping toil
Obscure, to conquer the severe ascent
Of high Parnassus. Nature's kindling breath
Must fire the chosen genius; nature's hand
Must string his nerves, and imp his eagle wings
Impatient of the painful steep, to soar
High as the summit, there to breathe at large
Ethereal air, with bards and sages old,
Immortal sons of praise. These flattering scenes
To this neglected labor court my song;
Yet not unconscious what a doubtful task

To paint the finest features of the mind,
And to most subtile and mysterious things
Give color, strength, and motion. But the love
Of nature and the Muses bids explore,
Through secret paths erewhile untrod by man,
The fair poetic region, to detect
Untasted springs, to drink inspiring draughts,
And shade my temples with unfading flowers
Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound recess,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before.
From heaven my strains begin: from heaven descends
The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy
And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun
Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon suspended her serener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorn'd the globe,
Or Wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;
Then liv'd the Almighty One: then, deep retir'd
In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
And Wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration: till in time complete,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth and wild resounding waves,
Hence light and shade alternate, warmth and cold,
And clear autumnal skies and vernal showers,
And all the fair variety of things.
But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims
Of social life to different labors urge
The active powers of man; with wise intent
The hand of Nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of heaven: to some she gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulse: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue swells the tender veins
Of herbs and flowers; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, distilling from the clifted rind
In balmy tears. But some to higher hopes
Were destin'd; some within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To these the Sire omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The transcript of himself. On every part
They trace the bright impressions of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadows purple stores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portray'd
That uncreated beauty which delights
The mind supreme. They also feel her charms;
Enamour'd, they partake the eternal joy.
For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By sabling Nilus, to the quiv'ring touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, sounded through the warbling air
Unbidden strains; even so did Nature's hand
To certain species of external things
Attune the finer organs of the mind;
So the glad impulse of congenial powers,
Or of sweet sound, or fair proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills through Imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve: all naked and alive
They catch the spreading rays: till now the soul
At length discloses every tuneful spring
To that harmonious movement from without
Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain
Diffuses its enchantment: Fancy dreams
Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,
And vales of bliss: the intellectual Power
Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,
And smiles: the passions, gently sooth'd away,
Sink to divine repose, and love and joy
Alone are waking; love and joy, serene
As airs that fan the summer. O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art, whom these delights can touch,
Whose candid bosom the refining love
Of Nature warms, O! listen to my song;
And I will guide thee to her favorite walks,
And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
And point her loveliest features to thy view.
Know then, whate'er of nature's pregnant stores,
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms,
With love and admiration thus inflame
The powers of fancy, her delighted sons
To three illustrious orders have referr'd;
Three sister-graces, whom the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue confesses; the sublime,
The wonderful, the fair. I see them dawn!
I see the radiant visions, where they rise,
More lovely than when Lucifer displays
His beaming forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the spring.
Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast;
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding smile of heaven? Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind
With

With such resistless ardor, to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross control of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
That to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his laboring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with shade,
And continents of sand; will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath his native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air: pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens;
Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and hovering round the sun
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence, far effus'd,
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests the orient. Now amaz'd she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
Even on the barriers of the world, untir'd,
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sov'reign maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Thro' all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
'Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

Call now to mind what high capacious powers
Lie folded up in man: how far beyond
The praise of mortals may the eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine
Expand the blooming soul! What pity then
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
Her tender blossom; choke the streams of life,
And blast her spring! Far otherwise design'd
Almighty wisdom; nature's happy cares
The obedient heart far otherwise incline:
Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active power
To brisker measures: witness the neglect
Of all familiar prospects though beheld
With transport once; the fond attentive gaze
Of young astonishment; the sober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things.
For such the bounteous providence of heaven,
In every breast implanting this desire
Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
With unremitted labor to pursue
Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul,
In Truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words
To paint its power? For this the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove; the pensive sage,
Heedless of sleep, midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the sickly taper; and untir'd
The virgin follows, with enchanted step,
The mazes of some wild and wond'rous tale,
From morn to eve, unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
The wishes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence, finally, by night
The village-matron round the blazing hearth
Suspends the infant-audience with her tales,
Breathing astonishment! of witching rhymes,
And evil spirits of the death-bed call
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet souls
Risen from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of shapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murderer's bed.
At every solemn pause, the crowd recoil,
Gazing on each other speechless, and congeal'd
With shivering sighs: till, eager for the event,
Around the beldam all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.

But lo! disclos'd in all her smiling pomp,
Where Beauty onward moving claims the verse
Her charms inspire: the freely flowing verse.
In thy immortal praise, O form divine,
Smooths her mellifluent stream. Thee, Beauty, thee
The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray
The mossy roofs adore: thou better sun!
For ever beamest on the enchanted heart
Love and harmonious wonder, and delight
Poetic. Brightest progeny of heaven!
How shall I trace thy features? where select
The roseate hues to emulate thy bloom?
Haste then, my song, through nature's vast expanse,
Haste, then, and gather all her comeliest wealth,
Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To deck thy lovely labor. Wilt thou fly
With laughing Autumn to the Atlantic isles,
And range with him the Hesperian field, and see
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove.

The

The branches shoot with gold; where'er his step
Marks the glad soil, the tender clusters grow
With purple ripeness, and invest each hill
As with the blushes of an evening sky?
Or wilt thou rather stoop thy vagrant plume,
Where, gliding through his daughter's honor'd shades,
The smooth Peneus from his glassy flood
Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleasant scene?
Fair Tempe! haunt belov'd of sylvan powers,
Of nymphs and fauns; where in the golden age
They play'd in secret upon the shady brink
With antient Pan: while round their choral steps
Young hours and genial gales with constant hand
Shower'd blossoms, odors, shower'd ambrosial dews,
And Spring's Elysian bloom. Her flowery store
To thee nor Tempe shall refuse; nor watch
Of winged Hydra guard Hesperian fruits
From thy free spoil. O bear then, unreprov'd,
Thy smiling treasures to the green recess
Where young Dione stays. With sweetest airs
Entice her forth to lend her angel-form
For beauty's honor'd image. Hither turn
Thy grateful footsteps; hither, gentle maid,
Incline thy polish'd forehead: let her eyes
Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn;
And may the fanning breezes waft aside
Thy radiant locks, disclosing, as it bends
With airy softness from the marble neck,
The cheek fair-blooming, and the rosy lip,
Where winning smiles and pleasure sweet as love,
With sanctity and wisdom, tempering blend
Their soft allurement. Then the pleasing force
Of nature, and her kind parental care,
Worthier I'd sing: then all the enamour'd youth
With each admiring virgin, to my lyre
Should throng attentive, while I point on high
Where Beauty's living image, like the morn,
That wakes in Zephyr's arms the blushing May,
Moves onward; or as Venus when she stood
Effulgent on the pearly car, and smil'd,
Fresh from the deep, and conscious of her form,
To see the Tritons tune their vocal shells,
And each cœrulean sister of the flood
With loud acclaim attend her o'er the waves,
To seek the Idalian bower. Ye smiling band
Of youths and virgins who thro' all the maze
Of young desire with rival steps pursue
This charm of beauty; if the pleasing toil
Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
Your favorable ear, and trust my words.
I do not mean to wake the gloomy form
Of Superstition, dress'd in Wisdom's garb,
To damp your tender hopes; I do not mean
To bid the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,
Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth,
To fright you from your joys; my cheerful song
With better omens calls you to the field,
Pleas'd with your generous ardor in the chace,
And warm like you. Then tell me, for we know,
Does Beauty ever deign to dwell where Health
And active Use are strangers? Is her charm
Confess'd in aught, whose most peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitless? Or did Nature mean
This pleasing call the herald of a lie;
To hide the shame of discord and disease,
And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart
Of idle Faith? O no! with better cares
The indulgent mother, conscious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
By this illustrious image, in each kind
Still more illustrious where the object holds
Its native powers most perfect, she by this
Illumes the headstrong impulse of desire,
And sanctifies his choice. The generous glebe
Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear tract
Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to sense,
And every charm of animated things,
Are only pledges of a state sincere,
The integrity and order of their frame,
When all is well within, and every end
Accomplish'd.——Thus was Beauty sent from heav'n;
The lovely ministress of Truth and Good
In this dark world: for Truth and Good are one,
And Beauty dwells: in them, and they in her,
With like participation. Wherefore then,
O sons of earth! would ye dissolve the tie?
O wherefore with a rash impetuous aim,
Seek ye those flowery joys with which the hand
Of lavish Fancy paints each flattering scene
Where Beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire
Where is the sanction of eternal Truth,
Or where the seal of undeceitful Good,
To save your search from folly! Wanting these,
Lo! Beauty withers in your void embrace;
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
Did Fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam
Of youthful hope that shines upon your hearts,
Be chill'd or clouded at this awful task,
To learn the lore of undeceitful Good,
And Truth eternal. Though the poisonous charms
Of baleful Superstition guide the feet
Of servile numbers, through a dreary way
To their abode, thro' deserts, thorns, and mire,
And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn
To muse at last amidst the ghostly gloom
Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloister'd cells,
To walk with spectres through the midnight shade,
And to the screaming owl's accursed song
Attune the dreadful workings of his heart;
Yet be not ye dismay'd: A gentler star
Your lovely search illumines. From the grove
Where wisdom talk'd with her Athenian sons,
Could my ambitious hand entwine a wreath
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
Then should my powerful verse at once dispel
Those monkish horrors; then in light divine
Disclose the Elysian prospect, where the steps
Of those whom nature charms, through blooming walks,
Through fragrant mountains and poetic streams,
Amid the train of sages, heroes, bards,

Led

Led by the winged genius and the choir
Of laurell'd Science and Harmonious Art,
Proceed exulting to the eternal shrine,
Where Truth conspicuous with her sister-twins,
The undivided partners of her sway,
With Good and Beauty reigns. O let not us,
Lull'd by luxurious Pleasure's languid strain,
Or crouching to the frowns of Bigot rage,
O let us not a moment pause to join
That godlike band. And if the gracious power
Who first awaken'd my untutor'd song,
Will to my invocation breathe anew
The tuneful spirit; then through all our paths
Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre
Be wanting: whether on the rosy mead,
When summer smiles, to warn the melting heart
Of Luxury's allurement; whether firm
Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
To urge bold Virtue's unremitted nerve,
And wake the strong divinity of soul
That conquers chance and fate; or whether struck
For sounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
Upon the lofty summit, round her brow
To twine the wreath of incorruptive praise;
To trace her hollow'd light thro' future worlds,
And bless heaven's image in the heart of man.

Thus with a faithful aim have we presum'd,
Adventurous, to delineate Nature's form;
Whether in vast, majestic pomp array'd,
Or drest for pleasing wonder, or serene
In beauty's rosy smile. It now remains,
Through various being's fair-proportion'd scale,
To trace the rising lustre of her charms,
From their first twilight, shining forth at length
To full meridian splendor. Of degree
The least and lowliest, in the effusive warmth
Of colors mingling with a random blaze,
Doth Beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
And variation of determin'd shape,
Where Truth's eternal measures mark the bound
Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent
Unites this varied symmetry of parts
With color's bland allurement; as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
And painted shells indent their speckled wreath,
Then more attractive rise the blooming forms
Through which the breath of Nature has infus'd
Her genial power, to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moisture from the bounteous earth,
In fruit and seed prolific: thus the flowers
Their purple honors with the spring resume;
And such the stately tree with autumn bends
With blushing treasures. But more lovely still
Is Nature's charm, where to the full consent
Of complicated members, to the bloom
Of color and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame and piercing sense are given,
And active motion speaks the temper'd soul:
So moves the bird of Juno: so the steed
With rival ardor beats the dusty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
Salute their fellows. Thus doth Beauty dwell
There most conspicuous, even in outward shape,
Where dawns the high expression of a mind:
By steps conducting our enraptur'd search
To that eternal origin, whose power,
Through all the unbounded symmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent sun,
This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd.
Mind, mind alone (bear witness, earth and heaven!)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand
Sit paramount the Graces; here enthron'd
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad through nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriot; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country, hail!
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free! Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for others' woes,
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where Peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate; where Honor's liberal hands effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of Innocence and Love protect the scene?
Once more search, undismay'd, the dark profound
Where Nature works in secret; view the beds
Of mineral treasure, and the eternal vault
That bounds the hoary ocean: trace the forms
Of atoms moving with incessant change
Their elemental round; behold the seeds
Of beings, and the energy of life
Kindling the mass with ever-active flame;
Then to the secrets of the working mind
Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call
Her fleet, ideal band; and bid them, go!
Break through time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour
That saw the heavens created; then declare
If aught were found in those external scenes
To move thy wonder now. For what are all
The forms which brute, unconscious matter wears,
Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts?
Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
The superficial impulse; dull their charms,
And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye
Not so the moral species, nor the powers
Of genius and design; the ambitious mind
There sees herself: by these congenial forms
Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenser act
She bends each nerve, and meditates well pleas'd

Her

Her features in the mirror. For of all
The inhabitants of earth, to man alone
Creative Wisdom gave to lift his eye
To Truth's eternal measures; thence to frame
The sacred laws of action and of will,
Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of truth, whose dictates bind
Assenting reason, the benignant fire,
To deck the honor'd paths of just and good,
Has added bright Imagination's rays;
Where Virtue, rising from the awful depth
Of Truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake
The unadorn'd condition of her birth;
And, dress'd by fancy in ten thousand hues,
Assumes a various feature, to attract,
With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,
The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
The ingenious youth whom solitude inspires
With purest wishes, from the pensive shade
Beholds her moving, like a virgin-Muse
That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme
Of harmony and wonder: while among
The herd of servile minds, her strenuous form
Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,
And through the rolls of memory appeals
To antient honor; or in act serene,
Yet watchful, raises the majestic sword
Of public power, from dark Ambition's reach,
To guard the sacred volume of the laws.
Genius of antient Greece! whose faithful steps
Well pleas'd I follow through the sacred paths
Of nature and of science; nurse divine
Of all the heroic deeds and fair desires!
O! let the breath of thy extended praise
Inspire my kindling bosom to the height
Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
Presumptuous counted, if, amid the calm
That sooths this vernal evening to the smiles,
I steal impatient from the sordid haunts
Of strife and low Ambition, to attend
Thy sacred presence in the sylvan shade,
By their malignant footsteps ne'er profan'd.
Descend, propitious! to my favor'd eye;
Such in thy mien, thy warm, exalted air,
As when the Persian tyrant, foil'd and stung
With shame and desperation gnash'd his teeth
To see thee rend the pagents of his throne;
And at the lightning of thy lifted spear
Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils,
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphant songs,
Thy smiling band of arts, thy godlike sires
Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth
Warm from the schools of glory. Guide my way
Thro' fair Lyceum's walk, the green retreats
Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
Where oft, enchanted with Socratic sounds,
Ilissus pure devolv'd his tuneful stream
In gentler murmurs. From the blooming store
Of these auspicious fields, may I unblam'd
Transplant some living blossoms to adorn
My native clime: while, far above the flight
Of Fancy's plume aspiring, I unlock
The springs of antient wisdom; while I join
Thy name, thrice honor'd! with the immortal praise
Of Nature; while to my compatriot youth
I point the high example of thy sons,
And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.

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§ 36. *Day: a Pastoral.* Cunningham.

"——— carpe diem." HOR.

MORNING.

In the barn the tenant Cock,
Close to Partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock!)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire:
And the peeping sun-beam, now,
Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the Lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
See the chatt'ring Swallow spring;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale:
Kidlings now begin to crop
Daisies, in the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uneloy'd,
(Restless 'till her task be done)
Now the busy bee's employ'd,
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin, for the promis'd corn
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding down his pipe.

Sweet,—O sweet, the warbling throng,
On the white emblossom'd spray!
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.

NOON.

Fervid on the glitt'ring flood,
Now the noon-tide radiance glows
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines;
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd by the branching pines,
Pendant o'er his grassy seat.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,
Where, uncheck'd, the sun-beams fall;
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivy'd abbey wall.

Echo

Echo in her airy round,
O'er river, rock and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephers bland,
Where the streamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs;
Fearful lest the noon-tide beam
Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,
Nature 's lull'd — serene — and still;
Quiet e'en the shepherds cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,
'Till the fresh descending shower,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
Raises ev'ry fainting flower.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
Now the warblers' throats in tune!
Blithsome is the verdant scene,
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!

EVENING.

O'er the heath the heifer strays
Free; — (the furrow'd task is done)
Now the village windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now he hides behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky;
Can the pencil's mimic skill
Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the ploughmen go,
(To the smoking hamlet bound)
Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads,
Shelter for the lordly dome!
To their high-built airy beds
See the rooks returning home!

As the Lark with varied tune,
Carols to the evening loud;
Mark the mild resplendent moon
Breaking through a parted cloud!

Now the hermit Howlet peeps
From the barn, or twisted brake;
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake.

As the Trout, in speckled pride,
Playful on its bosom springs;
To the banks in ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass,
With her well-pois'd milking pail.

Linnets, with unnamber'd notes,
And the Cuckoo bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun adieu.

§ 37. *The Contemplatist: a Night Piece.* Cunningham.

"Nox erat ———
"Cumtacetomnisager,pecudes,pictæquevolucres."

The Queen of Contemplation, Night,
Begins her balmy reign:
Advancing in their varied light
Her silver-vested train.

'Tis strange the many marshall'd stars,
That ride you sacred round,
Should keep among their rapid cars,
A silence so profound!

A kind, a philosophic calm
The cool creation wears!
And what day drank of dewy balm,
The gentle Night repairs.

Behind their leafy curtains hid,
The feather'd race how still!
How quiet now the gamesome kid,
That gambol'd round the hill!

The sweets, that, bending o'er their banks,
From sultry Day declin'd,
Revive in little velvet ranks,
And scent the western wind.

The Moon, preceded by the breeze
That bade the clouds retire,
Appears among the tufted trees,
A Phœnix next on fire.

But soft—the golden glow subsides!
Her chariot mounts on high!
And now, in silver'd pomp, she rides
Pale regent of the sky!

Where Time upon the wither'd tree
Hath carv'd the moral chair,
I sit from busy passions free,
And breathe the placid air.

The wither'd tree was once in prime;
Its branches brav'd the sky!
Thus, at the touch of ruthless Time,
Shall Youth and Vigor die.

I'm lifted to the blue expanse:
It glows serenely gay!
Come, Science, by my side advance,
We'll search the Milky Way.

Let us descend—The daring flight
Fatigues my feeble mind:
And science in the maze of light,
Is impotent and blind.

What are those wild, those wand'ring fires,
That o'er the moorland ran?
Vapors.—How like the vague desires
That cheat the heart of man!

But there 's a friendly guide!—a flame,
That, lambent o'er its bed,
Enlivens, with a gladsome beam,
The hermit's osier shed.

Among

Among the russet shades of night,
It glances from afar!
And darts along the dusk; so bright,
It seems a silver star!

In coverts (where the few frequent)
If Virtue deigns to dwell,
'Tis thus the little lamp, Content,
Gives lustre to her cell.

How smooth that rapid river slides
Progressive to the deep!
The poppies, pendent o'er its sides,
Have charm'd the waves to sleep.

Pleasure's intoxicated sons!
Ye indolent! ye gay!
Reflect — for, as the river runs,
Life wings its tractless way.

That branching grove of dusky green
Conceals the azure sky;
Save where a starry space between
Relieves the darken'd eye.

Old Error, thus, with shades impure,
Throws sacred Truth behind:
Yet sometimes, through the deep obscure,
She bursts upon the mind.

Sleep, and her sister Silence reign,
They lock the shepherd's fold!
But hark — I hear a lamb complain,
'Tis lost upon the wold!

To savage herds, that hunt for prey,
An unresisting prize!
For having trod a devious way,
The little rambler dies.

As luckless is the Virgin's lot,
Whom pleasure once misguides:
When hurried from the halcyon cot,
Where Innocence presides——

The passions, a relentless train!
To tear the victim, run:
She seeks the paths of peace in vain,
Is conquer'd —— and undone.

How bright the little insects blaze,
Where willows shade the way,
As proud as if their painted rays
Could emulate the Day!

'Tis thus the pigmy sons of pow'r
Advance their vain parade!
Thus glitter in the darken'd hour,
And like the glow-worms fade!

The soft serenity of night
Ungentle clouds deform!
The silver host that shone so bright,
Is hid behind a storm!

The angry elements engage!
An oak (an ivied bower!)
Repels the rough wind's noisy rage,
And shields me from the shower.

The rancor, thus, of rushing fate
I've learnt to render vain:
For, whilst Integrity's her seat,
The soul will sit serene.

A raven, from some greedy vault,
Amidst that cloister'd gloom,
Bids me, and 'tis a solemn thought!
Reflect upon the tomb.

The tomb!——The consecrated dome!
The temple rais'd to Peace!
The port, that to its friendly home
Compels the human race!

Yon village, to the moral mind,
A solemn aspect wears;
Where sleep hath lull'd the labor'd hind,
And kill'd his daily cares:

'Tis but the church-yard of the Night;
An emblematic bed!
That offers to the mental sight
The temporary dead.

From hence, I'll penetrate in thought,
The grave's unmeasur'd deep;
And tutor'd hence, be timely taught
To meet my final sleep.

'Tis peace——(the little chaos past!)
The gracious moon restor'd!
A breeze succeeds the frightful blast,
That through the Forest roar'd!

The Nightingale, a welcome guest!
Renews her gentle strains;
And Hope (just wand'ring from my breast)
Her wonted seat regains.

Yes——When yon lucid orb is dark,
And darting from on high;
My soul, a more celestial spark,
Shall keep her native sky.

Fann'd by the light, the lenient breeze,
My limbs refreshment find;
And moral rhapsodies, like these,
Give vigor to the mind.

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§ 38. *The Visions of Fancy.* Langhorne.

ELEGY I.

Children of Fancy, whither are ye fled?
Where have you borne those Hope-enliven'd hours,
That once with myrtle garlands bound my head,
That oncebestrew'dmyvernalpathwithflowers?

In yonfair vale, where blooms the beechen grove,
Where winds the slow wave thro' the flowery plain,
To these fond arms you led the tyrant, Love,
With Fear and Hope and Folly in his train.

My lyre, that, left at careless distance, hung
Light on some pale branch of the osier shade,
To lays of amorous blandishment you strung,
And e'er my sleep the lulling music play'd.

"Rest, gentle youth! while on the quivering breeze
Slides to thine ear this softly breathing strain;

Sounds

Sounds that move smoother than the steps of ease,
And pour oblivion in the ear of pain.

In this fair vale eternal spring shall smile,
And Time unenvious crowns the roseate hour:
Eternal joy shall every care beguile,
Breathe in each gale, and bloom in every flower.

The silver stream, that down its crystal way
Frequent has led thy musing steps along,
Shall, still the same, its sunny mazes play,
And with its murmurs melodise thy song.

Unfading green shall these fair groves adorn;
Those living meads immortal flowers unfold;
In rosy smiles shall rise each blushing morn,
And every evening close in clouds of gold.

The tender Loves that watch thy slumbering rest,
And round thee flowers and balmy myrtles strew,
Shall charm, thro' all approaching life, thy breast,
With joys for ever pure, for ever new.

The genial power that speeds the golden dart,
Each charm of tender passion shall inspire;
With fond affection fill the mutual heart,
And feed the flame of ever-young Desire.

Come, gentle Loves! your myrtle garlands bring;
The smiling bower with cluster'd roses spread;
Come gentle airs! with incense-dropping wing
The breathing sweets of vernal odor shed.

Hark, as the strains of swelling music rise,
How the notes vibrate on the fav'ring gale!
Auspicious glories beam along the skies,
And powers unseen the happy moments hail!

Ecstatic hours! so every distant day,
Like this, serene on downy wings shall move;
Rise crown'd with joys that triumph o'er decay,
The faithful joys of Fancy and of Love."

ELEGY II.

And were they vain, those soothing lays ye sung?
Children of Fancy! yes, your song was vain;
On each soft air though rapt Attention hung,
And Silence listen'd on the sleeping plain.

The strains yet vibrate on my ravish'd ear,
And still to smile the mimic beauties seem,
Though now the visionary scenes appear
Like the faint traces of a vanish'd dream.

Mirror of life: the glories thus impart
Of all that Youth and Love and Fancy frame,
When painful Anguish speeds the piercing dart,
Or Envy blasts the blooming flowers of Fame.

Nurse of wild wishes, and of fond desires,
The prophetess of Fortune, false and vain,
To scenes where Peace in Ruin's arms expires,
Fallacious Hope deludes her hapless train.

Go, Syren, go —— thy charms on others try;
My beaten bark at length has reach'd the shore;
Yet on the rock my dropping garments lie;
And let me perish, if I trust thee more.

Come, gentle Quiet! long-neglected maid!
O come, and lead me to thy mossy cell;
There, unregarded in the peaceful shade,
With calm Repose and Silence let me dwell.

Come, happier hours of sweet unanxious rest,
When all the struggling passions shall subside;
When Peace shall clasp me to her plumy breast,
And smooth my silent minutes as they glide.

But chief, thou goddess of the thoughtless eye,
Whom never cares or passions discompose,
O blest Insensibility, be nigh,
And with thy soothing hand my weary eyelids close.

Then shall the cares of love and glory cease,
And all the fond anxieties of fame;
Alike regardless in the arms of Peace,
If these extol, or those debase a name.

In Lyttleton though all the Muses praise,
His generous praise shall then delight no more,
Nor the sweet magic of his tender lays
Shall touch the bosom which it charm'd before.

Nor then, tho' Malice, with insidious guise
Of friendship, ope the unsuspecting breast;
Nor then, tho' Envy broach her blackening lies,
Shall these deprive me of a moment's rest.

O state to be desir'd! with hostile rage
Prevails in human more than savage haunts;
When man with man eternal war will wage,
And never yield that mercy which he wants:

When dark design invades the cheerful hour,
And draws the heart with social freedom warm,
Its cares, its wishes, and its thoughts to pour,
Smiling insidious with the hopes of harm.

Vain man, to others' failings still severe,
Yet not one foible in himself can find;
Another's faults to Folly's eyes are clear,
But to her own e'en Wisdom's self is blind.

O let me still, from these low follies free,
This sordid malice, and inglorious strife,
Myself the subject of my censure be,
And teach my heart to comment on my life.

With thee, Philosophy, still let me dwell,
My tutor'd mind from vulgar meanness save;
Bring Peace, bring Quiet to my humble cell,
And bid them lay the green turf on my grave.

ELEGY III.

Bright o'er the green hills rose the morning ray,
The wood-lark's song resounded on the plain;
Fair nature felt the warm embrace of day,
And smil'd through all her animated reign.

When young Delight, of Hope and Fancy born,
His head on tufted wild thyme half-reclin'd,
Caught the gay colors of the orient morn,
And thence of life this picture vain design'd:

"O born to thoughts, to pleasures more sublime
Than beings of inferior nature prove!
To triumph in the golden hours of Time,
And feel the charms of fancy and of love!

"High

"High favor'd man! for him unfolding fair
In orient light this native landscape smiles;
For him sweet hope disarms the hand of Care,
Exalts his pleasures, and his grief beguiles.

"Blows not a blossom on the breast of Spring,
Breathes not a gale along the bending mead,
Trills not a songster of the soaring wing,
But fragrance, health and melody succeed.

"O let me still with simple nature live,
My lowly field-flowers on her altar lay,
Enjoy the blessings that she meant to give,
And calmly waste my inoffensive day!

"No titled name, no envy-teasing dome,
No glittering wealth my tutor'd wishes crave;
So health and Peace be near my humble home,
A cool-stream murmer, and a green tree wave.

"So may the sweet Enterpe not disdain
At Eve's chaste hour her silver lyre to bring;
The Muse of pity wake her soothing strain,
And tune to sympathy the trembling string.

"Thus glide the pensive moments o'er the vale
While floating shades of dusky night descend;
Not left untold the lover's tender tale,
Nor unenjoy'd the heart-enlarging friend.

"To love and friendship flow the social bowl!
To attic wit and elegance of mind;
To all the native beauties of the soul,
The simple charms of truth, and sense refin'd!

"Then to explore whatever antient sage
Studious from nature's early volume drew,
To trace sweet Fiction through her golden age,
And mark how fair the sun-flower, Science, blew!

"Haply to catch some spark of eastern fire,
Hesperian fancy, or *Aonian* ease;
Some melting note from Sappho's tender lyre,
Some strain that Love and Phœbus taught to please.

"When waves the grey light o'er the mountain's head,
Then let me meet the morn's first beauteous ray:
Carelessly wander from my sylvan shed,
And catch the sweet breath of the rising day,

"Nor seldom, loit'ring as I muse along,
Mark from what flower the breese its sweetness bore;
Or listen to the labor-soothing song
Of bees that range the thymy uplands o'er.

"Slow let me climb the mountain's airy brow,
The greenheight gain'd, in museful rapturelie,
Sleep to the murmur of the woods below,
Or look on nature with a lover's eye.

"Delightful hours! O, thus for ever flow;
Led by fair fancy round the varied year:
So shall my breast with native raptures glow,
Nor feel one pang from folly, pride, or fear.

"Firm be my heart to Nature and to Truth,
Nor vainly wander from their dictates sage;
So Joy shall triumph on the brows of youth,
So hope shall smooth the dreary paths of age.

ELEGY IV.

OH! yet, ye dear, deluding visions, stay!
Fond hopes, of Innocence and Fancy born!
For you I'll cast these waking thoughts away,
For one wild dream of life's romantic morn.

Ah! no: the sunshine o'er each object spread
By flattering Hope, the flowers that blew so fair;
Like the gay gardens of Armida fled,
And vanish'd from the powerful rod of Care.

So the poor pilgrim, who, in rapturous thought
Plans his dear journey to *Loretto*'s shrine,
Seems on his way by guardian seraphs brought,
Sees aiding angels favor his design.

Ambrosial blossoms, such of old as blew
By those fresh fonts on Eden's happy plain,
And *Sharon*'s roses all his passage strew:
So Fancy dreams; but Fancy's dreams are vain;

Wasted and weary on the mountain's side,
His way unknown, the hapless pilgrim lies,
Or takes some ruthless robber for his guide,
And prone beneath his cruel sabre dies.

Life's morning landscape gilt with orient light,
Where Hope and Joy and Fancy hold their reign,
The grove's green wave, the blue stream sparkling bright,
The blythe hours dancing round *Hyperion*'s wain:

In radiant colors Youth's free hand portrays,
Then holds the flattering tablet to his eye;
Nor thinks how soon the vernal grove decays,
Nor sees the dark cloud gathering o'er the sky.

Hence Fancy, conquer'd by the dart of Pain,
And wandering far from her *Platonic* shade,
Mourns o'er the ruins of her transient reign,
Nor unrepining sees her visions fade.

Their parent banish'd, hence her children fly
The fairy race that fill'd her festive train:
Joy tears his wealth, and Hope inverts her eye,
And folly wonders that her dream was vain.

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§ 39. *A Letter from Italy to the Right Honorable Charles Lord Halifax. In the year* 1701. Addison.

While you, my Lord, the rural shades admire
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and invitifig clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise;
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heavenly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
To see the Mincio draw his wat'ry store
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.
Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey
Eridanus through flow'ry meadows stray,
The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains,
The tow'ring Alps of half their moisture drains,
And, proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty were he flows.
Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and in oblivion lie
(Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry,)
Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That, destitute of strength, derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source;
Yet, sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserv'd in wild meanders play'd,
Till, by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound;
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.
Oh could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire.
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
Or, when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mountain juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents;
E'en the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some God, to Baia's gentle seats;
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride;
Blossoms and fruits, and flow'rs together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.
Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held uncrowded nations in its womb;
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies;
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd
Their base degen'rate progeny upbraid;
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And, wond'ring at their height, through airy channels flow.
Still to new scenes my wand'ring Muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls, stand;
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors, in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly sued,
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdued.
Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labors in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light,
A new creation rises to my sight;
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colors glow,
From theme to theme with secret pleasures tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost.
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And op'ning palaces invite my Muse.
How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature and the charms of art,
While proud Oppression in her valleys reigns,
And Tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange and the swelling grain,
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines;
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaded vineyard dies for thirst.
Oh Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads the wanton train;
Eas'd of her load, Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the Sun, and pleasure to the Day.
Thee, goddess, thee Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft, in fields of death, thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine;
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil;
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies;
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Tho'o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:

'Tis

'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.
Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live;
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state;
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms;
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.
Th'ambitious Gaul beholds, with secret dread,
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite;
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.
Fir'd with the name which I so oft have found
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.
But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes; whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's or like yours, should praise.

§ 40. *The Campaign.* Addison.
To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough. 1705.

" ——— Rheni pacator et Istri
" Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
" Ordinibus; laetatur eques, plauditque senator,
" Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori."
Claud. *de Laud. Stilic.*

" Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ sua impensa,
" suo labore ac periculo, bella gerat pro libertate
" aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vici-
" nitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis
" præstet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe ter-
" rarum injustum imperium sit, et ubique jus, fas,
" lex, potentissima sint."
Liv. *Hist. lib.* 33.

While crowds of princes your deserts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enrol your name;
While emperors to you commit their cause,
And Anna's praises crown the vast applause:
Accept, great leader, what the Muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights.
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,
Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill the important year;
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one campaign.
The haughty Gaul beheld, with tow'ring pride,
His antient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry side;
Pyrene's lofty barriers were subdued,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;
Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Oppos'd their Alps and Appenines in vain,
Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks immur'd,
Behind their everlasting hills secur'd;
The rising Danube its long race began,
And half its course thro' the new conquests ran;
Amaz'd, and anxious for her sov'reigns' fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states;
Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;
He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to despair
His hopes on Heaven, and confidence in pray'r.
To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes;
On her resolves the western world relies;
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.
Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
To fit the guardian of the continent!
That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
And flourishing so near her prince's eye;
Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes or follies of a court
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long tried faith, and friendship's holy ties:
Their sovereign's well-distinguished smiles they share;
Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice;
By show'rs of blessings Heaven approves their choice;
Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud them most.
Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky;
Britannia's colors in the zephyrs fly;
Her chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,
Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war.
Delightful stream, had nature bid her fall
In distant climes far from the perjur'd Gaul;
But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts
That wander'd on the banks, her heroes ghosts,
Hop'd when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great death was near.
Our Godlike leader, ere the stream he pass'd,
The mighty scheme of all his labors cast.
Forming the wondrous year within his thought,
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese;
Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.
Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues!
Infected by the burning scorpion's heat,
The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
Till on the borders of the Maine he finds
Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds.

Our British youth, with in-born freedom bold,
Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,
Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's image more than half defac'd)
Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their Queen, and love their native soil.
Still to the rising sun they take their way
Thro' clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.
When now the Neckar on its friendly coast
With cooling streams revives the fainting host,
That cheerfully his labors past forgets,
The mid-night watches, and the noon-day heats.
O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass
(Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in grass)
Breathing revenge; whilst anger and disdain
Fire ev'ry breast, and boil in ev'ry vein.
Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Rise up in hideous view, the guilt of war;
Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruins climbs,
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.
At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn: [rays
A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting spirits, and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd;
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd;
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle shown:
To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
Heaven dares intrust the cause of human kind.
Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
Her harass'd troops the hero's presence warms;
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
With thund'ring peals of British shouts resound:
Doubling their speed, they march with fresh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight. [sues,
So the staunch hound the trembling deer pur-
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unrav'lling by degrees:
But when the scent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach, he shoots away
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.
The march concludes, the various realms are past;
Th' immortal Schellenberg appears at last:
Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie;
Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,
Threat'ning destruction; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep. [sight,
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious
His march o'erpaid by such a promis'd fight.
The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day:
Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what hosts of foes
Were never to behold that ev'ning close!
Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array
The close compacted Britons win their way;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracks of death, and laid the battle waste:
Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke
Thro' flames of sulphur and a night of smoke,
Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.
High on the works the mingling hosts engage,
The battle, kindled into ten-fold rage,
With show'rs of bullets, and with storms of fire,
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire;
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.
How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in their bloom!
Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where Britons never march'd before
(Oh fatal love of fame! oh glorious heat,
Only destructive to the brave and great!)
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts, breathe their last.
But hold, my Muse, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:
While Marlb'ro' lives, Britannia's stars dispense
A friendly light, and shine in innocence:
Plunging through seas of blood his fiery steed
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight;
And turns the various fortune of the fight.
Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickest terrors of the war;
Nor hazard thus, confirs'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;
Let nations, anxious for thy life, abate
This scorn of danger and contempt of fate:
Thou liv'st not for thyself, thy Queen demands
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.
At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
By crowded armies fortified in vain;
The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
And see their camp with British legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides
The sea's whole weight, increas'd with swelling tides;
But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
Enrag'd by wat'ry moons, and warring winds,
The trembling peasant sees his country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.
The few surviving foes dispers'd in flight
(Refuse of swords and gleanings of a fight)
In ev'ry rustling wind the victor hear,
And Marlborough's form in ev'ry shadow fear,
Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.
To Donavert, with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends its course.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields
(The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares,
The food of armies and support of wars:
With magazines of death, destructive balls,
And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls;

The

The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.
Deluded prince! how is thy greatness cross'd,
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancied throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there! Surrounded with alarms;
Thou hop'st th' assistance of the Gallic arms;
The Gallic arms in safety shall advance, [France;
And crowd thy standards with the pow'r of
While, to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.
Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the Man complete.
Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain;
Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance rous'd, the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land;
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mix'd with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat,
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in ev'ry brake:
The list'ning soldier fix'd in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands;
The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd.
But now the trumpet, terrible from far,
In shriller clangors animates the war;
Confed'rate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud standards, in Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And, while the thick embattled host he views
Stretch'd out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.
The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain;
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And pray'rs in bitterness of soul preferr'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows, at length prevail'd:
The day was come when Heav'n design'd to show
His care and conduct of the world below.
Behold in awful march and dread array
The long extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control:
Heat of revenge and noble pride of soul
O'erlook'd the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host;
Though fens and floods possess the middle space;
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass,
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.
But oh, my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drums tumultuous sound;
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise. [prov'd,
'Twas then great Marlb'ro's mighty soul was
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war:
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
But see the haughty household-troops advance!
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a general's love of conquest glows;
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave;
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns;
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguished die.
O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.
The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun,
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mix'd,
'Mids heaps of spears and standards driv'n around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Soane,
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhone,
Or where the Seine her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the Loire thro' winding vineyards glides,
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
And into Scythian seas their bloated corps convey.
From Blenheim's tow'rs, the Gaul with wild affright
Beholds the various havoc of the fight;
His waving banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in fields of death and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,

Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.
Unfortunate Tallard! Oh, who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow and of shame,
That with mix'd tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,
Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Chok'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground;
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive wept.
An English Muse is touch'd with generous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe!
Greatly distress'd, thy loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
The fatal field by such great leaders won,
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the second honors of the day. [fell,
With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd
The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.
Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or 'midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd;
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage and inglorious chains;
Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging King dishonors, to complete
Marlborough's great work, and finish the defeat.
From Memmingheu's high domes, and Augsburg's walls,
The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls;
Freed by the terror of the victor's name,
The rescued states his great protection claim;
Whilst Ulm th' approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.
The hero's breast still swells with great designs,
In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines:
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends
O'er the wide continent his march extends;
If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;
If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What distant land, what region, can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword?
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the series of his toils complete?
Where the swoln Rhine rushing with all its force
Divides the hostile nations in its course,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or straighten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
That all the wide extended plain commands;
Twice, since the war was kindled, has it tried
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
And though the dog-star had its course begun,
Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:
Fix'd on the glorious action he forgets
The change of seasons, and increase of heats;
No toils are painful that can danger show,
No climes unlovely that contain a foe.
The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to encamp within his native land:
But soon as the victorious host he spies,
From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies,
Such dire impressions in his heart remain
Of Marlborough's sword, and Hochstet's fatal plain:
In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets
Their shady coverts and obscure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.
Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
That in the Pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne:
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in the embraces of the godlike man!
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fix'd
To see such fire with so much sweetness mix'd,
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!
Achilles was thus form'd with ev'ry grace,
And Nireus shone but in the second place;
Thus the great father of Almighty Rome
(Divinely flush'd with an immortal bloom
That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.
The royal youth, by Marlborough's presence charm'd,
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all his thunder on his walls;
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's sight.
The British chief for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And blest by rescued nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms;
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms:
Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
While Marlborough presses to the bold attack,
Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
And shows how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
The works of ages sunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.
Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cares;
By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Rangos thro' nations, whereso'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind
By her th' unfetter'd Ister's states are free,
And taste the sweets of English liberty:

But

But who can tell the joys of those that lie
Beneath the constant influence of her eye!
Whilst in diffusive show'rs her bounties fall
Like Heaven's indulgence, and descend on all,
Secure the happy, succour the distress'd,
Make ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people blest.
Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse;
That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell posterity the wond'rous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak;
Gods may descend in fictions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise;
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze:
Marlborough's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast; [most.
And those who paint them truest, praise them

§ 41. *An Allegory on Man.* Parnell.

A THOUGHTFUL being, long and spare,
Our race of mortals call him Care,
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the gods have call'd him too);
With fine mechanic genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, though no one bought.
This being, by a model bred
In Jove's eternal sable head,
Contriv'd a shape empower'd to breathe,
And be the worldling here beneath.
The man rose staring, like a stake,
Wond'ring to see himself awake!
Then look'd so wise, before he knew
The business he was made to do,
That, pleas'd to see with what a grace
He gravely show'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him an high,
An under-something of the sky.
But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a poet's god
(For which his curls ambrosial shake,
And mother Earth's obliged to quake),
He saw his mother Earth arise;
She stood confess'd before his eyes;
But not with what we read she wore;
A castle for a crown before;
Nor with long streets and longer roads
Dangling behind her, like commodes:
As yet with wreaths along she dress'd,
And trail'd a landscape-painted vest.
Then thrice she rais'd, as Ovid said,
And thrice she bow'd her weighty head.
Her honors made — Great Jove she cried,
This thing was fashion'd from my side:
His hands, his heart, his head are mine;
Then what hast thou to call him thine?
Nay, rather ask, the Monarch said,
What boots his hand, his heart, his head,
Were what I gave remov'd away?
Thy part 's an idle shape of clay.
Halves, more than halves! cried honest Care,
Your pleas would make your titles fair;
You claim the body, you the soul,
But I, who join'd them, claim the whole.
Thus with the gods debate began,
On such a trivial cause as man.
And can celestial tempers rage?
Quoth Virgil, in a later age.
As thus they wrangled, Time came by
(There 's none that paint him such as I:
For what the fabling antients sung
Makes Saturn old when Time was young):
As yet his winters had not shed
Their silver honors on his head;
He just had got his pinions free
From his old sire, Eternity.
A serpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth before;
By which our almanacs are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.
A staff he carried, where on high
A glass was fix'd to measure by,
As amber boxes made a show
For heads of canes an age ago.
His vest, for day and night, was pied;
A bending sickle arm'd his side;
And Spring's new months his trade adorn
The other Seasons were unborn.
Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where since his hours a dial made;
Then, leaning, heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of Fate:
Since body, from the parent Earth,
And soul from Jove receiv'd a birth,
Return they where they first began;
But, since their union makes the man,
Till Jove and Earth shall put these two,
To Care, who join'd them, man is due.
He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year;
Where ever since the Seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.
'Tis well, said Jove; and, for consent,
Thund'ring he shook the firmament.
Our umpire Time shall have his way;
With Care I let the creature stay:
Let bus'ness vex him, av'rice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion speak,
And want afflict, and sickness break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy distract, and sorrow kill;
Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long distracted blow;
And wasted man, whose quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find by this decree,
The soul flies sooner back to me.

§ 42. *The Book-Worm.* Parnell.

COME hither, boy, we 'll hunt to-day.
The Book-worm, rav'ning beast of prey!

Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds,
As Fame reports it, with the gods.
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Against a thousand author's lives:
Through all the fields of wit he flies;
Dreadful his wit with clust'ring eyes,
With horns without, and tusks within,
And scales to serve him for a skin.
Observe him nearly, lest he climb
To wound the bards of antient time,
Or down the vale of Fancy go,
To tear some modern wretch below.
On ev'ry corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he slips thee by.
See where his teeth a passage eat:
We 'll rouse him from the deep retreat.
But who the shelter 's forc'd to give?
'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live;
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
He draws the tadpole form along;
He mounts the gilded edge before;
He 's up, he scuds the cover o'er;
He turns, he doubles, there he pass'd;
And here we have him, caught at last.
Insatiate brute, whose teeth abuse
The sweetest servants of the Muse!
(Nay, never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly,)
His roses nipt in ev'ry page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage;
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;
By thee my Lesbia's sparrow dies;
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd
The work of love in Biddy Floyd;
They rent Belinda's locks away,
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay,
For all, for ev'ry single deed,
Relentless justice bids the bleed.
Then fall a victim to the Nine,
Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.
Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,
To pile a sacred altar here:
Hold, boy, thy hand outruns thy wit,
You 've reach'd the plays that Dennis writ:
You 've reach'd me Philips' rustic strain;
Pray take your mortal Bards again.
Come, bind the victim — there he lies,
And here between his num'rous eyes
This venerable dust I lay,
From manuscripts just swept away.
The goblet in my hand I take
(For the libation 's yet to make)
A health to poets all their days,
May they have bread, as well as praise;
Sense may they seek, and less engage
In papers fill'd with party rage:
But, if their riches spoil their vein,
Ye Muses, make them poor again.
Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I strike the scales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound;
The sacred altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he 's dead.
How like the son of Jove I stand,
This Hydra stretch'd beneath my hand!
Lay bare the monster's entrails here,
To see what dangers threat the year:
Ye gods! what sonnets on a wench!
What lean translations out of French!
'Tis plain this lobe is so unsound,
S—— prints before the months go round
But hold — before I close the scene,
The sacred altar should be clean.
Oh had I Shadwell's second bays,
Or, Tate, thy pert and humble lays!
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miss'd your works till now)
I 'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine
(That only way you please the Nine;)
But since I chance to want these two,
I 'll make the songs of Durfey do.
Rent from the corpse, on yonder pin
I hang the scales that brac'd it in;
I hang my studious morning gown,
And write my own inscription down:
" This trophy from the Python won,
" This robe in which the deed was done,
" These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
" Hung on these shelves, the Muses' seat.
" Here ignorance and hunger found
" Large realms of wit to ravage round:
" Here ignorance and hunger fell,
" Two foes in one I sent to hell.
" Ye poets, who my labors see,
" Come share the triumph all with me!
" Ye critics! born to vex the Muse,
" To mourn the grand ally you lose."

§ 43. *Ad Amicos* *. R. West.

Yes, happy youths, on Camus' sedgy side,
You feel each joy that friendship can divide;
Each realm of science and of art explore,
And with the antient blend the modern lore.
Studious alone to learn whate'er may tend
To raise the genius, or the heart to mend;
Now pleas'd along the cloister'd walk you rove,
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
Where social oft, and oft alone, you choose
To catch the zephyr, and to court the Muse.
Meantime at me (while all devoid of art
These lines give back the image of my heart) —
At me the pow'r, that comes or soon or late,
Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of fate;
From you, remote, methinks, alone I stand,
Like some sad exile in a desart land:
Around no friends their lenient care to join
Inmutual warmth, and mix their heart with mine.
Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,
For ever blot the sunshine of my days;

* Almost all Tibullus's Elegy is imitated in this little Piece, from whence his transition to Mr. Pope's letter is very artfully contrived, and bespeaks a degree of judgment much beyond Mr. West's years.

To

To sickness still, and still to grief a prey,
Health turns from me her rosy face away.
Just Heav'n! what sin, ere life begins to bloom,
Devotes my head untimely to the tomb?
Did ere this hand against a brother's life
Drug the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous knife?
Did e'er this tongue the slanderer's tale proclaim,
Or madly violate my Maker's name?
Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought but all the world might know?
As yet, just started from the lists of time,
My growing years have scarcely told their prime;
Useless, as yet, thro' life I've idly run,
No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.
Ah who, ere autumn's mellowing suns appear,
Would pluck the promise of the vernal year;
Or, ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
Tear the crude cluster from the morning spray?
Stern power of Fate, whose ebon sceptre rules
The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,
Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
Ah, stay till age shall blast my withering face,
Shake in my head, and falter in my pace;
Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,
And to the dead my willing shade shall go.
How weak is Man to Reason's judging eye!
Born in this moment, in the next we die;
Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire,
In vain our plans of happiness we raise,
Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise;
Wealth, lineage, honors, conquest, or a throne,
Are what the wise would fear to call their own.
Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
And fair-fac'd youth is ever on the wing;
'Tis like the stream beside whose wat'ry bed
Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head;
Nurs'd by the wave the spreading branches rise,
Shade all the ground, and flourish to the skies;
The waves the while beneath in secret flow,
And undermine the hollow bank below:
Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey;
Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
And sinks, untimely, in the whelming tide.
But why repine? Does life deserve my sigh?
Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.
For those, the wretches I despise or hate,
I neither envy nor regard their fate.
For me, whene'er all-conqu'ring Death shall spread
His wings around my unrepining head,
I care not: tho' this face be seen no more,
The world will pass as cheerful as before;
Bright as before the day-star will appear,
The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear;
Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,
Nor signs on earth, nor portents in the air;
Unknown and silent will depart my breath,
Nor nature e'er take notice of my death.
Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)
Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise.
Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end,
Their praise would crown me, as their precepts mend:
To them may these fond lines my name endear;
Not from the poet, but the friend sincere.

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§ 44. *An Address to Winter.* Cowper.

Oh Winter! ruler of th' inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age; thy forehead wrapt in clouds;
A leafless branch thy sceptre; and thy throne
A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by storms along its slippery way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'st the sun
A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,
Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west: But kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering at short notice in one group
The family dispers'd, and fixing thought,
Not less dispers'd by day-light and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;
No powder'd pert, proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
Till the street rings. No stationary steeds,
Cough their own knell, while heedless of the sound
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake;
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flow'r
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn
Unfolds its bosom, buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair,
A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page, by one
Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest:
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry; the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The little volume clos'd, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal,
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moon-light, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,

Enjoy'd

Enjoy'd, spare feast, a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or prescribes the sound of mirth.
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion phrenzy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with memory's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scap'd, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found
Unlook'd for, life preserv'd and peace restor'd,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
Oh evenings worthy of the gods! exclaim'd
The Sabine bard. Oh, evenings! I reply,
More to be priz'd and coveted than yours,
As more illumin'd and with nobler truths,
That I, and Mine, and those we love, enjoy.

§ 45. *Liberty renders England preferable to other Nations, notwithstanding Taxes, &c.* Cowper.

'Tis Liberty alone that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil, hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science; blinds
The eye-sight of discovery, and begets
In those that suffer it a sordid mind
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee therefore, still, blame-worthy as thou art,
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeez'd
By public exigence till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free!
My native nook of earth! thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapors, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine;
Thine unadult'rate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires,
And thou hast need of discipline and art
To give thee what politer France receives
From Nature's bounty — that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starv'd by cold reserve,
Or flush'd with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl;
Yet, being free, I love thee: For the sake
Of that one feature, can be well content,
Disgrac'd as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But, once enslav'd, farewell! I could endure
Chains no where patiently; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
Then what were left of roughness in the grain
Of British natures, wanting its excuse
That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
And shock me. I should then with double pain
Feel all the rigor of thy fickle clime;
And if I must bewail the blessing lost
For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,
I would at least bewail it under skies
Milder, among a people less austere,
In scenes which having never known me free,
Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.

§ 46. *Description of a Poet.* Cowper.

I know the mind that feels indeed the fire
The Muse imparts, and can command the lyre,
Acts with a force and kindles with a zeal,
Whate'er the theme, that others never feel.
If human woes her soft attention claim,
A tender sympathy pervades the frame;
She pours a sensibility divine
Along the nerve of ev'ry feeling line.
But if a deed not tamely to be borne
Fire indignation, and a sense of scorn,
The strings are swept with such a pow'r, so loud,
The storm of music shakes the astonish'd crowd.
So when remote futurity is brought
Before the keen inquiry of her thought,
A terrible sagacity informs
The poet's heart, he looks to distant storms,
He hears the thunder ere the tempest low'rs,
And, arm'd with strength surpassing human pow'rs,
Seises events as yet unknown to man,
And darts his soul into the dawning plan.
Hence, in a Roman mouth, the graceful name
Of Prophet and of Poet was the same;
Hence British poets too the priesthood shar'd,
And ev'ry hallow'd Druid was a bard.

§ 47. *Love Elegies.* By [illegible].

ELEGY I.

'Tis night, dead night; and o'er the plain
Darkness extends her ebon ray,
While wide along the gloomy scene
Deep silence holds her solemn sway.

Throughout the earth no cheerful beam
The melancholic eye surveys,
Save where the worm's fantastic gleam
The 'nighted traveller betrays.

The savage race (so heaven decrees)
No longer through the forest rove;
All nature rests, and not a breeze
Disturbs the stillness of the grove.

All nature rests; in Sleep's soft arms
The village swain forgets his care:
Sleep, that the stings of sorrow charms,
And heals all sadness but despair.

Despair

Despair alone her pow'r denies;
And, when the sun withdraws his rays,
To the wild beach distracted flies,
Or cheerless through the desart strays;

Or, to the church-yard's horrors led,
While fearful echoes burst around,
On some cold stone he leans his head,
Or throws his body on the ground:

To some such drear and solemn scene,
Some friendly pow'r direct my way,
Where pale misfortune's haggard train,
Sad luxury! delight to stray.

Wrapp'd in the solitary gloom,
Retir'd from life's fantastic crew,
Resign'd I'll wait my final doom,
And bid the busy world adieu.

The world has now no joy for me,
Nor can life now one pleasure boast;
Since all my eyes desir'd to see,
My wish, my hope, my all, is lost;

Since she, so form'd to please and bless,
So wise, so innocent, so fair,
Whose converse sweet made sorrow less,
And brighten'd all the gloom of care —

Since she is lost. Ye pow'rs divine,
What have I done, or thought or said?
O say, what horrid act of mine
Has drawn this vengeance on my head!

Why should Heaven favor Lycon's claim?
Why are my heart's best wishes cross'd?
What fairer deeds adorn his name?
What nobler merit can he boast?

What higher worth in him was found
My true heart's service to outweigh?
A senseless fop, a dull compound
Of scarcely animated clay:

He dress'd indeed, he danc'd with ease,
And charm'd her by repeating o'er
Unmeaning raptures in her praise,
That twenty fools had told before:

But I, alas! who thought all art
My passion's force would meanly prove,
Could only boast an honest heart,
And claim'd no merit but my love.

Have I not sat — ye conscious hours,
Be witness — while my Stella sung
From morn to eve, with all my pow'rs
Rapt in th' enchantment of her tongue!

Ye conscious hours that saw me stand
Entranc'd in wonder and surprise,
In silent rapture press her hand,
With passion bursting from my eyes —

Have I not lov'd? O earth and heaven!
Where now is all my youthful boast;
The dear exchange I hop'd was given
For slighted fame and fortune lost?

Where now the joys that once were mine?
Where all my hopes of future bliss?
Must I those joys, those hopes, resign?
Is all her friendship come to this?

Must then each woman faithless prove,
And each fond lover be undone?
Are vows no more? Almighty love,
The sad remembrance let me shun!

It will not be: my honest heart
The dear sad image still retains;
And, spite of reason, spite of art,
The dreadful memory remains.

Ye Pow'rs divine! whose wond'rous skill
Deep in the womb of time can see,
Behold, I bend me to your will,
Nor dare arraign your high decree.

Let her be blest with health, with ease,
With all your bounty has in store;
Let sorrow cloud my future days;
Be Stella blest; I ask no more.

But, lo! where high in yonder east
The star of morning mounts apace!
Hence! let me fly the unwelcome guest,
And bid the Muse's labor cease.

ELEGY II.

When, young, life's journey I began,
The glittering prospect charm'd my eyes,
I saw along the extended plan
Joy after joy successive rise;

And Fame her golden trumpet blew;
And Pow'r display'd her gorgeous charms;
And Wealth engag'd my wand'ring view;
And Pleasure woo'd me to her arms;

To each by turns my vows I paid,
As Folly led me to admire;
While Fancy magnified each shade,
And Hope increas'd each fond desire.

But soon I found 't was all a dream;
And learn'd the fond pursuit to shun,
Where few can reach their purpos'd aim,
And thousands daily are undone:

And Fame, I found, was empty air;
And Wealth and Terror for her guest;
And Pleasure's path was strewn with Care;
And Pow'r was vanity at best.

Tir'd of the chace, I gave it o'er;
And, in a far sequester'd shade,
To Contemplation's sober pow'r
My youth's next services I paid.

There Health and Peace adorn'd the scene;
And oft, indulgent to my pray'r,
With mirthful eye, and frolic mien,
The Muse would deign to visit there.

There

There would she oft delighted rove
The flow'r-enamell'd vale along;
Or wander with me through the grove,
And listen to the woodlark's song:

Or 'mid the forest's awful gloom,
Whilst wild amazement fill'd my eyes,
Recal past ages from the tomb,
And bid ideal worlds arise.

Thus in the Muse's favor blest,
One wish alone my soul could frame,
And Heaven bestow'd, to crown the rest,
A friend, and Thyrsis was his name:

For manly constancy, and truth,
And worth, unconscious of a stain,
He bloom'd the flow'r of Britain's youth;
The boast and wonder of the plain.

Still with our years our friendship grew;
No cares did then my peace destroy;
Time brought new blessings as he flew,
And ev'ry hour was wing'd with joy.

But soon the blissful scene was lost,
Soon did the sad reverse appear:
Love came, like an untimely frost,
To blast the promise of my year.

I saw young Daphne's angel form
(Fool that I was! I blest the smart)
And while I gaz'd, nor thought of harm,
The dear infection seis'd my heart.

She was, at least in Damon's eyes,
Made up of loveliness and grace;
Her heart a stranger to disguise,
Her mind as perfect as her face.

To hear her speak, to see her move
(Unhappy I, alas! the while),
Her voice was joy, her look was love,
And Heaven was open'd in her smile!

She heard me breathe my amorous prayers,
She listen'd to the tender strain,
She heard my sighs, she saw my tears,
And seem'd at length to share my pain.

She said she lov'd — and I, poor youth!
(How soon, alas! can Hope persuade)
Thought all she said no more than truth;
And all my love was well repaid.

In joys unknown to courts or kings,
With her I sat the livelong day,
And said and look'd such tender things
As none beside can look or say!

How soon can Fortune shift the scene,
And all our earthly bliss destroy!
Care hovers round, and Grief's fell train
Still treads upon the heels of Joy.

My age's hope, my youth's best boast,
My soul's chief blessing and my pride,
In one sad moment all were lost,
And Daphne chang'd, and Thyrsis died!

Oh! who that heard her vows erewhile,
Could dream those vows were insincere!
Or who could think, that saw her smile,
That fraud could find admittance there!

Yet she was false — my heart will break!
Her fraud, her perjuries were such —
Some other tongue than mine must speak —
I have not power to say how much!

Ye swains, hence warn'd, avoid the bait,
O shun her paths, the trait'ress shun!
Her voice is death, her smile is fate;
Who hears or sees her is undone.

And when Death's hand shall close my eye,
(For soon, I know, the day will come)
O cheer my spirit with a sigh,
And grave these lines upon my tomb:

THE EPITAPH.

Consign'd to dust, beneath this stone,
In manhood's prime, is Damon laid;
Joyless he liv'd, and died unknown,
In bleak misfortune's barren shade.

Lov'd by the Muse, but lov'd in vain,
'Twas beauty drew his ruin on;
He saw young Daphne on the plain;
He lov'd, believ'd, and was undone!

His heart then sunk beneath the storm
(Sad meed of unexampled truth!)
And Sorrow, like an envious worm,
Devour'd the blossom of his youth.

Beneath this stone the youth is laid —
O greet his ashes with a tear!
May heaven with blessings crown his shade,
And grant that peace he wanted here!

§ 48. *An Essay on Poetry* *. Buckingham.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief master-piece is writing well:
No writing lifts exalted man so high
As sacred and soul-moving Poesy:
No kind of work requires so nice a touch;
And, if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.
But Heaven forbid we should be so profane,
To grace the vulgar with that noble name!
'Tis not a flash of fancy, which sometimes,
Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhymes;
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done;
True wit is everlasting, like the sun; [tir'd,
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud re-
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound
Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,
Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;
And all in vain these superficial parts
Contribute to the structure of the whole,
Without a genius too, for that 's the soul:
A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
As that of nature moves the world about;
A flame

* The Essay on Satire, which was written by this noble author and Mr. Dryden, is printed among the Poems of the latter.

A flame that glows amidst conception fit;
Even something of divine, and more than wit;
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
Describing all men, but describ'd by none.
Where dost thou dwell? what caverns of the brain
Can such a vast and mighty thing contain?
When I, at vacant hours, invain thy absence mourn,
Oh! where dost thou retire? and why dost thou return,
Sometimes with powerful charms to hurry me away,
From pleasures of the night and business of the day?
Even now, too far transported, I am fain
To check thy course, and use the needful rein.
As all is dulness when the fancy's bad;
So, without judgement, fancy is but mad:
And judgement has a boundless influence
Not only in the choice of words, or sense,
But on the world, on manners, and on men;
Fancy is but the feather of the pen:
Reason is that substantial useful part
Which gains the head, while t'other wins the heart.

Here I shall all the various sorts of verse,
And the whole art of poetry, rehearse;
But who that task would after Horace do?
The best of masters and examples too!
Echoes at best, all we can say is vain;
Dull the design, and fruitless were the pain.
'Tis true, the antients we may rob with ease;
But who with that mean shift himself can please,
Without an actor's pride? A player's art
Is above his who writes a borrow'd part.
Yet modern laws are made for latter faults,
And new absurdities inspire new thoughts;
What need has Satire then to live on theft,
When so much fresh occasion still is left?
Fertile our soil, and full of rankest weeds,
And monsters worse than ever Nilus breeds.
But hold—the fool shall have no cause to fear;
'Tis wit and sense that are the subject here:
Defects of witty men deserve a cure;
And those who are so will ev'n this endure.

First then of Songs which now so much abound;
Without his song no fop is to be found;
A most offensive weapon, which he draws
On all he meets, against Apollo's laws:
Though nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art:
For as in rows of richest pearl there lies
Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,
The least of which defects is plainly shown
In one small ring, and brings the value down—
So songs should be to just perfection wrought;
Yet where can one be seen without a fault?
Exact propriety of words and thought;
Expression easy, and the fancy high;
Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;
No words transpos'd, but in such order all,
As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall.
Here as in all things else, is most unfit,
Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;
Such nauseous songs by a late author * made,
Call an unwilling censure on his shade.
Not that warm thoughts of the transporting joy
Can shock the chastest, or the nicest cloy;
But words obscene too gross to move desire,
Like heaps of fuel only choke the fire.
On other themes he well deserves our praise;
But palls that appetite he meant to raise.

Next, Elegy, of sweet but solemn voice,
And of a subject grave exacts the choice;
The praise of beauty, valor, wit, contains;
And there too oft despairing love complains:
In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?
That Phœnix-she deserves to be belov'd;
But noisy nonsense and such fops as vex
Mankind, take most with that fantastic sex.
This to the praise of those who better knew;
The many raise the value of the few.
But here (as all our sex too oft have tried)
Women have drawn my wand'ring thoughts aside
Their greatest fault, who in this kind have writ,
Is not defect in words, or want of wit:
But should this Muse harmonious numbers yield,
And ev'ry couplet be with fancy fill'd;
If yet a just coherence be not made
Between each thought; and the whole model laid
So right, that ev'ry line may higher rise,
Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies;
Such trifles may perhaps of late have pass'd,
And may be lik'd awhile, but never last;
'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
But not an Elegy, nor writ with skill,
No † Panegyric, nor a ‡ Cooper's Hill.

A higher flight, and of a happier force,
Are Odes: the Muses' most unruly horse,
That bounds so fierce, the rider has no rest,
He foams at mouth, and moves like one possess'd.
The poet here must be indeed inspir'd
With fury too as well as fancy fir'd.
Cowley might boast to have perform'd this part,
Had he with nature join'd the rules of art;
But sometimes diction mean, or verse ill-wrought,
Deadens, or clouds, his noble frame of thought.
Though all appear in heat and fury done,
The language still must soft and easy run.
These laws may sound a little too severe:
But judgement yields, and fancy governs here;
Which, though extravagant, this Muse allows,
And makes the work much easier than it shows,

Of all the ways that wisest men could find
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
Satire well writ has most successful prov'd,
And cures, because the remedy is lov'd,
'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,
Without repeating things said oft before:
Some vulgar errors only we 'll remove
That stain a beauty which we so much love.
Of chosen words some take not care enough,
And think they should be as the subject rough;

This

* The Earl of Rochester——It may be observed, however, that many of the worst songs ascribed to this nobleman were spurious. † Waller's. ‡ Denham's.

This poem must be more exactly made,
And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words convey'd.
Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only business was to rail:
But human frailty nicely to unfold,
Distinguishes a satyr from a scold.
Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down;
A satyr's smile is sharper than his frown:
So while you seem to slight some rival youth,
Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth.
The Laureat * here may justly claim our praise,
Crown'd by Mac Fleckno† with immortal bays;
Yet once his Pegasus ‡ has borne dead weight,
Rid by some lumpish minister of state.
Here rest my Muse, suspend thy cares awhile;
A more important task attends thy toil.
As some young eagle, that designs to fly
A long unwonted journey through the sky,
Weighs all the dangerous enterprise before,
O'er what wide lands and seas she is to soar;
Doubts her own strength so far, and justly fears
The lofty road of airy travellers;
But yet incited by some bold design,
That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,
Prunes ev'ry feather, views herself with care,
At last, resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding air;
Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,
She lessens to us, and is lost at last:
So (though too weak for such a weighty thing)
The Muse inspires a sharper note to sing.
And why should truth offend, when only told
To guide the ignorant, and warn the bold?
On, then, my Muse; advent'rously engage
To give instructions that concern the Stage.
The unities of action, time, and place,
Which, if observ'd, give plays so great a grace,
Are, tho' but little practis'd, too well known
To be taught here, where we pretend alone
From nicer faults to purge the present age,
Less obvious errors of the English stage.
First, then, Soliloquies had need be few,
Extremely short, and spoke in passion too.
Our lovers talking to themselves, for want
Of others, make the pit their confidant;
Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
They trust a friend only to tell it us;
Th' occasion should as naturally fall,
As when Bellario confesses all §.
Figures of speech, which poets think so fine
(Art's needless varnish to make nature shine)
All are but paint upon a beauteous face,
And in descriptions only claim a place;
But, to make rage declaim, and grief discourse,
From lovers in despair fine things to force,
Must needs succeed; for who can choose but pity
A dying hero miserably witty?
But oh! the Dialogues were just and mock
Are held up like a rest at shuttle-cock;
Or else like bells eternally they chime;
They sigh in simile and die in rhyme.
What things are these who would be poets thought,
By nature not inspir'd, nor learning taught?
Some wit they have, and therefore may deserve
A better course than this, by which they starve:
But to write plays! why, 'tis a bold pretence
To judgement, breeding, wit, and eloquence:
Nay more: for they must look within, to find
Those secret turns of nature in the mind.
Without this part in vain would be the whole,
And but a body all, without a soul,
All this united yet but makes a part
Of Dialogue, that great and pow'rful art,
Now almost lost, which the old Grecians knew,
From whom the Romans fainter copies drew,
Scarce comprehended since but by a few.
Plato and Lucian are the best remains
Of all the wonders which this art contains;
Yet to ourselves we justice must allow,
Shakspeare and Fletcher are the wonders now:
Consider then, and read them o'er and o'er;
Go see them play'd, then read them as before;
For though in many things they grossly fail,
Over our passions still they so prevail,
That our own grief by theirs is rock'd asleep;
The dull are forc'd to feel, the wise to weep.
Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults;
First, on a plot employ thy careful thoughts;
Turn it, with time, a thousand sev'ral ways;
This oft, alone, has given success to plays.
Reject that vulgar error (which appears
So fair) of making perfect characters;
There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw
A faultless monster—which the world ne'er saw.
Some faults must be, that his misfortunes drew,
But such as may deserve compassion too.
Besides the main design compos'd with art,
Each moving scene must be a plot apart;
Contrive each little turn, mark ev'ry place,
As painters first chalk out the future face:
Yet be not fondly your own slave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiss.
Think not so much were shining thoughts to place,
As what a man would say in such a case:
Neither in comedy will this suffice,
The player too must be before your eyes;
And, though 'tis drudgery to stoop so low,
To him you must your secret meaning show.
Expose no single fop, but lay the load
More equally, and spread the folly broad;
Mere coxcombs are too obvious: oft we see
A fool derided by as bad as he:
Hawks fly at nobler game; in this low way,
A very owl may prove a bird of prey.
Small poets thus will one poor fop devour:
But to collect, like bees, from ev'ry flow',
Ingredients to compose that precious juice
Which serves the world for pleasure and for use,
In spite of faction—this would favor get;
But Falstaff || stands inimitable yet.

Another

* Mr. Dryden. † A famous satirical Poem of his. ‡ A Poem called the Hind and Panther.
§ In Philaster, a play of Beaumont and Fletcher. || The matchless character of Shakspeare.

Another fault which often may befal,
Is, when the wit of some great poet shall
So overflow, that is, be none at all,
That e'en his fools speak sense, as if possest,
And each by inspiration breaks his jest.
If once the justness of each part be lost,
Well may we laugh, but at the poet's cost.
That silly thing men call sheer-wit avoid,
With which our age so nauseously is cloy'd:
Humor is all; wit should be only brought
To turn agreeably some proper thought.
But since the poets we of late have known
Shine in no dress so much as in their own,
The better, by example, to convince,
Cast but a view on this wrong side of sense.
First, a soliloquy is calmly made,
Where ev'ry reason is exactly weigh'd;
Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes
Some hero frighted at the noise of drums;
For her sweet sake, whom at first sight he loves,
And all in metaphor his passion proves;
But some sad accident, though yet unknown,
Parting this pair, to leave the swain alone;
He straight grows jealous, tho' we know not why:
Then, to oblige his rival, needs will die:
But first he makes a speech, wherein he tells
The absent nymph how much his flame excels;
And yet bequeaths her generously now
To that lov'd rival whom he does not know!
Who straight appears; but who can fate with-stand?
Too late, alas! to hold his hasty hand,
That just has given himself the cruel stroke!
At which his very rival's heart is broke:
He, more to his new friend than mistress kind,
Most sadly mourns at being left behind;
Of such a death prefers the pleasing charms
To love, and living in a lady's arms.
What shameful and what monstrous things are these!
And then they rail at those they cannot please:
Conclude us only partial to the dead,
And grudge the sign of old Ben Jonson's head;
When the intrinsic value of the stage
Can scarce be judg'd but by a following age:
For dances, flutes, Italian songs, and rhyme
Many keep up sinking nonsense for a time;
But that must fail, which now so much o'er-rules,
And sense no longer will submit to fools.
By painful steps at last we labor up
Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top
The epic poets so divinely show,
And with just pride behold the rest below.
Heroic poems have a just pretence
To be the utmost stretch of human sense;
A work of such inestimable worth,
There are but two the world has yet brought forth!
Homer and Virgil! with what sacred awe
Do those mere sounds the world's attention draw!
Just as a changeling seems below the rest
Of men, or rather is a two-legg'd beast,
So these gigantic souls, amaz'd, we find
As much above the rest of human kind!
Nature's whole strength united! endless fame,
And universal shouts, attend their name!
Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
Had Bossu never writ, the world had still
Like Indians view'd this wond'rous piece of skill;
As something of divine the work admir'd,
Not hop'd to be instructed, but inspir'd:
But he, disclosing sacred mysteries,
Has shown where all the mighty magic lies;
Describ'd the seeds, and in what order sown,
That have to such a vast proportion grown.
Sure from some angel he the secret knew,
Who through this labyrinth has lent the clew.
But what, alas! avails it poor mankind
To see this promis'd land, yet stay behind?
The way is shown, but who has strength to go?
Who can all sciences profoundly know?
Whose fancy flies beyond weak Reason's sight,
And yet has judgement to direct it right?
Whose just discernment, Virgil-like, is such,
Never to say too little or too much?
Let such a man begin without delay;
But he must do beyond what I can say;
Must above Tasso's lofty flight prevail,
Succeed where Spenser and ev'n Milton fail.

§. 49. *The Chace.* Somerville.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to his Royal Highness the Prince. The origin of hunting. The rude and unpolished manners of the first hunters. Beasts at first hunted for food and sacrifice. The grant made by God to man of the beasts, &c. The regular manner of hunting first brought into this island by the Normans. The best hounds and best horses bred here. The advantage of this exercise to us, as islanders. Address to gentlemen of estates. Situation of the kennel, and its several courts. The diversion and employment of hounds in the kennel. The different sorts of hounds for each different chace. Description of a perfect hound. Of sizing and sorting of hounds; the middle-sized hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouthed hound for hunting the stag and otter. Of the lime-hound; their use on the borders of England and Scotland. A physical account of scents. Of good and bad scenting days. A short admonition to my brethren of the couples.

The Chace I sing, hounds, and their various breed,
And no less various use. O thou, great Prince!
Whom Cambria's tow'ring hills proclaim their lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold instructive song,
While grateful citizens with pompous show,
Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th' exploits
Of thy illustrious house; while virgins pave
Thy

Thy way with flow'rs, and as the Royal Youth
Passing they view, admire, and sigh in vain;
While crowded theatres, too fondly proud
Of their exotic minstrels and shrill pipes,
The price of manhood, hail thee with a song,
And airs soft warbling: my hoarse-sounding horn
Invites thee to the Chace, the sport of kings;
Image of war without its guilt. The Muse
Aloft on wing shall soar, conduct with care
Thy foaming courser o'er the steepy rock,
Or on the river bank receive thee safe.
Light bounding o'er the wave from shore to shore,
Be thou our great protector, gracious Youth:
And if, in future times, some envious prince,
Careless of right, and guileful, should invade
Thy Britain's commerce, or should strive in vain
To wrest the balance from thy equal hand,
Thy hunter-train, in cheerful green array'd
(A band undaunted, and inur'd to toils),
Shall compass thee around, die at thy feet.
Or hew thy passage thro' th' embattled foe,
And clear thy way to fame: inspir'd by thee,
The nobler chace of glory shall pursue
Thro' fire, and smoke, and blood, and fields of death.

Nature in her productions slow, aspires
By just degrees to reach perfection's height;
So mimic Art works leisurely, till Time
Improve the piece, or wise Experience give
The proper finishing. When Nimrod bold,
That mighty hunter! first made war on beasts,
And stain'd the woodland green with purple dye,
New and unpolish'd was the huntsman's art;
No stated rule, his wanton will his guide.
With clubs and stones, rude implements of war!
He arm'd his savage bands, a multitude
Untrain'd: of twining osiers form'd, they pitch
Their artless toils, then range the desart hills,
And scour the plains below: the trembling herd
Start at th' unusual sound, and clam'rous shout
Unheard before; surpris'd, alas! to find
Man now their foe, whom erst they deemed their lord,
But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet
Secure they graz'd. Death stretches o'er the plain
Wide wasting, and grim Slaughter, red with blood,
Urg'd on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill;
Their rage licentious knows no bound; at last,
Encumber'd with their spoils, joyful they bear
Upon their shoulders broad the bleeding prey.
Part on their altars smokes, a sacrifice [hand
To that all-gracious Pow'r whose bounteous
Supports his wide creation; what remains,
On living coals they broil, inelegant
Of taste, nor skill'd as yet in nicer arts
Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,
And strong necessity, thus first began
The chace of beasts; tho' bloody was the deed,
Yet without guilt: for the green herb alone
Unequal to sustain man's lab'ring race,
Now ev'ry moving thing that liv'd on earth
Was granted him for food *. So just is Heav'n,
To give us in proportion to our wants.

Or chance or industry in after times
Some few improvements made, but short as yet
Of due perfection. In this isle remote
Our painted ancestors were slow to learn:
To arms devote, in the politer arts
Nor skill'd nor studious; till from Neustria's coasts
Victorious William to more decent rules
Subdued our Saxon fathers, taught to speak
The proper dialect, with horn and voice
To cheer the busy hound, whose well-known cry
His list'ning peers approve with joint acclaim.
From him successive huntsmen learn'd to join
In bloody social leagues the multitude
Dispers'd, to size, to sort their various tribes;
To rear, feed, hunt, and discipline the pack.

Hail, happy Britain; highly favor'd isle,
And Heaven's peculiar care! to thee 'tis given
To train the sprightly steed, more fleet than those
Begot by winds, or the celestial breed
That bore the great Pelides thro' the press
Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks,
Which proudly neighing, with the sun begins
Cheerful his course, and, ere his beams decline,
Has measured half thy surface unfatigued.
In thee alone, fair land of Liberty!
Is bred the perfect hound, in scent and speed
As yet unrivall'd, while in other climes
Their virtue fails, a weak degen'rate race.
In vain malignant steams and winter fogs
Load the dull air, and hover round our coasts;
The huntsman, ever gay, robust, and bold,
Defies the noxious vapor, and confides
In this delightful exercise to raise
His drooping head, and cheer his heart with joy.

Ye vig'rous youths! by smiling Fortune blest
With large demesnes, hereditary wealth,
Heap'd copious by your wise forefathers' care,
Hear and attend! while I the means reveal
T'enjoy these pleasures, for the weak too strong,
Too costly for the poor: to rein the steed
Swift stretching o'er the plain, to cheer the pack
Op'ning in concerts of harmonious joy,
But breathing death. What tho' the gripe severe
Of brazen-fisted Time, and slow Disease
Creeping thro' ev'ry vein, and nerve unstrung,
Afflict my shatter'd frame, undaunted still,
Fix'd as a mountain-ash that braves the bolts
Of angry Jove, tho' blasted, yet unfallen;
Still can my soul in Fancy's mirror view
Deeds glorious once, recal the joyous scene
In all its splendors deck'd, o'er the full bowl
Recount my triumphs past, urge others on
With hand and voice, and point the winding way;
Pleas'd with that social sweet garrulity,
The poor disbanded veteran's sole delight.

First let the kennel be the huntsman's care,
Upon some little eminence erect,
And fronting to the ruddy lawn; its courts
On either hand wide op'ning to receive [shines,
The sun's all-cheering beams, when mild he
And gilds the mountain tops: for much the pack
(Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to stretch
And

* Gen. chap. ix. ver. 3.

And bask in his invigorating ray.
Warm'd by the streaming light, and merry lark,
Forth rush the jolly clan; with tuneful throats
They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd
Salute the new-born day: for not alone
The vegetable world, but men and brutes
Own his reviving influence, and joy
At his approach. Fountain of Light! if chance
Some envious cloud veil thy refulgent brow,
In vain the Muses' aid; untouch'd, unstrung,
Lies my mute harp, and thy desponding bard
Sits darkly musing o'er the unfinish'd lay.

Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome;
A vain expence, on charitable deeds
Better dispos'd, to clothe the tatter'd wretch
Who shrinks beneath the blast, to feed the poor
Pinch'd with afflictive want. For use, not state,
Gracefully plain, let each apartment rise.
O'er all let cleanliness preside, no scraps
Bestrew the pavement, and no half-pick'd bones
To kindle fierce debate, or to disgust
That nicer sense on which the sportsman's hope
And all its future triumphs must depend.
Soon as the growling pack with eager joy
Have lapp'd their smoking viands, morn or eve,
From the full cistern lead the ductile streams,
To wash thy court well pav'd nor spare thy pains;
For much to health will cleanliness avail.
Seek'st thou for hounds to climb the rocky steep,
And brush th' entangled covert, whose nicescent
O'er greasy fallows and frequented roads
Can pick the dubious way? Banish far off
Each noisome stench; let no offensive smell
Invade thy wide inclosure, but admit
The nitrous air and purifying breeze.

Water and shade no less demand thy care.
In a large square th' adjacent field inclose;
There plant, in equal ranks, the spreading elm
Or fragrant lime; most happy thy design,
If at the bottom of thy spacious court
A large canal, fed by the crystal brook,
From its transparent bosom shall reflect
Thy downward structure and inverted grove.
Here, when the sun's too potent gleams annoy
The crowded kennel; and the drooping pack,
Restless and faint, loll their unmoisten'd tongues,
And drop their feeble tails; to cooler shades
Lead forth the panting tribes: soon shalt thou find
The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive:
Tumultuous soon they plunge into the stream,
There lave their reeking sides: with greedy joy
Gulp down the flying wave; this way and that
From shore to shore they swim, while clamor loud
And wild uproar torment the troubled flood:
Then on the sunny bank they roll and stretch
Their dripping limbs, or else in wanton rings
Coursing around, pursuing and pursued,
The merry multitude disporting play.

But here with watchful and observant eye
Attend their frolics, which too often end
In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head
Wave thy resounding whip, and with a voice
Fierce menacing o'er-rule the stern debate,
And quench their kindling rage: for oft, in sport
Begun, combat ensues: growling they snarl,
Then, on their haunches rear'd, rampant they seise
Each others' throats; with teeth and claws in gore
Besmear'd, they wound, they tear, till on the ground
Panting, half dead, the conquer'd champion lies:
Then sudden all the base ignoble crowd,
Loud-clam'ring, seise the helpless, worried wretch,
And, thirsting for his blood, drag different ways
His mangl'd carcass on th' ensanguin'd plain.
O beasts of pity void! t' oppress the weak,
To point your vengeance at the friendless head,
And with one mutual cry insult the fallen!
Emblem too just of man's degenerate race.

Others apart, by native instinct led,
Knowing instructor! 'mong the ranker grass
Cull each salubrious plant, with bitter juice
Concoctive stor'd, and potent to allay
Each vicious ferment. Thus the hand divine
Of Providence, beneficent and kind
To all his creatures, for the brutes prescribes
A ready remedy, and is himself
Their great physician. Now grown stiff with age
And many a painful chace, the wise old hound,
Regardless of the frolic pack, attends
His master's side, or slumbers at his ease
Beneath the bending shade: there many a ring
Runs o'er in dreams; now on the doubtful soil
Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate,
Cautious unfolds; then wing'd with all his speed
Bounds o'er the lawn to seise his panting prey,
And in imperfect whimp'ring speaks his joy.

A diff'rent hound for ev'ry diff'rent chace
Select with judgement; nor the timorous hare
O'ermatch'd destroy, but leave that vile offence
To the mean murd'rous coursing crew, intent
On blood and spoil. O, blast their hopes, just
And all their painful drudgeries repay [Heav'n!
With disappointment and severe remorse;
But husband thou thy pleasures, and give scope
To all her subtle play. By nature led,
A thousand shifts she tries: t' unravel these
Th' industrious beagle twists his waving tail,
Thro' all her labyrinths pursues, and rings
Her doleful knell. See there with countenance blithe,
And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
Salutes the cow'ring; his wide op'ning nose
Upwards he curls: and his large sloe-black eyes
Melt in soft blandishments and humbled joy:
His glossy skin, or yellow pied, or blue,
In lights or shades by Nature's pencil drawn,
Reflects the various tints; his ears and legs,
Fleck'd here and there, in gay enamell'd pride
Rival the speckled pard; his rush-grown tail
O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch:
On shoulders clean upright and firm he stands:
His round cat-foot, straight hams, and wide-spread thighs,
And his low dropping chest, confess his speed,
His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill
Or far extended plain; in ev'ry part
So well-proportion'd, that the nicer skill
Of Phidas himself can't blame thy choice:
Of such compose thy pack. But here a mean

Observe, nor the large hound prefer, of size
Gigantic; he in the thick-woven covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake
Torn and embarrass'd bleeds: but if too small,
The pigmy brood in ev'ry furrow swims;
Moil'd in the clogging clay, panting they lag
Behind in glorious; or else shiv'ring creep,
Benumb'd and faint, beneath the sheltering thorn:
For hounds of middle size, active and strong,
Will better answer all thy various ends,
And crown thy pleasing labors with success.
As some brave captain, curious and exact,
By his fix'd standard forms in equal ranks
His gay battalion, as one man they move
Step after step, there size the same, their arms
Far gleaming dart the same united blaze:
Reviewing generals his merit own;
How regular! how just! and all his cares
Are well repaid if mighty George approve:
So model thou thy pack, if honor touch
Thy gen'rous soul, and the world's just applause.
But of all take heed, nor mix thy hounds
Of diff'rent kinds: discordant sounds shall grate
Thy ears offended, and a lagging line
Of babbling curs disgrace thy broken pack.
But if th' amphibious otter be thy chace,
Or stately stag that o'er the woodland reigns;
Or if th' harmonious thunder of the field
Delight thy ravish'd ears; the deep-flew'd hound
Breed up with care, strong, heavy, slow, but sure:
Whose ears down-hanging from his thick round head [voice
Shall sweep the morning dew, whose clanging
Awake the mountain Echo in her cell,
And shake the forests: the bold talbot kind,
Of these the prime, as white as Alpine snows,
And great their use of old. Upon the banks
Of Tweed, slow winding thro' the vale, the seat
Of war and rapine once, ere Britons knew
The sweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands
To lasting leagues the haughty rivals aw'd,
There dwelt a pilf'ring race, well train'd and
In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil [skill'd
Their only substance, feuds and war their sport;
Nor more expert in every fraudful art
Th' arch felon * was of old, who by the tail
Drew back his lowing prize: in vain his wiles,
In vain the shelter of the cov'ring rock,
In vain the sooty cloud and ruddy flames
That issued from his mouth: for soon he paid
His forfeit life; a debt how justly due
To wrong'd Alcides and avenging Heav'n!
Veil'd in the shades of night they ford the stream,
Then prowling far and near, whate'er they seise
Becomes their prey; nor flocks nor herds are safe,
Nor stalls protect the steer, nor strong barr'd doors
Secure the fav'rite horse. Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage wan
The plunder'd owner stands, and from his lips
A thousand thronging curses burst their way:
He calls his stout allies, and in a line
His faithful hound he leads, then with a voice
That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers;
Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail
Flourish'd in air, low bending plies around
His busy nose, the steaming vapor snuffs
Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf unried,
'Till conscious of the recent strains, his heart
Beats quick; his snuffling nose, his active tail,
Attest his joy: then with deep opening mouth,
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th' audacious felon: foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the list'ning crowd
Applaud his reas'nings. O'er the wat'ry ford,
Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills,
O'er beaten paths with men and beasts distain'd,
Unerring he pursues, 'till at the cot
Arriv'd, and seising by his guilty throat
The caitiff vile, redeems the captive prey:
So exquisitely delicate his sense! [quire
Should some more curious sportsman here in-
Whence this sagacity, this wond'rous pow'r
Of tracing step by step or man or brute?
What guide invisible points out their way
O'er the dank marsh, bleak hill, and sandy plain?
The courteous Muse shall the dark cause reveal.
The blood that from the heart incessant rolls
In many a crimson tide, then here and there
In smaller rills disparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the serous particles evade
Thro' th' open pores, and with the ambient air
Entangling mix. As fuming vapors rise,
And hang upon the gently-purling brook,
There by the incumbent atmosphere compress'd,
The panting chace grows warmer as he flies,
And thro' the net-work of the skin perspires,
Leaves a long streaming trail behind, which by
The cooler air condens'd, remains, unless
By some rude storm dispers'd, or rarified
By the meridian sun's intenser heat.
To ev'ry shrub the warm effluvia cling,
Hang on the grass, impregnate earth and skies.
With nostrils op'ning wide, o'er hill, o'er dale,
The vig'rous hounds pursue, with ev'ry breath
Inhale the grateful steam, quick pleasures sting
Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks repay,
And in triumphant melody confess
The titillating joy. Thus on the air
Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy streaks
At eve forbode a blust'ring stormy day,
Or low'ring clouds blacken the mountain's brow;
With nipping frosts, and the keen biting blasts
Of the dry parching east, menace the trees,
With tender blossoms teeming; kindly spare
Thy sleeping pack, in their warm beds of straw
Low-sinking at their ease! listless they shrink
Into some dark recess, nor hear thy voice,
Tho' oft invok'd: or haply if thy call
Rouse up the slumb'ring tribe with heavy eyes,
Glaz'd, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their tails
Inverted: high on their bent backs erect
Their pointed bristles stare, or 'mong the tufts

* Cacus, Virg. Æn. lib. viii.

Of

Of ranker weeds each stomach-healing plant
Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.
These inauspicious days on other cares
Employ thy precious hours; th' improving friend
With open arms embrace, and from his lips
Glean science, season'd with good-natur'd wit:
But if th' inclement skies and angry Jove
Forbid the pleasing intercourse, thy books
Invite thy ready hand; each sacred page
Rich with the wise remarks of heroes old.
Converse familiar with the illustrious dead;
With great examples of old Greece or Rome
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bless kind Heaven
That Britain yet enjoys dear Liberty. [That balm of life, that sweetest blessing, cheap
Tho' purchas'd with our blood. Well-bred, polite,
Credit thy calling. See! how mean, how low,
The bookless saunt'ring youth, proud of the skut
That dignifies his cap, his flourish'd belt,
And rusty couples jingling by his side!
Be thou of other mould: and know that such
Transporting pleasures were by heaven ordain'd
Wisdom's relief, and Virtue's great reward.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the power of instinct in brutes. Two remarkable instances in the hunting of the roebuck, and in the hare going to seat in the morning. Of the variety of seats or forms of the hare, according to the changes of the season, weather, or wind. Description of the hare-hunting in all its parts, interspersed with rules to be observed by those who follow that chace. Transition to the Asiatic way of hunting, particularly the magnificent manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian princes, taken from Monsieur Bernier, and the History of Gengiskan the Great. Concludes with a short reproof of tyrants and oppressors of mankind.

Nor will it less delight th' attentive sage,
T' observe that instinct which unerring guides
The brutal race, which mimics reason's lore,
And oft transcends. Heaven-taught, the roebuck swift
Loiters at ease before the driving pack,
And mocks their vain pursuit, nor far he flies:
But checks his ardor, till the steaming scent
That freshens on the blade provokes their rage.
Urg'd to their speed, his weak deluded foes
Soon flag fatigu'd; strain'd to excess, each nerve,
Each slacken'd sinew, fails: they pant, they foam: [hills
Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high
Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd crowd
To puzzle in the distant vale below.
'Tis instinct that directs the jealous hare
To choose her soft abode. With step revers'd
She forms the doubling maze; then, ere the morn
Peeps thro' the clouds, leaps to her close recess.
As wandering shepherds on th' Arabian plains
No settled residence observe, but shift
Their moving camp; now on some cooler hill,
With cedars crown'd, court the refreshing breeze;
And then below, where trickling streams distil
From some penurious source, their thirst allay,
And feed their fainting flocks: so the wise hares
Oft quit their seats, lest some more curious eye
Should mark their haunts, and by dark treacherous wiles
Plot their destruction; or perchance in hopes
Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead
Or matted blade wary and close they sit.
When spring shines forth, season of love and joy,
In the moist marsh, 'mong beds of rushes hid,
They cool their boiling blood. When summer suns
Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-waving fields
Of corn full grown they lead their helpless young;
But when autumnal torrents and fierce rains
Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank
Their forms they delve, and cautiously avoid
The dripping covert: yet when winter's cold
Their limbs benumbs, thither with speed return'd,
In the long grass they sculk, or shrinking creep
Among the wither'd leaves: thus changing still
As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.
But ev'ry season carefully observ'd,
Th' inconstant winds, the fickle element,
The wise experienc'd huntsman soon may find
His subtle, various game, nor wastes in vain
His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds,
With disappointment vex'd, each springing lark
Babbling pursue, far scatter'd o'er the fields.

Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounteous show'rs; the fields are shorn:
Inwardly smiling the proud farmer views
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increase: his barns are stor'd;
And groaning staddles bend beneath their load.
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough bristly stubbles range unblam'd.
No widows tears o'erflow, no secret curse
Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal by his fierce landlord aw'd;
But courteous now he levels ev'ry fence,
Joins in the common cry, and haloos loud,
Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.
O bear me, some kind pow'r invisible!
To that extended lawn, where the gay court
View the swift racers stretching to the goal;
Games more renown'd, and a far noble train,
Than proud Elean fields could boast of old;
Oh were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right!
Or to those spacious plains where the strain'd eye,
In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last
Sarum's proud spire, that o'er the hills ascends,
And pierces thro' the clouds: or to thy downs,
Fair Cotswold! where the well-breath'd beagle climbs
With matchless speed, thy green aspiring brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.

Hail, gentle Dawn! mild blushing goddess,
Rejoic'd I see thy purple mantle spread [hail!
O'er half the skies; gems pave thy radiant way,

And orient pearls from ev'ry shrub depend.
Farewell Cleora! here, deep sunk in down,
Slumber secure, with happy dreams amus'd,
'Till grateful steams shall tempt thee to receive
Thy early meal; or thy officious maids,
The toilette plac'd, shall urge thee to perform
Th' important work. Me other joys invite;
The horn sonorous calls, the pack awak'd
Their matins chant, nor brook my long delay;
My courser hears their voice: see there! with ears
And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground:
Fierce rapture kindles in his redd'ning eyes,
And boils in ev'ry vein. As captive boys,
Cow'd by the ruling rod and haughty frowns
Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks
If once dismiss'd, no limits can contain
The tumult rais'd within their little breasts,
But give a loose to all their frolic play;
So from their kennel rush the joyous pack;
A thousand wanton gaieties express
Their inward ecstasy, their pleasing sport
Once more indulg'd, and liberty restor'd.
The rising sun, that o'er th' horizon peeps,
As many colors from their glossy skins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
When April show'rs descend. Delightful scene!
Where all around is gay — men, horses, dogs;
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh blooming health, and universal joy.

Huntsman! lead on: behind the clust'ring pack
Submiss attend, hear with respect thy whip
Loud clanging, and thy harsher voice obey.
Spare not the straggling cur that wildly roves,
But let thy brisk assistant on his back
Imprint thy just resentments; let each lash
Bite to the quick, till howling he return,
And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.

Here on this verdant spot, where Nature kind
With double blessings crowns the farmer's hopes,
Where flow'rs autumnal spring, and the rank
Affords the wand'ring hares a rich repast, [mead
Throw off thy ready pack. See where they spread,
And range around, and dash the glitt'ring dew!
If some staunch hound, with his authentic voice,
Avow the recent trail, the jostling tribe
Attend his call, then with one mutual cry
The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills
Repeat the pleasing tale. See how they thread
The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along!
But quick they back recoil, and wisely check
Their eager haste; then o'er the fallow'd ground
How leisurely they work, and many a pause
Th' harmonious concert breaks: till, more assur'd,
With joy redoubled the low valleys ring.
What artful labyrinths perplex their way!
Ah! there she lies; how close! she pants; she
If now she lives: she trembles as she sits, [doubts
With horror seis'd. The wither'd grass that
Around her head, of the same russet hue, [clings
Almost deceiv'd my sight, had not her eyes
With life full-beaming her vain wiles betray'd.
At distance draw thy pack; let all be hush'd;
No clamor loud, no frantic joy, be heard;
Lest the wild hound run gladding o'er the plain
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
Now gently put her off; see how direct [bring
To her known mew she flies! Here huntsman,
(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop,
And seem to plough the ground! then all at once
With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming stream
That glads their flatt'ring hearts. As winds let loose
From the dark caverns of the blust'ring god,
They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn.
Hope gives them wings, while she's spurr'd on by fear. [woods,
The welkin rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks, and
In the full concert join. Now, my brave youths!
Stripp'd for the chace, give all your souls to joy.
See how their coursers, than the mountain roe
More fleet, the verdant carpet skim! thick clouds
Snorting they breathe, their shining hoofs scarce
The grass unbruis'd; with emulation fir'd [print
The strain to lead the field, top the barr'd gate,
O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and brush
The thorny-twining hedge: the riders bend
O'er their arch'd necks; with steady hands by turns
Indulge their speed, or moderate their rage.
Where are their sorrows, disappointments, wrongs,
Vexations, sickness, cares? All, all are gone!
And with the panting winds lag far behind.

Huntsman! her gait observe; if in wide rings
She wheel her mazy way, in the same round
Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten tract;
But if she fly, and with the fav'ring wind
Urge her bold course, less intricate thy task;
Push on thy pack. Like some poor exil'd wretch,
The frighted chace leaves her dear abodes,
O'er plains remote she stretches far away,
Ah, never to return! for greedy Death
Hov'ring exults, secure to seise his prey.

Hark! from yon covert, where those tow'ring
Above the humble copse aspiring rise, [oaks
What glorious triumphs burst in ev'ry gale
Upon our ravish'd ears! The hunters shout,
The clanging horns swell their sweet winding notes,
The pack wide op'ning load the trembling air
With various melody; from tree to tree
The propagated cry redoubling bounds;
And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy
Thro' all the regions near. Afflictive birch
No more the school-boy dreads; his prison broke,
Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his master's call.
The weary traveller forgets his road, [leaves
And climes the adjacent hill. The ploughman
Th' unfinish'd furrow; nor his bleating flocks
Are now the shepherd's joy. Men, boys, and girls,
Desert the unpeopled village; and wild crowds
Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet phrensy seis'd.
Look how she pants! and o'er yon op'ning glade
Slips glancing by; while at the further end
The puzzling pack unravel wile by wile,
Maze within maze? The covert's utmost bound
Slily she skirts; behind them cautious creeps,
And in that very track so lately stain'd
By all the steaming crowd, seems to pursue

The

The foes she flies. Let cavillers deny [more;
That brutes have reason; sure 'tis something
'Tis Heaven directs, and stratagems inspire
Beyond the short extent of human thought.
But hold — I see her from the covert break;
Sad on yon little eminence she sits;
Intent she listens with one ear erect.
Pond'ring and doubtful what new course to take.
And how to 'scape the fierce blood-thirsty crew
That still urge on, and still in vollies loud
Insult her woes, and mock her sore distress.
As now in louder peals the loaded winds
Bring on the gathering storm, her fears prevail,
And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's ridge,
Away she flies; nor ships with wind and tide,
And all their canvas wings, scud half so fast.
Once more, ye jovial train! your courage try,
And each clean courser's speed. We scour along
In pleasing hurry and confusion toss'd;
Oblivion to be wish'd! The patient pack
Hang on the scent unwearied: up they climb,
And ardent we pursue: our lab'ring steeds
We press, we gore; till, once the summit gain'd.
Painfully panting, there we breathe awhile;
Then like a foaming torrent pouring down
Precipitant, we smoke along the vale.
Happy the man who with unrivall'd speed
Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure view
The struggling pack! how in the rapid course
Alternate they preside, and jostling push
To guide the dubious scent; how giddy youth
Oft blabb'ring errs, by wiser age reprov'd;
How, niggard of his strength, the wise old hound
Hangs in the rear, till some important point
Rouse all his diligence, or till the chace
Sinking he finds; then to the head he springs,
With thirst of glory fir'd, and wins the prize.
Huntsman! take heed; they stop in full career:
Yon crowding flocks, that at a distance gaze,
Have haply foil'd the turf. See that old hound,
How busily he works, but dares not trust
His doubtful sense! Draw yet a wider ring.
Hark! now again the chorus fills; as bells,
Sallied awhile, at once their peal renew,
And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.
See how they toss, with animated rage
Recov'ring all they lost! That eager haste
Some doubling wile foreshows. Ah! yet once
more [either hand
They 're check'd — hold back with speed — on
They flourish round — ev'n yet persist — 'tis right:
Away they spring; the rustling stubbles bend
Beneath the driving storm. Now the poor chace
Begins to flag, to her last shifts reduc'd.
From brake to brake she flies, and visits all [cure,
Her well-known haunts, where once she rang'd se-
With love and plenty blest. See! there she goes;
She reels along, and by her gait betrays
Her inward weakness. See how black she looks!
The sweat that clogs th' obstructed pores scarce
A languid scent. And now in open view [leaves
See! see! she flies; each eager hound exerts
His utmost speed, and stretches ev'ry nerve.
How quick she turns, their gaping jaws eludes,
And yet a moment lives, till round inclos'd
By all the greedy pack, with infant screams
She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies!
So when the furious Bacchanals assail'd
Thracian Orpheus, poor ill-fated bard! [banks
Loud was the cry; hills, woods, and Hebrus'
Return'd their clam'rous rage: distress'd he flies,
Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain:
For eager they pursue; till panting, faint,
By noisy multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks
To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey!

The huntsman now, a deep incision made,
Shakes out with hands impure, and dashes down
Her reeking entrails and yet quiv'ring heart.
These claim the pack, the bloody perquisite
For all their toils stretch'd on the ground she lies
A mangled corse; in her dim-glaring eyes
Cold Death exults, and stiffens ev'ry limb.
Or by the threat'ning whip, the furious hounds
Around her bay, or at their master's foot
Each happy fav'rite courts his kind applause,
With humble adulation cow'ring low.
All now is joy. With checks full-blown they
wind
Her solemn dirge, while the loud-opening pack
The concert swell, and hills and dales return
The sadly-pleasing sounds. Thus the poor hare,
A puny dastard animal? but vers'd
In subtle wiles, diverts the youthful train.
But if thy proud aspiring soul disdains
So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,
Magnificence and grandeur, of the chace;
Hear what the Muse from faithful record sings.

Why on the banks of Gemna, Indian stream,
Line within line, rise the pavilions proud,
Their silken streamers waving in the wind?
Why neighs the warrior horse? From tent to tent
Why press in crowds the buzzing multitude?
Why shines the polish'd helm and pointed lance,
This way and that far beaming o'er the plain?
Nor Visapour nor Golconda rebel,
Nor the great Sophy, with his num'rous host,
Lays waste the provinces, nor glory fires
To rob and to destroy, beneath the name
And specious guise of war. A nobler cause
Calls Aurengzebe to arms. No cities sack'd,
No mother's tears, no helpless orphan's cries,
No violated leagues, with sharp remorse
Shall sting the conscious victor, but mankind
Shall hail him good and just: for 'tis on beasts
He draws his vengeful sword; on beasts of prey,
Full fed with human gore. See, see, he comes!
Imperial Delhi, op'ning wide her gates,
Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms
And all the pomp of war. Before them sound
Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs
And hold defiance. High upon his throne,
Borne on the back of his proud elephant,
Sits the great chief of Timur's glorious race;
Sublime he sits amid the radiant blaze
Of gems and gold. Omrahs about him crowd,
And rein the Arabian steed, and watch his nod,
And potent rajahs, who themselves preside
O'er realms of wide extent; but here submiss

Their homage pay, alternate kings and slaves;
Next these, with prying eunuchs girt around,
The fair sultanas of his court; a troop
Of chosen beauties, but with care conceal'd
From each intrusive eye; one look is death.
Ah! cruel eastern law! (had kings a pow'r
But equal to their wild tyrannic will)
To rob us of the sun's all-cheering ray
Were less severe. The vulgar close the march,
Slaves and artificers; and Delhi mourns
Her empty and depopulated streets.
Now at the camp arrived, with stern review
Thro' groves of spears from file to file he darts
His sharp experienc'd eye, their order marks,
Each in his station rang'd, exact and firm,
Till in the boundless line his sight is lost.
Not greater multitudes in arms appear'd
On these extended plains, when Ammon's son
With mighty Porus in dread battle join'd,
The vassal world the prize; nor was that host
More numerous of old which the Great King*
Pour'd out on Greece from all th' unpeopled East
That bridg'd the Hellespont from shore to shore,
And drank the rivers dry. Meanwhile in troops
The busy hunter-train mark out the ground.
A wide circumference, full many a league
In compass round; woods, rivers, hills, and plains,
Large provinces, enough to gratify
Ambition's highest aim, could reason bound
Man's erring will. Now sit in close divan
The mighty chiefs of this prodigious host;
He from the throne high eminent presides,
Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the chace,
From antient records drawn. With rev'rence low,
And prostrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
His irreversible decrees, from which
To vary is to die. Then his brave bands
Each to his station leads, encamping round
Till the wide circle is completely form'd.
Where decent order reigns, what these command
Those execute with speed and punctual care,
In all the strictest discipline of war,
As if some watchful foe, with bold insult,
Hung low'ring o'er their camp. The high resolve
That flies on wings thro' all th' encircling line
Each motion steers, and animates the whole.
So, by the sun's attractive pow'r controll'd,
The planets in their spheres roll round his orb;
On all he shines, and rules the great machine.

Ere yet the morn dispels the fleeting mists,
The signal given by the loud trumpet's voice,
Now high in air th' imperial standard waves,
Emblazon'd rich with gold and glitt'ring gems,
And like a sheet of fire thro' the dun gloom
Streaming meteorous. The soldiers' shouts
And all the brazen instruments of war,
With mutual clamor and united din
Fill the large concave, while from camp to camp
They catch the varied sounds, floating in air.
Round all the wide circumference tigers fell
Shrink at the noise; deep in his gloomy den
The lion starts, and morsels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once
Onward they march embattled, to the sound
Of martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,
That rouse the sleepy soul to arms and bold
Heroic deeds. In parties here and there,
Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunters range
Inquisitive; strong dogs, that match in fight
The boldest brute, around their masters wait,
A faithful guard. No haunt unsearch'd, they
From ev'ry covert, and from ev'ry den, [drive
The lurking savages. Incessant shouts
Re-echo thro' the woods, and kindling fires
Gleam from the mountain tops: the forest seems
One mingling blaze: like flocks of sheep they fly
Before the flaming brand: fierce lions, pards,
Boars, tigers, bears, and wolves, a dreadful crew
Of grim blood-thirsty foes! Growling along
They stalk indignant, but fierce vengeance still
Hangs pealing on their rear, and pointed spears
Present immediate death. Soon as the night
Wrapp'd in her sable veil, forbids the chace,
They pitch their tents in even ranks around
The circling camp. The guards are plac'd, and fires
At proper distances ascending rise, [fires
And paint th' horizon with their ruddy light.
So round some island's shore of large extent,
Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,
The billows breaking on the pointed rocks
Seem all one flame, and the bright circuit wide
Appears a bulwark of surrounding fire.
What dreadful howlings and what hideous roar
Disturb those peaceful shades! where erst the bird
That glads the night had cheer'd the list'ning groves
With sweet complainings. Thro' the silent gloom
Oft they the guards assail; as oft repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling rage
Stung to the quick, and mad with wild despair.
Thus, day by day, they still the chace renew,
At night encamp; till now in straiter bounds
The circle lessens, and the beasts perceive
The wall that hems them in on ev'ry side.
And now their fury bursts, and knows no mean;
From man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd rage
Against their fellow brutes. With teeth and claws
The civil war begins; grappling they tear;
Lions on tigers prey, and bears on wolves;
Horrible discord! till the crowd behind
Shouting pursue, and part the bloody fray.
At once their wrath subsides; tame as the lamb
The lion hangs his head: the furious pard,
Cow'd and subdued, flies from the face of man,
Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye.
So abject is a tyrant in distress!

At last, within the narrow plain confin'd,
A listed field, mark'd out for bloody deeds,
An amphitheatre more glorious far [heaps,
Than antient Rome could boast, they crowd in
Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet array
Sheath'd in refulgent arms, a noble band
Advance; great lords of high imperial blood,
Early resolv'd t' assert their royal race,

* Xerxes.

And

And prove by glorious deeds their valor's growth
Mature, ere yet the callow down has spread
Its curling shade. On bold Arabian steeds
With decent pride they sit, that fearless hear
The lion's dreadful roar; and down the rock
Swift shooting plunge, or o'er the mountain's ridge
Stretching along, the greedy tiger leave
Panting behind. On foot their faithful slaves
With jav'lins arm'd attend; each watchful eye
Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone
He fears; and, to redeem his life, unmov'd
Would lose his own. The mighty Aurengzebe
From his high elevated throne beholds
His blooming race, revolving in his mind
What once he was, in his gay spring of life,
When vigor sprung his nerves. Parental joy
Melts in his eyes, and flushes in his cheeks.
Now the loud trumpet sounds a charge. The shouts
Of eager hosts thro' all the circling line,
And the wild howling of the beasts within,
Rend the welkin; the flights of arrows wing'd
With death, and jav'lins launch'd from every arm,
Gall sore the brutal bands, with many a wound
Gor'd thro' and thro'. Despair at last prevails,
When fainting nature shrinks, and rouses all
Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furious rage,
Their eyes dart fire, and on the youthful band
They rush implacable. They their broad shields
Quick interpose; on each devoted head
Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of Jove,
Descend unerring. Prostrate on the ground
The grinning monsters lie, and their foul gore
Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle stand
The trusty slaves; with pointed spears they pierce
Thro' their tough hides, or at their gaping mouths
An easier passage find. The king of brutes
In broken roarings breathes his last; the bear
Grumbles in death; nor can his spotted skin,
Tho' sleek it shine, with varied beauties gay,
Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate.
The battle bleeds: grim Slaughter strides along,
Glutting her greedy jaws, grins o'er her prey—
Men, horses, dogs, fierce beasts of ev'ry kind,
A strange promiscuous carnage, drench'd in blood,
And heaps on heaps amass'd. What yet remain
Alive, with vain assault contend to break
Th' impenetrable line. Others, whom fear
Inspires, with self-preserving wiles, beneath
The bodies of the slain for shelter creep,
Aghast they fly, or hide their heads dispers'd.
And now perchance (had Heaven but pleas'd) the work
Of death had been complete, and Aurengzebe
By one dread frown extinguish'd half their race;
When, lo! the bright sultanas of his court
Appear, and to his ravish'd eyes display
Those charms but rarely to the day reveal'd.
Lowly they bend, and humbly sue to save
The vanquish'd host. What mortal can deny
When suppliant Beauty begs! At his command,
Op'ning to right and left, the well-train'd troops
Leave a large void for their retreating foes:
Away they fly, on wings of fear upborne,
To seek on distant hills their late abodes.
Ye proud oppressors! whose vain hearts exult
In wantonness of pow'r against the brutal race,
Fierce robbers like yourselves, a guiltless war
Wage uncontroll'd: here quench your thirst of blood;
But learn from Aurengzebe to spare mankind.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of king Edgar, and his imposing a tribute of wolves' heads upon the kings of Wales: from hence a transition to fox-hunting, which is described in all its parts. Censure of an over-numerous pack. Of the several engines to destroy foxes and other wild beasts. The steel-trap described, and the manner of using it. Description of the pitfall for the lion, and another for the elephant. The antient way of hunting the tiger with a mirror. The Arabian manner of hunting the wild boar. Description of the royal stag-chace at Windsor Forest. Concludes with an address to his Majesty, and an eulogy upon mercy.

In Albion's isle when glorious Edgar reign'd,
He, wisely provident, from her white cliffs
Launch'd half her forests, and with num'rous fleets
Cover'd his wide domain; there proudly rode
Lord of the deep, the great prerogative
Of British monarchs: each invader bold,
Dane and Norwegian, at a distance gaz'd,
And, disappointed, gnash'd his teeth in vain.
He scour'd his seas, and to remotest shores
With swelling sails, the trembling corsair fled.
Rich commerce flourish'd, and with busy oars
Dash'd the resounding surge. Nor less at land
His royal cares; wise, potent, gracious Prince!
His subjects from their cruel foes he sav'd,
And from rapacious savages their flocks.
Cambria's proud kings (tho' with reluctance) paid
Their tributary wolves, head after head,
In full account; till the woods yield no more,
And all the rav'nous race extinct is lost.
In fertile pastures more securely graz'd
The social troops, and soon their large increase
With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.
But yet, alas! the wily fox remain'd,
A subtle, pilf'ring foe, prowling around
In midnight shades, and wakeful to destroy.
In the full fold the poor defenceless lamb,
Seis'd by his guileful arts, with sweet warm blood
Supplies a rich repast. The mournful ewe,
Her dearest treasure lost, thro' the dun night
Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain;
While in th' adjacent bush poor Philomel
(Herself a parent once, till wanton churls
Despoil'd her nest) joins in her loud laments
With sweeter notes and more melodious woe.
For these nocturnal thieves, huntsman, prepare
Thy sharpest vengeance. Oh! how glorious 'tis
To right th' oppress'd, and bring the felon vile
To just disgrace! Ere yet the morning peep,

Or stars retire from the first blush of day,
With thy far echoing voice alarm thy pack,
And rouse thy bold compeers: then to the copse,
Thick with entangling grass or prickly furze,
With silence lead thy many-color'd hounds,
In all their beauty's pride. See! how they range
Dispers'd, how busily this way and that
They cross, examining with curious nose
Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and swell'd with every mouth
As straggling armies at the trumpet's voice
Press to their standard, hither all repair,
And hurry thro' the woods with hasty step,
Rustling and full of hope; now driven on heaps
They push, they strive; while from his kennel sneaks
The conscious villain. See! he sculks along
Sleek at the shepherd's cost, and plump with meals
Purloin'd: so thrive the wicked here below.
Tho' high his brush he bears, tho' tipt with white
It gaily shine, yet ere the sun declin'd
Recal the shades of night, the pamper'd rogue
Shall rue his fate revers'd, and at his heels
Behold the just avenger, swift to seise
His forfeit head, and thirsting for his blood.
Heavens! what melodious strains! how beat our hearts,
Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales
Breathe harmony; and as tempest drives
From wood to wood, thro' every dark recess
The forest thunders, and the mountains shake.
The chorus swells; less various and less sweet
The trilling notes, when in those very groves
The feather'd choristers salute the spring,
And ev'ry bush in concert joins; or when
The master's hand, in modulated air,
Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the pow'rs
Of music in one instrument combine,
An universal minstrelsy. And now
In vain each earth he tries; the doors are barr'd
Impregnable; nor is the covert safe:
He pants for purer air. Hark! what loud shouts
Re-echo thro' the groves! he breaks away:
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.
'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths!
Now give a loose to the clean gen'rous steed,
Flourish the whip, nor spare the galling spur;
But in the madness of delight forget
Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
And dangerous our course; but in the brave
True courage never fails. In vain the streams
In foaming eddies whirls; in vain the ditch,
Wide-gaping, threatens death. The craggy steep,
Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,
And clings to ev'ry twig, gives us no pain,
But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey: then up th' opponent hill,
By the swift motion flung, we mount aloft.
So ships in winter-seas now sliding sink
Adown the steepy wave: then, tost on high,
Ride on the billows, and defy the storm.
What lengths we pass! where will the wand'ring chace
Lead us bewilder'd! smooth as swallows skim
The new-shorn mead, and far more swift we fly.
See my brave pack! how to the head they press,
Jostling in close array, then more diffuse
Obliquely wheel; while from their op'ning mouths
The vollied thunder breaks. So when the cranes
Their annual voyage steer, with wanton wing
Their figure oft they change, and their loud clang
From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind
The hunter crew, wide straggling o'er the plain!
The panting courser now with trembling nerves
Begins to reel; urg'd by the goring spur
Makes many a faint effort: he snorts, he foams;
The big round drops run trickling down his sides,
With sweat and blood distain'd. Look back and view
The strange confusion of the vale below.
Where sore vexation reigns: see yon poor jade;
In vain th' impatient rider frets and swears,
And galling spurs harrow his mangled sides;
He can no more: his stiff unpliant limbs
Rooted in earth, unmov'd and fix'd he stands;
For ev'ry cruel curse returns a groan,
And sobs, and faints, and dies! Who without grief
Can view that pamper'd steed, his master's joy,
His minion, and his daily care, well cloth'd,
Well fed with every nicer care; no cost,
No labor spar'd; who, when the flying chace
Broke from the copse, without a rival led
The num'rous train; now a sad spectacle
Of pride brought low, and humbled insolence,
Drove like a pannier'd ass, and scourg'd along!
While these, with loosen'd reins and dangling heels
Hang on their reeling palfreys, that scarce bear
Their weights; another in the treach'rous bog
Lies flound'ring, half ingulph'd. What biting thoughts
Torment th' abandon'd crew! Old Age laments
His vigor spent: the tall, plump, brawny youth
Curses his cumbrous bulk, and envies now
The short pygmean race he whilom kenn'd
With proud insulting leer. A chosen few
Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath
Their pleasing toils. Here, huntsman! from this height
Observe yon birds of prey: if I can judge,
'Tis there the villain lurks: they hover round,
And claim him as their own. Was I not right?
See! there he creeps along; his brush he drags,
And sweeps the mire impure: from his wide jaws
His tongue unmoisten'd hangs; symptoms too sure
Of sudden death. Ha! yet he flies, nor yields
To black despair. But one loose more, and all
His wiles are vain. Hark! thro' yon village now
The rattling clamor rings. The barns, the cots,
And leafless elms, return the joyous sounds.
Thro' ev'ry homestall, and thro' ev'ry yard,
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn he flies:
Thro' ev'ry hole he sneaks, thro' ev'ry jakes
Plunging, he wades besmear'd, and fondly hopes
In a superior stench to lose his own:
But, faithful to the track, th' unerring hounds
With peals of echoing vengeance close pursue.
And

And now distress'd, no shelt'ring covert near,
Into the hen-roost creeps, whose walls with gore
Distain'd attest his guilt. There, villain! there
Expect thy fate deserv'd. And soon from thence
The pack, inquisitive, with clamor loud,
Drag out their trembling prize, and on his blood
With greedy transport feast. In bolder notes
Each sounding horn proclaims the felon dead,
And all th' assembled village shouts for joy.
The farmer, who beholds his mortal foe,
Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,
And grateful calls us to a short repast;
In the full glass the liquid amber smiles,
Our native product; and his good old mate
With choicest viands heaps the liberal board,
To crown our triumphs and reward our toils.
Here must th' instructive Muse (but with respect)
Censure that num'rous pack, that crowd of state,
With which the vain profusion of the great
Covers the lawn, and shakes the trembling copse.
Pompous incumb'rance! a magnificence
Useless, vexatious! for the wily fox,
Safe in the increasing number of his foes,
Kens well the great advantage; slinks behind,
And slily creeps thro' the same beaten track,
And hunts them step by step; then views escap'd,
With inward ecstasy, the panting throng
In their own footsteps puzzled, foil'd, and lost.
So when proud Eastern kings summon to arms
Their gaudy legions, from far distant climes
They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world;
But when the day of battle calls them forth
To charge the well-train'd foe, a band compact,
Of chosen veterans, they press blindly on,
In heaps confus'd, by their own weapons fall,
A smoking carnage scatter'd o'er the plain.

Nor hounds alone this noxious brood destroy;
The plunder'd warrener full many a wile
Devises to entrap his greedy foe,
Fat with nocturnal spoils. At close of day
With silence drags his tail; then, from the ground
Pares thin the close-gaz'd turf; there with nice hand
Covers the latent death, with curious springs
Prepar'd to fly at once, whene'er they tread
Of man or beast unwarily shall press
The yielding surface. By the indented steel
With gripe tenacious held, the felon grins,
And struggles, but in vain: yet oft 'tis known,
When ev'ry art has fail'd, the captive fox
Has shar'd the wounded joint, and with a limb
Compounded for his life. But if perchance
In the deep pitfall plung'd, there 's no escape,
But unrepriev'd he dies; and, bleach'd in air,
The jest of clowns, his reeking carcase hangs.

Of these are various kinds: not even the king
Of Brutes evades this deep-devouring rave;
But by the wily African betray'd,
Heedless of fate, within his gaping jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient beam
With blushes paints the dawn, and all the race
Carnivorous, with blood full gorg'd, retire
Into their darksome cells, there satiate snore
O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs
Of men and beasts, the painful forester,
Climbs the high hills, whose proud aspiring tops,
With the tall cedar crown'd and taper fir,
Assail the clouds; there, 'mong the craggy rocks
And thickets intricate, trembling he views
His footsteps in the sand, the dismal road
And avenue to death. Hither he calls
His watchful bands, and low into the ground
A pit they sink, full many a fathom deep;
Then in the midst a column high is rear'd,
The butt of some fair tree, upon whose top
A lamb is plac'd, just ravish'd from his dam;
And next a wall they build, with stones and earth
Encircling round, and hiding from all view
The dreadful precipice. Now when the shades
Of night hang low'ring o'er the mountains brow,
And hunger keen, and pungent thirst of blood,
Rouse up the slothful beast, he shakes his sides,
Slow-rising from his lair, and stretches wide
His rav'nous paws, with recent gore distain'd.
The forest trembles as he roars aloud,
Impatient to destroy. O'erjoy'd he hears
The bleating innocent, that claims in vain
The shepherd's care, and seeks with piteous moan
The foodful teat; himself, alas! design'd
Another's meal. For now the greedy brute
Wines him from far, and leaping o'er the mound
To seise his trembling prey, headlong is plung'd
Into the deep abyss. Prostrate he lies,
Astunn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail
Thine eyeballs flashing fire, thy length of tail
That lashes thy broad sides, thy jaws besmear'd
With blood and offals crude, thy shaggy mane
The terror of the woods, thy stately port,
And bulk enormous, since by stratagem
Thy strength is foil'd! Unequal is the strife,
When sov'reign reason combats brutal rage.

On distant Ethiopia's sun-burnt coasts
The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,
But of a diff'rent kind, and diff'rent use.
With slender poles the wide capacious mouth,
And hurdles slight, they close; o'er these is spread
A floor of verdant turf, with all its flow'rs
Smiling delusive, and from strictest search
Concealing the deep grave that yawns below.
Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit
Of various kinds surcharg'd; the downy peach,
The clust'ring vine, and of bright golden rind
The fragrant orange. Soon as evening grey
Advances slow, besprinkling all around
With kind refreshing dews the thirsty glebe,
The stately elephant from the close shade
With step majestic strides, eager to taste
The cooler breeze, that from the sea-beat shore
Delightful breathes, or in the limpid stream
To lave his panting sides; joyous he scents
The rich repast, unweeting of the death
That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks
The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
The fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
The price is life. For now the treach'rous turf,
Trembling, gives way; and the unwieldy beast,
Self-sinking, drops into the dark profound.
So when dilated vapors struggling heave

The

Th'incumbent earth if chance the cavern'd ground
Shrinking subside, and the thin surface yield,
Down sinks at once the pond'rous dome, ingulph'd
With all its tow'rs. Subtle, delusive Man!
How various are thy wiles! artful to kill
Thy savage foes, a dull unthinking race! [pard
Fierce from his lair springs forth the speckled
Thirsting for blood, and eager to destroy;
The huntsman flies, but to his flight alone
Confides not; at convenient distance fix'd
A polish'd mirror stops in full career
The furious brute: he there his image views;
Spots against spots with rage improving glow!
Another pard his bristly whiskers curls,
Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing and wide
Distends his op'ning jaws; himself against
Himself opposed, and with dread vengeance arm'd,
The huntsman, now secure, with fatal aim
Directs the pointed spear, by which transfix'd
He dies, and with him dies the rival shade.
Thus man invenom'rous engines form'd t' assail
The savage kind; but most the docile horse,
Swift and confederate with man, annoys
His brethren of the plains; without whose aid
The hunter's arts were vain, unskill'd to wage
With the more active brutes an equal war;
But, borne by him, without the well-train'd pack
Man dares his foe, on wings of wind secure.
Him the fierce Arab mounts, and with his troop
Of bold compeers ranges the desarts wild,
Where by the magnet's aid the traveller
Steers his untrodden course, yet oft on land
Is wreck'd, in the high rolling waves of sand
Immers'd and lost; while these intrepid bands,
Safe in their horses speed, outfly the storm,
And, scouring round, make men and beasts their
The grisly boar is singled from his herd, [prey.
As large as that in Erimanthean woods,
A match for Hercules. Round him they fly
In circles wide, and each in passing sends
His feather'd death into his brawny sides:
But perilous th' attempt; for if the steed
Haply too near approach, or the loose earth
His footing fail, the watchful angry beast
Th' advantage spies, and at one sidelong glance
Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rears aloft;
And, plunging, from his back the rider hurls
Precipitant; then, bleeding, spurns the ground,
And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.
Meanwhile the surly monster trots along,
But with unequal speed; for still they wound,
Swift-wheeling in the spacious ring. A wood
Of darts upon his back he bears; adown
His tortur'd sides the crimson torrents roll
From many a gaping font; and now at last
Stagg'ring he falls, in blood and foam expires.
But whether rolls my devious Muse, intent
On antique tales, while yet the royal stag
Unsung remains? Tread with respectful awe
Windsor's green glades, where Denham, tuneful
bard!
Charm'd once the list'ning Dryads with his song,
Sublimely sweet. Oh grant me, sacred shade!
To glean submiss what thy full sickle leaves.

The morning sun, that gilds with trembling rays
Windsor's high tow'rs, beholds the courtly train
Mount for the chace, nor views in all his course
A scene so gay: heroic noble youths,
In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs,
The fairest of this isle, where beauty dwells
Delighted, and deserts her Paphian grove
For our more favor'd shades — in proud parade
These shine magnificent, and press around
The royal happy pair. Great in themselves,
They smile superior, of external show
Regardless, while their inbred virtues give
A lustre to their pow'r, and grace their court
With real splendors, far above the pomp
Of eastern kings in all their tinsel pride.
Like troops of Amazons, the female band
Prance round their cars, not in refulgent arms
As those of old; unskill'd to wield the sword
Or bend the bow, these kill with surer aim.
The royal offspring, fairest of the fair,
Lead on the splendid train. Anna, more bright
Than summer suns, or as the lightning keen,
With irresistible effulgence arm'd,
Fires ev'ry heart: he must be more than man
Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray.
Amelia, milder than the blushing dawn,
With sweet engaging air, but equal pow'r,
Insensibly subdues, and in soft chains
Her willing captives leads. Illustrious maids;
Ever triumphant! whose victorious charms,
Without the needless aid of high descent,
Had aw'd mankind, and taught the world's great
lords
To bow and sue for grace. But who is he,
Fresh as a rose-bud newly blown, and fair
As op'ning lilies, on whom ev'ry eye
With joy and admiration dwells? See, see!
He reins his docile barb with manly grace.
Is it Adonis for the chace array'd,
Or Britain's second hope? Hail, blooming youth!
May all your virtues with your years improve,
Till in consummate worth you shine the pride
Of these our days, and to succeeding times
A bright example! As his guard of mutes
On the great Sultan wait, with eyes deject
And fix'd on earth, no voice, no sound, is heard
Within the wide serail, but all is hush'd,
And awful silence reigns; thus stand the pack
Mute and unmov'd, and cow'ring low to earth,
While pass the glitt'ring court and royal pair:
So disciplin'd those hounds, and so reserv'd,
Whose honor 'tis to glad the hearts of kings:
But soon the winding horn and huntsman's voice
Let loose the gen'ral chorus; far around
Joy spreads its wings, and the gay morning smiles.
Unharbour'd now, the royal stag forsakes
His wonted lair; he shakes his dappled sides,
And tosses high his beamy head; the copse
Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling shifts
He tries! not more the wily hare; in these
Would still persist, did not the full-mouth'd
pack
With dreadful concert thunder in his rear.
The woods reply, the hunters'-cheering shouts
Float

Fleat thro' the glades, and the wide forest rings.
How merrily they chant! their nostrils deep
Inhale the grateful steam. Such is the cry,
And such th' harmonious din, the soldier deems
The battle kindling, and the statesman grave
Forgets his weighty cares: each age, each sex,
In the wild transport joins: luxuriant joy,
And pleasure in excess, sparkling exult
On ev'ry brow, and revel unrestrain'd.
How happy art thou, Man! when thou'rt no more
Thyself! when all the pangs that grind thy soul,
In rapture and in sweet oblivion lost,
Yield a short interval and ease from pain!
See the swift courser strains, his shining hoofs
Securely beat the solid ground. Who now
The dang'rous pitfall fears, with tangling heath
High-overgrown? or who the quiv'ring bog,
Soft-yielding to the step? All now is plain,
Plain as the strand sea-lav'd, that stretches far
Beneath the rocky shore. Glades crossing glades,
The forest opens to our wond'ring view:
Such was the king's command. Let tyrant fierce
Lay waste the world; his the more glorious part
To check their pride; and when the brazen voice
Of war is hush'd (as erst victorious Rome)
T' employ his station'd legions in the works
Of peace; to smooth the rugged wilderness,
To drain the stagnate fen, to raise the slope
Depending road, and to make gay the face
Of nature with th' embellishments of art.
How melts my beating heart, as I behold
Each lovely nymph, our island's boast and pride,
Push on the gen'rous steed, that strokes along,
O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy hill,
Nor falters in th' extended vale below;
Their garments loosely waving in the wind,
And all the flush of beauty in their cheeks!
While at their sides their pensive lovers wait,
Direct their dubious course, now chill'd with fear
Solicitous, and now with love inflam'd.
Oh grant indulgent Heaven! no rising storm
May darken with black wings this glorious scene!
Should some malignant pow'r thus damp our joys,
Vain were the gloomy cave, such as of old
Betray'd to lawless love the Tyrian queen:
For Britain's virtuous nymphs are chaste as fair;
Spotless, unblam'd, with equal triumph reign
In the dun gloom as in the blaze of day.
Now the blown stag thro' woods, bogs, roads, and
Has measur'd half the forest; but, alas! [streams,
He flies in vain; he flies not from his fears.
Tho' far he cast the ling'ring pack behind,
His haggard fancy still with horror views
The fell destroyer; still the fatal cry
Insults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.
So the poor fury-haunted wretch (his hands
In guiltless blood distain'd) still seems to hear
The dying shrieks; and the pale threat'ning ghost
Moves as he moves, and as he flies pursues.
See here his slot; up yon green hill he climbs,
Pants on his brow awhile, sadly looks back
On his pursuers, cov'ring all the plain;
But, wrung with anguish, bears not long the fight,
Shoots down the steep, and sweats along the vale;
There mingles with the herd, where once he reign'd
Proud monarch of the groves, whose clashing beam
His rivals aw'd, and whose exalted pow'r
Was still rewarded with successful love.
But the base herd have learn'd the ways of men;
Averse they fly, or with rebellious aim
Chase him from thence: needless their impious
deed,
The huntsman knows him by a thousand marks;
Black, and imboss'd; nor are his hounds deceiv'd;
Too well distinguish these, and never leave
Their once devoted foe: familiar grows
His scent, and strong their appetite to kill.
Again he flies, and with redoubled speed
Skims o'er the lawn; still the tenacious crew
Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,
And push him many a league. If haply then
Too far escap'd, and the gay courtly train
Behind are cast, and the huntsman's clanging whip
Stops full their bold career: passive they stand,
Unmov'd: an humble and obsequious crowd,
As if by stern Medusa gaz'd to stones.
So at their general's voice whole armies halt
In full pursuit, and check their thirst of blood.
Soon at the king's command, like hasty streams
Damm'd up a while, they foam and pour along
With fresh recruiting might. The stag, whom hop'd
His foes were lost, now once more hears astunn'd
The dreadful din: he shivers ev'ry limb;
He starts, he bounds; each bush presents a foe.
Press'd by the fresh relay, no pause allow'd,
Breathless and faint, he falters in his pace,
And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that scarce
Sustain their load: he pants, he sobs appall'd;
Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath
His cumbrous beams oppress'd. But if perchance
Some prying eye surprise him, soon he rears
Erect his tow'ring front, bounds o'er the lawn
With ill-dissembled vigor, to amuse
The knowing forester, who inly smiles
At his weak shifts and unavailing frauds.
So midnight tapers waste their last remains,
Shine forth awhile, and as they blaze expire.
From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,
And bellow thro' the vales; the moving storm
Thickens amain, and loud triumphant shouts,
And horns shrill warbling in each glade, prelude
To his approaching fate. And now in view,
With hobbling gait and high, exerts amaz'd
What strength is left: to the last dregs of life
Reduc'd, his spirits fail, on ev'ry side
Hemm'd in, besieg'd; not the least op'ning left
To gleaming hope, th' unhappy's last reserve.
Where shall we turn, or whither fly? Despair
Gives courage to the weak. Resolv'd to die,
He fears no more, but rushes on his foes,
And deals his deaths around; beneath his feet
These grovelling lie, those by his antlers gor'd
Defile th' ensanguin'd plain. Ah, see! distress'd
He stands at bay against yon knotty trunk,
That covers well his rear; his front presents
An host of foes. O shun, ye noble train,
The rude encounter, and believe your lives
Your country's due alone. As now aloof

They

They wing around, he finds his soul uprais'd
To dare some great exploit: he charges home
Upon the broken pack, that on each side
Fly diverse: then as o'er the turf he strains,
He vents the cooling stream, and up the breeze
Urges his course with eager violence;
Then takes the soil, and plunges in the flood
Precipitant: down the mid streams he wafts
Along, till, (like a ship distress'd, that runs
Into some winding creek) close to the verge
Of a small island, for his weary feet
Sure anchorage he finds, there sculks immers'd:
His nose alone above the wave draws in
The vital air; all else beneath the flood
Conceal'd and lost, deceives each prying eye
Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack
Draw on the margin of the stream, or cut
The liquid wave with oary feet, that move
In equal time. The gliding waters leave
No trace behind, and his contracted pores
But sparingly perspire: the huntsman strains
His lab'ring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain.
At length a blood-hound bold, studious to kill
And exquisite of sense, winds him from far;
Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth
Loud op'ning spends amain, and his wide throat
Swells ev'ry note with joy; then fearless dives
Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch, and wounds
Th' unhappy brute, that flounders in the stream,
Sorely distress'd, and struggling strives to mount
The steepy shore. Haply once more escap'd,
Again he stands at bay, amid the groves
Of willows bending low their downy heads.
Outrageous transport fires the greedy pack;
These swim the deep, and those crawl up with pain
The slipp'ry bank, while others on firm land
Engage: the stag repels each bold assault,
Maintains his post, and wounds for wounds re-
As when some wily corsair boards a ship [turns,
Full freighted, or from Afric's golden coasts
Or India's wealthy strand, his bloody crew
Upon her deck he slings; these in the deep
Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy sides,
And clinging climb aloft, while those on board
Urge on the work of fate; the master bold,
Press'd to his last retreat, bravely resolves
To sink his wealth beneath the whelming wave,
His wealth, his foes, nor unreveng'd to die:
So fares it with the stag, so he resolves
To plunge at once into the flood below,
Himself, his foes, in one deep gulph immers'd.
Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
In wild disorder once more views the light;
Beneath a weight of woe he groans distress'd,
The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks:
He weeps nor weeps in vain. The king beholds
His wretched plight, and tenderness innate
Moves his great soul. Soon at his high command
Rebuk'd, the disappointed hungry pack
Retire submiss, and grumbling quit their prey.

Great Prince! from thee what may thy subjects hope,
So kind and so beneficent to brutes!
O Mercy, heavenly born! sweet attribute!
Thou great, thou best, prerogative of pow'r!
Justice may guard the throne; but, join'd with thee,
On rocks of adamant it stands secure,
And brave the storms beneath: soon as thy smiles
Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves subside,
And all the noisy tumult sinks in peace.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the necessity of destroying some beasts, and preserving others for the use of man. Of breeding of hounds; the season for this business. The choice of a dog of great moment. Of the litter of whelps. Of the number to be reared. Of setting them out to their several walks. Care to be taken to prevent their hunting too soon. Of entering the whelps. Of breaking them from running at sheep. Of the diseases of hounds. Of their age. Of madness: two sorts of it described; the dumb, and outrageous, madness: its dreadful effects. Burning of the wound recommended as preventing all ill consequences. The infectious hounds to be separated, and fed apart. The vanity of trusting to the many infallible cures for this malady. The dismal effects of the biting of a mad dog upon man described. Description of the otter hunting. The conclusion.

Whate'er of earth is form'd to earth returns
Dissolv'd: the various objects we behold,
Plants, animals, this whole material mass,
Are ever changing, ever new. The soul
Of man alone, that particle divine,
Escapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail:
Hence great the distance 'twixt the beasts that perish
And God's bright image, man's immortal race.
The brute creation are his property,
Subservient to his will and for him made:
As hurtful these he kills, as useful those
Preserves; their sole and arbitrary king.
Should he not kill (as erst the Samian sage
Taught unadvis'd, and Indian brachmans now
As vainly preach), the teeming rav'nous brutes
Might fill the scanty space of this terrene,
Encumb'ring all the globe: should not his care
Improve the growing stock, their kinds might fail;
Man might once more on roots and acorns feed,
And thro' the desarts range, shiv'ring, forlorn,
Quite destitute of ev'ry solace dear,
And ev'ry smiling gaiety of life.

The prudent huntsman therefore will supply
With annual large recruits his broken pack,
And propagate their kind. As from the root
Fresh scions still spring forth, and daily yield
New blooming honors to the parent tree;
Far shall his pack be fam'd, far sought his breed;
And princes at their tables feast those hounds
His hand presents, an acceptable boon.

Ere yet the sun thro' the bright Ram has urg'd
His steepy course, or mother earth unbound
Her frozen bosom to the western gale; [solv'd,
When feather'd troops, their social leagues dis-
Select their mates, and on the leafless elm
The noisy rook builds high her wicker nest:

Mark

Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,
That curl their taper tails, and frisking court
Their piebald mates enamour'd; their red eyes
Flash fires impure; nor rest nor food they take,
Goaded by furious love. In separate cells
Confine them now, lest bloody civil wars
Annoy thy peaceful state. If left at large,
The growling rivals in dread battle join,
And rude encounter; on Scamander's stream
Heroes of old with far less fury fought
For the bright Spartan dame, their valor's prize.
Mangled and torn thy fav'rite hounds shall lie
Stretch'd on the ground; thy kennel shall appear
A field of blood: like some unhappy town
In civil broils confus'd, while Discord shakes
Her bloody scourge aloft, fierce parties rage,
Staining their impious hands in mutual death;
And still the best belov'd and bravest fall:
Such are the dire effects of lawless love.

Huntsman! these ills by timely prudent care
Prevent: for ev'ry longing dame select
Some happy paramour; to him alone
In league connubial join. Consider well
His lineage; what his fathers did of old,
Chiefs of the pack, and first to climb the rock,
Or plunge into the deep, or thread the brake
With thorns sharp-pointed, plash'd, and briers
interwoven.
Observe with care his shape, sort, color, size:
Nor will sagacious huntsmen less regard
His inward habits. The vain babbler shun,
Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong:
His foolish offspring shall offend thy ears
With false alarms and loud impertinence.
Nor less the shifting cur avoid, that breaks
Illusive from the pack; to the next hedge
Devious he strays, there ev'ry Muse he tries;
If haply then he cross the steaming scent,
Away he flies vain-glorious, and exults
As of the pack supreme, and in his speed
And strength unrivall'd. Lo! cast far behind
His vex'd associates pant, and lab'ring strain
To climb the steep ascent. Soon as they reach
Th' insulting boaster, his false courage fails,
Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal noose,
His master's hate, and scorn of all the field.
What can from such be hop'd but a base brood
Of coward curs a frantic, vagrant race?

When now the third revolving moon appears,
With sharpen'd horns, above the horizon's brink,
Without Lucina's aid expect thy hopes
Are amply crown'd: short pangs produce to light
The smoking litter, crawling, helpless, blind;
Nature their guide, they seek the pouting teat
That plenteous streams. Soon as the tender dam
Has form'd them with her tongue, with pleasure
The marks of their renown'd progenitors, [view
Sure pledge of triumphs yet to come. All these
Select with joy; but to the merciless flood
Expose the dwindling refuge, nor o'erload
Th' indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,
Unwilling to destroy, a nurse provide,
And to the foster-parent give the care
Of thy superfluous brood; she'll cherish kind
The alien offspring; pleas'd thou shalt behold
Her tenderness and hospitable love.

If frolic now and playful they desert
Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf,
With nerves improv'd, pursue the mimic chace
Coursing around, unto thy choicest friends
Commit thy valued prize; the rustic dames
Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps
Receive thy growing hopes, with many a kiss
Caress, and dignify their little charge
With some great title, and resounding name
Of high import. But cautious here observe
To check their youthful ardor; nor permit
The unexperienced yonker, immature,
Alone to range the woods, or haunt the brakes
Where dodging conies sport: his nerves unstrung
And strength unequal, the laborious chace
Shall stint his growth, and his rash forward youth
Contract such vicious habits as thy care
And late correction never shall reclaim.

When to full strength arriv'd, mature and bold,
Conduct them to the field: not all at once;
But, as thy cooler prudence shall direct,
Select a few, and form them by degrees
To stricter discipline. With these consort
The staunch and steady sages of thy pack,
By long experience vers'd in all the wiles
And subtle doublings of the various chace.
Easy the lesson of the youthful train
When instinct prompts, and where example guides.
If the too forward yonker at the head
Press boldly on in wanton sportive mood,
Correct his haste, and let him feel abash'd
The ruling whip; but if he stoop behind
In wary modest guise, to his own nose
Confiding sure, give him full scope to work
His winding way, and with thy voice applaud
His patience and his care; soon shalt thou view
The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,
And all the list'ning pack attend his call. [play
Oft lead them forth were wanton lambkins
And bleating dams with jealous eyes observe
Their tender care. If at the crowding flock
He bay presumptuous, or with eager haste
Pursue them scatter'd o'er the verdant plain,
In the foul fact attach'd, to the strong ram
Tie fast the rash offender. See! at first
His horn'd companion, fearful and amaz'd
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged ground;
Then, with his load fatigu'd, shall turn ahead,
And with his curl'd hard front incessant peal
The panting wretch, till breathless and astunn'd,
Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then spare not thou
The twining whip, but ply his bleeding sides.
Lash after lash; and with thy threat'ning voice,
Harsh-echoing from the hills, inculcate loud
His vile offence. Sooner shall trembling doves,
Escap'd the hawk's sharp talons, in mid air
Assail their dang'rous foe, than he once more
Disturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age,
Thus youth is train'd, as cursous artists bend
The taper pliant twig, or potters form
Their soft and ductile clay to various shapes.

Nor is't enough to breed, but to preserve

Must

Must be the huntsman's care. The staunch old hounds,
Guides of thy pack, tho' but in number few,
Are yet of great account; shall oft untie
The Gordian knot when reason at a stand
Puzzling is lost, and all thy art is vain.
O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaster'd roads,
O'er floated meads, o'er plains with flocks distain'd
Rank-scenting, these must lead the dubious way.
As party-chiefs in senates who preside
With pleaded reason, and with well turn'd speech
Conduct the staring multitude; so these
Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve,
And loudly boasts discoveries not their own.

Unnumber'd accidents and various ills
Attend thy pack, hang hovering o'er their heads,
And point the way that leads to death's dark cave.
Short is their span: few at the date arrive
Of antient Argus, in old Homer's song
So highly honor'd: kind, sagacious brute!
Not e'en Minerva's wisdom could conceal
Thy much lov'd master from thy nicer sense:
Dying, his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
With eager eyes, then clos'd those eyes well pleas'd.

Or lesser ills the Muse declines to sing,
Nor stoops so low; of these each groom can tell
The proper remedy. But, oh! what care,
What prudence, can prevent madness, the worst
Of maladies! Terrific pest! that blasts
The huntsman's hopes, and desolation spreads
Thro' all th' unpeopled kennel unrestrain'd,
More fatal than th' envenom'd viper's bite,
Or that Apulian spider's pois'nous sting,
Heal'd by the pleasing antidote of sounds.

When Sirius reigns, and the sun's parching
Bake the dry gaping surface, visit thou, [beams
Each even and morn, with quick observant eye,
Thy panting pack. If, in dark sullen mood,
The glouting hound refuse his wonted meal,
Retiring to some close obscure retreat,
Gloomy, disconsolate, with speed remove
The poor infectious wretch, and in strong chains
Bind him suspected. Thus that dire disease,
Which art can't cure, wise caution may prevent.

But this neglected, soon expect a change,
A dismal change—confusion, phrensy, death;
Or in some dark recess the senseless brute
Sits sadly pining; deep melancholy
And black despair upon his clouded brow
Hang low'ring; from his half-op'ning jaws
The clammy venom and infectious froth
Distilling fall; and from his lungs, inflam'd,
Malignant vapors taint the ambient air,
Breathing perdition; his dim eyes are glaz'd,
He droops his pensive head, his trembling limbs
No more support his weight; abject he lies,
Dumb, spiritless, benumb'd; till death at last
Gracious attends, and kindly brings relief.

Or, if outrageous grown, behold, alas!
A yet more dreadful scene; his glaring eyes
Redden with fury; like some angry boar
Churning he foams, and on his back erect
His pointed bristles rise; his tail incurv'd
He drops, and with harsh broken howlings rends
The poison-tainted air; with rough course voice
Incessant bays, and snuffs th' infectious breeze;
This way and that he stares aghast, and starts
At his own shade, jealous, as if he deem'd
The world his foes. If haply t'ward the stream
He cast his roving eye, could horror chills
His soul; averse he flies, trembling, appall'd;
Now frantic to the kennel's utmost verge
Raving he runs, and deals destruction round:
The pack fly diverse; for whate'er he meets
Vengeful he bites, and ev'ry bite is death.

If now perchance, thro' the weak fence escap'd,
Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth
Inhales the cooling breeze, nor man nor beast
He spares implacable. The hunter horse,
Once kind associate of his sylvan toils
(Who haply now without the kennels mound
Crops the rank mead, and list'ning hears with joy
The cheering cry that morn and eve salutes
His raptur'd sense), a wretched victim falls,
Unhappy quadruped. No more, alas!
Shall thy fond master with his voice applaud
Thy gentleness, thy speed; or with his hand
Stroke thy soft dappled sides, as he each day
Visits thy stall, well pleas'd: no more shalt thou
With sprightly neighings to the winding horn,
And the loud op'ning pack in concert join'd,
Glad his proud heart; for oh! the secret wound
Rankling inflames! he bites the ground, and dies!
Hence to the village with pernicious haste
Baneful he bends his course: the village flies
Alarm'd; the tender mother in her arms
Hugs close the trembling babe; the doors are barr'd,
And flying curs, by native instinct taught,
Shun the contagious bane: the rustic bands
Hurry to arms, the rude militia seise
Whate'er at hand they find; clubs, forks, or guns,
From ev'ry quarter charge the furious foe,
In wild disorder and uncouth array; [gor'd,
Till now with wounds on wounds oppress'd and
At one short pois'nous grasp he breathes his last.

Hence to the kennel, Muse! return, and view
With heavy heart that hospital of woe,
Where Horror stalks at large! insatiate Death
Sits growling o'er his prey; each hour presents
A different scene of ruin and distress.
How busy art thou, Fate! and how severe
Thy pointed wrath! the dying and the dead
Promiscuous lie: o'er these the living fight
In one eternal broil, not conscious why,
Nor yet with whom. So drunkards in their cups
Spare not their friends, while senseless squabble reigns.

Huntsman, it much behoves thee to avoid
The perilous debate. Ah! rouse up all
Thy vigilance, and tread the treach'rous ground
With careful step. Thy fires unquench'd preserve,
As erst the vestal flame: the pointed steel
In the hot embers hide; and if surpris'd
Thou feel'st the deadly bite, quick urge it home
Into the recent sore, and cauterise

The

The wound: spare nor thy flesh, nor dread th' event:
Vul can shall save when Æsculapius fails. [means
Here should the knowing Muse recount the
To stop this growing plague: and here, alas!
Each hand presents a sov'reign cure and boasts
Infallibility; but boasts in vain.
On this depend — each to his sep'rate seat
Confine, in fetters bound; give each his mess
Apart, his range in open air: and then
If deadly symptoms to thy grief appear,
Devote the wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A gen'rous victim for the public weal.
Sing, philosophic Muse! the dire effects
Of this contagious bite on hapless man.
The rustic swains, by long tradition taught
Of leeches old, as soon as they perceive
The bite impress, to the sea-coasts repair.
Plung'd in the briny flood, th' unhappy youth
Now journeys home secure, but soon shall wish
The seas as yet had cover'd him beneath
The foaming surge full many a fathom deep.
A fate more dismal, and superior ills,
Hang o'er his head devoted. When the moon,
Closing her monthly round, returns again
To glad the night, or when full-orb'd she shines
High in the vault of heaven, the lurking pest
Begins the dire assault. The pois'nous foam,
Thro' the deep wound instill'd with hostile rage,
And all its fiery particles saline,
Invades th' arterial fluid, whose red waves
Tempestuous heave, and, their cohesion broke,
Fermenting, boil; intestine war ensues,
And order to confusion turns embroil'd.
Now the distended vessels scarce contain
The wild uproar, but press each weaker part,
Unable to resist: the tender brain
And stomach suffer most: convulsions shake
His trembling nerves, and wand'ring pungent
pains
Pinch sore the sleepless wretch: his flutt'ring pulse
Oft intermits; pensive and sad, he mourns
His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends
Laments in vain; to hasty anger prone,
Resents each slight offence, walks with quick step,
And wildly stares: at last with boundless sway
The tyrant phrensy reigns; for as the dog
Whose fatal bite convey'd th' infectious bane,
Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bites.
Like agitations in his boiling blood
Present like species to his troubled mind,
His nature and his actions all canine.
So (as old Homer sung) th' associates wild
Of wand'ring Ithacus, by Circe's charms
To swine transform'd, ran grunting thro' the
Dreadful example to a wicked world! [groves.
See there distress'd he lies! parch'd up with thirst,
But dares not drink; till now at last his soul
Trembling escapes, her noisome dungeon leaves,
And to some purer region wings away.
One labor yet remains, celestial Maid!
Another element demands thy song.
No more o'er craggy steeps, thro' coverts thick
With pointed thorn, and briers intricate,
Urge on with horn and voice the painful pack,
But skim with wanton wing th' irriguous vale,
Where winding streams amid the flow'ry meads
Perpetual glide along, and undermine
The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots
Of hoary willows arch'd, gloomy retreat
Of the bright scaly kind, where they at will
On the green wat'ry reed, their pasture gaze;
Suck the moist soil; or slumber at their ease,
Rock'd by the restless brook that draws aslope
Its humid train, and laves their dark abodes.
Where rages not oppression? where, alas!
Is Innocence secure? Rapine and Spoil
Haunte'enthelowestdeeps; seas have theirsharks,
Rivers and ponds inclose the rav'nous pike;
He in his turn becomes a prey, on him
Th' amphibious otter feasts. Just is his fate
Deserv'd: but tyrants knowno bounds; nor spears,
That bristle on his back, defend the perch
From his wide greedy jaws; nor burnish'd mail
The yellow carp; nor all his arts can save
Th' insinuating eel, that hides his head
Beneath the slimy mud; nor yet escapes
The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride,
And beauty of the stream. Without remorse
This midnight pillager, raging around,
Insatiate, swallows all. The owner mourns
Th' unpeopled rivullet, and gladly hears
The huntsman's early call, and sees with joy
The jovial crew, that march upon its banks
In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.
This subtle spoiler, of the beaver kind,
Far off perhaps, where antient alders shade
The deep still pool, within some hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch, whence he surveys
His long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all
The finny shoals his own. But you, brave youths!
Dispute the felon's claim; try ev'ry root,
And ev'ry reedy bank; encourage all
The busy spreading pack, that fearless plunge
Into the flood, and cross the rapid stream.
Bid rocks and caves, and each resounding shore,
Proclaim your bold defiance! loudly raise
Each cheering voice, till distant hills repeat
The triumphs of the vale. On the soft sand
See there his seal impress'd! and on that bank
Behold the glitt'ring spoils, half-eaten fish,
Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feast:
Ah! on that yielding sag-bed, see, once more
His seal I view. O'er yon dank rushy marsh
The sly goose-footed prowler bends his course,
And seeks the distant shallows. Huntsman, bring
Thy eager pack, and trail him to his couch.
Hark! the loud peal begins, the clam'rous joy,
The gallant chiding, loads the trembling air.
Ye Naiads fair, who o'er these floods preside,
Raise up your dripping heads above the wave,
And hear our melody. The harmonious notes
Float with the stream, and ev'ry winding creek
And hollow rock, that e'er the dimpling flood
Nods pendant, still improve from shore to shore
Our sweet reiterated joys. What shouts!
What clamor loud! what gay heart-cheering
sounds
Urge thro' the breathing brass their mazy way!

Not

Not choirs of Tritons gald with sprightlier strains
The dancing billows, when proud Neptune rides
In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily
They snuff the fishy steam that to each blade
Rank-scenting clings! See how the morning dews
They sweep, that from their feet besprinkling drop
Disper's'd, and leave a track oblique behind.
Now on firm land they range; then in the flood
They plunge tumultuous, or thro' reedy pools
Rustling they work their way: no hole escapes
Their curious search. With quick sensation now
The fuming vapor stings; flutter their hearts,
And joy redouble bursts from ev'ry mouth
In louder symphonies. Yon hollow trunk,
That with its hoary head incurv'd salutes
The passing wave, must be the tyrant's fort,
And dread abode. How these impatient climb,
While others at the root incessant bay!
They put him down. See, there he dives along!
Th' ascending bubbles mark his gloomy way.
Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
Into the shelt'ring deeps. Ah! there he vents!
The pack plunge headlong, and protended spears
Menace destruction, while the troubled surge
Indignant foams, and all the scaly kind
Affrighted hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,
And loud uproar. Ah! there once more he vents!
See! that bold hound has seis'd him; down they
sink,
Together lost: but soon shall he repent
His rash assault. See! there escap'd he flies
Half drown'd, and clambers up the slippery bank,
With ooze and blood distain'd. Of all the brutes,
Whether by nature form'd, or by long use,
This artful diver best can bear the want
Of vital air. Unequal is the fight
Beneath the whelming element: yet there
He lives not long, but respiration needs
At proper intervals. Again he vents;
Again the crowd attack. That spear has pierc'd
His neck, the crimson waves confess the wound,
Fix'd is the bearded lance, unwelcome guest,
Where'er he flies; with him it sinks beneath,
With him it mounts; sure guide to ev'ry foe.
Inly he groans, nor can his tender wound
Bear the cold stream. Lo! to yon sedgy bank
He creeps disconsolate: his num'rous foes
Surround him, hounds and men. Pierc'd thro'
and thro'
On pointed spears they lift him high in air;
Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain.
Bid the loud horns, in gaily-warbling strains,
Proclaim the felon's fate. He dies! he dies!
Rejoice ye scaly tribes! and leaping dance
Above the wave, in sign of liberty
Restor'd; the cruel tyrant is no more.
Rejoice, secure and blest, did not as yet
Remain some of your own rapacious kind,
And man, fierce man! with all his various wiles
O happy, if ye knew your happy state,
Ye rangers of the fields! whom Nature boon
Cheers with her smiles, and ev'ry element
Conspires to bless. What if no heroes frown
From marble pedestals, nor Raphael's works,
Nor Titan's lively tints, adorn our walls?
Yet these the meanest of us may behold,
And at another's cost may feast at will
Our wond'ring eyes: what can the owner more?
But vain, alas! is wealth not grac'd with pow'r.
The flow'ry landscape and the gilded dome,
And vistas op'ning to the wearied eye.
Thro' all his wide domain; the planted grove,
The shrubby wilderness, with its gay choir
Of warbling birds, can't lull to soft repose
Th' ambitious wretch, whose discontented soul
Is harrow'd day and night: he mourns, he pines,
Until his prince's favor makes him great.
See there he comes, th' exalted idol comes!
The circle's form'd, and all his fawning slaves
Devoutly bow to earth; from ev'ry mouth
The nauseous flatt'ry flows, which he returns
With promises that die as soon as born.
Vile intercourse! where Virtue has no place.
Frown but the monarch, all his glories fade;
He mingles with the throng, outcast, undone,
The pageant of a day; without one friend
To sooth his tortur'd mind; all, all are fled;
For tho' they bask'd in his meridian ray,
The insects vanish as his beams decline.
Not such our friends; for here no dark design,
No wicked int'rest, bribes the venal heart;
But inclination to our bosoms leads,
And weds them there for life; our social cups
Smile as we smile; open and unreserv'd,
We speak our inmost souls; good-humor, mirth,
Soft complaisance, and wit from malice free,
Smooth ev'ry brow, and glow from ev'ry cheek.
O happiness sincere! what wretch would groan
Beneath the galling load of pow'r, or walk
Upon the slipp'ry pavements of the great,
Who thus could reign unenvied and secure?
Ye guardian Pow'rs, who make mankind your
care,
Give me to know wise Nature's hidden depths,
Trace each mysterious cause, with judgement tread
Th' expanded volume, and submiss adore
That great creative Will, who at a word
Spoke forth the wond'rous scene. But if my soul,
To this gross clay confin'd, flutters on earth
With less ambitious wing, unskill'd to range
From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way,
And view with piercing eyes the grand machine,
Worlds above worlds; subservient to his voice
Who, veil'd in clouded majesty, alone
Gives light to all, bids the great system move,
And changeful seasons in their turns advance,
Unmov'd, unchang'd, himself; yet this at least
Grant me propitious—an inglorious life
Calm and serene, nor lost in false pursuits
Of wealth or honors; but enough to raise
My drooping friends, preventing modest want
That dares not ask: and if, to crown my joys,
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
Blooms in my life's decline; fields, woods, and
streams,
Each tow'ring hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my cheering voice: my hounds shall wake
The lazy morn, and gladd'n' horizon round.

§ 50. *Rural Sports; a Georgic.* GAY.

Inscribed to Mr. POPE, 1713*.

" ---securi prælia ruris
" Pandimus." NEMESIAN.

CANTO I.

You, who the sweets of rural life have known,
Despise th' ungrateful hurry of the town;
In Windsor groves your easy hours employ,
And, undisturb'd, yourself and Muse enjoy.
Thames listens to thy strains, and silent flows,
And no rude wind through rustling osier blows;
While all his wond'ring nymphs around thee throng,
To hear the Syrens warble in thy song.
But I, who ne'er was blest by fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd ploughshare in paternal land,
Long in the noisy town have been immur'd,
Respir'd its smoke, and all its cares endur'd;
Where news and politics divide mankind,
And schemes of state involve th' uneasy mind;
Faction embroils the world; and ev'ry tongue
Is mov'd by flatt'ry, or with scandal hung:
Friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies,
Where all must yield to int'rest's dearer ties;
Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
And honesty forsakes them all by turns;
While calumny upon each party's thrown:
Which both promote, and both alike disown.
Fatigued at last, a calm retreat I choose,
And sooth'd the harass'd mind with sweet repose,
Where fields and shades, and the refreshing clime,
Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
My Muse shall rove through flow'ry meads and plains,
And deck with rural sports her native strains;
And the same road ambitiously pursue,
Frequented by the Mantuan swain and you.

'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breathes delight;
Her blooming health exerts her gentle reign,
And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.
Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care
In the revolving labors of the year.

When the fresh Spring in all her state is crown'd,
And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,
The laborer with a bending scythe is seen,
Shaving the surface of the waving green;
Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand;
While with the mounting sun the meadow glows,
The fading herbage round he loosely throws:
But, if some sign portend a lasting show'r,
Th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour,
His sun-burnt hands the scatt'ring fork forsake,
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake;
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of heaven bright Phœbus gains,
And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains;
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
And in the middle path-way basks the snake;
O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,
Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bow'rs,
Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual shade combines;
Where flows the murm'ring brook inviting dreams
Where bordering hazel overhangs the streams,
Whose rolling current winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the wood resound;
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
And e'en at noon the sweets of ev'ning taste.

Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains,
And learn the labors of Italian swains;
In ev'ry page I see new landscapes rise,
And all Hesperia opens to my eyes;
I wander o'er the various rural toil,
And know the nature of each diff'rent soil:
This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
That spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn:
Here I survey the purple vintage grow,
Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row:
Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,
And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground:
The dewlapp'd bull now chafes along the plain,
While burning love ferments in ev'ry vein;
His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,
And by the dint of war his mistress claims:
The careful insect 'midst his works I view,
Now from the flow'rs exhaust the fragrant dew;
With golden treasures load his little thighs,
And steer his distant journey through the skies;
Some against hostile drones the hive defend;
Others with sweets the waxen cells distend:
Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.
Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day;
And trudging homeward whistles on the way;
When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,
Waiting the strokings of the damsel's hand;
No warbling cheers the woods; the feather'd choir,
To court kind slumbers, to the sprays retire:
When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze;
Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,
To take my farewell of the parting day;
Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,
A streak of gold the sea and sky divides:
The purple clouds their amber linings show,
And edg'd with flame rolls ev'ry wave below:
Here pensive I behold the fading light,
And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.

Now Night in silent state begins to rise,
And twinkling orbs bestrew th' uncloudy skies;
Her borrow'd lustre-growing Cynthia lends,
And on the main a glitt'ring path extends;
Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air;
Which round their suns their annual circles steer;
Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
While I survey the works of Providence.
O could the Muse in loftier strains rehearse
The glorious Author of the universe,
Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds

* This Poem received many material corrections from the Author after it was first published.

My soul should overflow in songs of praise,
And my Creator's name inspire my lays!
As in successive course the seasons roll,
So circling pleasures recreate the soul.
When genial spring a living warmth bestows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
But crystal currents glide within their bounds;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake:
With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams.
Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with ev'ry wat'ry snare;
His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye;
Increase his tackle, and his rod re-tie.
When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the streams with swift descending rain;
And waters, tumbling down the mountain's side,
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide;
Then, soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
And drive the liquid burthen thro' the skies,
The fisher to the neighb'ring current speeds,
Whose rapid surface purls unknown to weeds:
Upon a rising border of the brook
He sits him down, and ties the treach'rous hook;
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught;
Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
Where ev'ry guest applaudes his skilful hand.
Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
Which down the murm'ring current gently flows;
When, if or chance or hunger's powerful sway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:
Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line!
How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!
Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,
And trickling blood his silver mail distains.
You must not ev'ry worm promiscuous use;
Judgement will tell the proper bait to choose:
The worm that draws along immoderate size
The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies:
And, if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains;
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
Cherish the sullied reptile race with moss;
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native soil.
But when the sun displays his glorious beams,
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
Bask in the sun, and look into the day:
You now a more delusive art must try,
And tempt their hunger with a curious fly.
To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride;
Let nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the gaying insect proper wings:
Silks of all colors must their aid impart,
And ev'ry fur promote the fisher's art.
So the gay lady, with expensive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air;
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glitt'ring thing dis-plays,
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.
Mark well the various seasons of the year,
How the succeeding insect race appear;
In this revolving moon one color reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.
Oft have I seen a skilful angler try
The various colors of the treach'rous fly:
When he with fruitless pain has skimm'd the brook,
And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw;
When if an insect fall (his certain guide)
He gently takes him from the whirling tide;
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size;
Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,
And on the back a speckled feather binds;
So just the colors shine through ev'ry part,
That Nature seems again to live in Art.
Let not thy wary step advance too near,
While all thy hope hangs on a single hair;
The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
The speckled trout the curious snare approves;
Upon the curling surface let it glide:
With natural motion from thy hand supplied,
Against the stream now gently let it play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away.
The scaly shoals float by, and, seiz'd with fear,
Behold their fellows tost in thinner air;
But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.
When a brisk gale against the current blows,
And all the wat'ry plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favor the deceit.
If an enormous salmon chance to spy
The wanton errors of the floating fly;
He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food;
Then downward plunges with the fraudful prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil away:
Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake;
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears:
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and writhes his shining body round;
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide;
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide.
Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart;
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art;
He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
While the line stretches with th' unwieldly prize;
Each motion humors with his steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands:
Till tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.

He

He now with pleasure views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes;
Then draws him to the shore with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sick'ning air:
Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quiv'ring fins, and gasping dies.
Would you preserve a num'rous finny race,
Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous otter chase
(The amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
Darts thro' the waves, and ev'ry haunt explores):
Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.
I never wander where the bord'ring reeds
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds
Perplex the fisher; I nor choose to bear
The thevish nightly net, nor barbed spear;
Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take;
Nor trowle for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake:
Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
No blood of living insect stain my line.
Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook,
With pliant rod, athwart the pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin stray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

CANTO II.

Now, sporting Muse, draw in the flowing reins,
Leave the clear streams awhile for sunny plains,
Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,
And all the fishermen adorn thy verse;
Should you the wide encircling net display,
And in its spacious arch inclose the sea;
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
And with the sole and turbot hide the sand;
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the wat'ry song.
Let the keen hunter from the chace refrain,
Nor render all the plough-man's labor vain,
When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.
Now, now, ye reapers, to your task repair,
Haste! save the product of the bounteous year:
To the wide gathering hook long furrows yield,
And rising sheaves extend thro' all the field.
Yet, if for sylvan sports thy bosom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.
With what delight the rapid course I view!
How does my eye the circling race pursue!
He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws;
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws;
She flies, he stretches, now with nimble bound
Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground;
She turns; he winds, and soon regains the way,
Then tears with gnary mouth the screaming prey.
What various sport does rural life afford!
What unbought dainties heap the wholesome board!
Nor less the spaniel, skilful to betray,
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey,
Soon as the laboring horse with swelling veins,
Has safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
To sweet repast th' unwary partridge flies,
With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies;
Wand'ring in plenty, danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the slav'ry of entangling nets.
The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose
Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows;
Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the strong gale directs him to the prey.
Now the warm scent assures the covey near;
He treads with caution, and he points with fear;
Then (lest some sentry-fowl the fraud descry,
And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
Close to the ground in expectation lies,
Till in the snare the flutt'ring covey rise,
Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,
And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head,
His early flight th' ill fated partridge takes,
And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes.
Or, when the sun casts a declining ray,
And drives his chariot down the western way,
Let your obsequious ranger search around,
Where yellow stubble withers on the ground:
Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,
But num'rous coveys gratify thy pain.
When the meridian sun contracts the shade,
And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade;
Or when the country floats with sudden rains,
Or driving mists deface the moisten'd plains;
In vain his toils th' unskilful fowler tries,
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.
Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear,
But what's the Fowler's be the Muse's care.
See how the well-taught pointer leads the way!
The scent grows warm; he stops; he springs the prey:
The flutt'ring coveys from the stubble rise,
And on swift wing divide the sounding skies;
The scatt'ring lead pursues the certain sight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
Cool breathes the morning air, and Winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;
Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take,
Teach him to range the ditch, and force the brake;
Not closest coverts can protect the game:
Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim.
The woodcock flutters; how he wav'ring flies!
The wood resounds: he wheels, he drops, he dies.
The tow'ring hawk let future poets sing,
Who terror bears upon his soaring wing:
Let them on high the frighted hern survey,
And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.
Nor shall the mountain lark the Muse detain,
That greets the morning with his early strain:
When, 'midst his song, the twinkling glass betrays,
While from each angle flash the glancing rays,
And in the sun the transient colors blaze,
Pride lures the little warbler from the skies:
The light enamor'd bird deluded dies.
But still the chace, a pleasing task, remains;
The hound must open in these rural strains.
Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
The healthy huntsman with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn;

The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
They rouse from sleep and answer sounds for sounds;
Wide thro' th' furzy field their route they take;
Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake:
The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,
No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace;
The distant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods resound the flying war:
The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears:
The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed;
Hills, dales, and forests, far behind remain,
While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd train.
Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find?
Hark! death advances in each gust of wind!
New stratagems and doubling wiles she tries;
Now circling turns, and now at large she flies;
Till, spent at last, she pants, and heaves for breath,
Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.

But stay, advent'rous Muse! hast thou the force
To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse?
To keep thy seat unmov'd, hast thou the skill,
O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill?
Canst thou the stag's laborious chace direct,
Or the strong fox thro' all his arts detect?
The theme demands a more experienc'd lay:
Ye mighty hunters! spare this weak essay.

O happy plains, remote from war's alarms,
And all the ravages of hostile arms!
And happy shepherds, who, secure from fear,
On open downs preserve your fleecy care!
Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,
And whirling flails disjoint the crackling floor!
No barbarous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,
Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil:
No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain:
No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,
The dreadful signal of invasive war:
No trumpet's clangor wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his swooning fair.

What happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labor while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heaven has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content;
(Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame;
Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame):
She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
She never loses life in thoughtless ease;
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs:
Her reputation, which is all her boast,
In a malicious visit ne'er was lost;
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,
An equal passion warms her happy swain:
No home-bred jars her quiet state control,
Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul;
With secret joy she sees her little race
Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace,
The fleecy ball their busy fingers cull,
Or from the spindle draw the lengthning wool.
Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
Till age the latest thread of life unwind.

Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,
The kind rewarders of industrious life;
Ye shady woods where once I us'd to rove,
Alike indulgent to the Muse and Love;
Ye murm'ring streams that in meanders roll,
The sweet composers of the pensive soul;
Farewell!—the city calls me from your bow'rs:
Farewell, amusing thoughts, and peaceful hours!

§ 51. *Love of Fame, the Universal Passion.* Young.

SATIRE I.

To his Grace the Duke of Dorset.

—— Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam Virtutis—— JUV. SAT. 10.

My verse is Satire; Dorset, lend your ear,
And patronise a Muse you cannot fear;
To Poets sacred is a Dorset's name,
Their wonted passport thro' the gates of fame;
It bribes the partial reader into praise,
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays;
The dazzled judgement fewer faults can see,
And gives applause to B——e, or to me.
But you decline the mistress we pursue;
Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of you.

Intructive Satire, true to virtue's cause,
Thou shining supplement of public laws!
When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When purchas'd follies from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand:
When the law shows her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-Sea treasures are not brought to light,
When churchmen scripture for the classics quit;
Polite apostates from God's grace to wit;
When men grow great from their revenue spent;
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
When dying sinners to blot out their score,
Bequeath the church the leavings of a whore—
To chafe our spleen when themes like these increase,
Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease?
Shall poesy, like law, turn wrong to right,
And dedication wash an Æthiop white,
Set up each senseless wretch for nature's boast,
On whom praise shines as trophies on a post?
Shall funeral eloquence her colors spread,
And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And satirize with nothing—— but their praise?

Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful strain,
Nor hears that virtue which he loves, complain?
Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester are dead,
And guilt's chief foe in Addison is fled;
Congreve, who crown'd with laurels fairly won,
Sits smiling at the goal while others run,
He will not write; and (more provoking still!)
Ye gods! he will not write, and Mævius will.

Doubly

Doubly distrest, what author shall we find
Discreetly daring, and severely kind,
The courtly * Roman's shining path to tread,
And sharply smile prevailing folly dead?
Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
And save me, on the brink, from writing ill?
Tho' vain the strife, I 'll strive my voice to raise:
What will not men attempt for sacred praise?
The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart:
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it but to make it sure.
O'er globes and sceptres now on thrones it swells,
Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells.
'Tis Tory, Wig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades:
Here, to S——e's humor makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder aims at Pult'ney's eloquence:
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead.
Nor ends with life; but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns her hearse, and flatters on our tombs.
Who is not proud? the pimp is proud to see
So many like himself in high degree:
The whore is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peevish virtue, and the marriage bed;
And the brib'd cuckold, like crown'd victims
To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn. [born
Some go to church, proud humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went:
One way they look, another way they steer;
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their sins they sit sincerely down,
They 'll find that their religion has been one.
Others with wishful eyes on glory look,
When they have got their picture tow'rds a book;
Or pompous title, like a gaudy sign
Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine.
If at his title T—— had dropt his quill,
T—— might have pass'd for a great genius still;
But T——, alas! (excuse him if you can)
Is now a scribbler, who was once a man.
Imperious some a classic fame demand,
For heaping up with a laborious hand
A waggon load of meanings for one word,
While A's depos'd, and B with pomp restor'd.
Some for renown on scraps of learning doat,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.
To patchwork learn'd quotations are allied;
Both strive to make our poverty our pride.
On glass how witty is a noble peer!
Did ever diamond cost a man so dear?
Polite diseases make some idiots vain,
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign,
On death-beds some in conscious glory lie,
Since of the doctor in the mode they die;
Whose wondrous skill is, headsman-like, to know
For better pay to give a surer blow.
Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see:
And (stranger still) of blockheads flattery,
Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean
By spitting on your face to make it clean!

Nor is 't enough all hearts are swoln with pride,
Her pow'r is mighty, as her realm is wide.
What can she not perform? The love of fame
Made bold Alphonsus his Creator blame,
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep,
And (stronger still!) made Alexander weep.
Nay it holds Delia from a second bed,
Tho' her lov'd lord has four half months been dead.
This passion with a pimple have I seen
Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen.
By this inspir'd (oh ne'er to be forgot!)
Some lords have learnt to spells and some to knot.
It makes Globose a speaker in the house;
He hems — and is delivered of his mouse.
It makes dear self on well-bred tongues prevail,
And I the little hero of each tale.
Sick with the love of fame, what throngs pour
Unpeople court, and leave the senate thin! [in,
My growing subject seems but just begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.
Aid me, great Homer! with thy epic rules,
To take a catalogue of British fools
Satire! had I thy Dorset's force divine,
A knave or fool should perish in each line:
Tho' for the first all Westminster should plead,
And for the last all Gresham intercede.
Begin — who first the catalogue shall grace?
To quality belongs the highest place.
My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar, at your peril give him room!
He stands for fame on his forefather's feet,
By heraldry prov'd valiant or discreet,
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by three descents less wise!
If virtues at his noble hand you crave,
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.
Men should press forward in fame's glorious chace;
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.
Let high birth triumph! what can be more
Nothing —— but merit in a low estate. [great?
To Virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, tho' descended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,
Slight or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of honest men and wise;
The fool or knave that wears a title, lies.
They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt instead of their discharge,
Dorset, let those who proudly boast their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary shine.
Vain as false greatness is, the Muse must own
We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone.
Mean sons of Earth, who on a South Sea tide
Of full success swam into wealth and pride,
Knock with a purse of gold at Anstis' gate,
And beg to be descended from the great.
When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the more.
Those governments which curb not evils, cause;
And a rich knave 's a libel on our laws.
Belus with solid glory will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound;

* Horace.

But builds himself a name; and to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate;
In cost and grandeur Chandos he 'll outdo;
And, Burlington, thy taste is not so true.
The pile is finish'd, ev'ry toil is past,
And full perfection is arriv'd at last;
When, lo! my Lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to strangers and to duns.
The man who builds, and wants wherewith to
Provides a home from which to run away. [pay,
In Britain what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate?
In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame;
Not domes, but antique statues, are his flame.
Not F—t—n's self more Parian charms has known,
Nor is good Pembroke more in love with stone,
The bailiffs come (rude men, profanely bold!)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold.
"No, sirs," he cries; "I 'll sooner rot in jail!
"Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail?"
Such heads might make their very busts to laugh,
His daughter starves, but * Cleopatra 's safe.
Men overloaded with a large estate
May spill their treasure in a nice conceit;
The rich may be polite; but, oh! 'tis sad
To say you 're curious, when we swear you 're
By your revenue measure your expence, [mad.
And to your funds and acres join your sense:
No man is blest by accident or guess,
True wisdom is the price of happiness:
Yet few without long discipline are sage;
And our youth only lays up sighs for age.
But how, my Muse, canst thou refuse so long
The bright temptation of the courtly throng;
Thy most inviting theme? The court affords
Much food for satire; it abounds with lords.
"What lords are those saluting with a grin?"
One is just out, and one is lately in.
"How comes it then to pass we see preside
"On both their brows an equal share of pride?"
Pride, that impartial passion, reigns thro all;
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall:
As in its home, it triumphs in high place,
And frowns a haughty exile in disgrace.
Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their ravish'd sight:
Some lords it bids resign, and turn their wands,
Like Moses', into serpents in their hands.
These sink, as divers, for renown! and boast
With pride inverted of their honors lost.
But against reason sure 'tis equal sin
To boast of merely being out or in.
What numbers here, thro' odd ambition, strive
To seem the most transported things alive!
As if by joy desert was understood,
And all the fortunate were wise or good.
Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball and play.
Completely dress'd by † Monteuel, and grimace,
They take their birth-day suit, and public face;
Their smiles are only part of what they wear,
Put off at night with lady B——'s hair.
What bodily fatigue is half so bad?
With anxious care they labor to be glad.
What numbers here would into fame advance,
Conscious of merit in the coxcomb's dance!
The tavern, park, assembly, mask, and play,
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!
That wheel of tops! that saunter of the town!
Call it diversion, and the pill goes down;
Fools grin on fools; and Stoic-like support,
Without one sigh, the pleasures of a court.
Courts can give nothing to the wise and good,
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
High stations tumult, but not bliss, create:
None think the great unhappy, but the great.
Fools gaze and envy: envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.
I envy none their pageantry and show;
I envy none the gilding of their woe.
Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene.
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur there;
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,
The sense is ravish'd, and the soul is blest;
On ev'ry thorn delightful wisdom grows,
In ev'ry rill a sweet instruction flows:
But some untaught o'erhear the whispering rill,
In spite of sacred leisure, blockheads still;
Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the drawing-room.
The 'squire is proud to see his courser strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
Say, dear Hippolitus (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a Christmas tale,
Whose mistress is deluded with a smack, [back,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that thy praise? Let Ringwood's fame alone,
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own;
Nor envies when a gypsey you commit,
And shake the clumsy bench with country wit;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the jest you made. [new,
Hear breathe, my Muse! and then thy task re-
Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.
Fewer lay atheists made by church debates:
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates;
Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;
Fewer grave lords to Scroope discreetly bend;
And fewer shocks a statesman gives his friend.
Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in winter with his strain,
At Bath in summer chants the reigning lass,
And sweetly whistles as the waters pass?
Is there a tongue, like Delia's over her cup,
That runs for ages without winding up?
Is there whom his tenth Epic mounts to fame?
Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme,
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad;
For who can write so fast as men run mad?

* A famous statue.

† A famous taylor.

SATIRE II.

To the Right Honorable the Earl of Scarborough.

——Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam Virtutis.—— Juv. sat. 10.

My Muse, proceed, and reach thy destin'd end,
Tho' toil and danger the bold task attend.
Heroes and gods make other poems fine,
Plain satire calls for sense in ev'ry line:
Then, to what swarms thy faults I dare expose!
All friends to vice and folly are thy foes;
When such the foe, a war eternal wage,
'Tis most ill-nature to repress thy rage,
And if these strains some nobler Muse excite,
I 'll glory in the verse I did not write.

So weak are human kind by nature made,
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,
Almighty Vanity! to thee they owe
Their zest of pleasure, and their balm of woe.
Thou, like the sun, all colors dost contain,
Varying like rays of light on drops of rain;
For ev'ry soul finds reason to be proud,
Tho' hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.

Warm in pursuit of foxes and renown,
Hippolitus demands the sylvan crown*;
But Florio's fame, the product of a show'r,
Grows in his garden, an illustrious flow'r!
Why teems the earth! why melt the vernal skies?
Why shines the sun? To make Paul Diack† rise.
From morn to night has Florio gazing stood,
And wonder'd how the gods could be so good.
What shape! what hue! was ever nymph so fair?
He doats, he dies! he too is rooted there.
O solid bliss! which nothing can destroy
Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.
In fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
And wakes next day a most inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! See thy fair sister's fate,
O C———! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

Nor are those enemies I mention'd all;
Beware, O Florist, thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
A quaker serv'd him, Adam was his name.
To one lov'd tulip oft the master went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;
But came and miss'd it one ill-fated hour,
He rag'd! he roar'd—"What damon cropp'd
"my flow'r?"
Serene, quoth Adam, 'Lo! 'twas crush'd by me:
"Fallen is the Baal to which thou bow'dst thy
"knee."
"But all men want amusement, and what crime
"In such a Paradise to fool their time?"
None, but why proud of this? To Fame they soar;
We grant they 're idle, if they 'll ask no more.

We smile at Florists! we despise their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy;
But are those wiser whom we most admire,
Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?
What's he who sighs for wealth, or fame, or pow'r?
Another Florio doting on a flow'r!
A short-liv'd flower, and which has often sprung
From solid arts, as Florio's out of dung.

With what, O Codrus! is thy fancy smit?
The flow'r of learning, and the bloom of wit.
The gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee bound up in crimson too,
Gilt, and like them d voted to the view!
Thy books are furniture. Methinks 'tis hard
That science should be purchas'd by the yard;
And Tonson, turn'd upholsterer, send home
The gilded leather to fit up thy room.

If not to some peculiar end assign'd,
Study 's the specious trifling of the mind;
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chace for sport alone, and not for game:
If so, sure they who the mere volume prize,
But love the thicket where the quarry lies.

On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent.
His farms were flown; when lo! a sale comes on,
A choice collection! What is to be done?
He sells his last, for he the whole will buy;
Sells ev'n his house, nay wants whereon to lie;
So high the gen'rous ardor of the man
For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals ran.
To make the purchase, he gives all his store,
Except one darling diamond that he wore:
For what a mistress gave, 'tis death to pawn,
Yet when the terms were fix'd, and writings drawn,
The sight so ravish'd him, he gave the clerk
Love's sacred pledge, and sign'd them with his mark.
Unlearned men of books assume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his author's liveries alone
Is Codrus' erudite ambition shown.
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what Codrus would be thought;
And to this cost another must succeed,
To pay a sage who says that he can read,
Who titles knows, and indexes has seen,
But leaves to ——— what lies between:
Of pompous books who shuns the proud expence,
And humbly is contented with their sense.

O Lumley, whose accomplishments make good
The promise of a long illustrious blood;
In arts and manners eminently grac'd,
The strictest honor, and the finest taste!
Accept this verse; if Satire can agree
With so consummate an humanity.
But know, my Lord, if you resent the wrong,
That on your candor I obtrude my song;
'Tis Satire's just revenge on that fair name,
Which all their malice cannot make her theme.

By your example would Hilario mend,
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius smit,
Conceives all virtues are compris'd in wit!
But time his fervent petulance may cool;
For, though he is a wit, he is no fool.
In time he 'll learn to use, not waste, his sense;
Nor make a frailty of an excellence.
His brisk attack on blockheads we should prize,
Were not his jest as flippant with the wise.

* This refers to the first Satire.

† The name of a tulip.

He spares nor friend nor foe; but calls to mind,
Like dooms-day, all the faults of all mankind.
Who tho' wit tickles! tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis painful while it makes us laugh.
Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?
Paris may be prais'd, good nature is ador'd;
Then draw your wit as seldom as your sword,
And never on the weak; or you 'll appear
As there no hero, no great genius here.
As in smooth oil the razor best is wet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set.
Their want of edge from their offence is seen;
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.
The fame men give, is for the joy they find;
Dull is the jester, when the joke 's unkind.
Since Marcus doubtless thinks himself a wit,
To pay my compliment what place so fit?
His most facetious letters * came to hand,
Which my first Satire sweetly reprimand.
If that a just offence to Marcus gave,
Say, Marcus, which art thou—a fool, or knave?
For all but such with caution I forbore;
That thou wast critner, I ne'er knew before;
I know thee now, both what thou art, and who;
No mask so good but Marcus must shine through;
False names are vain, thy lines their author tell,
Thy best concealment had been writing well;
But thou a brave neglect of Fame hast shown,
Of others' fame, great genius! and thy own.
Write on unheeded, and this maxim know:
The man who pardons, disappoints his foe.
In malice to proud wits, some proudly lull
Their peevish reason, vain of being dull:[souls,
When some home-joke has stung their solemn
In vengeance they determine—to be fools;
Thro' spleen, that little nature gave, make less,
Quite zealous in the ways of heaviness;
To lumps inanimate a fondness take,
And disinherit sons that are awake.
These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
Most barbarously tell you—"he 's a wit."
Poor negroes thus, to show your burning spite
To Cacodemons, say they 're devilish white.
Lampridius from the bottom of his breast
Sighs o'er one child, but triumphs in the rest.
How just is grief! one carries in his head
A less proportion of the father's lead;
And is in danger, without special grace,
To rise above a Justice of the Peace.
The dunghill-breed of men a diamond scorn,
And feel a passion for a grain of corn;
Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
Who with much pains exerting all his sense,
Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.
The booby father craves a booby son,
And by Heaven's blessing thinks himself undone.
Wants of all kinds are made to Fame a plea;
One learns to lisp, another not to see;
Miss D—— tottering catches at your hand:
Was ever thing so pretty born to stand?
Whilst these what nature gave disown thro' pride
Others affect what nature has denied;
What nature has denied fools will pursue,
As apes are ever walking upon two.
Crassus, a graceful sage, our awe and sport!
Supports grave forms, for forms the sage support;
He hems—and cries, with an important air,
"If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair:"
Then quotes the Stagyrite to prove it true;
And adds, "The learn'd delight in something "new."
Is 't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
But must he wisely look and gravely plead?
As far a formalist from wisdom sits,
In judging eyes, as libertines from wits.
Nay, of true wisdom there too much may be,
The gen'rous mind delights in being free;
Your men of parts an over-care despise;
Dull rogues have nought to do but to be wise.
Horace has said—and that decides the case—
'Tis sweet to trifle in a proper place.
Yet subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,
Tho' Satire couch them with her keenest pen),
For ever will hang out a solemn face,
To put off nonsense with a better grace;
As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,
Illustrious mark where pins are to be sold.
What 's the bent brow, or neck inthought reclin'd?
The body's wisdom to conceal the mind.
A man of sense can artifice disdain,
As men of wealth may venture to go plain;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot—
Solemnity 's a cover for a sot.
I find the fool, when I behold the screen;
For 'tis the wise man's int'rest to be seen.
Hence, Scarborough, that openness of heart,
And just disdain for that poor mimic art;
Hence (manly praise!) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend in thee.
With gen'rous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd,
Of court and town the noon-tide masquerade,
Where swarms of knaves the vizor quite disgrace,
And hide secure behind a naked face!
Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to conceal the mind;
Where gen'rous hearts the greatest hazard run,
And he who trusts a brother is undone!
My brother swore it, therefore it is true;
O strange induction, and at court quite new.
As well thou might'st aver, thou simple swain,
"'Tis just, and therefore I my cause shall gain."
With such odd maxims to thy flocks retreat,
Nor furnish mirth for ministers of state.
Some master spirit far beyond the throng
Refin'd in ill, more rightly bent on wrong,
With exquisite discernment play their game,
More nice of conduct, and more fair of fame.
The neatly injur'd thinks his thanks are due,
Robb'd of his right, and good opinion too:
False honor, pride's first-born, this clan controls,
Who wisely part with nothing but their souls.
Albertus hugs himself in ravish'd thought,
To find a peerage is so cheaply bought.

* Letters sent to the Author, signed *Marcus*.

These

These all their care expand on outward show
For wealth and fame; for fame alone the beau.
Of late at White's was young Florello seen:
How blank his look, how discompos'd his mien!
So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign!
Sunk were his spirits, for his coat was plain.
Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace,
His health was mended with a silver lace,
A curious artist long inur'd to toils
Of gentler sort, with combs and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by some god inspir'd,
So touch'd his curls, his mighty soul was fir'd.
The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either shoulder has its share of fame:
His sumptuous watch-case, tho' conceal'd it lies,
Like a good conscience, solid joy supplies.
He only thinks himself (so far from vain)
Stanhope in wit, in breeding Deloraine.
Whene'er by seeming chance he throws his eye
On mirrors flushing with his Tyrian dye,
With how sublime a transport leaps his heart!
But fate ordains the dearest friends must part.
In active measures brought from France he wheels,
And triumphs conscious of his learned heels.
So have I seen, on some bright summer's day,
A calf of genius, debonair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,
Fond of the pretty fellow in the stream.
Morose is sunk with shame whene'er surpris'd
In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd.
No sublunary chance his vestments fear,
Valued, like leopards, as their spots appear.
A fam'd surtout he wears which once was blue,
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe.
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Levell'd her barbarous needle at his fame.
But open force was vain; by night she went,
And when he slept surpris'd the darling rent:
Where yawn'd the frize is now become a doubt,
And glory at one entrance quite shut out *.
He scorns Florello, and Florello him;
This hates the filthy creature, that the prim.
Thus in each other both these fools despise
Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes;
Their methods various, but alike their aim;
The sloven and the fopling are the same.
Ye Whigs and Tories, thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you pursue;
Then both club nonsense and impetuous pride,
And folly joins whom sentiments divide;
You vent your spleen, as monkeys when they pass
Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glass,
While both are one; and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.
"But who art thou!" methinks Florello cries:
"Of all thy species art thou only wise?"
Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,
As crossing straws retard a passing witch,
Florello, thou my monitor shall be;
I'll conjure thus some profit out of thee.

O thou, myself! abroad our counsels roam,
And, like all husbands, take no care at home.
Come from thyself, and a by-stander be,
With others' eyes thy own deportment see;
And while their ails thou dost with pity view,
Conceive, hard task, that thou art mortal too,
Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart:
And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose?
Know, Fame and Fortune both are made of prose.
Is thy ambition sweating for a rhyme,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?
This noon of life? The seasons mend their pace,
And with a nimbler step the season's chace;
While I a moment name, a moment 's past;
I 'm nearer death in this verse than the last;
What then is to be done? Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.
And what so foolish as the chace of Fame?
How vain the prize: how impotent our aim!
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
That rise and fall, and swell, and are no more,
Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour!
Should this verse live, O Lumley! may it be
A monument of gratitude to thee:
Whose early favor I must own with shame,
So long my patron, and so late my theme.

SATIRE III.

To the Right Honorable Mr. Dodington.

——— Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis ——— Juv. Sat. 10.

Long, Dodington, in debt, I long have sought
To ease the burthen of my grateful thought:
And now a poet's gratitude you see—
Grant him two favors, and he 'll ask for three;
For whose the present glory or the gain?
You give protection, I a worthless strain,
You love, and feel the poet's sacred flame,
And know the basis of a solid fame;
Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the malice of a friend;
Nor favor my attempts that way alone,
But more to raise my verse, conceal your own.
All ill-tim'd modesty! Turn ages o'er,
When wanted Britain bright examples more?
Her learning and her genius too decays,
And dark and cold are her declining days;
As if men now were of another cast,
They meanly live on alms of ages past.
Men still are men, and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold despair;
Or, if they fail, they justly still take place
Of such who run in debt for their disgrace:
Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with improvements of their own.
We bring some new materials, and what 's old
New-cast with care, and in no borrow'd mould,

* Milton.

Late

Late times the verse may read, if these refuse,
And from sour critics vindicate the Muse.
"Your work is long," the critics cry: 'tis true,
And lengthens still, to take in fools like you:
Shorten my labor, if its length you blame:
For, grow but wise, you rob me of my game:
As hunted hags, who, while the dogs pursue,
Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.
Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,
That picks the teeth of the dire crocodile,
Will I enjoy (dread feast!) the critics' rage,
And with the fell destroyer feed my page.
For what ambitious fools are more to blame
Than those who plunder in the critic's name?
Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in this,
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.
Balbutius, muffled in his sable cloak,
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens solemn, and as boding, cries,
Ten thousand worlds for the three unities!
Ye doctors sage, who thro' Parnassus teach,
Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.
One judges as the weather dictates; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night:
Another judges by a surer gage,
An author's principles or parentage:
Since his great ancestors in Flanders fell,
The poem, doubtless, must be written well:
Another judges by the writer's look:
Another judges for he bought the book: [keep,
Some judge, their knack of judging wrong to
Some judge, because it is too soon to sleep.
Thus all will judge, and with one single aim;
To gain themselves, not give the writer, fame.
The very best ambitiously advise,
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise.
None are at leisure others to reward:
They scarce will damn but out of self-regard.
Critics on verse, as squibs on triumph wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state:
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die.
Rail on, my friends! what more my verse can crown
Than Compton's smile, and your obliging frown?
Not all on books their criticism waste;
The genius of a dish some justly taste,
And eat their way to fame! with anxious thought
The salmon is refus'd, the turbot bought.
Impatient art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May.
Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives, that is —— to dine;
Half of their precious day they give the feast,
And to a kind digestion spare the rest.
Apicius, here, the taster of the town,
Feeds twice a-week, to settle their renown.
These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their bills of fare;
In those chose books their panegyrics read,
And scorn the creatures that for hunger feed;
If man, by feeding well, commences great,
Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat.
To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and pilferers of fame!
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks;
They know a thousand lords behind their backs.
Cotill is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
And Hervey's eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd fops by whom she ne'er was seen;
Niger adopts stray libels, wisely prone
To covet shame still greater than his own;
Bathyllus in the winter of threescore
Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.
Absence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,
Learns to mistake, nor knows his brother's name;
Has words and thoughts in nice disorder set,
And takes a memorandum to forget.
Thus vain, nor knowing what adorns or blots,
Men forge the patents that create them sots.
As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
So most grow infamous thro' love of praise.
But whence for praise can such an ardor rise,
When those who bring that incense we despise?
For such the vanity of great and small,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.
Nor can ev'n Satire blame them, for 'tis true
They must have ample cause for what they do.
O fruitful Britain! doubtless thou wast meant
A nurse of fools to stock the Continent
Tho' Phœbus and the Nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow:
The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill;
A Welch descent which well-paid heralds damn;
Or, longer still, a Dutchman's epigram.
When cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen;
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.
See! Tityrus with merriment possest,
Is burst with laughter ere he hears the jest;
What need he stay? for, when the joke is o'er,
His teeth will be no whiter than before.
Is there of these, ye fair! so great a dearth,
That you need purchase monkies for your mirth?
Some, vain of paintings, bid the world admire;
Of houses some, nay, houses that they hire;
Some (perfect wisdom!) of a beauteous wife,
And boast, like Cordeliers, a scourge for life.
Sometimes thro' pride the sexes change their airs;
My lord has vapors, and my lady swears: [wind,
Then (stranger still!) on turning of the
My lord wears breeches, and my lady's kind.
To show the strength and infamy of pride,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all denied.
What numbers are there who at once pursue
Praise, and the glory to contemn it, too!
Vincenna knows self-praise betrays to shame,
And therefore lays a stratagem for fame;
Makes his approach in modesty's disguise
To win applause, and takes it by surprise:
"To err," says he, "in small things, is my fate;"
You know your answer — he's exact in great.
"My style," says he, "is rude, and full of faults;"
But, oh what sense! what energy of thoughts!
That he wants algebra he must confess,
But not a soul to give our arms success.
"Ah! that's a hit indeed," Vincenna cries,
"But who in heat of blood was ever wise?
"I own

" I own 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd
" me back,
" To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd attack ;
" All say 'twas madness, nor dare I deny ;
" Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."
Could this deceive in others, to be free,
It ne'er, Vincenna, could deceive in thee,
Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue
So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong.
Thou in one suit wilt thy revenue wear,
And haunt the Court, without a prospect there.
Are these expedients for renown ? confess
Thy little self, that I may scorn the less.
Be wise, Vincenna, and the Court forsake ;
Our fortunes there nor thou nor I shall make.
Even men of merit, ere their point they gain,
In hardy service make a long campaign ;
Most manfully besiege the patron's gate,
And, oft repuls'd, as oft attack the great
With painful art, and application warm,
And take at last some little place by storm ;
Enough to keep two shoes on Sunday clean,
And starve upon discreetly in Shire-lane.
Already this thy fortune can afford,
Then starve without the favor of my lord.
'Tis true, great fortunes some great men confer ;
But often, even in doing right, they err :
From caprice, not from choice, their favors
come ;
They give, but think it toil to know to whom :
The man that 's nearest, yawning they advance ;
'Tis inhumanity to bless by chance.
If merit sues and greatness is so loth
To break its downy trance, I pity both.
I grant, at Court, Philander at his need
(Thanks to his lovely wife !) finds friends indeed.
Of ev'ry charm and virtue she 's possest.
Philander ! thou art exquisitely blest,
The public envy ! Now then, 'tis allow'd,
The man is found who may be justly proud.
But, see ! how sickly is ambition's taste !
Ambition feeds on trash, and loaths a feast.
For, lo ! Philander, of reproach afraid,
In secret loves his wife, but keeps her maid.
Some nymphs sell reputation, others buy,
And love a market where the rates run high.
Italian music 's sweet because 'tis dear ;
Their vanity is tickled, not their ear ;
Their tastes would lessen, if the prices fell,
And Shakspeare's wretched stuff do quite as well ;
Away the disenchanted fair would throng,
And own that English is their mother tongue.
To show how much our northern tastes refine,
Imported nymphs our peeresses outshine :
While tradesmen starve, these Philomels are gay ;
For generous lords had rather give than pay.
O lavish land ! for sound at such expence ;
But then she saves it in her bills for sense.
Music I passionately love, 'tis plain,
Since for its sake such dramas I sustain.
An opera, like a pillory, may be said
To nail our ears down, but expose our head.
Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene !
The legislature join'd with Drury-lane.
When Britain calls, th' embroidered patriots run,
And serve their country — if the dance is done ;
" Are we not then allow'd to be polite ?"
Yes, doubtless, but first set your notions right.
Worth of politeness is the needful ground ;
Where that is wanting, this can ne'er be found.
Triflers not even in trifles can excel ;
'Tis solid bodies only polish well.
Great, chosen prophet ! for these latter days,
To turn a willing world from righteous ways,
Well, Heideger, dost thou thy master serve ;
Well has he seen his servant should not starve ;
Thou to his name hast splendid temples rais'd,
In various forms of worship seen him prais'd ;
Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, shown ;
And sung sweet anthems in a tongue unknown,
Inferior off'rings to thy god of vice
Are duly paid in fiddles, cards, and dice ;
Thy sacrifice supreme an hundred maids !
That solemn rite of midnight masquerades !
If maids the quite exhausted town denies,
An hundred head of cuckolds must suffice.
Thou smil'st, well pleas'd with the converted land,
To see the fifty churches at a stand.
And, that thy minister may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted still prevail,
Of minor prophets a succession sure,
The propagation of thy zeal secure.
See commons, peers, and ministers of state,
In solemn council met, and deep debate !
What godlike enterprise is taking birth ?
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth ?
'Tis done ! with loud applause the council rings ;
Fix'd is the fate of whores and fiddle-strings !
Tho' bold these truths, thou, Muse, with truths
like these,
Wilt none offend whom 'tis a praise to please ;
Let others flatter to be flatter'd ; thou,
Like just tribunals, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common sense,
To write a Satire which gave none offence !
And, since from life I take the draughts you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure me ?
Oh then, my Muse ! and fools and knaves expose ;
And, since thou canst not make a friend, make foes.
The fool and knave 'tis glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend ;
The world, where lucky throws to blockheads
fall,
Knaves know the game, and honest men pay all.
How hard for real worth to gain its price !
A man shall make his fortune in a trice,
If blest with pliant tho' but slender sense,
Feign'd modesty, and real impudence.
A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
A curse within, a smile upon his face,
A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
Are prizes in the lottery of life ;
Genius and virtue they will soon defeat,
And lodge you in the bosom of the great.
To merit, is but to provide a pain
From men's refusing what you ought to gain.
May, Dodington, this maxim fail in you,
Whom my presaging thoughts already view,

By

By Walpole's conduct fir'd, and friendship grac'd,
Still higher in your prince's favor plac'd;
And lending here those awful council's aid,
Which you abroad with such success obey'd;
Bear this from one who holds your friendship dear;
What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

SATIRE IV.

To the Right Honorable Sir Spencer Compton.

——— Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis ——— Juv. Sat. 10.

Round some fair tree th' ambitious woodbine grows,
And breathes her sweets on the supporting boughs:
So sweet the verse, th' ambitious verse, should be
(Oh pardon mine!) that hopes support from thee;
Thee, Compton, born o'er senates to preside,
Their dignity to raise, their councils guide;
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
And kingdoms' fates without ambition weigh;
Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The crown's asserter, and the people's friend.
Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
To listen to the labors of the Muse:
Thy smiles protect her, while thy talents fire;
And 'tis but half thy glory to inspire.

Vex'd at a public fame so justly won,
The jealous Chremes is with spleen undone.
Chremes, for airy pensions of renown,
Devotes his service to the state and crown;
All schemes he knows, and knowing all improves;
Tho' Britain's thankless, still this patriot loves.
But patriots differ: some may shed their blood,
He drinks his coffee, for the public good;
Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees
What storms or sunshine Providence decrees;
Knows for each day the weather of our fate:
A quidnunc is an almanack of state.

You smile, and think this statesman void of use,
Why may not time his secret worth produce?
Since apes can roast the choice Castanian nut,
Since steeds of genius are expert at put,
Since half the senate "not content" can say,
Geese nations save, and puppies plots betray.

What makes him model realms and counsel kings?
An incapacity for smaller things.
Poor Chremes can't conduct his own estate,
And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.

Gehenno leaves the realm to Chremes' skill,
And boldly claims a province higher still.
To raise a name, th' ambitious boy has got
At once a Bible and a shoulder-knot;
Deep in the secret he looks thro' the whole
And pities the dull rogue that saves his soul;
To talk with rev'rence you must take good heed,
Nor shock his tender reason with the Creed.
Howe'er, well-bred, in public he complies,
Obliging friends alone with blasphemies.

Peerage is poison, good estates are bad
For this disease; poor rogues run seldom mad.
Have not attainders brought uphop'd relief,
And falling stocks quite cur'd at unbelief? [force;
While the sun shines Blunt talks with wond'rous
But thunder mars small beer, and weak discourse.
Such useful instruments the weather show,
Just as their mercury is high or low.

Health chiefly keeps an atheist in the dark;
A fever argues better than a Clarke;
Let but the logic in his pulse decay,
The Grecian he 'll renounce, and learn to pray;
While C——— mourns with an unfeigned zeal
Th' apostate youth who reason'd once so well.
C———, who makes so merry with the Creed,
He almost thinks he disbelieves indeed;
But only thinks so: to give both their due,
Satan and he believe and tremble too.

Of some for glory such the boundless rage,
That they 're the blackest scandal of their age.

Narcissus the Tartarian club disclaims;
Nay, a free-mason with some terror names:
Omits no duty, nor can envy say
He miss'd these many years the church or play;
He makes no noise in parliament 'tis true;
But pays his debt and visit when 'tis due:
His character and gloves are ever clean;
And then, he can outbow the bowing dean!
A smile eternal on his lips he wears,
Which equally the wise and worthless shares.
In gay fatigues this most undaunted chief,
Patient of idleness beyond belief,
Most charitably lends the town his face
For ornament, in ev'ry public place:
As sure as cards he to th' assembly comes,
And is the furniture of drawing-rooms.
When ombre calls, his hand and heart are free:
And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three.
Narcissus is the glory of his race;
For who does nothing with a better grace?

To deck my list by nature were design'd
Such shining expletives of human kind,
Who want, while thro' blank life they dream along,
Sense to be right, and passion to be wrong.

To counterpoise this hero of the mode,
Some for renown are singular and odd:
What other men dislike is sure to please;
Of all mankind, these dear antipodes;
Thro' pride, not malice, they run counter still;
And birth-days are their days of dressing ill.
Arbuthnot is a fool, and F—— a sage,
S——ly will fright you, E—— engage;
By nature streams run backward, flame descends,
Stones mount, and S——x is the worst of friends.

They take their rest by day, and wake by night,
And blush if you surprise them in the right;
If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,
A swan is white, or Queensberry is fair.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool in fashion, but a fool that 's out;
His passion for absurdity 's so strong,
He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.
Tho' wrong the mode, comply; more sense is shown
In wearing others' follies than your own.
If what is out of fashion most you prize,
Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.

But what in oddness can be more sublime
Than S——, the foremost toyman of his time?
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich shell enhances;

And

And Ashmole's baby-house is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru!
How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat which Joseph never wore!
He shows on holidays a sacred pin [chin.
That touch'd the ruff that touch'd queen Bess's
"Since that great dearth our chronicles deplore,
" Since the great plague that swept as many more,
" Was ever year unblest as this?" he 'll cry;
" It has not brought us one new butterfly!"
In times that suffer such learn'd men as these,
Unhappy I——y! how came you to please?
Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game;
But, in effect, his chace is much the same.
Warm in pursuit, he levees all the great,
Staunch to the foot of title and estate.
Where'er their lordships go, they never find
Or Lico or their shadows lag behind:
He sets them sure, where'er their lordships run,
Close at their elbows as a morning dun;
As if their grandeur by contagion wrought,
And fame was, like a fever, to be caught:
But, after seven years dance from place to place,
The Dane* is more familiar with his grace.
Who'd be a crutch to prop a rotten peer;
Or living pendant dangling at his ear,
For ever whisp'ring secrets which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, thro' the town?
Who'd be a glass, with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the tempter of his face?
Or happy pin to stick upon his sleeve, [leave?
When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes it
Or cushion, when his heaviness shall please
To loll, or thump it for his better ease?
Or a vile butt, for noon or night bespoke,
When the peer rashly swears he 'll club his joke?
Who'd shake with laughter tho' he cou'd not find
His lordship's jest? or, if his nose broke wind,
For blessings to the gods profoundly bow —
That can cry chimney-sweep, or drive a plough?
With terms like these how mean the tribe that close!
Scarce meaner they who terms like these impose.
But what's the tribe most likely to comply?
The men of ink, or antient authors lie;
The writing tribe, who shameless auctions hold
Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold.
All men they flatter, but themselves the most
With deathless fame, their everlasting boast:
For fame no cully makes so much her jest,
As her old constant spark, the bard profest.
" Boyle shines in council, Mordaunt in the fight,
" Pelham 's magnificent — but I can write;
" And what's to my great soul like glory dear?"
Till some god whispers in his tingling ear,
That fame's unwholesome, taken without meat;
And life is best sustain'd by what is eat:
Grown lean and wise, he curses what he writ;
And wishes all his wants were in his wit.
Ah! what avails it, when his dinner's lost,
That his triumphant name adorns a post?
Or that his shining page (provoking fate!)
Defends sirloins which sons of dulness eat?
What foe to verse without compassion hears,
What cruel prose-man can refrain from tears,
When the poor Muse, for less than half-a-crown,
A prostitute on every balk in town,
With other wheres undone, tho' not in print,
Clubs credit for Geneva in the Mint?
Ye bards! why will you sing tho' uninspir'd?
Ye bards! why will you starve to be admir'd?
Defunct by Phœbus laws, beyond redress,
Why will your spectres haunt the frighted press?
Bad metre, that excrescence of the head,
Like hair, will sprout altho' the poet's dead.
All other trades demand; verse-makers beg:
A dedication is a wooden leg;
And barren Labeo, the true mumper's fashion,
Exposes borrow'd brats to move compassion.
Tho' such myself, vile bards I discommend;
Nay more, tho' gentle Damon is my friend,
" Is 't then a crime to write?" If talents rare
Proclaim the god, the crime is to forbear;
For some tho' few, there are large-minded men,
Who watch unseen the labors of the pen,
Who know the Muse's worth; and therefore court,
Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support,
Who serve unask'd the least pretence to wit;
My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.
Will Harcourt pardon, if I dare commend
Harcourt, with zeal a patron and a friend?
Argyle true wit is studious to restore;
And Dorset smiles if Phœbus smil'd before.
Pembroke in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
And Henrietta like a Muse inspires.
But, ah! not inspiration can obtain
The Fame which poets languish for in vain.
How mad their aim who thirst for glory strive,
To grasp what no man can possess alive!
Fame 's a reversion in which men take place
(O late reversion!) at their own decease.
This truth sagacious Lintot knows so well,
He starves his authors, that their works may sell.
That fame is wealth, fantastic poets cry;
That wealth is fame, another clan reply,
Who know no guilt, no scandal, but in rags:
And swell in just proportion to their bags.
Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
Think glory nothing but the beams of gold;
The first young lord which in the Mall you meet
Shall match the veriest hunks in Lombard-street,
From rescued candles ends who rais'd a sun,
And starves to join a penny to a plum.
A beardless miser! 'tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a scandal all our own!
Of ardent lovers, the true modern band
Will mortgage Celia to redeem their land.
For love, young, noble, rich Castalio dies;
Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down;
No rival can prevail but——half-a-crown.

He

* A Danish dog.

He glories to late times to be convey'd,
Nor for the poor he has reliev'd, but made,
Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When Harry conquer'd, and half France expir'd.
He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog, for gain;
Nay, a dull sheriff for his golden chain.
"Who'd be a slave?" the gallant colonel cries,
While love of glory sparkles from his eyes.
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right;
Just is his title, for I will not fight:
All soldiers valor, all divines have grace,
As maids of honor beauty, — by their place.
But when indulging on the last campain,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain,
He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,
A sweet revenge, and half absolves his sword.
Of boasting more than of a bomb afraid,
A soldier should be modest as a maid.
Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy,
Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, destroy:
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree:
But if you pay yourself, the world is free. [own,
Were there no tongue to speak them but his
Augustus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known:
Augustus' deeds! if that ambiguous name
Confound my reader, and misguides his aim,
Such is the princes' worth of whom I speak,
The Roman would not blush at the mistake.

SATIRE V.

On Women.

O fairest of creation! last and best
Of all god's works! creature in whom excell'd,
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost! MILTON.

Nor reigns ambition in bold man alone;
Soft female arts the rude invader own.
But there, indeed, it deals in nicer things
Than routing armies and dethroning kings.
Attend, and you discern it, in the fair,
Conduct a finger, or reclaim a hair:
Or roll the lucid orbit of an eye:
Or in full joy elaborate a sigh. [blame;
The sex we honor, tho' their faults we
Nay, thank their faults for such a fruitful theme.
A theme, fair ——! doubly kind to me,
Since satirising those is praising thee;
Who would'st thou bear, too modestly refin'd,
A panegyric of a grosser kind.
Britannia's daughters, much more fair than
Too fond of admiration, lose their price; [nice,
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish to the fated sight.
As unreserv'd and beauteous as the sun,
Thro' every sign of vanity they run;
Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city halls,
Lectures and trials, plays, committees, balls,
Wells, Bedlams, executions, Smithfield scenes,
And fortune-tellers' caves, and lions' dens,
Taverns, exchanges, Bridewells, drawing-rooms,
Instalments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
Tumblers, and funerals, puppet-shows, reviews,
Sales, races, rabbits, and (still stranger!) pews.

Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for fame;
And love lies vanquish'd in a nobler flame:
Warm gleams of hope she now dispenses; then,
Like April suns, dives into clouds again.
With all her lustre now her lover warms;
Then, out of ostentation, hides her charms.
'Tis next her pleasure sweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a sudden pain;
Then she starts up all ecstasy and bliss,
And is, sweet soul! just as sincere in this.
Oh how she rolls her charming eyes in spite!
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But like our heroes, much more brave than wise,
She conquers for the triumph, not the prize.
Zara resembles Ætna crown'd with snows;
Without she freezes, and within she glows.
Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,
From the vain converse of the world retir'd;
She reads the psalms and chapters for the day
In — Cleopatra, or the last new play.
Thus gloomy Zara with a solemn grace
Deceives mankind, and hides behind her face.
Nor far beneath her in renown is she
Who, thro' good breeding, is ill company:
Whose manners will not let her larum cease,
Who thinks you are unhappy when at peace;
To find you news who racks her subtle head,
And vows — that her great grandfather is dead.
A dearth of words a woman need not fear;
But 'tis a task indeed to learn — to hear.
In that the skill of conversation lies:
That shows or makes you both polite and wise.
Xantippe cries, "Let nymps who nought can say
"Be lost in silence, and resign the day;
"And let the guilty wife her guilt confess
"By tame behaviour, and a soft address."
Thro' virtue, she refuses to comply
With all the dictates of humanity;
Thro' wisdom, she refuses to submit
To wisdom's rules, and raves to prove her wit:
Then, her unblemish'd honor to maintain,
Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain.
But, if by chance an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china in a whirlwind sent,
Just intimates the lady's discontent.
Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame;
But, keen Xantippe, scorning borrow'd flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling gruel and composing tea
Nor rests by night; but, more sincere than nice,
She shakes the curtains with her kind advice.
Doubly like Echo, sound is her delight,
And the last word is her eternal right.
Is 't not enough plagues, wars, and famines rise
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be wise?
Famine, plague, war, and unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong;
What black, what ceaseless cares besiege our state!
What strokes we feel from fancy and from fate!
If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow;
We make misfortune, suicides in woe.
Superfluous aid! unnecessary skill!
Is nature backward to torment or kill?

How

How oft the noon, how oft the midnight bell,
(That iron tongue of death!) with solemn knell,
On folly's errands as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home!
Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
Few know so many friends alive as dead.
Yet, as immortal, in our uphill chace
We press coy fortune with unslacken'd pace;
Our ardent labors for the toys we seek
Join night to day, and Sunday to the week.
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between satiety and fierce desire.
Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
But one — a female friend's endearing smile;
A tender smile, our sorrow's only balm,
And, in life's tempest, the sad sailor's calm.

How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye;
Victorious tenderness! it all o'ercame;
Husbands look'd mild, and savages grew tame.

The sylvan race our active nymphs pursue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they complete,
There Master Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair Miss Charles to toilets is confin'd,
Nor rashly tempts the barb'rous sun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And vault from hunters to the manged steed;
Command his prancings with a martial air;
And Fobert has the forming of the fair.

More than one steed must Delia's empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel:
And, as she guides it thro' th' admiring throng!
With what an air she smacks the silken thong!
Graceful as John she moderates the reins,
And whistles sweet her diuretic strains.
Sesostris-like, such charioteers as these
May drive six harness'd monarchs, if they please.
They drive, row, run, with love of glory smit;
Leap, swim, shoot flying, and pronounce on wit.

O'er the belles lettres lovely Daphne reigns,
Again the god Apollo wears her chains.
With legs toss'd high on her sophee she sits,
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits;
Of each performance she 's the final test;
One act read o'er, she prophesies the rest;
And then pronouncing with decisive air,
Fully convinces all the town — she 's fair.
Had lovely Daphne Hecatessa's face,
How would her elegance of taste decrease!
Some ladies' judgement in their features lies,
And all their genius sparkles from their eyes.

But hold, she cries, lampooner! have a care:
Must I want common sense because I 'm fair?
Oh no! see Stella: her eyes shine as bright
As if her tongue was never in the right;
And yet what real learning, judgement, fire!
She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire.
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to sense,
Nor is 't a sanction for impertinence.

Sempronia lik'd her man, and well she might,
The youth in person and in parts was bright;
Possess'd of ev'ry virtue, grace, and art,
That claims just empire o'er the female heart.
He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,
And in full rage of youthful ardor burn'd.
Large his possessions, and beyond her own:
Their bliss the theme and envy of the town.
The day was fix'd; when, with one acre more,
In step deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd threescore.
The fatal sequel I thro' shame forbear:
Of pride and av'rice who can cure the fair?

Man 's rich with little, were his judgement true.
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Those few wants answer'd bring sincere delights,
But fools create themselves new appetites.
Fancy and pride seek things at vast expence,
Which relish nor to reason nor to sense.
When surfeit or unthankfulness destroys,
In nature's narrow sphere, our solid joys,
In fancy's airy land of noise and show,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures grow,
Like cats in air pumps, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.

Lemira's sick, make haste, the doctor call:
He comes; but where 's his patient? At the ball.
The doctor stares, her woman curt'sies low,
And cries, "My lady, Sir, is always so.
"Diversions put her maladies to flight; [night.
"True, she can't stand, but she can dance all
"I 've known my lady (for she loves a tune)
"For fevers take an opera in June; [bold,
"And though perhaps you 'll think the practice
"A midnight park is sov'reign for a cold.
"With colics, breakfasts of green fruit agree;
"With indigestions, supper just at three."
A strange alternative! replies Sir Hans;
Must women have a doctor, or a dance?
Tho' sick to death, abroad they safely roam;
But droop and die, in perfect health at home.
For want — but not of health — are ladies ill;
And tickets cure beyond the doctor's pill.

Alas! my heart, how languishingly fair
Yon lady lolls! with what a tender air!
Pale as a young dramatic author, when
O'er darling lines fell Cibber waves his pen.
Is her lord angry, or as Viny * chid?
Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?
"Late sitting up has turn'd her roses white."
Why went she not to bed? "Because 'twas "night."
Did she then dance or play? "Nor this or that."
Well night soon steals away in pleasing chat.
"No, all alone, her pray'rs she rather chose,
"Than be that wretch to sleep till morning rose."
Then Lady Cynthia, mistress of the shade,
Goes with the fashionable owls, to bed.
This her pride covets, this her health denies;
Her soul is silly, but her body 's wise.

Others with curious arts dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of fifty-five.
You in the morning a fair nymph invite,
To keep her word a brown one comes at night;

Next

* Lap-dog.

Next day she shines in glossy black and then
Revolves into her native red again.
Like a dove's neck, she shifts her transient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.
But one admirer has the painted lass;
Nor finds that one but in her looking-glass.
Yet Laura 's beautiful to such excess,
That all her art scarce makes her please the less:
To deck the female cheek He only knows,
Who paints less fair the lily and the rose. [pours.
How gay they smile! such blessings nature
O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores;
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flow'rs, and spreads her velvet green.
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desart trace,
And waste their music on the savage race.
Is Nature then a niggard of her bliss?
Repine we guiltless in a world like this?
But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
And painted art's deprav'd allurements choose.
Such Fulvia's passion for the town; fresh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapors to the fair:
Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal springs,
And larks and nightingales, are odious things:
But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds, delight;
And to be prest to death, transports her quite.
Where silver riv'lets play thro' flow'ry meads,
And woodbines give their sweets, and limes their shades,
Black kennels' absent odors she regrets,
And stops her nose at beds of violets.
Is stormy life preferr'd to this serene?
Or is the public to the private scene?
Retir'd, we tread a smooth and open way;
Thro' briers and brambles, in the world we stray,
Stiff opposition, and perplex'd debate,
And thorny care, and rank and stinging hate,
Which choke our passage, our career control,
And wound the firmest temper of the soul.
O sacred solitude, divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent, envy of the great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace
(Strangers on earth!) are Innocence and Peace.
There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, blest with health, with business unper-
This life we relish and ensure the next; [plex'd,
There to the Muses sport; those numbers free,
Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.
There sport the Muses but not here alone;
Their sacred force Amelia feels in town.
Naught but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit.
Both wits! tho' miracles are said to cease,
Three days, three wond'rous days they liv'd in peace;
With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose
On Durfey's poesy, and Bunyan's prose.
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.
Phœbe, tho' she possesses nothing less,
Is proud of being rich in happiness;
Laboriously pursues delusive toys,
Content with pains, since they 're reputed joys.
With what well-acted transport will she say,
'Well, sure, we were so happy yesterday!
'And then that charming party for to-morrow!'
Tho' well she knows 'twill anguish into sorrow.
But she dares never boast the present hour;
So gross that cheat, it is beyond her pow'r.
For such is our weakness or our curse,
Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,
The present moment, like a wife, we shun,
And ne'er enjoy, because it is our own.
Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy;
We strive to grasp it, with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still:
If seis'd at last, compute your mighty gains;
What is it but rank poison in your veins?
As Flavia in her glass an angel spies,
Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lies;
Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
There 's no satiety of charms divine:
Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul!) in tears.
She, fond and young, last week her wish enjoy'd,
In soft amusement all the night employ'd;
The morning came, when Strephon waking found
(Surprising sight!) his bride in sorrow drown'd.
'What miracle,' says Strephon, 'makes thee weep?'
'Ah barbarous man!' she cries, 'how could you sleep?'
Men love a mistress as they love a feast;
How grateful one to touch, and one to taste!
Yet sure there is a certain time of day,
We wish our mistress and our meat away.
But soon the sated appetites return:
Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn.
Eternal love let Man then never swear;
Let women never triumph, nor despair.
Nor praise nor blame too much the warm or chill;
Hunger and love are foreign to the will.
There is indeed a passion more refin'd,
For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind:
But not of that unfashionable set
Is Phillis: Phillis and her Damon met.
Eternal love exactly hits her taste;
Phillis demands eternal love at least.
Embracing Phillis with soft smiling eyes,
Eternal love I vow, the swain replies:
But say, my all, my mistress, and my friend!
What day next week th' eternity shall end?
Some nymphs prefer astronomy to love;
Elope from mortal men, and range above.
The fair philosopher to Rowley flies,
Where in a box the whole creation lies.
She sees the planets in their turns advance;
And scorns, Poitier, thy sublunary dance.
Of Desagulier she bespeaks fresh air,
And Whiston has engagements with the fair.
What vain experiments Sophronia tries!
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies,
But tho' to-day this rage of science reigns
(O fickle sex!) soon end her learned pains.
Lo! Pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
Turns out the stars, and Newton is a sot.
To —— turn; she never took the height
Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right:

She

She strikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled learning blunders far behind.
Graceful to sight, and elegant to thought,
The great are vanquish'd, and the wise are taught.
Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet;
When serious, easy; and when gay, discreet;
In glitt'ring scenes, o'er her own heart severe:
In crowds collected, and in courts sincere;
Sincere and warm with zeal well understood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good.
Yet, not superior to her sex's cares,
The mode she fixes by the gown she wears;
Of silks and china she 's the last appeal;
In these great points she leads the commonweal:
And if disputes of empire rise between
Mechlin, the queen of lace, and Colberteen,
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! till suspended fate
Assumes her nod to close the grand debate.
When such her mind, why will the fair express
Their emulation only in their dress? [skies,
But, oh! the nymph that mounts above the
And, gratis, clears religious mysteries!
Resolv'd the church's welfare to ensure,
And make her family a sinecure.
The theme divine at cards she 'll not forget,
But takes in texts of scripture at piquet;
In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her maker that her cards are good.
What angels would these be, who thus excel
In theologics, could they sew as well!
Yet why should not the fair her text pursue?
Can she more decently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard too, she who makes no use but chat
Of her religion, should be barr'd in that.
Isaac, a brother of the canting stain,
When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,
To beauteous Marcia often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the fair.
Oh how his pious soul exults to find
Such love for holy men in womankind!
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he
Hangs on her bosom, like an industrious bee!
Hums round about her; and with all his pow'r
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a flow'r!
The young and gay declining, Abra flies
At nobler game, the mighty and the wise:
But nature more an eagle than a dove,
She impiously prefers the world to love.
Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more:
Wealth is a cheat, believe not what it says;
Like any lord it promises — and pays.
How will the miser startle to be told
Of such a wonder as insolvent gold!
What nature wants has an intrinsic weight;
All more is but the fashion of the plate,
Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view:
It charms us now; anon we cast anew,
To some fresh birth of fancy more inclin'd:
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.
Mistaken lovers! who make worth their care,
And think accomplishments will win the fair.
The fair, 'tis true, by genius should be won,
As flow'rs unfold their beauties to the sun;
And yet in female scales a fop outweighs,
And wit must wear the willow with the bays,
Nought shines so bright in vain Liberia's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy;
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid;
For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms,
And amply gives (tho' treated long amiss)
The man of merit his revenge in this.
If you resent, and wish a woman ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her will.
The languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,
She by just stages journeys round the room;
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps — that is, ascend the stairs.
My fan, let others say who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her laconic style:
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather sees than hears the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Pierce out the idea her faint words deny.
Oh listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
And help! oh help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
If there a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.
Let the robust and the gigantic carve;
Life is not worth so much, she 'd rather starve:
But chew she must, herself, ah, cruel fate!
That Rosalinda can 't by proxy eat.
An antidote in female caprice lies
(Kind heaven!) against the poison of their eyes.
Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien:
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.
In fair and open dealing where's the shame?
What nature dares to give, she dares to name.
This honest fellow is sincere and plain,
And justly gives the jealous husband pain.
(Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,
If wanton language shows a naked mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.
Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighb'ring echos how to swear.
By Jove, is faint, and for the simple swain;
She on the Christian system is profane.
But tho' the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her dress, she's not a grenadier.
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread
When Jove deputes a lady in his stead!
A lady! pardon my mistaken pen;
A shameless woman is the worst of men.
Few to good breeding make a just pretence,
Good breeding is the blossom of good sense;
The last result of an accomplish'd mind,
With outward grace, the body's virtue, join'd.

A violated decency now reigns;
And nymphs for failings take peculiar pains.
With Indian painters modern toasts agree,
The point they aim at is deformity:
They throw their persons with a hoyden air
Across the room, and toss into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They for our manners have exchang'd their own.
The modest look, the castigated grace,
The gentle movement, and slow measur'd pace,
For which her lovers died, her parents paid,
Are indecorums with the modern maid.
Soft forms are bad, but let not worse intrude,
Nor conquer art and nature to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And Lady D——'s self will be polite.

Ye rising fair! ye bloom of Britain's isle!
When high-born Anna with a soften'd smile
Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,
What seems most hard, is not to be well-bred.
Her bright example with success pursue,
And all but adoration is your due.

But adoration! give me something more,
Cries Lyce, on the borders of threescore;
Nought treads so silent as the foot of Time;
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime:
'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news that we grow old.
Autumnal Lyce carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
Oh how your beating breast a mistress warms,
Who looks thro' spectacles to see your charms!
While rival undertakers hover round,
And with his spade the sexton marks the ground,
Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
She plans new conquests, and defrauds the tomb.
In vain the cock has summon'd sprights away,
She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day.
Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of Lyce but herself is old.
Her grizzled locks assume a smirkling grace,
And art has levell'd her deep-furrow'd face.
Her strange demand no mortal can approve;
We'll ask her blessing, but can 'task her love.
She grants indeed a lady may decline
(All ladies but herself) at ninety-nine.

O how unlike her was the sacred age
Of prudent Portia! her grey hairs engage,
Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline,
Virtue's the paint that can make wrinkles shine.
That, and that only, can old age sustain;
Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for pain.
Not numerous are our joys when life is new,
And yearly some are falling of the few;
But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop apace; by nature some decay,
And some the blasts of fortune sweep away;
Till, naked quite of happiness, aloud
We call for death, and shelter in a shroud.

Where's Portia now? But Portia left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
What heart untouch'd their early grief can view,
Like blushing rose-buds dipt in morning dew?
Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to fly from ills to come?
The mind when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
Fancy and passion toss it to and fro,
Awhile torment, and then quite sink in woe.
Ye beauteous orphans! since in silent dust
Your best example lies, my precepts trust.
Life swarms with ills: the boldest are afraid;
Where then is safety for a tender maid?
Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
And man, whom least she fears, her worst of foes!
When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,
The least obliging, and by favors lost.
Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate,
And scorn you for those ills themselves create.
If on your fame our sex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever stick thro' malice of your own.
Most hard! in pleasing your chief glory lies;
And yet from pleasing your chief dangers rise:
Then please the best; and know, for men of sense
Your strongest charms are native innocence.
Arts on the mind, like paint upon the face,
Fright him that's worth your love from your embrace.
In simple manners all the secret lies;
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.
Vain show and noise intoxicate the brain.
Begin with giddiness, and end in pain,
Affect not empty fame and idle praise,
Which all those wretches I describe betrays.
Your sex's glory 'tis to shine unknown;
Of all applause be fondest of your own.
Beware the fever of the mind; that thirst
With which this age is eminently curst.
To drink of pleasure but inflames desire,
And abstinence alone can quench the fire.
Take pain from life, and terror from the tomb,
Give peace in hand, and promise bliss to come.

SATIRE VI.

On Women.

Inscribed to the Right Honorable Lady Elizabeth Germain.

Interdum tamen et tollit Comœdia vocem. Hor.

I sought a patroness, but sought in vain:
Apollo whisper'd in my ear—"Germain."
I know her not. "Your reason's somewhat odd;
"Who knows his patron now?" replied the god.
"Men write, to me and to the world unknown;
"Then steal great names to shield them from the town.
"Detected worth, like beauty disarm'd,
"To covert flies, of praise itself afraid;
"Should she refuse to patronize your lays,
"In vengeance write a volume in her praise.
"Nor think it hard so great a length to run;
"When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."
Ye fair! to draw your excellence at length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength:
You bear in miniature your picture see;
Nor hope from Zincksmore justice than from me.
My portraits grace your mind, as his your side;
His portraits will inflame, mine quench your pride:
He's

He 's dear, you frugal ; choose my cheaper lay,
And be your reformation all my pay.
Lavinia is polite, but not profane ;
To church as constant as to Drury-lane.
She decently in form pays Heav'n its due ;
And makes a civil visit to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,
Conceals her face, which passes for a pray'r :
Curt'sies to curt'sies then with grace succeed ;
Not one the fair omits, but at the creed.
Or, if she joins the service, 'tis to speak :
Thro' dreadful silence the pentheart might break;
Untaught to bear it, women talk away
To God himself, and fondly think they pray.
But sweet the accent, and their air refin'd ;
For they're before their Maker —and mankind:
When ladies once are proud of praying well,
Satan himself will toll the parish bell.
Acquainted with the world, and quite well
Drusa receives her visitants in bed ; [bred ;
But, chaste as ice, this Vesta, to defy
The very blackest tongue of calumny,
When from her sheets her lovely form she lifts,
She begs you just would turn you while she shifts.
Those charms are greatest which decline the sight ;
That makes the banquet poignant and polite.
There is no woman where there 's no reserve;
And 'tis on plenty your poor lovers starve.
But, with the modern fair, meridian merit
Is a fierce thing they call a nymph of spirit.
Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye,
And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.
" Or if you take a lion by the beard*,
" Or dare defy the fell Hyrcanian pard,
" Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough Russian bear,"
First make your will, and then converse with her.
This lady glories in profuse expence,
And thinks distraction is magnificence ;
To beggar her gallant, is some delight ;
To be more fatal still, is exquisite.
Had ever nymph such reason to be glad ?
In duel fell two lovers ; one ran mad.
Her foes their honest execrations pour ;
Her lovers only should detest her more.
Thrice happy they who think I boldly feign,
And startle at a mistress of my brain.
Flavia is constant to her old gallant,
And generously supports him in his want.
But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,
A hell no lady so polite can bear.
She 's faithful, she 's observant, and with pains
Her angel brood of bastards she maintains,
Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,
But that of guilt above the marriage bed.
Amasia hates a prude, and scorns restraint ;
Whate'er she is, she 'll not appear a saint ;
Her soul superior flies formality :
So gay her air, her conduct is so free,
Some might suspect the nymph not over good—
Nor would they be mistaken if they should.
Unmarried Abra puts on formal airs; [pray'rs.
Her cushion 's threadbare with her constant
Her only grief is, that she cannot be
At once engag'd in pray'r and charity.
And this, to do her justice, must be said :
" Who would not think that Abra was a maid?"
Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed ;
For where's the man that 's worthy of their bed?
If no disease reduce her pride before,
Lavinia will be ravish'd at threescore.
Then she submits to venture in the dark ;
And nothing now is wanting — but her spark.
Lucia thinks happiness consists in state ;
She weds an idiot, but she eats in plate.
The goods of fortune which her soul possess,
Are but the ground of unmade happiness,
The rude material ; wisdom add to this,
Wisdom the sole artificer of bliss.
She, from herself, if so compell'd by need,
Of thin content can draw the subtle thread ;
But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
If she can work in gold, 'tis better still.
If Tullia had been blest with half her sense,
None could too much admire her excellence.
But since she can make error shine so bright,
She thinks it vulgar to defend the right.
With understanding she is quite o'er-run ;
And by too great accomplishments undone.
With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever most divinely in the wrong.
Naked in nothing should a woman be,
But veil her very wit with modesty ;
Let man discover, let not her display,
But yield her charms of mind with sweet delay.
For pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,
To make themselves important, men must grieve.
Lesbia the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
Pretends the fop she laughs at is ador'd.
In vain she 's proud of secret innocence ;
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.
Mira, endow'd with ev'ry charm to bless,
Has no design but on her husband's peace ;
He lov'd her much, and greatly was he mov'd
At small inquietudes in her he lov'd.
" How charming this !" —The pleasure lasted long ;
Now ev'ry day the fit comes thick and strong ;
At last he found the charmer only feign'd ;
And was diverted when he should be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the Gods in store?
How tedious life, now she can plague no more !
She tries her thousand arts, but none succeed ;
She 's forc'd a fever to procure indeed :
Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous loving wife,
Her husbands' pain was dearer than her life.
Anxious Melania rises to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due :
Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore ;
Her majesty to-morrow calls for more.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unoil'd hinges querulously shrill.
" You went last night with Celia to the ball."
You prove it false. " Not Go ? that 's worst of all."
Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame ;
And arrant contradictions are the same.

* Shakspeare.

Her lover must be sad, to please her spleen;
His mirth is an inexpiable sin:
For, of all rivals that can pain her breast, [rest;
There's one that wounds far deeper than the
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful snelf
Is, if her lover dares enjoy himself.
And this, because she 's exquisitely fair:
Should I dispute her beauty, how she 'd stare!
How would Melania be surpris'd to hear
She 's quite deform'd! and yet the case is clear.
What 's female beauty but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all-gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body charms because the soul is seen.
Hence men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can bear;
Some none resist, though not exceeding fair.
Aspasia 's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read,
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
But to be tear'd by her own excellence.
"Folks are so awkward! things so unpolite!"
She 's elegantly pain'd from morn to night.
Her delicacy 's shock'd where'er she goes;
Each creature's imperfections are her woes.
Heaven by its favors has the fair distress'd,
And pour'd such blessings—that she can't be blest. [spring,
Ah! why so vain, though blooming in thy
Thou shining, frail, ador'd, and wretched thing!
Old age will come, disease may come before;
Fifteen is full as mortal as threescore:
Thy fortune and thy charms may soon decay;
But grant these fugitives prolong their stay,
Their basis totters, their foundation shakes,
Life that supports them in a moment breaks.
Then wrought into the soul let virtue shine;
The ground eternal, as the work divine.
Julia 's a manager, she 's born for rule,
And knows her wiser husband is a fool:
Assemblies holds, and spins the subtle thread
That guides the lover to his fair one's bed;
For difficult amours can smooth the way,
And tender letters dictate or convey.
But, if depriv'd of such important cares,
Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.
For her own breakfast she 'll project a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem;
Presides o'er trifles with a serious face,
Important by the virtue of grimace.
Ladies supreme among amusement reign,
By nature born to soothe and entertain;
Their prudence in a store of folly lies;
Why will they be so weak as to be wise?
Syrenna is for ever in extremes,
And with a vengeance she commends or blames.
Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
She strains too much to make it understood.
Her judgement just, her sentence is too strong;
Because she 's right, she 's ever in the wrong.
Brunetta 's wise in actions great and rare;
But scorns on trifles to bestow her care.
Thus ev'ry hour Brunetta is to blame,
Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die before you truly live.
Go breakfast with Alicia; there you 'll see
Simplex munditiis, to the last degree.
Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is untied,
And what she has of head-dress is aside.
She trawls her words, and waddles in her pace;
Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her face.
A nail unent, and head uncomb'd she loves;
And would draw on jack-boots as soon as gloves;
Gloves by queen Bess's maidens might be mist,
Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female fist.
Lovers, beware! to wound how can she fail
With scarlet finger and long jetty nail?
For Hervey the first wit she cannot be;
Nor, cruel Richard, the first toast for thee.
Since full each other station of renown,
Who would not be the greatest trapes in town?
Women were made to give our eyes delight;
A female slovен is an odious sight.
Fair Isabella is so fond of fame,
That her dear self is her eternal theme!
Thro' hopes of contradiction oft she 'll say,
"Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day!"
When most the world applauds you, most beware:
'Tis often less a blessing than a snare.
Distrust mankind; with your own heart confer,
And dread even there to find a flatterer.
The breath of others raises our renown;
Our own as surely blows the pageant down;
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Lest soon you prove a bankrupt in your fame.
But own I must in this perverted age,
Who most deserve can't always most engage.
So far is worth from making glory sure,
It often hinders what it should procure.
Whom praise we most? the virtuous, brave, and wise?
No; wretches whom in secret we despise.
And who so blind as not to see the cause?
No rival 's rais'd by such discreet applause;
And yet of credit it lays in a store,
By which our spleen may wound true worth the more.
Ladies there are who think one crime is all;
Can women then no way but backward fall?
So sweet is that one crime they don't pursue,
To pay its loss, they think all others few.
Who hold that crime so dear must never claim
Of injur'd modesty the sacred name.
But Clio thus: "What! railing without end?
"Mean task! how much more gen'rous to com-
"mend!"
Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
My kind instructor and example too.
"Daphnis," says Clio, "has a charming eye
"What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry!
"Aspasia's shape indeed—but then her air—
"The man has parts who finds destruction there.
"Almeria's wit has something that 's divine;
"And wit's enough—how few in all things shine!

"Selina

Selima serves her friends, relieves the poor —
" Who was it said Selima's near threescore?
" At Lucia's match I from my soul rejoice,
" The world congratulates so wise a choice;
" His lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great:
" But mortgages will sap the best estate.
" In Shirley's form might cherubims appear,
" But then — she has a freckle on her ear."
Without a but, Hortensia she commends,
The first of women, and the best of friends;
Owns her in person, wit, fame, virtue bright;
But how comes this to pass?—she died last night.

Thus nymphs commend, who yet at satire rail;
Indeed that's needless, if such praise prevail;
And whence such praise? our virulence is thrown
On others' fame, thro' fondness for our own.

Of rank and riches proud, Cleora frowns;
For are not coronets akin to crowns?
Her greedy eye, and her sublime address,
The height of avarice and pride confess.
You seek perfections worthy of her rank;
Go, seek for her perfections at the bank.
By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroll'd,
For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold.
As fond of fivepence as the veriest cit,
And quite as much detested as a wit.

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness;
That happiness which great ones often see,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
Themselves unblest: the poor are only poor:
But what are they who droop amid their store?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state,
The happy only are the truly great.
Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings,
And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
Could both our Indies buy but one new sense,
Our envy would be due to large expence.
Since not, those pomps which to the great belong
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See, how they beg an alms of flattery!
They languish! oh support them with a lye!
A decent competence we fully taste;
It strikes our sense, and gives a constant feast:
More, we perceive by dint of thought alone;
The rich must labor to possess their own,
To feel their great abundance; and request
Their humble friends to help them to be blest;
To see their treasures, hear their glory told,
And aid the wretched impotence of gold. [divine,

But some, great souls! and touch'd with warmth
Give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine.
All hoarded treasures they repute a load,
Nor think their wealth their own, till well bestow'd.
Grand reservoirs of public happiness, [stow'd.
Thro' secret streams diffusively they bless: [view,
And while their bounties glide conceal'd from
Relieve our wants, and spare our blushes too.
But satire is my task, and these destroy
Her gloomy province and malignant joy.

Help me, ye misers! help me to complain,
And blast our common enemy, Germain:
But our invectives must despair success;
For next to praise, she values nothing less.

What picture 's yonder, loosen'd from its frame?
Or is 't Austuria, that affected dame?
The brightest forms, thro' affectation, fade
To strange new things, which nature never made;
Frown not ye fair! so much your sex we prize,
We hate those arts that take you from our eyes.
In Albucinda's native grace is seen
What you, who labor at perfection, mean.
Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease;
Retain your gentle selves, and you must please.
Here might I sing of Memmia's mincing mien,
And all the movements of the soft machine
How two red lips affected zephyrs blow,
To cool the boiling, and inflame the beau;
While one white finger and a thumb conspire
To lift the cup and make the world admire.

Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal stream!
As Lethe dreadful to the love of fame.
What devastations on thy banks are seen!
What shades of mighty names which once have been!
A hetacomb of characters supplies
Thy painted altar's daily sacrifice;
H—, P—, B—, aspers'd by thee decay,
As grains of finest sugars melt away,
And recommend thee more to mortal taste:
Scandal 's the sweet'ner of a female feast.

But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
And thy revolving Naiads call for wine;
Spirits no longer shall serve under thee;
But reign in thy own cup, exploded tea!
Citronia's nose declares thy ruin nigh;
And who dares give Citronia's nose the lye *?

The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health and virtue blam'd.
At length, to rescue man, the gen'rous lass
Stole from her consort the pernicious glass.
As glorious as the British queen renown'd,
Who suck'd the poison from her husband's wound.

Nor to the glass alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But ev'ry bolder vice of bold mankind.

O Juvenal! for thy severer rage,
To lash the ranker follies of our age!
Are there among the females of our isle
Such faults at which it is a fault to smile?
There are. Vice, once by modest nature chain'd,
And legal ties, expatiates unrestrain'd;
Without thin decency held up to view,
Naked she stalks o'er law and gospel too.
Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,
Men sigh in vain for none but for their wives;
Who marry to be free, to range the more,
And wed one man to wanton with a score.
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis stedfast hate,
And one eternal tempest of debate.
What foul eruptions from a look most meek!
What thunders bursting from a dimpled cheek!
Their passions bear it with a lofty hand;
But then their reason is at due command.

* S———— Solem quis dicere falsum audeat? VIRGIL.

Is there whom you detest, and seek his life?
Trust no soul with the secret — but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And ask, what kindred is a sponse to them?
What swarms of am'rous grandmothers I see,
And misses, antient in iniquity! [ing!
What lasting whispers, and what loud declaim-
What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, gaming!
Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence,
Such griping av'rice, such profuse expence,
Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes,
Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times,
Such venal faith, such misapplied applause,
Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws,
Such dissolution thro' the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind. [belle
Since Sundays have no balls, the well-dress'd
Shines in a pew, but smiles to hear of hell;
And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all
Who listen less to C——ns than St. Paul.
Atheists have been but rare since nature's birth;
Till now she-atheists ne'er appear'd on earth.
Ye men of deep researches, say whence springs
This daring character in tim'rous things,
Who start at feathers, from an insect fly,
A match for nothing—but the Deity? [own
But, not to wrong the fair, the Muse must
In this pursuit they court not fame alone;
But join to that a more substantial view —
"From thinking free, to be free agents too."
They strive with their own hearts, and keep them down
In complaisance to all the fools in town.
Oh how they tremble at the name of prude!
And die with shame at thought of being good!
For what will Artimis, the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs say?
They heaven defy, to earth's vile dregs a slave;
Thro' cowardice most execrably brave.
With our own judgements durst we to comply,
In virtue should we live, in glory die.
Rise then, my Muse, in honest fury rise!
They dread a Satire who defy the skies.
Atheists are few; most nymphs a god-head
And nothing but his attributes dethrone. [own,
From Atheists far, they stedfastly believe
God is, and is almighty—to forgive.
His other excellence they 'll not dispute;
But mercy, sure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
A lady's soul in everlasting pain?
Will the great Author us poor worms destroy,
For now, and then, a sip of transient joy?
No, he 's for ever in a smiling mood;
He 's like themselves, or how could he be good?
And they blaspheme who blacker schemes sup-
Devoutly, thus, Jehovah they depose, [pose.
The cruel! the just! and set up in his stead
A Deity that 's perfectly well-bred.
"Dear Tillotson! — be sure the best of men —
"Nor thought he more than thought great Ori-
"Tho' once, on a time he misbehav'd — [gen.
"Poor Satan! doubtless he'll at length be sav'd.
"Let priests do something for their one in ten;
"It is their trade; so far they 're honest men.
"Let them canton, since they have got the knack,
"And dress their notions like themselves in black.
"Fright us with terrors of a world unknown
"From joys of this, to keep them all their own.
"Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;
"But then they leave our untith'd virtue free.
"Virtue 's a pretty thing to make a show:
"Did ever mortal write like Rochefoucault?"
Thus pleads the Devil's fair apologist,
And pleading, safely enters on his list.
Let angel forms angelic truths maintain;
Nature disjoins the beauteous and profane.
For what's true beauty but fair virtue's face.
Virtue made visible in outward grace?
She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,
The more she charms, the more she shocks mankind.
But charms decline; the fair long vigils keep;
They sleep no more! Quadrille has murder'd sleep *.
"Poor K—p! cries Livia; I have not been there
"These two nights; the poor creature will despair.
"I hate a crowd—but to do good, you know—
"And people of condition should bestow."
Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—p's grave matron's
Now set a daughter, and now stake a son; [run,
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune fly;
And beggar half their race — through charity.
Immortal were we, or else mortal quite,
I less should blame this criminal delight;
But since the gay assembly's gayest room
Is but an upper story to some tomb,
Methinks we need not our short beings shun,
And, thought to fly, content to be undone:
We need not buy our ruin with our crime,
And give eternity to murder time.
The love of gaming is the worst of ills;
With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills;
Invcighs at heaven, neglects the ties of blood,
Destroys the pow'r and will of doing good;
Kills health, pawns honor, plunges in disgrace,
And, what is still more dreadful, spoils your face.
See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,
The scandal and the ruin of our isle!
And see (strange sight!) amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her snowy hand;
That rattles loud a small enchanted box,
Which lond as thunder on the board she knocks.
And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation
From Æolus's cave impetuous broke, [shook,
From this small cavern a mix'd tempest flies,
Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies!
For men, I mean the fair discharges none:
She, guiltless creature! swears to Heaven alone.
See her eyes start, cheeks glow, and muscles
Like the mad maid in the Cumean cell. [swell!
Thus that divine one her soft nights employs!
Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys!
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aching head,
With the dire images her dreams are crown'd,
The die spins lovely, or the cards go round:
Imaginary

* Shakspeare.

Imaginary ruin charms her still;
Her happy lord is cuckold by Spadille;
And, if she 's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one,
He marks the forehead of her darling son.
Oh scene of horror, and of wild despair!
Why is the rich Artides' splendid heir
Constrain'd to quit his antient lordly seat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat?
Why that drawn sword? and whence that dismal [cry?
Why pale distraction thro' the family?
See my lord threatens and my lady weep,
And trembling servants from the tempest creep.
Why that gay son to distant regions sent?
What fiends that daughter's destin'd match pre- [vent?
Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid?
Oh nothing but — last night my lady play'd.
But wanders not my Satire from her theme?
Is this too owing to the love of fame?
Tho' now your hearts on lucre are bestow'd;
'Twas first a vain devotion to the mode.
Nor cease we here, since 'tis a vice so strong,
The torrent sweeps all womankind along.
This may be said in honor of our times,
That none now stand distinguish'd by their crimes.
If sin you must, take nature for your guide,
Love has some soft excuse to soothe your pride;
Ye fair apostates from love's antient pow'r!
Can nothing ravish but a golden show'r?
Can cards alone your glowing fancy seise?
Must Cupid learn to punt, ere he can please?
When you're enamour'd of a list or cast,
What can the preacher more to make us chaste?
Can fame, like a repique, the soul entrance!
And what is virtue to the lucky chance?
Why must strong youths unmarried pine away?
They find no woman disengag'd—from play.
Why pine the married? oh severer fate!
They find from play no disengag'd—estate.
Flavia, at lovers false untouch'd, and hard,
Turns pale and trembles at a cruel card.
Nor Arria's Bible can secure her age;
Her threescore years are shuffling with her page:
While death stands by but till the game is done,
To sweep that stake in justice long his own;
Like old cards ting'd with sulphur she takes fire;
Or, like snuffs sunk in sockets, blazes higher.
Ye gods! with new delights inspire the fair;
Or give us sons, and save us from despair!
Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, tradesmen, close
In my complaint, and brand your sins in prose:
Yet I believe as firmly as my creed,
In spite of all our wisdom, you 'll proceed.
Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,
Advice to right confirms us in the wrong.
I hear you cry, "This fellow's very odd!"
When you chastise, who would not kiss the rod?
But I 've a charm your anger shall control,
And turn your eyes with coldness on the vole.
The charm begins! To yonder flood of light
That bursts o'er gloomy Britain, turn your sight.
What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your soul with [awe?
Her deeds are precepts, her example law.
'Midst empire's charms, how Carolina's heart
Glows with a love of virtue and of art!
Her favor is diffus'd to that degree,
Excess of goodness! it has dawn'd on me,
When in my page, to balance num'rous faults,
Or god-like deeds were shown, or gen'rous thoughts,
She smil'd, industrious to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my pen the borrow'd lustre drew.
* Thus the majestic mother of mankind,
To her own charms most amiably blind,
On the green margin innocently stood,
And gaz'd indulgent on the crystal flood,
Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,
And smiling prais'd the beauties which she gave.
† In more than civil war, while patriots storm;
While genius is but cold their passion warm;
While public good aloft, in pomp they wield;
And private int'rest shulks behind the shield;
While Mist and Wilkins rise in weekly might,
Make presses groan, lead senators to fight;
Exalt our coffee with lampoons, and treat
The pamper'd mob with ministers of state:
"‡ While Até, hot from hell makes heroes shrink,
"Cries havoc, and lets loose the dogs of ink:"
Nor rank nor sex escapes the gen'ral frown,
But ladies are ripp'd up and cits knock'd down:
Tremendous force! where even the victor bleeds;
And he deserves our pity that succeeds:
Immortal Juvenal! and thou of France!
In your fam'd field my Satire dares advance;
But cuts herself a track to you unknown;
Nor crops your laurel, but would raise her own:
A bold adventure! but a safe one too!
For though surpass'd, I am surpass'd by you.

SATIRE VII.

To the Right Honorable Sir Robert Walpole.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit Ipse, canemus.
VIRG.

On this last labor, this my closing strain,
Smile, Walpole, or the Nine inspire in vain.
To thee 'tis due; that verse how justly thine,
Where Brunswick's glory crowns the whole design!
That glory which thy counsels make so bright,
That glory which on thee reflects a light.
Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known!
To give and take a lustre from the throne.
Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
The fountain is not foreign to the stream.
How all mankind will be surpris'd to see
This flood of British folly charg'd on thee!
Yet, Britain, whence this caprice of thy sons,
Which thro' their various ranks with fury runs?
The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless;
For caprice is the daughter of success,
(A bad effect, but from a pleasing cause)
And gives our rulers undesign'd applause;
Tells how their conduct bids our wealth increase,
And lulls us in the downy lap of peace.
While I survey the blessings of our isle,
Her arts triumphant in the Royal smile,

* Milton. † Lucan. ‡ Shakspeare.

Her public wounds bound up, her credit high,
Her commerce spreading sails in ev'ry sky,
The pleasing scene recalls my theme again,
And shows the madness of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murd'ring sword,
And burn to give mankind a single lord.

The follies past are of a private kind,
Their sphere is small, their mischief is confin'd:
But daring men there are (awake my Muse!
And raise thy verse) who bolder phrenzy choose;
Who, stung by glory, rave and bound away;
The world their friend, and human kind their prey.

The Grecian chief, th' enthusiast of his pride,
With Rage and Terror stalking by his side,
Raves round the globe: he soars into a god!
Stand fast, Olympus! and sustain his nod.
The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains.
What slaughter'd hosts! what cities in a blaze!
What wasted countries! and what crimson seas!
With orphans' tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.

And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise
The beist'rous boy, and blast his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the storm,
Or famine, or volcano? they perform
Their mighty deeds; they, hero-like, can slay,
And spread their ample deserts in a day.
O great alliance! O divine renown!
With dearth and pestilence to share the crown.
When men extol a wild destroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.

One to destroy is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe.
To murder thousands take a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

When after battle I the field have seen [men,
Spread o'er the ghastly shapes, which once were
A nation crush'd! a nation of the brave!
A realm of death! and on this side the grave!
Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,
This human chaos, carry smiles away?
How did my heart with indignation rise!
How honest nature swell'd into my eyes!
How was I shock'd, to think the hero's trade
Of such materials fame and triumph made!

How guilty these! yet not less guilty they
Who reach false glory by a smoother way;
Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
And bows, and smiles, more fatal than their swords:
Who stifle nature, and subsist on art;
Who coin the face, and petrify the heart;
All real kindness for the show discard,
As marble polish'd and as marble hard:
Who do for gold what Christians do thro' grace,
"With open arms their enemies embrace;"
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
"The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine,"
Or if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd;
And in their height of kindness are unkind.
Such courtiers were, and such again may be,
Walpole, when men forgot to copy thee.

Here cease, my Muse! the catalogue is writ,
Nor one more candidate for fame admit;
Tho' disappointed thousands justly blame
Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim,
Be this their comfort — fools omitted here
May furnish laughter for another year.
Then let Crispino, who was ne'er refus'd
The justice yet of being well abus'd,
With patience wait, and be content to reign
The pink of puppies in some future strain;

Some future strain, in which the Muse shall tell
How science dwindles, and how volumes swell;
How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun:
How torur'd texts to speak our sense are made,
And ev'ry vice is to the scripture laid;
How misers squeeze a young voluptuous peer,
His sins to Lucifer not half so dear;
How Verus is less qualified to steal
With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal;
How lawyers' fees to such excess are run,
That clients are redress'd till they 're undone;
How one man's anguish is another's sport,
And ev'n denials cost us dear at court;
How man eternally false judgements makes,
And all his joys and sorrows are mistakes.

This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,
Which I, like summer-flies, shake off again,
Let others sing: to whom my weak essay
But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey.
That duty done, I hasten to complete
My own designs; for Tonson's at the gate.

The love of fame, in its effects survey'd,
The Muse has sung: be now the cause display'd,
Since so diffusive and so wide its sway;
What is this Pow'r whom all mankind obey?

Shot from above, by Heav'ns indulgence came
This gen'rous ardor, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raise, to deify mankind,
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,
Wise laws were fram'd, and secret arts were found;
Desire of praise first broke the patriot's rest,
And made a bulwark of the warrior's breast;
It bids Argyle in fields and senates shine:
What more can prove its origin divine?

But, oh! this passion planted in the soul,
On eagles wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming minister of virtue meant,
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
Of blots and beauties an alternate source;
Hence Gildon rails, the raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcases of wit:
And in art-loving Scarborough is seen
How kind a patron Pollio might have been.
Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
And into coxcombs burnishes our fools;
Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,
And Newton lifts above a mortal height:
That key of nature, by whose wit she clears
Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.

Would you then fully comprehend the whole
Why, and in what degrees, Pride sways the soul?
(For, tho' in all not equally she reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains.

Ye

Ye doctors! hear the doctrine I disclose,
As true as if 'twere writ in dullest prose;
As if a letter'd dunce had said, "'tis right,"
And *imprimatur* usher'd it to light.
To glorious deeds this passion fires the mind,
And closer draws the ties of humankind,
Combines society; since what we prize,
As our chief blessing, must from others rise.
Ambition in the truly noble mind,
With sister-virtue is for ever join'd;
As in fam'd Lucrece, who with equal dread
From guilt, and shame, by her last conduct fled;
Her virtue long rebell'd in firm disdain,
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain;
But, when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her side, her love of fame obey'd.
In meaner minds ambition works alone;
But with such art puts virtue's aspect on,
That not more like in feature, and in mien,
The god and mortal in the comic scene *.
False Julius, ambush'd in his fair disguise,
Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.
No mask in basest minds ambition wears,
But in full light prick up her ass's ears;
All I have sung are instances of this,
And prove my theme unfolded, not amiss.
Ye vain! desist from your erroneous strife;
Be wise, and quit the false sublime of life.
The true ambition there alone resides,
Where justice vindicates, and wisdom guides;
Where inward dignity joins outward state,
Our purpose good, as our achievement great;
Where public blessings public praise attend,
Where glory is our motive, not our end. [view,
Wouldst thou be fam'd? have those high deeds in
Brave men would act, tho' scandal should ensue.
Behold a prince whom no swoln thoughts inflame:
No pride of thrones, no fever after fame;
But when the welfare of mankind inspires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
Proud conquest then, then regal pomps delight:
Then crimes, then triumphs, sparkle in his sight;
Tumult and noise are dear, which with them bring
His people's blessings to their ardent king:
But, when those great heroic motives cease,
His swelling soul subsides to native peace;
From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A sudden foe to splendor and applause,
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
Till men and angels jointly shout his name.
O pride celestial, which can pride disdain!
O blest ambition, which can ne'er be vain!
From one fam'd Alpine hill, which props the
In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie, [sky§,
Here burst the Rhone and sounding Po, there shine
In infant rills the Danube and the Rhine;
From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,
Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.
In Brunswick such a source the Muse adores,
Which public blessings thro' half Europe pours,
When his heart burns with such a god-like aim
Angels and George are rivals for the fame;
George, who in foes can soft affections raise,
And charm envenom'd Satire into praise.
Nor human rage alone his pow'r perceives,
But the mad winds and the tumultuous waves†.
Even storms (death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,
And, in their own wild empire, learn to spare.
Thus nature's self, supporting man's decree,
Styles Britain's Sovereign, Sovereign of the Sea,
While sea and air, great Brunswick! shook our state,
And sported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and press'd with fear
Of ever losing what she held most dear,
How did Britannia, like Achilles‡, weep,
And tell her sorrows to the kindred deep!
Hang o'er the floods, and in devotion warm,
Strive for thee with the surge, and fight the storm!
What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm?
Our Palinurus § slept not at the helm,
His eyes ne'er clos'd; long since inur'd to wake,
And outwatch ev'ry star, for Brunswick's sake,
By thwarting passions tost, by cares opprest,
He found thy tempest pictur'd in his breast.
But now what joys that gloom of heart dispel,
No pow'rs of language — but his own, can tell;
His own, which Nature, and the Graces form,
At will to raise or hush the civil storm.

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§ 52. *The Castle of Indolence. An Allegorical Poem.* THOMSON.

The Castle hight of Indolence,
And its false luxury;
Where for a little time, alas!
We liv'd right jollily.

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate:
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an antient date;
And, certes, there is for it reason great:
For, tho' sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late;
Without that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground:
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne care even for play.

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between
And flow'ry beds that slumb'rous influence kest,

* Amphytrion. † The King in danger by sea. ‡ Hom. Il. lib. I.
§ Ecce Deus ramum Lethæo rore madentem, &c. VIRG. l. v.

From

From poppies breath'd; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen;
Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurled every where their waters sheen;
That, as they bicker'd thro' the sunny glade,
Tho' restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale;
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or Stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep:
Yet all these sounds y-blent inclin'd all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood; [move,
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to
As Idleness, fancied in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills on either side a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror thro' the blood;
And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky;
There eke the soft delights that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And calm the pleasures, always hover'd nigh,
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
Close hid his castle 'mid embow'ring trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checquer'd day and night:
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd; and, to his lute, of cruel fate
And labor harsh complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass thereby:
For, as they chanc'd to breathe on neighb'ring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them over and anon more nigh;
Till clust'ring round th' enchanter false they hung,
Ymolten with his syren melody;
While o'er th' enfeebling lure his hand he flung
And to the trembling chords those tempting verses sung:

" Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
" See all but man, with unearn'd pleasure gay,
" See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
" Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!
" What youthful bride can equal her array?
" Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
" From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
" From flow'r to flow'r on balmy gales to fly,
" Is all she hath to do beneath the radiant sky.

" Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
" The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
" Ten thousand throats! that from the flower-
" ing thorn
" Hymn their good God, and carols sweet of love,
" Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
" They neither plough nor sow; ne, fit for flail,
" E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they
" drove;
" Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
" Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the
" vale.

" Outcast of nature, man! the wretched thrall
" Of bitter-dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
" Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
" And of the vices, an inhuman train,
" That all proceed from savage thirst of gain:
" For when hard-hearted interest first began
" To poison earth, Astrea left the plain;
" Guile, violence, and murder, seis'd on man,
" And, for soft milky streams, with blood the
" rivers ran.

" Come ye who still the cumbrous load of life
" Push hard up hill; but, as the farthest steep
" You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
" Down thunders back the stone with mighty
" sweep,
" And hurls your labors to the valley deep,
" For ever vain; come, and withouten fee
" I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
" Your cares, your toils; will steep you in a sea
" Of full delight: oh come, ye weary wights to
" me!

" With me you need not rise at early dawn,
" To pass the joyless day in various sounds;
" Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
" And sell fair honor for some paltry pounds:
" Or thro' the city take your dirty rounds,
" To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
" Now flattering base, now giving secret
" wounds;
" Or proul in courts of law for human prey,
" In venal senate thieve, or rob on broad high-
" way.

" No cocks with me to rustic labor call,
" From village on to village sounding clear;
" To tardy swains no shrill'd-voic'd matrons
" squall; [ear;
" No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your
" No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith
fear; [start,
" No noisy tradesmen your sweet slumbers
" With sounds that are a misery to hear:
" But all is calm, as would delight the heart
" Of Sybarite of old, all nature and all art.
" Here nought but candor reigns, indulgent
" ease, [down.
" Good-natur'd lounging, saunt'ring up and

They

" They who are pleas'd themselves must al-
" ways please ;
" On others ways they never squint a frown,
" Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town.
" Thus, from the source of tender indolence,
" With milky blood the heart is overflown,
" Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense :
" For int'rest, envy, pride, and strife are
banish'd hence.

" What, what is virtue, but repose of mind ?
" A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
" Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
" Above those passions that this world deform,
" And torture man, a proud malignant worm!
" But here instead, soft gales of passion play,
" And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
" A quicker sense of joy ; as breezes stray
" Across th' enliven'd skies, and make them
" still more gay.

" The best of men have ever lov'd repose ;
" They hate to mingle in the filthy fray ;
" Where the soul sours, and gradual rancor
" grows,
" Embitter'd more from peevish day to day.
" Ev'n those whom fame has lent her fair estray,
" The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
" From a base world at last have stol'n away.
" So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
" Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

" But if a little exercise you choose,
" Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
" Amid the groves you may indulge the Muse ;
" Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal
" year ;
" Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,
" Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry
" You may delude : the whilst amus'd you hear
" Now the hoarse stream, and now the ze-
" phyr's sigh,
" Attuned to the birds and woodland melody.

" O grievous folly ! to heap up estate,
" Losing the days you see beneath the sun ;
" When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
" And gives the untasted portion you have won
" With ruthless toil, and many a wretch un-
" done,
" To those who mock you gone to Pluto's
[reign,
" There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows
" dun :
" But sure it is of vanities most vain,
" To toil for what you here untoiling may ob-
[tain."

Heceas'd. But still their trembling ears retain'd
The deep vibrations of his 'witching song ;
That by a kind of magic pow'r constrain'd
To enter in, pell-mell, the list'ning throng.
Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slipp'd along,
In silent ease ; as when beneath the beam
Of summer moons, the distant woods among,
Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,
The soft embodied fays thro' airy portal stream.

By the smooth demon so it order'd was,
And here his baneful bounty first began :
Tho' some there were who would not further
pass,
And his alluring baits suspected han.
The wise distrust the too fair spoken man ;
Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye :
Not to move on, forsooth, is all they can ;
For, do their very best, they cannot fly ;
But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
With sudden spring he leap'd upon them straight,
And, soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paws
They found themselves within the cursed gate;
Full hard to be repass'd, like that of fate.
Not stronger were of old the giant crew
Who sought to pull high Jove from regal state;
Tho' feeble wretch he seem'd of sallow hue,
Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter
rue.

For, whomsoe'er the villain takes in hand,
Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace,
As lithe they grow as any willow wand,
And of their vanquish'd force remains no trace.
So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
Is seis'd in some losel's hot embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as she warms,
Then sighing yields her up to love's delicious
harms.

Wak'd by the crowd, slow from his bench arose
A comely full-spread porter, swoln with sleep;
His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breath'd
repose,
And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,
He could himself from ceaseless yawning keep:
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
Thro' which his half-wak'd soul would
faintly peep.
Then taking his black staff, he call'd his man,
Androus'd himself as much as rouse himself he can.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call,
He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
Save sleep and play who minded not at all,
Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to disengage,
Garters, and buckles, task for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave personage,
And which his portly paunch would not
permit ;
So this same limber page to all performed it.

Meantime the master-porter wide display'd
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns;
Wherewith he those who enter'd in array'd,
Loose as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the summer-woods when evening
frowns.
O fair undress, best dress ! it checks no vein,
But ev'ry flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace. This done,
right fain,
Sir porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

Thus easy rob'd, they to the fountain sped,
That in the middle of the court up-threw
A stream, high spouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew :

There

There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted drew.
It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare: (grew,
Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasance
And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care;
Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams more fair.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and still,
Without a tromp was proclamation made:
"Ye sons of Indolence, do what you will;
"And wander where you list, thro' hall or glade!
"Be no man's pleasure for another's staid;
"Let each as likes him best his hours employ:
"And curs'd be he who minds his neigh-
"bour's trade!
"Here dwells kind ease and unreproving joy:
"He little merits bliss who others can annoy."

Straight of these endless numbers, swarming round,
As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,
But ev'ry man stroll'd off his own glad way.
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living creature could be seen to stray;
While solitude and perfect silence reign'd:
So that to think you dream'd you almost was constrain'd.

As when a shepherd of the * Hebrid Isles,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
Or that aërial beings sometimes deign
To stand, embodied, to our senses plain)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips in wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro:
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

Ye gods of quiet and of sleep profound,
Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,
And all the wildly silent places round,
Forgive me if my trembling pen displays
What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
But how shall I attempt such arduous string,
I who have spent my nights and nightly days
In this soul-deadening place, loose loitering?
Ah! how shall I for this upprear my moulted wing?

Come on, my Muse, nor stoop to low despair
Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celestial fire!
Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,
Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire;
Of antient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre;
Thou yet shalt tread the tragic pall the stage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
The sages calm, the patriot's noble rage.
Dashing corruption down thro' ev'ry worthless age.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne curséd knocker plied by villain's hand,
Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persian land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretch around in seemly band;
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,
With wines high flavor'd and rich viands crown'd;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean genders in his round:
Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
Ev'n undemanded by a sign or sound:
You need but wish; and instantly obey'd,
Fair rang'd the dishes rose, and thick the glasses play'd.

Here freedom reign'd without the least alloy;
Nor gossip's tale, nor antient maiden's gall,
Nor saintly spleen, durst murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all;
To wit, that each should work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the Muses might inspire.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was enwoven many a gentle tale;
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly tortur'd heart,
Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd echo to resound their smart;
While flocks, woods, streams, around repose and peace impart.

Those pleas'd the most, where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age; [land,
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee
And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed:
Blest sons of Nature they! true golden age indeed!

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls:
Now the black tempest strikes th' astonish'd eyes;
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies;
Whate'er Lorrain light-touch'd with softning hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.
Each sound too here to languishment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease.

* Those islands on the western coast of Scotland, called the Hebrides.

Aërial

Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft, by small degrees
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving airs,
As did alas! with soft perdition please:
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The list'ning heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind,
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But sidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd instrument reclin'd;
From which with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight:
Whence, with just cause, the Harp of Æolus* it hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul?
Now rising love they fann'd; now pleasing dole
They breath'd, in tender musings, thro' the heart;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart:
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

Such the gay splendor, the luxurious state
Of caliphs old, who on the Tygris' shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store;
And verse, love, music still the garland wore:
When sleep was coy, the bard in waiting there
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muse's lore;
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air†.

Near the pavillions where we slept, still ran
Soft tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wint'ry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell:
At doors and windows, threat'ning seem'd to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace;
O'er which were shadowy cast elysian gleams
That play'd in waving lights, from place to place,
And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So fleece with clouds, the pure ethereal space;
Nor could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flow'ry beds all languishingly lay.

No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!
My Muse will not attempt your fairy land:
She has no colors that like you can glow;
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming spirites,
Who thus in dreams voluptuous, soft and bland,
Pour'd all the Arabian heaven upon our nights,
And bless'd them oft besides with more refin'd delights.

They were, in sooth, a most enchanting train,
Ev'n feigning virtue: skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
But for these fiends whom blood and broils delight,
Who hurt the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulphs, where sullen waters sleep,
Or hold him clamb'ring all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep:
They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to keep.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom:
Angels of fancy and of love be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom:
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart:
But chief, awhile, oh lead us from the tomb
Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
And fill with pious awe, and joy-mixt woe the heart.

Or, are you sportive, bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth,
To cares estrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supplied;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!—But, fondly wand'ring wide,
My Muse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
Upon this ant-hill earth; where constantly
Of idly busy men the restless fry
Run bustling to and fro in foolish haste,
In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd the catiffs dare not taste:
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste?

Of vanity the mirror this was call'd:
Here you a muckworm of the town might see
At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stall'd,
Eat up with carking care and penurie;
Most like to carcase pitch'd on gallows-tree.
"A penny saved is a penny got;"

* This is not an imagination of the author; there being in fact such an instrument, called Æolus's harp, which, when placed against a little rushing or current of air, produces the effect here described.
† The Arabian caliphs had poets among the officers of their court, whose office it was to do what is here mentioned.

Firm

Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigor will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire, and banished hispot.
Straight from the filth of this low grub, behold!
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
All glossy gay; enamell'd all with gold,
The silly tenant of the summer air,
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care;
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradesmen him among them share:
His father's ghost from limbo-lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation does upon him pile.
This globe portray'd the race of learned men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page
Backwards and forwards: oft they snatch the pen,
As if inspir'd, and in a Thespian rage;
Then write and blot, as would your ruth engage.
Why, Authors, all this scrawl and scribbling sore,
To lose the present, gain the future age,
Praised to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame when useless worldly store.
Then would a splendid city rise to view,
With carts, and cars, and couches roaring all.
Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew:
See how they dash along from wall to wall!
At ev'ry door, hark! how they thund'ring call!
Good Lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why on each other with fell tooth to fall;
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace to blight,
And make new tiresome parties for the coming night.
The puzzling sons of party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met;
And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging rear'd
The important shoulder; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.
No sooner Lucifer* recals affairs,
Than forth they various rush in mighty fret!
When, lo! push'd up to pow'r, and crown'd their cares,
In comes another set, and kicketh them down stairs
But what most show'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife:
Most Christian kings, inflam'd by black desire!
With honorable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were before,
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force restore.
To number up the thousands dwelling here,
An useless were, and eke an endless task;
From kings, and those who at the helm appear,
To gypsies brown in summer-glades who bask.
Yea many a man, perdie, I could unmask,
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
With tape-tied trash, and suits of fools that ask
For place or pension, laid in decent row;
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.
Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark:
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive, not sad, in thought involv'd not dark.
As sooth this man could sing as morning lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart;
But these his talents were yburied stark;
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon nature gave, or nature-painting art.
To noon-tide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound.
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomile are found:
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward thro' the twilight shadows stray,
Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many a day.
Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past,
For oft the heavenly fire that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew reveal'd:
Oft as he travers'd the cœrulean field,
And mark'd the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.
With him was sometimes join'd in silent walk
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One shyer still, who quite detested talk:
Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke
To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak;
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone
The glitt'ring star of eve—"Thank heaven! the day is done."
Here lurch'd a wretch who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad:
And sure his linen was not very clean.
Thro' secret hoop-holes, that had practis'd been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and mien,
Our castle's shame! whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.
One day there chanc'd into these halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at first sight;
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
Before the sprightly tempest-tossing light:
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane tho' keen,
Turning the night to day and day to night:
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

* The Morning Star.

But

But not e'en pleasure to excess is good:
What most elates then sinks the soul as low:
When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher still the exulting billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us groveling on the dreary shore:
Taught by his son of joy, we found it so;
Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
Our madden'd castle all, the abode of sleep no more.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng:
And oft he sips their bowl; or nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And scares their tender sleep, with tromp profound;
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

Another guest there was, of sense refin'd,
Who felt each worth, for ev'ry worth he had,
Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd as any man's with bad;
Him thro' their inmost walks the Muses lad,
To him the sacred love of nature leant,
And sometimes would he make our valley glad:
When as we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better sort this friendly message sent:

"Come, dwell with us! true son of virtue, come!
"But if, alas! we cannot thee persuade
"To ly content beneath our peaceful dome,
"Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade;
"Yet when at last thy toils but ill apaid
"Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,
"Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
"Then to indulge the Muse, and nature mark:
"We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley Park."

Here whilom ligg'd the Esopus * of the age;
But call'd by fame, in soul ypricked deep,
A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,
And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep.
Even from his slumbers we advantage reap:
With double force the enliven'd scene he wakes,
Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum: now the heart he shakes,
And now with well-urg'd sense the enlighten'd judgement takes.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems;
Who †, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
Pourd forth his unpremeditated strain:
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat:
Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralising sage: his ditty sweet
He loathed much to write, he cared to repeat.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry;
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chanc'd to trippen by;
Which when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,
And straight would recollect his piety anew.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but state affairs:
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought;
And on their brow sat ev'ry nation's care:
The world by them is parcell'd out in shares,
When in the Hall of Smoke they congress hold,
And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye: then smoke-enroll'd,
Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

Here languid beauty kept her pale-fac'd court:
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made resort;
Where from gross mortal care and business free,
They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury.
Or should they a vain show of work assume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom:
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

Their only labor was to still the time:
And labor dire it is, and weary woe.
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme:
Then rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow;
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they sighingly recline'd,
And count the vapory god soft-breathing in the wind.

Now must I mark the villany we found,
But ah! too late, as shall eftsoons be shown.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground;
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
Diseas'd and loathsome, privily were thrown.
Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there
Unpitied, uttering many a bitter groan;
For of those wretches taken was no care:
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses were.

Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest
To this dark den, where sickness toss'd alway.
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep opprest,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day!
To stir him from his trance it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eye he shut straightway:
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the breath.

* Mr. Quin. † The following lines of this stanza were written by a friend of the author.

Of

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydrophy:
Unwieldy man; with belly monstrous round,
For ever fed with watery supply:
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
And moping here did Hypochondria sit,
Mother of spleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit, [a wit.
And some her frantic deem'd, and some cherdeem'd

A lady proud she was, of antient blood,
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low:
She felt, or fancied in her fluttering mood,
All the diseases which the spittals know,
And sought all physic which the shops bestow,
And still new leeches and new drugs would try,
Her humor ever wavering to and fro: [cry,
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes
Then sudden waxed wrath; and all she knew not why.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pin'd, [tings:
With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnPale, bloated, cold, shes eem'd to hate mankind,
Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings,
The sleepless gout here counts the crowing cocks,
A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings;
Whilst apoplexy cramm'd in tempt'rance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

CANTO II.

The Knight of Arts and Industry,
And his achievements fair;
That, by this castle's overthrow,
Secur'd and crowned were.

Escap'd the castle of the sire of sin,
Ah! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
Of goodness favoring and a tender mind,
E'er rose to view. But now another strain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind;
I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,
And of the false inchanter Indolence complain.

Is there no patron to protect the Muse,
And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil?
To every labor its reward accrues,
And they are sure of bread who sink and moil;
But a fell tribe the Aonian hive despoil,
As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee.
Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,
Ne for the Muses other meed decree,
They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

I care *not*, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Thro' which Aurora shows her bright'ning face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the *great children* leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

Come then, my Muse, and raise a bolder song;
Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,
Dragging the lazy languid line along,
Fond to begin, but still to finish loth;
Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth:
Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame,
Who with the sons of softness nobly wroth,
To sleep away this human lumber came,
Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

In Fairy-land there liv'd a knight of old,
Of features stern, Sylvagio yclep'd;
A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,
But wond'rous poor: he neither sow'd nor reap'd,
Ne stores in summer for cold winter heap'd;
In hunting all his days away he wore;
Now scorch'd by June, now in November steep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting January sore,
He still in woods pursued the libbard and the boar.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
Prick'd thro' the forest to dislodge his pray,
Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn, [ray,
With wood wild-fringed, he mark'd a taper's
That from the beating rain, and wint'ry fray,
Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy;
There, up to earn the needments of the day,
He found dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy:
Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty boy.

Amid the green-wood shade this boy was bred,
And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,
Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,
The Knight of Arts and Industry by name.
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame;
He knew no beverage but the flowing stream;
His tasteful well-earn'd food the sylvan game,
Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem; [breme.
The same to him glad summer, or the winter

So pass'd his youthly morning, void of care,
Wild as the colts that thro' the commons run:
For him no tender parents troubled were,
He of the forest seem'd to be the son;
And cerres had been utterly undone,
But that Minerva pity of him took,
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook;
Ne did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
In ev'ry science, and in ev'ry art, [excel,
By which mankind the thoughtless brutes
That can or use, or joy, or grace impart,
Disclosing all the powers of head and heart:
Ne were the goodly exercises spar'd,
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
And mix elastic force with firmness hard:
Was never knight on ground mote be with him compar'd.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
The hunter-steed, exulting o'er the dale,
And drew the roscate breath of orient day!
Sometimes retiring to the secret vale,

Yeld

Yclad in steel and bright with burnish'd mail,
He strain'd the bow, or toss'd the sounding spear,
Or darting on the goal outstripp'd the gale,
Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid career,
Or strenuous wrestled hard with t-ny a tough compeer.

At other times he pried thro' nature's store,
Whate'er she in th' etherial round contains,
Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,
The vegetable and the mineral reigns; [mains,
Or else he scann'd the globe, those small do-
Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,
Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains,
But more he search'd the mind, and rous'd from sleep
Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits
Of heavenly truth, and practise what she taught.
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits.
Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught, [fraught;
Forth-calling all with which boon earth is
Sometimes he plied the strong mechanic tool;
Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught;
And oft he put himself to Neptune's school,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vex'd ocean pool.

To solace then these rougher toils, he tried
To touch the kindling canvas into life;
With nature his creating pencil vied,
With nature joyous at the mimic strife;
Or, to such shapes as grac'd Pygmalion's wife
He hew'd the marble; or with varied fire,
He rous'd the trumpet and the martial fife,
Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire;
Or verses fram'd that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

Accomplish'd thus he from the woods issued,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprize;
The work which long he in his breast had brew'd,
Now to perform he ardent did devise;
To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
Earth was till then a boundless forest wild;
Nought to be seen but savage wood and skies;
No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smil'd,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes was man:
On his own wretched kind he ruthless prey'd:
The strongest still the weakest over-ran;
In ev'ry country mighty robbers sway'd,
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe;
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
To swear, he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,
For, by the pow'rs divine, it should no more be so!

It would exceed the purport of my song,
To say how this *best sun* from orient climes
Came beaming life and beauty all along,
Before him chasing indolence and crimes.
Still as he pass'd, the nations he sublimes,
And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray
Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome their golden
Successive, had; but now in ruins grey [times
They ly to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread
The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast.
A sylvan life till then the natives led,
In the brown shades and greenwood forest lost,
All careless rambling where it lik'd them most:
Their wealth the wild deer bouncing thro' the glade:
They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at nature's cost;
Save spear and bow, withouten other aid;
Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dismay'd.

He lik'd the soil, he lik'd the clement skies,
He lik'd the verdant hills and flow'ry plains.
Be this my great, my chosen isle (he cries);
This, whilst my labors Liberty sustains,
This queen of ocean all assault disdains.
Nor lik'd he less the genius of the land,
To freedom apt and persevering pains:
Mild to obey, and gen'rous to command,
Temper'd by forming heaven with kindest firmest hand.

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,
Whatever arts and industry can frame;
Whatever finish'd agriculture knows, [came,
Fair queen of arts! from heaven itself who
When Eden flourish'd in unspotted fame.
And still with her sweet innocence we find
And tender peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind,
Nature and art at once, delight and use combin'd.

Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
Bade social commerce raise renowned marts,
Join land to land, and marry soil to soil,
Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores;
Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,
Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores;
While o'er th' encircling deep Britannia's thunder roars.

The drooping Muses then he westward call'd,
From the fam'd city * by Propontic sea,
What time the Turk the enfeebled Grecian thrall'd; [free,
Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them
And brought them to another Castalie,
Where Isis many a famous nourseling breeds;
Or where old Cam soft paces o'er the lea
In pensive mood, and tunes his Doric reeds,
The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd feeds.

Yet the fine arts were what he finish'd least.
For why? thy are the quintessence of all;
The growth of laboring time, and slow encreast;
Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall,
That mighty patrons the coy sisters call
Up to the sunshine of uncumber'd ease, [thrall,
Where no rude care the mounting thought may

* Constantinople.

And where they nothing have to do but please:
Ah! gracious God! thou know'st they ask no other fees.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
Our patrons now even grudge that little claim,
Except to such as sleek the soothing rhyme;
And yet, forsooth, they wear Mæcenas' name:
Poor sons of puft-up vanity, not fame.
Unbroken spirits cheer! still, still remains
The eternal patron, Liberty; whose flame,
While she protects, inspires the noblest strains.
The best, and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.

When as the knight had fram'd in Britain-land
A matchless form of glorious government,
In which the sov'reign laws alone command,
Laws 'stablish'd by the public free consent,
Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent;
When this great plan, with each dependent art,
Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,
Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,
And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet thro' the heart.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,
Where his long alleys peep'd upon the main;
In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale,
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain.
The happy monarch of his sylvan train,
Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,
He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest domain:
His days, the days of unstain'd nature, roll'd,
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs of old.

Witness ye lowing herds, who gave him milk;
Witness, ye flocks, whose woolly vestments far
Exceed soft India's cotton, or her silk; [ear,
Witness, with autumn charg'd, the nodding
That homeward came beneath sweet evening's star;
Or of September moons the radiance mild
O hide thy head, abominable war!
Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child!
From heaven this life ysprung, from hell thy glories wild!

Nor from his deep retirement banish'd was
The musing care of rural industry.
Still as with grateful change the seasons pass,
New scenes arise, new landscapes strike the eye,
And all the enliven'd country beautify:
Gay plains extend where marshes slept before;
O'er recent meads the exulting streamlets fly;
Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' store,
And woods embrown the steep, or wave along the shore.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
He polish'd nature with a finer hand:
Yet on her beauties durst not art encroach;
'Tis art's alone these beauties to expand.
In graceful dance immingled, o'er the land,
Pans, Pales, Flora, and Pomona play'd:
Here too, brisk gales the rude wild common fann'd,
An happy place: where free and unafraid,
Amid the flow'ring brakes each coyer creature stray'd.

But in prime vigor what can last for ay?
That soul-enfeebling wizard Indolence,
I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay:
Spread far and wide was his curs'd influence;
Of public virtue much he dull'd the sense,
Even much of private; ate our spirit out,
And fed our rank luxurious vices; whence
The land was overlaid with many a lout;
Not, as old fame reports, wise, gen'rous, bold, and stout.

A rage of pleasure madden'd ev'ry breast,
Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran:
To his licentious wish each must be bless'd,
With joy be fever'd; snatch it as he can.
Thus vice the standard rear'd; her arrier-ban
Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the word,
"Mind, mind yourselves! why should the "vulgar man,
"The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord?
"Enjoy this span of life! 'tis all the gods afford."

The tidings reach'd to where, in quiet hall,
The good old knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repose.
"Come, come, Sir Knight! thy children on "thee call;
"Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close;
"The demon Indolence thy toil o'erthrows."
On this the noble color stain'd his cheeks,
Indignant, glowing thro' the whitening snows
Of venerable eld; his eye full speaks [breaks.
His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he

I will (he cried), so help me, God! destroy
That villain Archimage. — His page then
He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy, [stright
Benempt Dispatch. "My steed be at the gate,
"My bard attend; quick, bring the net of Fate."
This net was twisted by the sisters three;
Which when once cast o'er harden'd wretch, too late
Repentance comes: replevy cannot be
From the strong iron grasp of vengeful destiny.

He came, the bard, a little druid wight,
Of wither'd aspect; but his eye was keen,
With sweetness mix'd. In russet brown bedight,
As is his sister in the copses green *, [dight,
He crept along, unpromising of mien.
Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon azure sheen.
True comeliness, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the mind: all else is vanity and glare.

Come (quoth the knight), a voice has reach'd mine ear:
The demon Indolence threats overthrow
To all that to mankind is good and dear:
Come, Philomelus; let us instant go,
O'erturn his bowers, and lay his castle low.
Those men, those wretched men, who will be slaves,

* The Nightingale.

Must

Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe:
But some there be, thy song, as from their graves,
Shall raise. Thrice happy he! who without rigor saves.

Issuing forth, the knight bestrode his steed,
Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star
Shone blazing bright: sprung from the generous breed
That whirl of active day the rapid car,
He prane'd along, disdaining gate or bar.
Mean time, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;
An honest sober beast, that did not mar
His meditations, but full softly trode:
And much they moraliz'd as thus y fere they yode.
They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliss;
What else so fit for man to settle well?
And still their long researches met in this,
This truth of truths, which nothing can refel:
"From virtue's fount the purest joys out-well,
"Sweet rills of thought that cheer the con-
"scious soul;
"While vice pours forth the troubled streams
"of hell,
"The which, howe'er disguis'd, at last with dole
"Will through the tortur'd breast their fiery
"torrent roll."

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their summits rear.
On the cool height awhile our palmers stay,
And spite even of themselves their senses cheer:
Then to the wizard's wonne their first steps they steer.
Like a green isle, it broad beneath them spread,
With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,
And tufted groves to shed the meadow bed,
Sweet airs and song: and without hurry all seem'd glad.

"As God shall judge me, knight, we must for-
(The half-enraptur'd Philomelus cried) [give
"The frail good man deluded here to live,
"And in these groves his musing fancy hide.
"Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be denied,
"That virtue still some tincture has of vice,
"And vice of virtue. What should then betide,
"But that our charity be not too nice?
"Come, let us those we can to real bliss entice."

"Ay, sicker (quoth the knight) all flesh is frail,
"To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent;
"But let not brutish vice of this avail,
"And think to 'scape deserved punishment.
"Justice were cruel weakly to relent;
"From mercy's self she got her sacred glaive:
"Grace be to those who will, and can repent:
"But penance long, and dreary to the slave,
"Who must in floods of fire his gross foul spirit
"lave."

Thus, holding high discourse, they came to where
The cursed carle was at his wonted trade,
Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
In witching wise, as I before have said.
But when he saw, in goodly geer array'd,
The grave majestic knight approaching nigh,
And by his side the bard so sage and staid,
His count'nance fell; yet oft his anxious eye
Mark'd them, like wily fox who roosted cock doth spy.

Nathless, with feign'd respect, he bade give back
The rabble-rout, and welcom'd them full kind;
Struck with the noble twain, they were not slack
His orders to obey, and fall behind.
Then he resum'd his song; and unconfin'd
Pour'd all his music, ran thro' all his strings:
With magic dust their eyne he tries to blind,
And virtue's tender airs o'er nature flings.
What pity base his song who so divinely sings!

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
They listen'd so intent with fix'd delight:
But they instead, as if transmew'd to stone,
Marvel'd he could with such sweet art unite
The lights and shades of manners, wrong and right.

Meantime, the silly crowd the charms devour,
Wide pressing to the gate. Swift on the knight
He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
Who back'ning shunn'd his touch, for well he knew it's power.

As in throng'd amphitheatre of old,
The weary Retiarius * trapp'd his foe;
Ev'n so the knight, returning on him bold,
At once involv'd him in the net of woe,
Whereof I mention made not long ago.
Enrag'd at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,
And leap'd, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
But when he found that nothing could avail,
He sat him fell y down, and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

Alarm'd, the inferior demons of the place
Rais'd rueful shrieks and hideous yells around;
Black stormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,
As of infernal sprights in cavern bound;
A solemn madness ev'ry creature strook,
And lightnings flash'd, and horror rock'd the ground; [mish'd look,
Huge crowds on crowds out-pour'd with ble-
As if on time's last verge this frame of things had shook.

Soon as the short-liv'd tempest was y spent,
Steam'd from the jaws of vex'd Avernus' hole,
And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
Sir Industry the first calm moment stole:
"There must (he cried) amid so vast a shoal
"Be some who are not tainted at the heart,
"Not poison'd quite by this same villain's
"bowl: [part:
"Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire im-
"Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent
"spirit start."

The bard obey'd; and taking from his side,
Where it in seemly sort depending hung,

* A Gladiator, who made use of a net, which he threw over his adversary.

His British harp, its speaking strings he tried,
The which with skilful touch he deftly strung,
Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung.
Then, as he felt the Muses come along,
Light o'er the cords his raptur'd hand he flung,
And play'd a prelude to his rising song:
The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands round him throng.

Thus ardent burst his strain ——
"Ye hapless race,
"Dire-laboring here to smother reason's ray,
"That lights our Maker's image in our face,
"And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd sway;
"What is the ador'd Supreme Perfection, say?
"What, but eternal never-resting soul,
"Almighty power, and all directing day;
"By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll;
"Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole!

"Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold!
"Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis hence alone
"We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,
"To seraphs burning round the Almighty's throne,
"Life rising still on life, in higher tone,
"Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.
"In universal nature this clear shown,
"Not needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,
"To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyss.

"Is not the field, with lively culture green,
"A joyous sight more than the green morass?
"Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
"And fann'd by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass
"The foul November fogs, and slumb'rous mass,
"With which sad Nature veils her drooping face?
"Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glass,
"Gay dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?
"The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

"It was not by vile loitering in ease
"That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
"That soft yet ardent Athens learn'd to please,
"To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
"In all supreme! complete in every part!
"It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
"And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart:
"For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
"Renown in not the child of indolent repose.

"Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
"But in loose joy their time to wear away,
"Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
"Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
"Rude nature's state had been our state to-day;
"No cities e'er their tow'ry fronts had rais'd,
"No arts had made us opulent and gay;
"With brother brutes the human race had graz'd;
"None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honor'd been, none prais'd.

"Great Homer's song had never fir'd the breast
"To thirst of glory and heroic deeds;
"Sweet Maro's Muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
"Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds:
"The wits of modern time had told their beads,
"And monkish legends been their only strains:
"Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
"Our Shakspeare stroll'd and laugh'd with Warwick swains; [plains.
"Ne had my master Spenser charm'd his Mulla's

"Dumb too had been the sage historic Muse,
"And perish'd all the sons of antient fame;
"Those starry lights of virtue that diffuse
"Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
"Had all been lost with such as have no name,
"Who then had scorn'd his ease for other's good?
"Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
"Who in the public breach devoted stood,
"And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood?

"But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
"If right I read, you pleasure all require:
"Then hear how best may be obtain'd this fee,
"How best enjoy'd this nature's wide desire.
"Toil, and be glad! let industry inspire
"Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath!
"Who does not act is dead: absorpt entire
"In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath:
"O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!

"Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven
"When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
"How tasteless then whatever can be given!
"Health is the vital principle of bliss,
"And exercise of health. In proof of this,
"Behold the wretch, who slugs his life away,
"Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss;
"While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly play, [as day.
"Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear

"O who can speak the vigorous joys of health?
"Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind;
"The morning rises gay; with pleasing stealth,
"The temperate evening falls serene and kind
"In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
"See! how the younglings frisk along the meads, [wind;
"As May comes on, and wakes the balmy
"Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds:
"Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasaunce breeds?

"But here, instead, is fostered every ill,
"Which or distemper'd minds or bodies know
"Come then, my kindred spirits! do not spill
"Your

" Your talents here. This place is but a show,
" Whose charms delude you to the den of woe:
" Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
" Where pleasure's roses void of serpents
" grow, [knight,
" Sincere as sweet; come, follow this good
" And you will bless the day that brought him
" to your sight.
" Some he will lead to courts, and some to
" camps;
" To senates some, and public-sage debates,
" Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight
" lamps, [states:
" The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty
" To high-discovery some, that new-creates
" The face of earth; some to the thriving
" mart;
" Some to the rural reign, and softer fates;
" To the sweet Muses some, who raise the
" heart:
" All-glory shall be yours, all nature and all art.
" There are, I see, who listen to my lay,
" Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair.
" All may be done, (methinks I hear them
" say) [fair:
" Even death despis'd by generous actions
" All, but for those who to these bowers re-
" Their very power dissolv'd in luxury, [pair,
" To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,
" And from the powerful arms of sloth get
" free [be!
" 'Tis rising from the dead — Alas! — It cannot
" Would you then learn to dissipate the band
" Of these huge threatening difficulties dire,
" That in the weak man's way like lions
" stand,
" His soul appal, and damp his rising fire?
" Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.
" Exert that noblest privilege, alone
" Here to mankind indulg'd: control desire:
" Let godlike Reason, from her sovereign
" throne, [is done.
" Speak the commanding word — I will! — and it
" Heavens! can you then thus waste, in
" shameful wise,
" Your few important days of trial here?
" Heirs of eternity! yborn to rise
" Through endless states of being still more
" near
" To bliss approaching, and perfection clear;
" Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,
" Such glorious hopes, your backward steps
" to steer, [and slime?
" And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud
" No! no! — Your heaven-touch'd hearts dis-
" dain the sordid crime!"
" Enough! enough!" they cry'd — straight from the crowd
The better sort on wings of transport fly,
As when amid the lifeless summits proud
Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid sky
Snows pil'd on snows in wint'ry torpor ly,
The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;
Th' awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on
Rous'd into action, lively leap away, [high,
Glad-warbling through the vales, in their new
being gay.

Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,
That lighted up these new created men,
Than that which wings th' exulted spirit clean
When, just deliver'd from this fleshy den,
It soaring seeks its native skies agen. [pow'rs,
How light its essence! how unclogg'd its
Beyond the blazon of my moral pen!
Even so we glad forsook these sinful bowers,
Even such enraptur'd life, such energy was ours.

But far the greater part, with rage enflam'd,
Dire-mutter'd curses, and blasphem'd high
Jove,
" Ye sons of hate! (they bitterly exclaim'd)
" What brought you to this seat of peace
" and love?
" While with kind nature, here amid the grove,
" We pass'd the harmless sabbath of our
" time,
" What to disturb it could, fell men, emove
" Your barbarous hearts? Is happiness a
" crime? [sublime."
" Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon heaven
" Ye impious wretches," quoth the knight in wrath,
" Your happiness behold!" — Then straight a wand
He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
Truth from illusive falsehood to command.
Sudden, the landscape sinks on ev'ry hand;
The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found; [stand;
On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd
And o'er the weedy soul abhorred ground,
Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature crawls around.

And here and there, on trees by lightning seath'd,
Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung:
Or, in fresh gore and recent murder bath'd,
They welt'ring lay; or else, infuriate flung
Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung
The funeral dirge, they down the torrent rowl'd:
These, by distemper'd blood to madness stung,
Had doom'd themselves; whence oft, when night control'd [howl'd.
The world, returning hither their sad spirits

Meantime a moving scene was open laid;
That lazar house, I whilom in my lay
Depainted have, its horrors deep display'd,
And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.
Soon as of sacred light the unwonted smile
Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray,
Through the drear caverns stretching many a mile,
The sick uprais'd their heads, and dropp'd their woes a while.

" O heaven! (they cried) and do we once
" more see
" Yon blessed sun and this green earth so fair?
" Are we from noisome damps of pest-house free?
" And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air?
" O thou! or Knight, or God! who holdest there
" That fiend, oh keep him in eternal chains!
" But what for us, the children of despair,
" Brought to the brink of hell, what hope
" remains? [pains."
" Repentance does itself but aggravate our

The gentle Knight, who saw their rueful case,
Let fall adown his silver beard some tears.
" Certes (quoth he) it is not even in grace
" T' undo the past, and eke your broken years:
" Nathless, to nobler worlds Repentance rears,
" With humble hope, her eye; to her is given
" A pow'r the truly contrite heart that cheers;
" She quells the brand by which the rocks
" are riven; [Heaven.
" She more than merely softens, she rejoices

" Then patient bear the sufferings you have
" earn'd,
" And by these sufferings purify the mind;
" Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd;
" Or pious die, with penitence resign'd;
" And to a life more happy and refin'd,
" Doubt not, you shall new creatures yet arise.
" Till then you may expect in me to find
" One who will wipe your sorrow from your
" eyes;
" One who will soothe your pangs, and wing
" you to the skies."

They silent heard, and pour'd their thanks in
tears. [tone)
" For you (resum'd the Knight with sterner
" Whose hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon
" fears, [groan:
" That villain's gifts will cost you many a

" In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan
" His fatal charms, and weep your stains away:
" Till soft and pure as infant goodness grown,
" You feel a perfect change: then, who can say,
" What grace may yet shine forth in heaven's
" eternal day?"

This said, his pow'rful wand he way'd anew;
Instant a glorious angel-train descends,
The Charities, to wit, of rosy hue;
Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends:
And with seraphic flame compassion blends.
At once, delighted, to their charge they fly:
When, lo! a goodly hospital ascends;
In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
That could the sick-bed smoothe of that sad
company.

It was a worthy edifying sight,
And gives to human kind peculiar grace,
To see kind hands attending day and night,
With tender ministry, from place to place.
Some prop the head; some from the pallid face
Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature sheds:
Some reach the healing draught: the whilst,
to chase

The fear supreme around their soften'd beds,
Some holy man by prayer all op'ning Heaven
dispreds.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
Of those he rescued had from gaping hell,
Then turn'd the Knight, and, to his hall again
Soft-pacing, sought of Peace the mossy cell:
Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,
There left thro' delves and desarts dire to yell;
Amaz'd, their looks with pale dismay were
stain'd,
And spreading wide their hands they meek re-
pentance feign'd.

But, ah! their scorned day of grace was past:
For horrible to tell!) a desart wild [vast;
Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and
With gibbets, bones, and carcases defil'd.
There nor trim field, nor lively culture smil'd;
Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair;
But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely pil'd,
Thro' which they floundering toil'd with
painful care,
Whilst Phœbus smote them sore, and fir'd the
cloudless air.

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,
The sadden'd country a grey waste appear'd;
Where nought but putrid streams and noi-
some fogs
For ever hung on drizzly Auster's beard;
Or else the ground by piercing Caurus scar'd,
Was jagg'd with frost, or heap'd with glazed
snow:
Thro' these extremes a ceaseless round they
steer'd,
By cruel fiends still hurried to and fro,
Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-
hounds moe,

The first was with base dunghill rags veiled,
Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light;
Of morbid hue his features, sunk and sad;
His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light:
And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
His black rough beard was matted, rank, and
vile;
Direful to see! and heart-appalling sight!
Meantime foul scurf and blotches him defile;
And dogs, where'er he went, still barked all the
while.

The other was a fell despightful fiend:
Hell holds none worse in baneful bow'r below:
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rankor keen'd;
Of Man alike if good or bad the foe:
With nose up-turn'd, he always made a show
As if he smelt some nauseous scent; his eye
Was cold and keen, like blast from boreal snow;
And taunts he casten forth most bitterly. [fry.
Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly

Even so through Brentford town, a town of mud,
An herd of bristly swine is prick'd along;
The filthy beast, that never chew the cud,
Still grunt and squeak, and sing their troublous
song.

And

And oft they plunge them selves the mire among:
But ay the ruthless driver goads them on,
And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan;
Ne ever find they rest from their unresting sone.

§ 53. *To the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton.*
THOMSON.

Inscribed to the Right Honorable
Sir Robert Walpole.

SHALL the great soul of Newton quit this earth,
To mingle with his stars; and every Muse,
Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight
Of honors due to his illustrious name?
But what can man? — Even now the sons of light,
In strains high warbled to seraphic lyre,
Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.
Yet am I not deterr'd though high the theme,
And sung to harps of angels; for with you,
Ethereal flames! ambitious I aspire
In Nature's general symphony to join. [guest?
And what new wonders can you show your
Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil
Clouded in dust, from Motion's simple laws
Could trace the secret hand of Providence
Wide-working thro' this universal frame.
Have ye not listen'd, while he bound the suns
And planets to their spheres? th' unequal task
Of human kind till then. Oft had they roll'd
O'er erring man the year, and oft disgrac'd
The pride of schools, before their course was
Full in its causes and effects, to him, [known
All-piercing sage! who sat not down and dream'd
Romantic schemes, defended by the din
Of specious words, and tyranny of names;
But bidding his amazing mind attend,
And, with heroic patience, years and years
Deep searching saw at last the system dawn,
And shine of all his race on him alone. [strong!
What were his raptures then: how pure! how
And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,
By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys
In some small fray victorious! when instead
Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd
By violence unmanly, and sore deeds
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself
Stood all-subdued by him, and open laid
Her ev'ry latent glory to his view.
All intellectual eye, our solar round
First gazing thro', he, by the blended pow'r
Of gravitation and projection, saw
The whole in silent harmony revolve.
From unassisted vision hid, the moons,
To cheer remoter planets numerous form'd,
By him in all their mingled tracts were seen.
He also fix'd our wand'ring queen of night;
Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,
In a soft deluge overflows the sky.
Her ev'ry motion clear discerning, He
Adjusted to the mutual main, and taught
Why now the mighty mass of water swells
Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,
And the full river turning; till again
The tide revertive, unattracted leaves
A yellow waste of idle sands behind.
Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
Thro' the blue infinite; and every star,
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube,
Far-stretching snatches from the dark abyss,
Or such as farther in successive skies
To fancy shine alone, at his approach
Blaz'd into suns, the living centre each
Of an harmonious system: all combin'd,
And ruled unerring by that single pow'r
Which draws the stone projected to the ground
O unprofuse magnificence divine!
O wisdom truly perfect! thus to call.
From a few causes such a scheme of things,
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,
An universe complete! and, O belov'd
Of Heaven, whose well-purg'd penetrative eye,
The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scann'd
The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame.
He first of men, with awful wing pursued
The Comet thro' the long elliptic curve,
As round innum'rous worlds he wound his way;
Till, to the forehead of our evening sky
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.
The heavens are all his own; from the wild
Of whirling vortices and circling spheres, [rule
To their first great simplicity restor'd
The schools astonish'd stood; but found it vain
To combat still with demonstration strong,
And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze
Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,
With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,
When Newton rose, our philosophic sun.
The aerial flow of sound was known to him,
From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,
Till the touch'd organ takes the message in.
Nor could the darting beam, of speed immense
Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring eye.
Even light itself, which ev'ry thing displays,
Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind
Untwisted all the shining robe of day;
And from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze
Collecting ev'ry ray into his kind,
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
Of parent-colors. First the flaming red
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny orange next;
And next delicious yellow, by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green;
Then the pure blue, that swells autumnal skies,
Ethereal play'd; and then, of sadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepen'd indigo, as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost;
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Died in the fainted violet away.
These, when the clouds distil the rosy show'r,
Shine out distinct adown the wat'ry bow;
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling dyes from these result
And myriads still remain — Infinite source
Of beauty, ever-flushing, ever new!

Did ever poet image aught so fair, [brook!
Dreaming in whispering groves by the hoarse
Or prophet, to whose rapture heaven descends!
Even now the setting sun and shifting clouds,
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare
How just, how beauteous the refractive law.
The noiseless tide of time, all bearing down
To vast eternity's unbounded sea,
Where the green island of the happy shine,
He stemm'd alone: and to the source (involv'd
Deep in primæval gloom) ascending, rais'd
His lights at equal distances, to guide
Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.
But who can number up his labors? who
His high discov'ries sing? when but a few
Of the deep studying race can stretch their minds
To what he knew: in fancy's lighter thought
How shall the Muse then grasp the mighty theme?
What wonder thence that his devotion swell'd
Responsive to his knowledge? for could he,
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
The finish'd university of things,
In all its order, magnitnde and parts,
Forbear incessant to adore that Pow'r
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole?
Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,
Who saw him in the softest lights of life,
All unwithheld, indulging to his friends
The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,
Oh speak the wond'rous man! how mild, how calm,
How greatly humble, how divinely good;
How firm establish'd on eternal truth;
Fervent in doing well, with ev'ry nerve
Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,
And panting for perfection: far above
Those little cares and visionary joys
That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart
Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man!
And you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe,
You, who, unconscious of those nobler flights
That reach impatient at immortal life,
Against the prime endearing privilege
Of being dare contend, say, can a soul
Of such extensive, deep, tremendous pow'rs,
Enlarging still, be but a finer breath
Of spirits dancing thro' their tubes awhile,
And then for ever lost in vacant air?
But hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,
Solemn as when some awful change is come,
Sound thro' the world—"'Tis done! the mea-
"sure's full; [stones,
"And I resign my charge."—Ye mould'ring
That build the tow'ring pyramid, the proud
Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports
The worshipp'd name of hoar antiquity,
Down to the dust what grandeur can ye boast,
While Newton lifts his column to the skies,
Beyond the waste of time? Let no weak drop
Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
These are the tombs that claim the tender tear
And elegiac song. But Newton calls
For other notes of gratulation high,
That now he wanders thro' those endless worlds
He here so well descried, and wond'ring talks,
And hymns their Author with his glad compeers.
O Britain's boast! whether with angels thou
Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-blest,
Who joy to see the honor of their kind;
Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,
Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,
Comparing things with things, in rapture lost,
And grateful adoration, for that light
So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
From Light himself; O look with pity down
On human kind a frail erroneous race!
Exalt the spirit of a downward world!
O'er thy dejected country chief preside,
And be her Genius call'd! her studies raise,
Correct her manners, and inspire her youth:
For, tho' deprav'd and sunk, she brought thee forth,
And glories in thy name; she points thee out
To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star:
While in expectance of the second life,
When time shall be no more, the sacred dust
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

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§ 54. *Hymn on Solitude.* Thomson.

Hail, mildly-pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise and good:
But from whose holy piercing eye
The herd of fools and villains fly.
Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts!
A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in ev'ry shape you please.
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky.
A shepherd next you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain;
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Hartford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.
Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
And while meridian fervors beat
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
But chief, when evening scenes decay;
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.
Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage and swain;
Plain innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head:
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine:

About

About thee sports sweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania sings to thee.
Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell
And in thy deep recesses dwell.
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise;
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

§ 55. *Hymn to Darkness.* YALDEN.

DARKNESS, thou first great parent of us all,
Thou art our great original;
Since from thy universal womb [springcome.
Does all thou shad'st below, thy numerous off-
Thy wond'rous birth is even to Time unknown,
Or, like eternity, thoud'st none;
Whilst Light did its first being owe
Unto that awful shade it dares to rival now.

Say, in what distant region dost thou dwell,
To Reason inaccessible?
From form and duller matter free,
Thou soar'st above the reach of man's philosophy.

Involv'd in thee, we first receive our breath,
Thou art a refuge too in death:
Great monarch of the grave and womb!
Where'er our souls shall go, to thee our bodies come.

The silent globe is struck with awful fear,
When thy majestic shades appear:
Thou dost compose the air and sea, [thee.
And Earth a sabbath keeps, sacred to rest and

In thy serener shades our ghosts delight,
And court the umbrage of the night;
In vaults and gloomy caves they stray,
But fly the morning beams, and sicken at the day.

Though solid bodies dare exclude the light,
Nor will the brightest ray admit;
No substance can thy force repel,
Thou reign'st in depths below, dost in the centre dwell.

The sparkling gems, and ore in mines below,
To thee their beauteous lustre owe;
Tho' form'd within the tomb of night,
Bright as their fire they shine, with native rays of light.

When thou dost raise thy venerable head,
And art in genuine night array'd,
Thy negro beauties then delight;
Beauties, like polish'd jet, with their own darkness bright.

Thou dost thy smiles impartially bestow,
And know'st no diff'rence here below:
All things appear the same by thee,
Tho' Light distinction makes, thou giv'st equality.

Thou, Darkness, art the lover's kind retreat,
And dost the nuptial joys complete;
Thou dost inspire them with thy shade,
Giv'st vigor to the youth, and warm'st the yielding maid.

Calm as the bless'd above the anchorites dwell
Within their peaceful gloomy cell;
Their minds with heavenly joys are fill'd;
The pleasures Light denies, thy shades for ever yield.

In caves of night, the oracles of old
Did all their mysteries unfold:
Darkness did first Religion grace,
Gave terrors to the God, and reverence to the place.

When the Almighty did on Horeb stand,
Thy shades inclos'd the hallow'd land,
In clouds of night he was array'd,
And venerable darkness his pavillion made.

When he appear'd arm'd in his pow'r and might,
He veil'd the beatific light;
When, terrible with majesty, [thee.
In tempests he gave laws, and clad himself in

Ere the foundation of the earth was laid,
Or brighter firmament was made;
Ere matter, time, or place was known,
Thou, Monarch Darkness, sway'dst these spacious realms alone.

But now the moon, (tho' gay with borrow'd light)
Invades the scanty lot of Night:
By rebel subjects thou'rt betray'd,
The anarchy of stars depose their monarch, Shade.

Yet fading Light its empire must resign,
And Nature's pow'r submit to thine:
An universal ruin shall erect thy throne,
And Fate confirm thy kingdom evermore thy own.

§ 56. *Education.* WEST.

Written in imitation of the Style and Manner of Spencer's Fairy Queen.

Inscribed to Lady Langham, widow of Sir Jo. Langham, Bart.

"Unum studium vere liberale est, quod liberum
"facit. Hoc sapientiæ studium est, sublime,
"forte, magnanimum: cætera pusilla et puerilia,
"sunt.—Plus scire velle quam sit satis, intem-
"perantiæ genus est. Quid, quod ista libera-
"lium artium consectatio molestos, verbosos,
"intempestivos, sibi placentes facit, et ideo non
"dicentes necessaria, quia supervacua didice-
"runt." SEN. Ep. 88.

O GOODLY Discipline! from Heaven ysprung,
Parent of Science, queen of Arts refin'd!
To whom the Graces and the Nine belong,
Oh! bid those Graces, in fair chorus join'd
With each bright virtue that adorns the mind,
Oh! bid the Muses, thine harmonious train,
Who by thy aid erst humaniz'd mankind,
Inspire, direct, and moralize the strain [gain.
That doth essay to teach thy treasure how to

And thou, whose pious and maternal care,
The substitute of heavenly Providence,
With tend'rest love my orphan life did rear,
And train me up to manly strength and sense,
With mildest awe and virtuous influence
Directing my unpractis'd wayward feet
To the smooth walks of Truth and Innocence,
Where Happiness heartfelt, Contentment sweet,
Philosophy divine, aye hold their blest retreat;
Thou,

Thou, most below'd, most honor'd, most rever'd!
Accept this Verse, to thy large merit due!
And blame me not, if, by each tie endear'd
Of nature, gratitude, and friendship true,
The whiles this moral thesis I pursue,
And trace the plan of goodly nurture * o'er,
I bring thy modest virtues into view,
And proudly boast that from thy precious store,
Which erst enrich'd my heart, I drew this sacred lore.

And thus, I ween, thus shall I best repay
The valu'd gifts thy careful love bestow'd,
If imitating thee well as I may
I labor to diffuse th' important good,
'Till this great truth by all be understood—
"That all the pious duties which we owe
"Our parents, friends, our country, and our God,
"The seeds of ev'ry virtue here below,
"From discipline alone and early culture grow."

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight, as to Pædia's † house
He his young son conveys,
Is staid by Custom, with him fights,
And his vain pride disdays.

A GENTLE knight there was whose noble deeds
O'er Fairyland by Fame were blazon'd round;
For warlike enterprize and sage areeds ‡
Among the chief alike was he renown'd,
Whence with the marks of highest honors crown'd
By Gloriana, in domestic peace,
That port to which the wise are ever bound,
He anchor'd was, and chang'd the tossing seas
Of bustling busy life for calm sequester'd ease.

There in domestic virtue rich and great,
As erst in public, 'mid his wide domain
Long in primeval patriarchal state,
The lord, the judge, the father of the plain
He dwelt; and with him in the golden chain
Of wedded faith ylink'd a matron sage
Aye dwelt, sweet partner of his joy and pain!
Sweet charmer of his youth, friend of his age,
Skill'd to improve his bliss, his sorrows to assuage!

From this fair union, not of sordid gain,
But merit similar and mutual love,
True source of lineal virtue, sprung a train
Of youths and virgins, like the beauteous grove
Which round the temple of Olympic Jove
Begirt with youthful bloom the parent tree §,
The sacred olive, whence old Elis wove
Her verdant crowns of peaceful victory,
The guerdons || of bold strength and swift activity.

So round their noble parents goodly rose
These gen'rous scions; they with watchful care,
Still as the swelling passions 'gan disclose
The buds of future virtues, did prepare
With prudent culture the young shoots to rear,
And aye in this endearing pious toil
They by a palmer ¶ sage instructed were, [while
Who from deep thought and studious search ere-
Had learnt to mend the heart and till the human soil.

For by celestial Wisdom whilom led
Thro' all the apartments of th' immortal mind,
He view'd the secret stores, and mark'd the sted **
To judgement, wit, and memory, assign'd;
And now sensation and reflection join'd
To fill the images her darksome grotte,
Where variously disjointed or combin'd,
As reason, fancy, or opinion, wrought, [thought.
Their various masks they play'd, and fed her pensive

Als †† thro' the fields of Science had he stray'd
With eager search, and sent his piercing eye
Thro' each learn'd school, each philosophic shade,
Where Truth and Virtue erst were deem'd to lie,
If haply the fair vagrants he mote ‡‡ spy,
Or hear the music of their charming lore;
But all unable there to satisfy
His curious soul, he turn'd him to explore
The sacred writ of Faith, to learn, believe, adore.

Thence foe profess'd of Falsehood and Deceit,
Those sly artificers of Tyranny,
Aye holding up before uncertain feet
His faithful light to knowledge, Liberty,
Mankind he led to civil policy,
And mild Religion's charitable law,
That fram'd by Mercy and Benignity
The persecuting sword forbids to draw,
And free-created souls with penal terrors awe.

Ne with the glorious gifts elate and vain
Lock'd he his wisdom up in churlish pride,
But stooping from his height would even deign
The feeble steps of infancy to guide:
Eternal glory him therefore betide;
Let ev'ry gen'rous youth his praise proclaim,
Who wand'ring thro' the world's rude forest wide,
By him hath been y taught his course to frame
To Virtue's sweet abodes and heaven-aspiring Fame!

For this the Fairy knight with anxious thought
And fond paternal care his counsel pray'd,
And him of gentlest courtesy besought
His guidance to vouchafe and friendly aid,
The while his tender offspring he convey'd
Thro' devious paths to that secure retreat
Where sage Pædia with each tuneful maid
On a wide mount had fix'd her rural seat,
'Mid flow'ry gardens plac'd, untrod by vulgar feet.

And now forth-pacing with his blooming heir,
And that same virtuous palmer them to guide,

* Nurture, education. † Pædia is a Greek word, signifying education. ‡ Areeds, counsels.
§ *Parent tree the sacred olive.*] This tree grew in the Altis, or sacred grove of Olympic Jupiter, at Olympia, having, as the Eleans pretended, been originally planted there by Hercules. It was esteemed sacred; and from that were taken the Olympic crowns.
|| Guerdons, rewards.
¶ Palmer, pilgrim. The person here signifiedis Mr. Locke, characterized by his works.
** Sted, place, station. †† Als, also, further. ‡‡ Mote, might.

Arm'd

Arm'd all to point, and on a courser fair
Ymounted high, in military pride,
His little train before he slow did ride.
Him eke behind a gentle 'squire ensues,
With his young lord aye marching side by side,
His counsellor and guard in goodly thews*,
Who well had been brought up and nurs'd by ev'ry Muse.

Thus as their pleasing journey they pursu'd,
With cheerful argument beguiling pain,
Ere long descending from an hill they view'd
Beneath their eyes outstretch'd a spacious plain,
That fruitful show'd and apt for ev'ry grain,
For pastures, vines, and flow'rs, while Nature fair
Sweet smiling all around with count'nance fain†
Seem'd to demand the tiller's art and care
Her wildness to correct, her lavish waste repair.

Right good I ween and bounteous was the soil,
Aye wont in happy season to repay
With tenfold usury the peasant's toil,
But now it was ruin all and wild decay;
Untill'd the garden and the fallow lay, [grown,
The sheep-shorne down with barren brakes ‡ o'er-
The whiles the merry peasants sport and play
All as the public evil were unknown,
Or ev'ry public care from ev'ry breast was flown.

Astonish'd at a scene at once so fair
And so deform'd, with wonder and delight
At man's neglect and Nature's bounty rare,
In studious thought awhile the Fairy knight
Bent on that goodly lond § his eager sight,
Then forward rush'd impatient to descry
What towns and castles therein were empight‖;
For towns him seem'd and castles he did spy [eye.
As to th' horizon round he stretch'd his roaming

Nor long way had they travell'd ere they came
To a wide stream that with tumultuous roar
Amongst rude rocks its winding course did frame,
Black'd was the wave and sordid, cover'd o'er
With angry foam, and stain'd with infants' gore:
Thereto, along th' unlovely margin stood
A birchen grove that waving from the shore
Aye cast upon the tide its falling bud,
And with its bitter juice empoison'd all the flood.

Right in the centre of the vale empight
Not distant far a forked mountain rose,
In outward form presenting to the sight
That fam'd Parnassian hill on whose fair brows
The Nine Aonian Sisters wont repose,
List'ning to sweet Castalia's sounding stream,
Which thro' the plains of Cirrha murm'ring flows;
But this to that compar'd mote justly seem
Nefitting haunt for gods, new worthy man's esteem.

For this, nor founded deep nor spredden wide,
Nor high uprais'd above the level plain,
By toiling art thro' tedious years applied,
From various parts compil'd with studious pain,
Was erst upthrown, if so it mote attain,
Like that poetic mountain, to be hight ¶
The noble seat of Learning's goodly train;
Thereto, the more to captivate the sight
It like a garden fair most curiously was dight**:
In figur'd plots with leafy walls enclos'd,
By measure and by rule it was outlay'd,
With symmetry so regular dispos'd
That plot to plot still answer'd shade to shade;
Each correspondent twain alike array'd
With like embellishments of plants and flow'rs,
Of statues, vases, spouting founts, that play'd
Thro' shells of Tritons their ascending show'rs,
And labyrinths involv'd and trelice-woven bow'rs.

There likewise mote be seen on ev'ry side
The yew obedient to the planter's will,
And shapely box of all their branching pride
Ungently shorne, and with prepost'rous skill
To various beasts and birds of sundry quill
Transform'd, and human shapes of monstrous size,
Huge as that giant race who hill on hill [prize ††
High-heaping, sought with impious vain em-
Despite of thund'ring Jove to scale the steepy skies.
Als other wonders of the sportive shears
Fair Nature misadorning there were found
Globes, spiral columns, pyramids, and piers,
With sprouting urns and budding statues crown'd,
And horizontal dials on the ground
In living box by cunning artists trac'd,
And gallies trim on no long voyage bound,
But by their roots there ever anchor'd fast, [blast.
All ‡‡ were their bellying sails outspread to ev'ry
O'er all appear'd the mountain's forked brows
With terrasses on terrasses upthrown,
And all along arrang'd in order'd rows
And vistos broad the velvet slopes adown
The ever verdant trees of Daphne shone;
But aliens to the clime, and brought of old
From Latian plains and Grecian Helicon,
They shrunk and languish'd in a foreign mould,
By changeful summers starv'd, and pinch'd by winter's cold.

Amid this verdant grove with solemn state,
On golden thrones of antic form reclin'd,
In mimic majesty Nine Virgins sat,
In features various as unlike in mind:
Als boasted they themselves of heavenly kind,
And to the sweet Parnassian Nymphs allied;
Thence round their brows the Delphic bay they 'twin'd,
And matching with high names their apish pride,
O'er ev'ry learned school aye claim'd they to preside.

In antic garbs (for modern they disdain'd)
By Greek and Roman artists whilom §§ made,
Of various woofs and variously distain'd
With tints of ev'ry hue were they array'd;

* Thews, manners. † Fain, earnest, eager. ‡ Brakes, briers. § Lond land.
‖ Empight, placed. ¶ Hight, called, named. ** Dight, drest.
†† Emprize, enterprise, attempt. ‡‡ All, used frequently by the old English poets for although.
§§ Whilom, formerly.

And

And here and there ambitiously display'd
A purple shred of some rich robe, prepar'd
Erst by the Muses or th' Aonian Maid,
To deck great Tullius or the Mantuan bard,
Which o'er each motley vest with uncouth splendor glar'd.

And well their outward vesture did express
The bent and habit of their inward mind,
Affecting Wisdom's antiquated dress,
And usages by time cast far behind:
Thence to the charms of younger Science blind,
The customs, laws, the learning, arts, and phrase,
Of their own countries they with scorn declin'd;
Ne sacred Truth herself would they embrace
Unwarranted, unknown in their forefathers days.

Thus ever backward casting their survey
To Rome's old ruins, and the groves forlorn
Of elder Athens, which in prospect lay [turn
Stretch'd out against the mountain, would they
Their busy search, and o'er the rubbish mourn,
Then gath'ring up with superstitious care
Each little scrap, however foul or torn,
In grave harangues they boldly would declare,
This Ennius, Varro, this the Stagirite, did wear.

Yet under names of venerable sound, [rod,
While o'er the world they stretch'd their awful
Thro' all the provinces of Learning own'd
For teachers of whate'er is wise and good;
Als from each region to their dread * abode
Came youth unnumber'd, crowding all to taste
The streams of Science, which united flow'd,
Adown the mount from nine rich sources cast,
And to the vale below in one rude torrent past.

O'er ev'ry source, protectress of the stream,
One of those Virgin Sisters did preside,
Who dignifying with her noble name
Her proper flood, aye pour'd into the tide,
The heady vapors of scholastic pride,
Despotical and abject, bold and blind,
Fierce in debate, and forward to decide,
Vain love of praise with adulation join'd,
And disingenuous scorn and impotence of mind.

Extending from the hill on ev'ry side,
In circuit vast a verdant valley spread,
Across whose uniform flat bosom glide
Ten thousand streams, in winding mazes led
By various sluices from one common head;
A turbid mass of waters, vast, profound!
Hight of Philology the lake, and fed
By that rude torrent which with roaring sound
Came tumbling from the hill, and flow'd the level round.

And ev'ry where this spacious valley o'er,
Fast by each stream was seen a numerous throng
Of beardless striplings, to the birch-crown'd shore
By nurses, guardians, fathers, dragg'd along,
Who, helpless, meek, and innocent of wrong,
Were torn reluctant from the tender side
Of their fond mothers, and by faitours † strong,
By pow'r made insolent and hard by pride, [tide.
Were driv'n with furious rage, and lash'd into the

On the rude bank with trembling feet they stood,
And casting round their oft reverted eyes,
If haply they mote 'scape the hated flood,
Fill'd all the plain with lamentable cries:
But far away th' unheeding father flies,
Constrain'd his strong compunctions to repress;
While close behind, assuming the disguise
Of nurt'ring Care and smiling Tenderness, [press.
With secret scourges arm'd those grisly faitours

As on the steepy margin of a brook,
When the young Sun with flowry Maia rides,
With innocent dismay a bleating flock
Crowd back affrighted at the rolling tides,
The shepherd-swain at first exhorting chides
Their seely ‡ fear; at length, impatient grown,
With his rude crook he wounds their tender sides,
And, all regardless of their piteous moan, [down.
Into the dashing wave compels them furious

Thus urg'd by mast'ring fear and dolorous teen §
Into the current plung'd that infant crowd:
Right piteous was the spectacle I ween,
Of tender striplings stain'd with tears and blood,
Perforce conflicting with the bitter flood,
And lab'ring to attain the distant shore,
Where holding forth the gown of manhood stood
The Siren Liberty, and evermore
Solicited their hearts with her enchanting lore.

Irksome and long the passage was, perplex'd
With rugged rocks, on which the raving tide
By sudden bursts of angry tempests vex'd
Oft dash'd the youth, whose strength not eillabide
With head uplifted o'er the waves to ride;
Whence many wearied ere they had o'erpast
The middle stream (for they in vain have tried)
Again return'd astounded ‖ and aghast,
Ne one regardful look would ever backward cast.

Some, of a rugged more enduring frame,
Their toilsome course with patient pain pursu'd,
And tho' with many a bruise and muchel ¶ blame,
Eft hanging on the rocks, and eft embru'd
Deep in the muddy stream, with hearts subdu'd,
And quail'd by labor, gain'd the shore at last;
But in life's practis'd lear** unskill'd and rude,
Forth to that forked hill they silent pac'd,
Where hid in studious shades their fruitless hours they waste.

Others of rich and noble lineage bred,
Tho' with the crowd to pass the flood constrain'd,
Yet o'er the crags with fond indulgence led
By hireling guides, and in all depths sustain'd,
Skimm'd lightly o'er the tide, undipt, unstain'd,
Save with the sprinkling of the wat'ry spray,
And aye their proud prerogative maintain'd

* Drad, dreadful.
† Faitour, doer, from *faire*, to do, and *fait*, deed; commonly used by Spenser in a bad sense.
‡ Seely, simple. § Teen, pain, grief. ‖ Astounded, astonished. ¶ Muchel, much.
** Lear, learning.

Of

Of ignorance, and ease, and wanton play,
Soft harbingers of vice and premature decay.

A few, alas! how few! by Heaven's high will
With subtle spirits endow'd and sinews strong,
Albe* sore mated † by the tempests shrill
That bellow'd fierce and rise the rocks among,
By their own native vigor borne along,
Cut briskly thro' the waves, and forces new
Gath'ring from toil, and ardor from the throng
Of rival youths, outstript the lab'ring crew,
And to the true Parnasse ‡ and heaven-throng'd glory flew.

Dire was the tumult! and from ev'ry shore
Discordant echoes struck the deafen'd ear,
Heart-thrilling cries, with sobs and singults § sore
Short interrupted, the imploring tear,
And furious stripes and angry threats severe,
Confus'dly mingled with the jarring sound
Of all the various speeches that whilere ||
On Shinars's widespread champaign did astound
High Babel's builders vain, and their proud works confound.

Much was the knight empassion'd at the scene;
But more his blooming son, whose tender breast
Empierced deep with sympathizing teen
On his pale cheek the sign of drad impress'd,
And fill'd with tears his eyes, with sore distress'd,
Up to his sire he rais'd in mournful wise,
Who with sweet smiles paternal soon redress'd
His troublous thoughts, and clear'd each sad surmise:
Then turns his ready steed, and on his journey hies.

But far he had not march'd ere he was stay'd
By a rude voice, that like th' united sound
Of shouting myriads thro' the valley bray'd
And shook the groves, the floods, and solid ground;
The distant hills rebellow'd all around.
"Arrest, sir Knight," it cried, "thy fond career,
"Nor with presumptuous disobedience wound
"That awful majesty which all revere!
"In my commands, sir Knight, the voice of "nations hear."

Quick turn'd the knight, and saw upon the plain
Advancing towards him, with impetuous gait,
And visage all inflam'd with fierce disdain,
A monstrous giant, on whose brow elate
Shone the bright ensign of imperial state;
Albeit lawful kingdom he had none
But laws and kingdoms wont he oft create,
And oft times over both erect his throne,
While senates, priests, and kings, his sovran ¶ sceptre own.

Custom he hight, and aye in ev'ry land
Usurp'd dominion with despotic sway
O'er all he holds, and to his high command
Constrains ev'n stubborn Nature to obey,
Whom dispossessing oft he doth essay
To govern in her right; and with a pace
So soft and gentle doth he win his way,
That she unwares is caught in his embrace:
And tho' deflour'd and thrall'd nought feels her foul disgrace.

For nurt'ring even from their tenderest age
The docile sons of men withouten pain,
By disciplines and rules to every stage
Of life accommodate, he doth them train
Insensibly to wear and hug his chain;
Als his behests or gentle or severe,
Or good or noxious, rational or vain,
He craftily persuades them to revere
As institutions sage and venerable lear.

Protector therefore of that forked hill,
And mighty patron of those Sisters Nine,
Who there enthron'd with many a copious rill,
Feed the full streams that thro' the valley shine,
He deemed was, and aye with rites divine,
Like those which Sparta's ** hardy race of yore
Were wont perform at fell Diana's shrine,
He doth constrain his vassals to adore
Perforce their sacred names, and learn their sacred lore.

And to the Fairy knight now drawing near
With voice terrific and imperious mien
(All was he wont less dreadful to appear seen)
When known and practis'd than at distance
And kingly stretching forth his sceptre sheen,
Him he commandeth upon threaten'd pain
Of his displeasure high and vengeance keen,
From his rebellious purpose to refrain,
And all due honors pay to Learning's rev'rend train.

So saying, and forestalling all reply,
His peremptory hand without delay,
As one who little car'd to justify
His princely will, long us'd to boundless sway,
Upon the Fairy youth with great dismay
In ev'ry quaking limb convuls'd he lay'd,
And proudly stalking o'er the verdant lay ††
Him to those scientific streams convey'd,
With many his young compeers, therein to be embay'd ‡‡.

The knight his tender son's distressful stour §§
Perceiving, swift to his assistance flew,
Ne vainly stay'd to deprecate that pow'r
Which from submission aye more haughty grew:
For that proud giant's force he wisely knew
Not to be meanly dreaded, nor defied
With rash presumption: and with courage true,
Rather than step from virtue's path aside,
Oft had he singly scorn'd his all-dismaying pride.

* Albe, although. † Mated, amazed, scared. ‡ Parnasse, Parnassus.
§ Singults, sighs. || Whilere, formerly. ¶ Sovran for sovereign.
** The Lacedemonians, in order to make their children hardy and endure pain with constancy and courage, were accustomed to cause them to be scourged very severely. "And I myself," says Plutarch, in his Life of Lycurgus, "have seen several of them endure whipping to death at the foot of the altar of Diana, surnamed Othia." †† Lay, mead. ‡‡ Embay'd, bathed, dipt. §§ Stour, trouble, misfortune, &c.

And

And now, disdaining parle, his courser hot
He fiercely prick'd, and couch'd his vengeful spear,
Wherewith the giant he so rudely smot,
That him perforce constrain'd to wend * arrear;
Who much abash'd at such rebuke severe,
Yet his accustom'd pride recov'ring soon,
Forthwith his massy sceptre 'gan uprear,
For other warlike weapon he had none,
Ne other him behov'd to quell his boldest fone†.
With that enormous mace the Fairy knight
So sore he bet ‡ that all his armor bray'd §,
To pieces well nigh riv'n with the might
Of so tempestuous strokes; but he was stay'd,
And ever with delib'rate valor weigh'd
The sudden changes of the doubtful fray,
From cautious prudence oft deriving aid,
When force unequal did him hard assay;
So lightly from the steed he leap'd upon the lay.
Then swiftly drawing forth his trenchant ¶ blade,
High o'er his head he held his fenceful shield,
And warily forecasting to evade
The giant's furious arm about him wheel'd,
With restless steps aye traversing the field,
And ever as his foe's intemp'rate pride
Thro' rage defenceless more advantage yield,
With his sharp sword so oft he did him gride ¶,
That his gold sandal'd feet in crimson floods were dy'd.
His baser parts he maim'd with many a wound;
But far above his utmost reach were pight **
The sorts of life; ne never to confound
With utter ruin, and abolish quite
A pow'r so puissant, by his single might
Did he presume to hope: himself alone
From lawless force to free in bloody fight
He stood, content to bow to custom's throne,
So reason mote not blush his sovran rule to own.
So well he warded and so fiercely prest
His foe, that weary wax'd he of the fray.
Yet nould he algates †† lower his haughty crest,
But masking in contempt his sore dismay,
Disdainfully releas'd the trembling prey
As one unworthy of his princely care;
Then proudly casting on the warlike Fay ‡‡
A smile of scorn and pity, thro' the air
'Gan blow his shrilling horn; the blast was heard afar.
Eftsoons astonish'd at th' alarming sound,
The signal of distress and hostile wrong,
Confus'dly trooping from all quarters round,
Came pouring o'er the plain a numerous throng
Of ev'ry sex and order, old and young,
The vassals of great Custom's wide domain,
Who to his lore inur'd by usage long
His ev'ry summons heard with pleasure fain,
And felt his ev'ry wound with sympathetic pain.
They, when their bleeding king they did behold
And saw an armed knight him standing near,
Attended by that palmer sage and bold,
Whose vent'rous search of devious truth whilere
Spread thro' the realms of learning horrors drear,
Yseised were at first with terrors great,
And in their boding hearts began to fear
Dissension factious, controversial hate,
And innovations strange, in Custom's peaceful state.
But when they saw the knight his falchion sheath,
And climbing to his steed march thence away
With all his hostile train, they 'gan to breathe
With freer spirit, and with aspect gay
Soon chas'd the gath'ring clouds of black afray:
Als their great monarch, cheered with the view
Of myriads who confess his sovran sway,
His ruffled pride began to plume anew
And on his bugle clear a strain of triumph blew.
Thereat the multitude that stood around
Sent up at once a universal roar
Of boistrous joy: the sudden-bursting sound,
Like the explosion of a warlike store
Of nitrous grain, th' afflicted welkin §§ tore:
Then turning tow'rds the knight with scoffings
Heart-piercing insults and revilings sore, [lewd,
Loud bursts of laughter vain, and hisses rude
As thro' the throng he pass'd his parting steps pursued.
Als from that forked hill, the boasted seat
Of studious Peace and mild Philosophy,
Indignant murmurs mote be heard to threat,
Must'ring their rage; eke baleful Infamy,
Rous'd from her den of base obscurity
By those fam'd Maidens Nine, began to sound
Her brazen trump of black'ning obloquy,
While Satire, with dark cloud sencompass'd round
Sharp secret arrows shot, and aim'd his back to wound.
But the brave Fairy knight no whit dismay'd,
Held on his peaceful journey o'er the plain,
With curious eye observing, as he stray'd
Thro' the wide provinces of Custom's reign,
What mote afresh admonish him remain
Fast by his virtuous purpose; all around
So many objects mov'd his just disdain,
Him seem'd that nothing serious, nothing sound,
In city, village, bow'r, or castle, mote be found.
In village, city, castle, bow'r, and hall,
Each sex, each age, each order and degree,
To vice and idle sport abandon'd all,
Kept one perpetual gen'ral jubilee,
Ne suffer'd aught disturb their merry glee;
Ne sense of private loss, ne public woes,
Restraint of law, religion's drad decree,
Intestine desolation, foreign foes, [vulsive throes.
Nor Heaven's tempestuous threats, nor earth's con-

* Wend arrear, move backwards. † Fone, foes. ‡ Bet, beat. § Bray'd, resounded.
¶ Trenchant, cutting. ¶ Gride, cut, hack. ** Pight, plac'd.
†† Nould he algates, would not by any means. ‡‡ Fay, Fairy. §§ Welkin, sky.

But

But chiefly they whom Heaven's disposing hand
Had seated high on Fortune's upper stage,
And plac'd within their call the sacred band
That waits on Nurture and Instruction sage,
If haply their wise hests * mote them engage
To climb thro' knowledge to more noble praise,
And, as they mount, enlighten ev'ry age
With the bright influence of fair virtue's rays,
Which from the awful heights of grandeur brighter blaze: —

They, O perverse and base ingratitude!
Despising the great ends of Providence,
For which above their mates they were endued
With wealth, authority, and eminence,
To the low services of brutal sense
Abus'd the means of pleasures more refin'd,
Of knowledge, virtue, and beneficence;
And, fett'ring on her throne th' immortal Mind,
The guidance of her realm to passions wild resign'd.

Hence, thoughtless, shameless, reckless, spiritless,
Nought worthy of their kind did they essay,
But, or benumb'd with palsied idleness,
In merely living loiter'd life away,
Or by false taste of pleasure led astray,
For ever wand'ring in the sensual bow'rs
Of feverish Debauch and lustful Play,
Spent on ignoble toils their active pow'rs,
And with untimely blasts diseas'd their vernal hours.

E'en they to whom kind Nature did accord
A frame more delicate and purer mind,
Tho' the soul brothel and the wine-stain'd board
Of beastly Comus loathing they declin'd,
Yet their soft hearts to idle joys resign'd;
Like painted insects thro' the summer air
With random flight aye ranging unconfin'd,
And tasting ev'ry flow'r and blossom fair
Without en any choice, without en any care.

For choice them needed none who only sought
With vain amusements to beguile the day;
And wherefore should they take or care or thought
Whom Nature prompts and Fortune calls to play?
"Lords of the earth, be happy as ye may!"
So learn'd, so taught, the leaders of mankind
Th' unreasoning vulgar willingly obey,
And, leaving toil and poverty behind,
Ran forth by diff'rent ways the blissful bourn to find.

Nor tedious was the search; for ev'ry where,
As nigh great Custom's royal tow'rs the knight
Pass'd thro' th' adjoining hamlets, mote he hear
The merry voice of festival delight
Saluting the return of morning bright
With matin revels by the mid-day hours
Scarce ended, and again with dewy night
In cover'd theatres or leafy bow'rs,
Off'ring her ev'ning vows to Pleasure's joyous pow'rs.

And ever on the way mote he espy
Men, women, children, a promiscuous throng
Of rich, poor, wise, and simple, low and high,
By land, by water, passing aye along
With murmurs, anticks, music, dance and song,
To Pleasure's num'rous temples, that beside
The glist'ning streams, or tufted groves among,
To ev'ry idle foot stood open wide,
And ev'ry gay desire with various joys supplied.

For there each heart with diverse charms to move
The sly enchantress summon'd all her train;
Alluring Venus, queen of vagrant love,
The boon companion Bacchus loud and vain,
And tricking Hermes, god of fraudful gain.
Who when blind Fortune throws directs the die,
And Phœbus, tuning his soft Lydian strain
To wanton motions and the lover's sigh,
And thought-beguiling show and masking revel-ry.

Unmeet associates these for noble youth
Who to true honor meaneth to aspire,
And for the works of virtue, faith and truth,
Would keep his manly faculties entire;
The which avizing well the cautious sire
From that soft Siren land of pleasaunce vain
With timely haste was minded to retire,
Or ere the sweet contagion mote attain
His son's unpractis'd heart, yet free from vicious stain.

So turning from that beaten road aside,
Thro' many a devious path at length he pac'd,
As that experienc'd palmer did him guide
Till to a mountain hoare they came at last,
Whose high-rais'd brows, with sylvan honors grac'd,
Majestically frown'd upon their plain,
And over all an awful horror cast;
Seem'd as those villas gay it did disdain,
Which spangled all the vale like Flora's painted train.

The hill ascended straight, erewhile they came
To a tall grove, whose thick embow'ring shade,
Impervious to the sun's meridian flame,
E'en at mid-noon a dubious twilight made,
Like to that sober light which, disarray'd
Of all its gorgeous robe, with blunted beams:
Thro' windows dim with holy acts pourtray'd
Along some cloister'd abbey faintly gleams,
Abstracting the rapt thought from vain earth-musing themes.

Beneath this high o'erarching canopy
Of clust'ring oaks, a sylvan colonnade,
Aye list'ning to the native melody
Of birds sweet echoing thro' the lonely shade,
On to the centre of the grove they stray'd;
Which in a spacious circle op'ning round,
Within its shelt'ring arms securely laid,
Disclos'd to sudden view a vale profound,
With Nature's artless smiles and tranquil beauties crown'd.

There on the basis of an antient pile,
Whose cross-surmounted spire o'erlook'd the wood,
A venerable matron they erewhile
Discover'd have beside a murm'ring flood,
Reclining in right sad and pensive mood:
Retir'd within her own abstracted breast,
She seem'd o'er various woes by turns to brood,
The which her changing cheer by turns express'd,
Now glowing with disdain, with grief now overkest †

* Hests, behests, precepts, commands.

† Overkest, for overcast.

Her

Her thus immers'd in anxious thoughts profound
When as the knight perceiv'd, he nearer drew,
To weet what bitter bale did her astound,
And whence th' occasion of her anguish grew;
For that right noble matron well he knew,
And many perils huge and labors sore
Had for her sake endur'd, her vassal true,
Train'd in her love, and practis'd evermore
Her honor to respect, and reverence her lore.

"O dearest Dread!" he cried, "fair Island Queen!
"Mother of heroes! Empress of the main!
"What means that stormy brow of troublous teen,
"Sith* heaven-born Peace, with all her smiling train
"Of Sciences and Arts, adorns thy reign
"With wealth and knowledge, splendor and renown?
"Each port how throng'd! how fruitful ev'ry plain!
"How blithe the country! and how gay the town!
"While Liberty secures and heightens ev'ry boon!"

Awaken'd from her trance of pensive wo
By these fair flatt'ring words, she rais'd her head,
And bending on the knight her frowning brow,
"Mock'st thou my sorrows, Fairy Son?" she said;
"Or is thy judgement by thy heart misled
"To deem that certain which thy hopes suggest?
"To deem them full of life and lustihead†
"Whose cheeks in Hebe's vivid tints are dress'd,
"And with joy's careless mien and dimpled smiles impress'd!

"Thy unsuspecting heart how nobly good
"I know, how sanguine in thy country's cause,
"And mark'd thy virtue singly how it stood
"Th' assaults of mighty custom, which o'erawes
"The faint and tim'rous mind, and oft withdraws
"From Reason's lore th' ambitious and the vain,
"By the sweet lure of popular applause,
"Against their better knowledge to maintain
"The lawless throne of Vice or Folly's childish reign.

"How vast his influence, how wide his sway,
"Thyself erewhile by proof didst understand,
"And saw'st, as thro' his realms thou took'st thy way,
"How vice and folly had o'erspread the land:
"And canst thou then, O Fairy Son! demand
"The reason of my wo? or hope to ease
"The throbbings of my heart with speeches bland,
"And words more apt my sorrows to increase,
"The once-dear names of wealth, and liberty, and peace?

"Peace, wealth, and liberty that noblest boon,
"Are blessings only to the wise and good;
"To weak and vicious minds their worth unknown,
"And thence abus'd, but serve to furnish food
"For riot and debauch, and fire the blood
"With high-spic'd luxury, whence strife, debate,
"Ambition, envy, Faction's vip'rous brood,
"Contempt of order, manners profligate, [state.
"The symptoms of a foul, diseas'd and bloated
"Ev'n Wit and Genius, with their learned train
"Of Arts and Muses, tho' from heav'n above
"Descended, when their talents they profane
"To varnish folly, kindle wanton love,
"And aid eccentric sceptic pride to rove
"Beyond celestial truth's attractive sphere,
"This moral system's central sun, aye prove
"To their fond votaries a curse severe,
"And only make mankind more obstinately err.
"And stand my sons herein from censure clear?
"Have they consider'd well and understood
"The use and import of those blessings dear
"Which the great Lord of Nature hath bestow'd
"As well to prove as to reward the good?
"Whence are these torrents then, these billowy seas
"Of vice, in which as in his proper flood
"The fell Leviathan licentious plays,
"And upon shipwreck'd Faith and sinking Virtue preys?

"To you, ye noble, opulent, and great!
"With friendly voice I call an honest zeal;
"Upon your vital influence wait
"The health and sickness of the common weal:
"The maladies you cause yourselves must heal.
"In vain to the unthinking harden'd crowd
"Will truth and reason make their just appeal,
"In vain will sacred wisdom cry aloud, [blood.
"And justice drench in vain her vengeful sword in
"With you must reformation first take place:
"You are the head, the intellectual mind
"Of this vast body politic, whose base
"And vulgar limbs to drudgery consign'd,
"All the rich stores of science have resign'd
"To you, that, by the craftsman's various toil,
"The sea-worn mariner and sweating hind,
"In peace and affluence maintain'd, the while
"You for yourselves and them may dress the mental soil.

"Bethink you then, my children! of the trust
"In you repos'd; ne let your heaven-born mind
"Consume in pleasure or unactive rust,
"But nobly rouse you to the task assign'd,
"The godlike task, to teach and mend mankind!
"Learn, that ye may instruct: to virtue lead
"Yourselves the way; the herd will crowd behind,
"And gather precepts from each worthy deed:
"Example is a lesson that all men can read.
"But if (to all or most I do not speak)
"In vain and sensual habits now grown old
"The strong Circæan charm you cannot break,
"Nor reassume at will your native mould‡,
"Yet envy not the state you could not hold,
"And take compassion on the rising age;
"In them redeem your errors manifold,
"And by due discipline and nurture sage
"In virtue's lore betimes your docile sons engage.
"You chiefly who like me in secret mourn
"The prevalence of custom lewd and vain,

* Sith, since. † Lustihead, strong health, vigor. ‡ Mould, shape, form.

"And

" And you who tho' by the rude torrent borne
" Unwillingly along, you yield with pain
" To his behests, and act what you disdain,
" Yet nourish in your hearts the gen'rous love
" Of piety and truth, no more restrain
" The manly zeal, but all your sinews move
" The present to reclaim, the future race improve.

" Eftsoons by your joint efforts shall be quell'd
" Yon haughty giant, who so proudly sways
" A sceptre by repute alone upheld,
" Who where he cannot dictates straight obeys:
" Accustom'd to conform his flatt'ring phrase
" To numbers and light-plac'd authority
" Your party he will join, your maxims praise,
" And, drawing after all his menial fry,
" Soon teach the gen'ral voice your act to ratify.

" Ne for th' achievement of this great emprize
" The want of means or counsel may ye dread;
" From my twin-daughters' fruitful wombs shall rise
" A race of letter'd sages deeply read
" In learning's various writ, by whom led
" Thro' each well cultur'd plot, each beauteous grove,
" Where antic wisdom whilom wont to tread,
" With mingled glee and profit may ye rove,
" And cull each virtuous plant, each tree of knowledge prove.

" Yourselves with virtue thus and knowledge fraught,
" Of what in antient days of good or great
" Historians, bards, philosophers, have taught,
" Join'd with whatever else of modern date
" Maturer judgement, search more accurate,
" Discover'd have of Nature, Man and God,
" May by new laws reform the time-worn state
" Of cell-bred discipline, and smooth the road
" That leads thro' learning's vale to wisdom's bright abode.

" By you invited to her secret bow'rs,
" Then shall Pædia re-ascend her throne,
" With vivid laurels girt and fragrant flow'rs;
" While from their forked mount descending down
" You supercilious pedant train shall own
" Her empire paramount, ere long by her
" Ytaught a lesson in their schools unknown,
" To learning's richest treasure to prefer
" The knowledge of the world and man's great business there.

" On this prime science, as the final end
" Of all her discipline and nurt'ring care,
" Her eye Pædia fixing, aye shall bend
" Her ev'ry thought and effort to prepare
" Her tender pupils for the various war
" Which vice and folly shall upon them wage
" As on the perilous march of life they fare,
" With prudent lore fore-arming ev'ry age
" 'Gainst Pleasure's treach'rous joys and Pain's embattled rage.

" Then shall my youthful sons, to wisdom led
" By fair example and ingenuous praise,
" With willing feet the paths of duty tread,
" Thro' the world's intricate or rugged ways,
" Conducted by Religion's sacred rays,
" Whose soul-invigorating influence
" Shall purge their minds from all impure allays
" Of sordid selfishness, and brutal sense; [lence.
" And swell th' ennobled heart with blest benevo-
" Then also shall this emblematic pile,
" By magic whilom fram'd to sympathise
" With all the fortunes of this changeful isle,
" Still as my sons in fame and virtue rise, [skies
" Grow with their growth, and to th' applauding
" It's radiant cross uplift; the while to grace
" The multiplying niches fresh supplies
" Of worthies shall succeed, with equal pace
" Aye following their sires in virtue's glorious race."

Fir'd with th' idea of her future fame,
She rose majestic from her lowly stead,
While from her vivid eyes a sparkling flame
Outbeaming, with unwonted light o'erspread
That monumental pile, and, as her head
To ev'ry front she turn'd, discover'd round
The venerable forms of heroes dead,
Who for their various merit, erst renown'd,
In this bright fane of glory shrines of honor found.
On these that royal dame her ravish'd eyes
Would often feast; and ever as she spied [rise,
Forth from the ground the length'ning structure
With new-plac'd statues deck'd on ev'ry side,
Her parent breast would swell with gen'rous pride.
And now with her in that sequester'd plain
The knight a while constraining to abide,
She to the Fairy youth with pleasure fain
Those sculptur'd chiefs did show, and their great lives explain.

§ 57. *A Birth-Day Thought.*

Can I, all-gracious Providence!
Can I deserve thy care?
Ah! no: I've not the least pretence
To bounties which I share.

Have I not been defended still
From dangers and from death;
Been safe preserv'd from ev'ry ill
E'er since thou gave me breath?

I live once more, to see the day
That brought me first to light;
O! teach my willing heart the way
To take thy mercies right.

Tho' dazzling splendor, pomp, and show,
My fortune has denied;
Yet more than grandeur can bestow
Content hath well supplied.

No strife has e'er disturb'd my peace,
No mis'ries have I known;
And, that I'm bless'd with health and ease,
With humble thanks I own:

I envy no one's birth or fame,
Their titles, train, or dress;
Nor has my pride e'er stretch'd its aim
Beyond what I possess.

I ask and wish, not to appear
More beauteous, rich, or gay;
Lord make me wiser ev'ry year,
And better ev'ry day.

§ 56. *A Moral Reflection. Written on the first Day of the Year* 1782.

Seventeen Hundred Eighty-one
Is now for ever past:
Seventeen Hundred Eighty-two
Will fly away as fast.

But whether life's uncertain scene
Shall hold an equal pace;
Or whether death shall come between,
And end my mortal race:

Or whether sickness, pain, or health,
My future lot shall be;
Or whether poverty or wealth
Is all unknown to me.

One thing I know, that needful 'tis
To watch with careful eye;
Since ev'ry season spent amiss
Is register'd on high.

Too well I know what precious hours
My wayward passions waste;
And oh! I find my mortal pow'rs
To dust and darkness haste.

Earth rolls her rapid seasons round,
To meet her final fire;
But virtue is with glory crown'd,
Tho' suns and stars expire.

What awful thoughts! what truths sublime!
What useful lesson this!
O! let me well improve my time!
Oh! let me die in peace!

§ 59. *The Triumph of Isis, occasioned by Isis, an Elegy.* T. Warton.

Quidmihi nescioquam, propriocum Tybride Romam
Semper in ore geris? Referunt si vera parentes,
Hanc Urbem insano nullus qui Marte petivit,
Lætatus violasse redit. Nec Numina Sedem
Destituent.—— Claudian.

On closing flow'rs when genial gales diffuse
The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews;
When chants the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale;
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quivering shade,
O'er Isis willow-fringed banks I stray'd:
And, calmly musing through the twilight way,
In pensive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.
When lo! from op'ning clouds a golden gleam
Pour'd sudden splendors o'er the shadowy stream;
And from the wave arose its guardian queen,
Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green;
While in the coral crown that bound her brow,
Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.
As the smooth surface of the dimply flood
The silver-slipper'd virgin lightly trod;
From her loose hair the dropping dew she press'd,
And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd:
No more, my son, the rural reed employ,
Nor trill the tinkling strain of empty joy;
No more thy love-resounding sonnets suit
To notes of past'ral pipe or oaten flute.
For hark! high-thron'd on yon majestic walls,
To the dear Muse afflicted Freedom calls:
When Freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee sing,
Why stays thy hand to strike the sounding string?
While thus, in Freedom's and in Phœbus' spite,
The venal sons of slavish Cam unite;
To shake yon towers when malice rears her crest,
Shall all my sons in silence idly rest?
Still sing, O Cam, your fav'rite freedom's cause,
Still boast of freedom, while you break her laws;
To Pow'r your songs of gratulation pay;
To Courts address soft flattery's servile lay.
What tho' your gentle Mason's plaintive verse
Has hung with sweetest wreaths Museus' herse;
What tho' your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,
Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow;
Yet strove his Muse, by fame or envy led,
To tear the laurels from a sister's head?——
Misguided youth! with rude unclassic rage
To blot the beauties of thy whiter page;
A rage that sullies e'en thy guiltless lays,
And blasts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.
Let * * * boast the patrons of her name,
Each splendid fool of fortune and of fame:
Still of preferment let her shine the queen,
Prolific parent of each bowing dean:
Be hers each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
Each courtly chaplain, sanctify'd and sleek:
Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive
On rich pluralities supinely thrive:
Still let her senates titled slaves revere,
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer;
No longer charm'd by virtue's lofty song,
Once heard sage Milton's manly tones among,
Where Cam, mæand'ring thro' the matted reeds,
With loit'ring wave his groves of laurel feeds.
'Tis ours, my son, to deal the sacred bay,
Where honor calls, and justice points the way;
To wear the well-earn'd wreath that merit brings,
And snatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.
Scorning and scorn'd by courts, yon Muse's bow'r
Still nor enjoys nor seeks the smile of pow'r.
Though wakeful vengeance watch my crystal spring,
Tho' persecution wave her iron wing,
And o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,
"Those destin'd seats be mine," exulting cries;
Fortune's fair smiles on Isis still attend:
And, as the dews of gracious heaven descend
Unask'd unseen, in still but copious show'rs,
Her stores on me spontaneous bounty pours.
See, Science walks with recent chaplets crown'd,
With Fancy's strain my fairy shades resound;
My Muse divine still keeps her custom'd state,
The mien erect, and high majestic gait:
Green as of old each oliv'd portal smiles,
And still the graces build my Grecian piles:
My gothic spires in antient glory rise,
And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies.

E'en

E'en late when Radcliffe's delegated train
Auspicious shone in Isis' happy plain; [shrine,
When you proud * dome fair learning's amplest
Beneath its attic roofs received the Nine;
Was rapture mute, or ceas'd the glad acclaim,
To Radcliffe due, and Isis' honor'd name?
What free-born crowds adorn'd the festive day,
Nor blush'd to wear my tributary bay!
How each brave breast with honest ardors heav'd,
When Shelton's fane the patriot band receiv'd;
While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,
Rome's awful senate rush'd upon the view!

O may the day in latest annals shine,
That made a Beaufort and an Harley mine;
That bade them leave the loftier scene awhile,
The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,
For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,
To hold short dalliance with the tuneful Nine!
Then music left her silver sphere on high,
And bore each strain of triumph from the sky;
Swell'd the loud song, and to my chiefs around
Pour'd the full peans of mellifluous sound.
My Naiads blythe the dying accents caught,
And listening danc'd beneath their pearly grot:
In gentler eddies play'd my conscious wave,
And all my reeds their softest whispers gave;
Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bow'rs,
And breath'd a fresher fragrance on my flow'rs.

But lo! at once the pealing concerts cease,
And crowding theatres are hush'd in peace.
See, on yon sage, how all attentive stand,
To catch his parting eye, and waving hand.
Hark! he begins with all a Tully's art,
To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart. [spire,
Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts in-
He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire;
Bold to conceive, nor tim'rous to conceal,
What Britons dare to think he dares to tell.
'Tis his alike the ear and eyes to charm,
To win with action, and with sense to warm.
Untaught in flow'ry periods to dispense
The lulling sound of sweet impertinence:
In frowns or smiles he gains an equal prize,
Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise;
Bids happier days to Albion be restor'd,
Bids antient justice rear her radiant sword;
From me, as from my country, claims applause,
And makes an Oxford's a Britannia's cause.

While arms like these my stedfast sages wield,
While mine is Truth's impenetrable shield;
Say, shall the puny champion fondly dare
To wage with force like this scholastic war?
Still vainly scribble on with pert pretence,
With all the rage of pedant impotence?
Say, shall I foster this domestic pest,
This parricide, that wounds a mother's breast;

Thus in some gallant ship that long has bore
Britain's victorious cross from shore to shore,
By chance, beneath her close sequester'd cells
Some low-born worm, a lurking mischief dwells;
Eats his blind way, and saps with secret guile
The deep foundations of the floating pile.

In vain the forest lent its stateliest pride,
Rear'd her tall mast, and fram'd her knotty side;
The martial thunder's rage in vain she flood,
With ev'ry conflict of the stormy flood;
More sure the reptile's little arts devour
Than wars, or waves, or Eurus' wintry pow'r.

Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
Ye tow'rs that wear the mossy vest of time!
Ye massy piles of old munificence,
At once the pride of learning and defence;
Ye cloisters pale, that length'ning to the sight
To contemplation, step by step, invite;
Ye high arch'd walks, where oft the whispers clear
Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear;
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns for ever-echoing praise;
Lo! your lov'd Isis, from the bord'ring vale,
With all a mother's fondness bids you hail! —
Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that 's good and great,
Of all that 's fair, the guardian and the seat;
Nurse of each brave pursuit, each gen'rous aim,
By truth exalted to the throne of fame!
Like Greece in science and in liberty,
As Athens learn'd, as Lacedemon free!

Ev'n now, confess'd to my adoring eyes,
In awful ranks thy gifted sons arise.
Tuning to knightly tale his British reeds,
Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads:
His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing quire,
And beams on all around celestial fire:
With graceful step see Addison advance,
The sweetest child of Attic elegance:
See Chillingworth the depths of doubt explore,
And Selden ope the rolls of antient lore:
To all but his belov'd embrace deny'd,
See Locke read Reason, his majestic bride:
See Hammond pierce religion's golden mine,
And spread the treasur'd stores of Truth divine.

All who to Albion gave the arts of peace,
And best the labors plann'd of letter'd ease;
Who taught with truth, or with pursuasion mov'd,
Who sooth'd with numbers, or with sense improv'd,
Who rang'd the power of reason, or refin'd
All that adorn'd or humaniz'd the mind;
Each priest of health, that mix'd the balmy bowl,
To rear frail man, and stay the fleeting soul;
All crowd around, and, echoing to the sky,
Hail! Oxford, hail! with filial transport cry.

And see yon sapient train! with lib'ral aim,
'Twas theirs new plans of liberty to frame;
And on the gothic gloom of slavish sway
To shed the dawn of intellectual day.
With mild debate each musing feature glows,
And well-weigh'd counsels mark their meaning brows.
"Lo! these the leaders of thy patriot line,"
A Raleigh, Hamden, and a Somers shine.
These from thy source the bold contagion caught,
Their future sons the great example taught;
While in each youth th' hereditary flame
Still blazes, unextinguish'd, and the same!

* The Radcliffe Library.

Nor all the tasks of thoughtful peace engage,
'Tis thine to form the hero as the sage.
I see the sable-suited prince advance
With lilies crown'd, the spoils of bleeding France,
Edward. The Muses in yon cloister's shade
Bound on his maiden thigh the martial blade:
Bade him the steel for British freedom draw;
And Oxford taught the deeds that Cressy saw.
And see, great father of the sacred band,
The * Patriot King before me seems to stand.
He, by the bloom of this gay vale beguil'd,
That cheer'd with lively green the shaggy wild,
Hither of yore, forlorn forgotten maid,
The Muse in prattling infancy convey'd;
From Vandal rage the helpless virgin bore,
And fix'd her cradle on my friendly shore:
Soon grew the maid beneath his fost'ring hand,
Soon stream'd her blessings o'er the enlighten'd land.
Though simple was the dome, where first to dwell
She deign'd, and rude her early Saxon cell,
Lo! now she holds her state in sculptur'd bow'rs,
And proudly lifts to Heaven her hundred tow'rs.
'Twas Alfred first, with letters and with laws,
Adorn'd, as he advanc'd, his country's cause:
He bade relent the Briton's stubborn soul,
And sooth'd to soft society's control
A rough untutor'd age. With raptur'd eye
Elate he views his laurel'd progeny:
Serene he smiles to find, that not in vain
He form'd the rudiments of learning's reign:
Himself he marks in each ingenuous breast,
With all the founder in the race express'd;
Conscious he sees fair Freedom still survive
In yon bright domes, ill-fated fugitive!
(Glorious, as when the Goddess pour'd the beam
Unsully'd on his antient diadem)
Well pleas'd, that at his own Pierian springs
She rests her weary feet, and plumes her wings;
That here at last she takes her destin'd stand,
Here deigns to linger ere she leave the land.

§ 60. *Inscription in a Hermitage, at Ansley-Hall, in Warwickshire.* T. Warton.

Beneath this stony roof reclin'd,
I sooth to peace my pensive mind:
And while to shade my lowly cave,
Embow'ring elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine;
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still,
The blackbird pipes in artless trill
Fast by my couch; congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes and brighter skies;
To lurk with innocence, she flies;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound,
And ev'ry op'ning primrose count
That trimly paints my blooming mount:
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude.
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.
At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Portrayed with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed.
Then, as my taper wanes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn;
And, at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.
While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff and sunice gray;
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

§ 61. *Monody, written near Stratford upon Avon.* T. Warton.

Avon, thy rural views, thy pastures wild,
The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
Their boughs entangling with th' embattled sedge;
Thy brink with wat'ry foliage quaintly fring'd,
Thy surface with reflected verdure ting'd,
Sooth me with many a pensive pleasure mild.
But while I muse, that here the bard divine
Whose sacred dust yon high arch'd aisles inclose,
Where the tall windows rise in stately rows
Above th' embow'ring shade,
Here first, at Fancy's fairy circled shrine,
Of daisies pied his infant off'ring made;
Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,
Fram'd of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe:
Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,
As at the waving of some magic wand;
An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,
And awful shape of warriors and of kings
People the busy mead,
Like spectres swarming to the wizard's hall;
And slowly pace, and point with trembling hand
The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.
Before me Pity seems to stand
A weeping mourner, smote with anguish sore,
To see Misfortune rend in frantic mood
His robe with regal woes embroider'd o'er.
Pale terror leads the visionary band,
And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood.

§ 62. *On the Death of King George the Second.* T. Warton.

So stream the sorrows that embalm the brave,
The tears that science sheds on Glory's grave!

* Alfred.

So

So pure the vows which classic duty pays
To bless another Brunswick's rising rays!
O Pitt, if chosen strains have power to steal
Thy watchful breast awhile from Britain's weal;
If votive verse, from sacred Isis sent,
Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent
On patriot plans, which antient freedom drew,
Awhile with fond attention deign to view
This ample wreath, which all th'assembled Nine
With skill united have conspir'd to twine.
Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cause!
Thy conscious heart shall hail with just applause
The dutcous Muse, whose haste officious brings
Her blameless off'ring to the shrine of kings:
Thy tongue, well tutor'd in historic lore,
Can speak her office and her use of yore:
For such the tribute of ingenuous praise
Her harp dispens'd in Grecia's golden days;
Such were the palms, in isles of old renown,
She cull'd, to deck the guiltless monarch's crown:
When virtuous Pindar told, with Tuscan gore
How scepter'd Hiëro stain'd Sicilia's shore,
Or to mild Theron's raptur'd eye disclos'd
Bright vales, where spirits of the brave repos'd:
Yet still beneath the throne, unbrib'd, she sat
The decent handmaid, not the slave, of state;
Pleas'd in the radiance of the regal name
To blend the lustre of her country's fame:
For, taught like ours, she dar'd with prudent pride
Obedience from dependence to divide:
Though princes claim'd her tributary lays,
With truth severe she temper'd partial praise;
Conscious she kept her native dignity,
Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.
And sure if e'er the Muse indulg'd her strains,
With just regard to grace heroic reigns,
Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
So dear to fame as George's trophy'd throne?
At whose firm base thy stedfast soul aspires
To wake a mighty nation's antient fires:
Aspires to baffle Faction's specious claim,
Rouse England's rage, and give her thunder aim:
Once more the main her conqu'ring banners sweep,
Again her Commerce darkens all the deep.
Thy fix'd resolve renews each firm decree
That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.
Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
Its willing youth the rural empire arms:
Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains
March the firm leaders of their faithful swains;
As erst stout archers, from the farm or fold,
Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.
Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,
The war of words, the sophistries of state:
Nor frigid caution checks thy free design,
Nor stops thy stream of eloquence divine:
For thine the privilege, on few bestow'd,
To feel, to think, to speak, for public good
In vain Corruption calls her venal tribes;
One common cause, one common end prescribes:
Nor fear nor fraud or spares or screens the foe,
But spirit prompts, and valor strikes the blow.
O Pitt, while honor points thy lib'ral plan,
And o'er the Minister exalts the Man,
Isis congenial greets thy faithful sway,
Nor scorns to bid a statesman grace her lay.
For 'tis not Hers, by false connexions drawn
At splendid Slavery's sordid shrine to fawn;
Each native effort of the feeling breast
To friends, to foes, in equal fear, suppress:
'Tis not for her to purchase or pursue
The phantom favors of the cringing crew:
More useful toils her studious hours engage,
And fairer lessons fill her spotless page:
Beneath ambition, but above disgrace,
With nobler arts she forms the rising race:
With happier tasks, and less refin'd pretence,
In elder times, she woo'd Munificence
To rear her arched roofs in regal guise,
And lift her temples nearer to the skies;
Princes and prelates stretch'd the social hand
To form, diffuse, and fix, her high command:
From kings she claim'd, yet scorn'd to seek, the prize; [wise
From kings, like George, benignant, just, and
Lo, this her genuine lore. — Nor thou refuse
This humble present of no partial Muse
From that calm Bow'r*, which nurs'd thy thoughtful youth
In the pure precepts of Athenian truth:
Where first the form of British Liberty
Beam'd in full radiance on thy musing eye;
That form, whose mien sublime, with equal awe,
In the same shade unblemish'd Somers saw:
Where once (for well she lov'd the friendly grove
Which ev'ry classic Grace had learn'd to rove)
Her whispers wak'd sage Harrington to feign
The blessings of her visionary reign;
That reign, which now, no more an empty theme,
Adorns Philosophy's ideal dream,
But crowns at last, beneath a George's smile,
In full reality this favor'd isle.

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§ 63. *On the Marriage of the King, to her Majesty.* MDCCLXI. T. Warton.

When first the kingdom to thy virtues due
Rose from the billowy deep in distant view;
When Albion's isle, old Ocean's peerless pride,
Tow'r'd in imperial state above the tide;
What bright ideas of the new domain
Form'd the fair prospect of thy promis'd reign!
And well with conscious joy thy breast might beat
That Albion was ordain'd thy regal seat:
Lo! this the land, where Freedom's sacred rage
Has glow'd untam'd thro' many a martial age,
Here patriot Alfred, stain'd with Danish blood,
Rear'd on one base the king's, the people's good:
Here Henry's archers fram'd the stubborn bow
That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low;
Here walk'd the flame, that still superior braves
The proudest threats of Gaul's ambitious slaves:
Here Chivalry, stern school of valor old,
Her noblest feats of knightly fame enroll'd;

* Trinity College, Oxford; in which also Lord Somers, and Sir James Harrington, author of the Oceana, were educated.

Heroic champions caught the clarion's call,
And throng'd the feast in Edward's banner'd hall;
While chiefs, like George, approv'd in worth alone,
Unlock'd chaste Beauty's adamantine zone.
Lo! the fam'd isle, which hails thy chosen sway,
What fertile fields her temp'rate suns display!
Where Property secures the conscious swain,
And guards, while Plenty gives, the golden grain:
Hence with ripe stores her villages abound,
Her airy downs with scatter'd sheep resound;
Fresh are her pastures with unceasing rills,
And future navies crown her darksome hills.
To bear her formidable glory far,
Behold her opulence of hoarded war?
See, from her ports a thousand banners stream;
On ev'ry coast her vengeful lightnings gleam!
Meantime, remote from Ruin's armed hand,
In peaceful majesty her cities stand;
Whose splendid domes and busy streets declare
Their firmest fort, a king's parental care.
And oh! blest Queen, if e'er the magic pow'rs
Of warbled truth have won thy musing hours;
Here Poesy, from awful days of yore,
Has pour'd her genuine gifts of raptur'd lore.
Mid oaken bow'rs, with holy verdure wreath'd,
In Druid songs her solemn spirit breath'd:
While cunning Bards at antient banquets sung
Of paynim foes defied, and trophies hung.
Here Spenser tun'd his mystic minstrelsy,
And dress'd in fairy robes a Queen like Thee.
Here, boldly mark'd with ev'ry living hue,
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakspeare drew:
But chief the dreaded group of human woes
The daring artist's tragic pencil chose;
Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breast,
Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissued vest.
Lo! this the land, whence Milton's Muse of fire
High soar'd to steal from heaven a seraph's lyre;
And told the golden ties of wedded love
In sacred Eden's amaranthine grove.
Thine too! majestic Bride, the favor'd clime,
Where Science sits enshrin'd in roofs sublime.
O mark, how green her wood of antient bays
O'er Isis' marge in many a chaplet strays!
Thither, if haply some distinguish'd flow'r
Of these mix'd blooms from that ambrosial bow'r
Might catch thy glance, and, rich in Nature's hue,
Entwine thy diadem with honor due;
If seemly gifts the train of Phœbus pay,
To deck imperial Hymen's festive day;
Thither thyself shall haste, and mildly deign
To tread with nymph-like step the consciousplain;
Pleas'd in the Muse's nook, with decent pride,
To throw the sceptred pall of state aside.
Nor from the shade shall George be long away,
Which claims Charlotta's love, and courts her stay.
These are Britannia's praises. Deign to trace
With rapt reflection Freedom's fav'rite race!
But though the gen'rous isle, in arts and arms,
Thus stand supreme in Nature's choicest charms,
Tho' George and Conquest guard her sea-girt throne,
One happier blessing still she calls her own;
And, proud to cull the fairest wreath of Fame,
Crowns her chief honors with a Charlotte's name.

§ 64. *On the Birth of the Prince of Wales.*

T. Warton.

Written after the Installation at Windsor, in the same year.

Imperial Dome of Edward wise and brave!
Where warlike Honor's brightest banners wave;
At whose proud tilts, unmatch'd for hardy deeds,
Heroic kings have frown'd on barbed steeds;
Though now no more thy crested chiefs advance
In arm'd array, nor grasp the glitt'ring lance;
Though Knighthood boasts the martial pomp no more
That grac'd its gorgeous festivals of yore;
Say, conscious Dome, if e'er thy marshall'd knights
So nobly deck'd their old majestic rites
As when, high-thron'd amid thy trophy'd shrine,
George shone the leader of the garter'd line?
Yet future triumphs, Windsor, still remain;
Still may thy bow'rs receive as brave a train:
For lo! to Britain and her favor'd Pair
Heaven's high command has sent a sacred Heir!
Him the bold pattern of his patriot sire
Shall fill with early fame's immortal fire:
In life's fresh spring ere buds the promis'd prime,
His thoughts shall mount to virtue's meed sublime:
The patriot fire shall catch, with sure presage,
Each lib'ral omen of his op'ning age;
Then to thy courts shall lead, with conscious joy,
In stripling beauty's bloom, the princely boy;
There firmly wreathe the Braid of heavenly dye,
True valor's badge, around his tender thigh.
Meantime, thy royal piles that rise elate
With many an antique tow'r, in massy state,
In the young champion's musing mind shall raise
Vast images of Albion's elder days;
While, as around his eager glance explores
Thy chambers, rough with war's constructed stores,
Rude helms, and bruised shields, barbaric spoils
Of antient chivalry's undaunted toils;
Amid the dusky trappings hung on high,
Young Edward's sable mail shall strike his eye;
Shall fire the youth to crown his riper years
With rival Cressys, and a new Poictiers;
On the same wall, the same triumphal base,
His own victorious monuments to place.
Nor can a fairer kindred title move
His emulative age to glory's love
Than Edward, laureate prince. In letter'd truth,
Oxford, sage mother, school'd his studious youth:
Her simple institutes and rigid lore
The royal nursling unreluctant bore;
Nor shunn'd, at pensive eve, with lonesome pace,
The cloister's moon-light-chequer'd floor to trace;
Nor scorn'd to make the sun, at matins due,
Stream through the storied windows holy hue.
And oh, young Prince, be thine his moral praise;
Nor seek in fields of blood his warrior bays.

War

War has its charms terrific. Far and wide
When stands th'embattled host in banner'd pride;
O'er the vext plain when the shrill clangors run,
And the long phalanx flashes in the sun:
When now no dangers of the deathful day
Mar the bright scene, nor break the firm array;
Full oft too rashly glows with fond delight
The youthful breast, and asks the future fight;
Nor knows that Horror's form, a spectre wan,
Stalks yet unseen, along the gleamy van.
May no such rage be thine! no dazzling ray
Of specious fame thy stedfast feet betray!
Be thine domestic glory's radiant calm,
Be thine the sceptre wreath'd with many a palm:
Be thine the throne with peaceful emblems hung,
The silver lyre to milder conquests strung!
Instead of glorious feats achiev'd in arms,
Bid rising arts display their mimic charms:
Just to thy country's fame, in tranquil days,
Record the past, and rouse the future praise:
Before the public eye, in breathing brass,
Bid thy fam'd father's mighty triumphs pass:
Swell the broad arch with haughty Cuba's fall,
And clothe with Minden's plain th'historic hall.
Then mourn not, Edward's Dome, thine antient boast,
Thy tournaments and listed combats lost!
From Arthur's Board, no more, proud castle, mourn
Adventurous Valor's gothic trophies torn!
Those elfin charms, that held in magic night
Its elder fame, and dimm'd its genuine light
At length dissolve in Truth's meridian ray,
And the bright Order burst to perfect day:
The mystic round, begirt with bolder peers,
On Virtue's base its rescued glory rears;
Sees civil Prowess mightier acts achieve;
Sees meek Humanity distress relieve;
Adopts the Worth that bids the conflict cease,
And claims its honors from the Chiefs of Peace.

§ 65. *Ode to Sleep.* T. Warton.

On this my pensive pillow, gentle Sleep!
Descend, in all thy downy plumage drest:
Wipe with thy wing these eyes that wake to weep,
And place thy crown of poppies on my breast.
O steep my senses in oblivion's balm,
And sooth my throbbing pulse with lenient hand;
This tempest of my boiling blood becalm!
Despair grows mild at thy supreme command.
Yet ah! in vain, familiar with the gloom,
And sadly toiling through the tedious night,
I seek sweet slumber, while that virgin bloom,
For ever hov'ring, haunts my wretched sight.
Nor would the dawning day my sorrows charm:
Black midnight, and the radiant noon, alike
To me appear, while with uplifted arm
Death stands prepar'd, but still delays, to strike.

§ 66. *The Hamlet, written in Whichwood Forest.* T. Warton.

The hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild,
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care and guilty gain!
When morning's twilight tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding shades a craggy dell.
'Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear;
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds;
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay:
Each native charm their steps explore
Of solitude's sequester'd store.
For them the moon with cloudless ray
Mounts, to illume their homeward way:
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows incense breathe at eve.
No riot mars the simple fare
That o'er a glimm'ring hearth they snare:
But when the curfew's measur'd roar
Duly, the dark'ning valleys o'er,
Has echo'd from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.
Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primros'd coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill
To loiter at the shady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest
To rob the raven's antient nest.
Their humble porch with honeyed flow'rs
The curling woodbine's shade embow'rs.
From the trim garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound.
Nor fell Disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime;
But when their temples song have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flow'ry turf they sleep.

§ 67. *Ode. The First of April.* T. Warton.

With dalliance rude young Zephyr woos
Coy May. Full oft with kind excuse
The boist'rous boy the Fair denies,
Or with a scornful smile complies.
Mindful of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast,
The sleety storm returning still,
The morning hoar and ev'ning chill;
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,
That clothe the garden's southern bound:

Scarce a sickly straggling flow'r
Decks the rough castle's rifted tow'r:
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
From the dark dell's entangled steeps:
O'er the field of waving broom:
Slowly shoots the golden bloom:
And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the transitory gale:
While from the shrubb'ry's nak'd maze,
Where the vegetable blaze
Of Flora's brightest 'broidery shone,
Ev'ry chequer'd charm is flown;
Save that the lilac hangs to view
Its bursting gems in clusters blue.
Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand:
The fresh-turn'd soil with tender blades
Thinly the sprouting barley shades:
Fringing the forest's devious edge,
Half-rob'd appears the haw-thorn hedge;
Or to the distant eye displays
Weakly green its budding sprays.
The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green:
From the grey moor, on feeble wing,
The screaming plovers idly spring:
The butterfly, gay-painted soon,
Explores awhile the tepid noon,
And fondly trusts its tender dyes
To fickle suns and flatt'ring skies.
Fraught with a transient, frozen show'r,
If a cloud should haply low'r,
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute on a sudden is the lark;
But when gleams the sun again
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
And from behind his wat'ry veil
Looks through the thin-descending hail,
She mounts, and less'ning to the sight,
Salutes the blythe return of light,
And high her tuneful track pursues
Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.
Where in venerable rows
Widely waving oaks inclose
The moat of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rooks with clam'rous call;
And, to the toils of nature true,
Wreath their capacious nests anew.
Musing through the lawny park,
The lonely poet loves to mark
How various greens in faint degrees
Tinge the tall groups of various trees:
While, careless of the changing year,
The pine cerulean, never fear,
Tow'rs distinguish'd from the rest,
And proudly vaunts her winter vest.
Within some whispering osier isle,
Where Glym's low banks neglected smile;
And each trim meadow still retains
The wint'ry torrent's oozy stains:
Beneath a willow, long forsook,
The fisher seeks his custom'd nook;
And bursting thro' the crackling sedge
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
He startles from the bordering wood
The bashful wild-duck's early brood.
O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
Frisk the lambs, with faltering pace,
Add with eager bleetings fill
The foss that skirts the beacon'd hill.
His free-born vigor yet unbroke
To lordly man's usurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play:
Basking beneath the noontide ray,
And stretch'd among the daisies, pride
Of a green dingle's sloping side:
While far beneath, where nature spreads
Her boundless length of level meads,
In loose luxuriance taught to stray
A thousand tumbling rills inlay
With silver veins the vale, or pass
Redundant thro the sparkling grass.
Yet in these presages rude,
'Midst her pensive solitude,
Fancy, with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming months advance;
The field, the forest, green and gay,
The dappled slope, the tedded hay;
Sees the reddening orchard blow,
The harvest wave, the vintage flow;
Sees June unfold his glossy robe
Of thousand hues o'er all the globe;
Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
And plenty load her ample horn.

§ 68. *Ode. The Suicide.* T. Warton.

Beneath the beech, whose branches bare
Smit with the lightning's vivid glare,
O'erhang the craggy road,
And whistle hollow as they wave;
Within a solitary grave,
A wretched Suicide holds his accurs'd abode.
Lower'd the grim morn, in murky dies
Damp mists involved the scowling skies,
And dimm'd the struggling day;
As by the brook that ling'ring laves
Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves
Full of the dark resolve he took his sullen way.
I mark'd his desultory pace,
His gestures strange, and varying face,
With many a mutter'd sound;
And ah! too late aghast I view'd
The reeking blade, the hand embru'd;
He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground.
Full many a melancholy night
He watch'd the slow return of light;
And sought the pow'rs of sleep,
To spread a momentary calm
O'er his sad couch, and in the balm [steep,
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to
Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endless noons alone,
Amid the autumnal wood:
Oft was he wont in hasty fit,
Abrupt the social board to quit,
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.

Beck'ning

Beck'ning the wretch to torments new,
Despair, for ever in his view,
A spectre pale, appear'd;
While, as the shades of eve arose
And brought the day's unwelcome close,
More horrible and huge her giant-shape she rear'd.

'Is this,' mistaken Scorn will cry,
'Is this the youth, whose genius high
Could build the genuine rhyme?
'Whose bosom mild the fav'ring Muse
'Had stor'd with all her ample views,
'Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime?'

Ah! from the Muse that bosom mild
By treach'rous magic was beguil'd,
To strike the deathful blow:
She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind
With many a feeling too refin'd, [woe.
And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
And the sharp stings of hopeless love;
To grief's congenial prone,
More wounds than nature gave he knew,
While misery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.

Then wish not o'er his earthly tomb
The baleful nightshade's lurid bloom
To drop its deadly dew:
Nor, oh! forbid the twisted thorn,
That rudely binds his turf forlorn, [anew.
With spring's green-swelling buds to vegetate

What though no marble-piled bust
Adorn his desolated dust,
With speaking sculpture wrought?
Pity shall woo the weeping Nine
To build a visionary shrine, [brought.
Hung with unfading flow'rs, from fairy regions

What though refus'd each chanted rite?
Here viewless mourners shall delight
To touch the shadowy shell:
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
Of Laura lost, in early bloom,
In melancholy tones shall ring his pensive knell.

To sooth a lone unhallow'd shade,
This votive dirge sad duty paid,
Within an ivy'd nook:
Sudden the half-sunk orb of day
More radiant shot its parting ray, [took:
And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention

'Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise;
'Nor thus for guilt in specious lays
'The wreath of glory twine:
'In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
'Gay Fancy gives her vest to flow, [confine.
'Unless Truth's matron-hand the floating folds

'Just Heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
'Permits through life at large to rove
'The tribes of hell-born woe;
'Yet the same pow'r that wisely sends
'Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends [foe.
'Religion's golden shield to break th' embattled

'Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
'You foul self-murtherer's throbbing breast,
'And stay'd the rising storm:
'Had bade the sun of hope appear
'To gild the darken'd hemisphere, [form,
'And give the wonted bloom to nature's blasted

'Vain man! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
'To take, what first it deign'd to give,
'Thy tributary breath:
'In awful expectation plac'd,
'Await thy doom, nor impious haste
'To pluck from God's right hand his instru-
'ments of death.'

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§ 69. *Ode. Sent to a Friend on his leaving a favorite Village in Hampshire.* T. Warton.

Ah, mourn thy lov'd retreat! No more
Shall classic steps thy scenes explore!
When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy steep,
Who now shall climb its brows, to view
Thy length of landscapes ever new;
Where summer flings, in careless pride,
Her varied vesture far and wide?
Who mark, beneath, each village-charm,
Or grange, or elm-encircled farm:
The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,
Watch'd by the kite that sails aloof:
The tufted pines whose umbrage tall
Darkens the long-deserted hall:
The vet'ran beech, that on the plain
Collects at eve the playful train:
The cot that smokes with early fire,
The low-roof'd fane's embosom'd spire?
Who now shall indolently stray
Through the deep forest's tangled way;
Pleas'd at his custom'd task to find
The well-known hoary-tressed hind,
That toils with feeble hands to glean
Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean?
Who mid thy nooks of hazle sit,
Lost in some melancholy fit;
And list'ning to the raven's croak,
The distant flail, the falling oak?
Who, through the sunshine and the show'r,
Descry the rainbow-painted tow'r?
Who, wandering at return of May,
Catch the first cuckow's vernal lay?
Who, musing waste the summer hour,
Where high o'er-arching trees embow'r
The grassy lane so rarely pac'd,
With azure flow'rets idly grac'd?
Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn
Returning reapers cross the lawn:
Nor fond attention loves to note
The wether's bell from folds remote:
While own'd by no poetic eye,
Thy pensive evening shade the sky!
For lo! the bard who rapture found
From ev'ry rural sight or sound;
Whose genius warm, and judgement chaste,
No charm of genuine nature pass'd;

Who

Who felt the Muse's purest fires,
Far from thy favor'd haunt retires:
Who peopled all thy vocal bow'rs
With shadowy shapes and airy pow'rs.
Behold, a dread repose resumes,
As erst, thy sad sequester'd glooms!
From the deep dell, where shaggy roots
Fringe the rough brink with wreathed shoots,
Th' unwilling genius flies forlorn,
His primrose-chaplet rudely torn.
With hollow shriek the nymphs forsake
The pathless copse, and hedge-row brake.
Where the delv'd mountain's headlong side
Its chalky entrails opens wide,
On the green summit, ambush'd high,
No longer echo loves to lie,
No pearl-crown'd maid, with wily look,
Rise beck'ning from the reedy brook.
Around the glow-worm's glimm'ring bank,
No fairies run in fiery rank;
Nor brush, half seen, in airy tread,
The violet's unprinted head.
But Fancy, from the thickest brown,
The glades that wear a conscious frown,
The forest-oaks, that pale and lone
Nod to the blast with hoarser tone,
Rough glens, and sullen waterfalls,
Her bright ideal offspring calls.
So by some sage inchanter's spell,
(As old Arabian fables tell)
Amid the solitary wild,
Luxuriant gardens gaily smil'd:
From sapphire rocks the fountain stream'd,
With golden fruit the branches beam'd;
Fair forms, in ev'ry wondrous wood,
Or lightly tripp'd, or solemn stood;
And oft, retreating from the view,
Betray'd at distance, beauties new:
While gleaming o'er the crisped bow'rs
Rich spires arose, and sparkling tow'rs.
If bound on service new to go,
The master of the magic show,
His transitory charm withdrew.
Away th' illusive landscape flew:
Dun clouds obscur'd the groves of gold,
Blue lightning smote the blooming mold;
In visionary glory rear'd,
The gorgeous castle disappear'd:
And a bare heath's unfruitful plain
Usurp'd the wizard's proud domain.

§70. *The Art of preserving Health.* Armstrong.

Book I. Air.

Daughter of Pæan, queen of ev'ry joy,
Hygeia*; whole indulgent smiles sustains
The various race luxuriant nature pours,
And on th' immortal essences bestows
Immortal youth; auspicious, O descend!
Thou, cheerful guardian of the rolling year,
Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,
Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,
Diffusest life and vigor thro' the tracts
Of air, thro' earth, and ocean's deep domain.
When thro' the blue serenity of heaven
Thy pow'r approaches, all the wasteful host
Of pain and sickness, squalid and deform'd,
Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,
Where in deep Erebus involv'd the fiends
Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
Swarm thro' the shuddering air: whatever plagues
Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings
Rise from the putrid wat'ry element,
The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,
That smothers earth and all the breathless winds,
Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field;
Whatever baneful breathes the rotten south;
Whatever ills, th' extremes of sudden change
Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce;
They fly their pure effulgence: they, and all
The secret poisons of avenging Heaven,
And all the pale tribes halting in the train
Of vice and needless pleasure: or if aught
The comet's glare amid the burning sky,
Mournful eclipse, or planets ill combin'd,
Portend disastrous to the vital world,
Thy salutary pow'r averts their rage,
Averts the general bane: and but for thee
Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.
Without thy cheerful active energy
No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,
No more the maids of Helicon delight.
Come then with me, O goddess, heavenly-gay!
Begin the song; and let it sweetly flow,
And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws:
'How best the fickle fabric to support
'Of mortal man; in healthful body how
'A healthful mind the longest to maintain.
'Tis hard, in such a strife of rules to choose
The best, and those of most extensive use;
Harder in clear and animated song
Dry philosophic precepts to convey.
Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace
Of Nature, and with daring steps proceed
Thro' paths the Muses never trod before.

Nor should I wander doubtful of my way,
Had I the lights of that sagacious mind
Which taught to check the pestilential fire,
And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.
O thou, belov'd by all the graceful arts,
Thou, long the fav'rite of the healing pow'rs,
Indulge, O Mead! a well design'd essay,
Howe'er imperfect; and permit that I
My little knowledge with my country share,
Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,
And with new graces dignify the theme.

Ye who amid this feverish world would wear
A body free of pain, of cares a mind,
Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air;

* Hygeia, the goddess of Health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Æsculapius; who, as well as Apollo, was distinguished by the name of Pæan.

Breathe

Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke
And volatile corruption, from the dead,
The dying, sick'ning, and the living world
Exhal'd, to sully heaven's transparent dome
With dim mortality. It is not Air
That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
Of nature, when from shape and texture she
Relapses into fighting elements:
It is not Air, but floats a nauseous mass
Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.
Much moisture hurts; but here a sordid bath,
With oily rancor fraught, relaxes more
The solid frame than simple moisture can.
Beside, immur'd in many a sullen bay
That never felt the freshness of the breeze,
This slumbering Deep remains, and ranker grow
With sickly rest: and (tho' the lungs abhor
To drink the dun fuliginous abyss)
Did not the acid vigor of the mine,
Roll'd from so many thundering chimneys, tame
The putrid streams that over-swarm the sky,
This caustic venom would perhaps corrode
Those tender cells that draw the vital air,
In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd;
Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin,
Imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood,
And rouse the heart to ev'ry fever's rage.
While yet you breathe, away the rural wilds
Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales;
The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
That fans the ever-undulating sky; [smiles
A kindly sky! whose fostering pow'r regales
Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.
Find then some woodland scene where Nature
Benign, where all her honest children thrive.
To us there wants not many a happy seat;
Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise
We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
See where, enthron'd in adamantine state,
Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits;
There choose thy seat, in some aspiring grove
Fast by the slowly-winding Thames; or where
Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats
(Richmond, that sees an hundred villas rise
Rural or gay). Oh! from the summer's rage,
Oh! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
Umbrageous Ham! But, if the busy Town
Attract thee still to toil for pow'r or gold,
Sweetly thou may'st thy vacant hours possess
In Hampstead, courted by the western wind;
Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood;
Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds
Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd.
Green rise the Kentish hills in cheerful air;
But on the marshy plains that Essex spreads
Build not, nor rest too long thy wandering feet.
For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,
With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
Quartana there presides: a meagre fiend,
Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the fens.
From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest
With feverish blasts subdues the sick'ning land:
Cold tremors come, with mighty love of rest,
Convulsive yawnings, lassitude and pains
That sting the burthen'd brows, fatigue the loins,
And rack the joints, and ev'ry torpid limb;
Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats
O'erflow: a short relief from former ills.
Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine:
The vigor sinks, the habit melts away;
The cheerful, pure, and animated bloom
Dies from the face with squalid atrophy
Devour'd, in sallow melancholy clad.
And oft the sorceress, in her sated wrath,
Resigns them to the furies of her train:
The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend
Tinged with her own accumulated gall.

In quest of sites, avoid the mournful plain
Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake;
Where many lazy muddy rivers flow:
Nor, for the wealth that all the Indies roll,
Fix near the marshy margin of the main.
For from the humid soil, and wat'ry reign,
Eternal vapors rise; the spungy air
For ever weeps; or, turgid with the weight
Of waters, pours a sounding deluge down.
Skies such as these let ev'ry mortal shun
Who dreads the dropsy, palsy, or the gout,
Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh;
Or any other injury that grows
From raw-spun fibres idle and unstrung,
Skin ill perspiring, and the purple flood
In languid eddies loit'ring into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine;
For air may be too dry. The subtle heaven,
That winnows into dust the blasted downs,
Bare, and extended wide without a stream,
Too fast imbibes th' attenuated lymph,
Which, by the surface from the blood exhales.
The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay
Their flexible vibrations; or inflam'd,
Their tender ever-moving structure thaws.
Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood
A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide
That flow'as Lethe wanders thro' the veins;
Unactive in the services of life,
Unfit to lead its pitchy current through
The secret mazy channels of the brain.
The melancholy Fiend (that worst despair
Of physic) hence the rust-complexion'd man
Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain
Too stretch'd a tone: and hence in climes a dust
So sudden tumults seise the trembling nerves,
And burning fevers glow with double rage.

Fly, if you can, these violent extremes
Of air, the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.
But as the pow'r of choosing is denied
To half mankind, a further task ensues;
How best to mitigate these fell extremes,
How breathe unhurt the withering element,
Or hazy atmosphere: tho' custom moulds
To ev'ry clime the soft Promethean clay;
And he who first the fogs of Essex breath'd
(So kind is native air) may in the fens

Of

Of Essex from inveterate ills revive
At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.
But, if the raw and oozy heaven offend,
Correct the soil and dry the sources up
Of wat'ry exhalation; wide and deep
Conduct your trenches thro' the quaking bog;
Solicitous, with all your winding arts,
Betray th' unwilling lake into the stream;
And weed the forest, and invoke the winds
To break the toils where strangled vapors lie;
Or thro' the thickets send the crackling flames.
Meantime at home with cheerful fires dispel
The humid air: and let your table smoke
With solid roast or bak'd; or what the herds
Of tamer breed supply; or what the wilds
Yield to the toilsome pleasures of the chace.
Generous your wine, the boast of rip'ning years,
But frugal be your cups; The languid frame,
Vapid and sunk from yesterday's debauch,
Shrinks from the cold embrace of wat'ry hea-
But neither these, nor all Apollo's arts, [vens.
Disarm the dangers of the dropping sky,
Unless with exercise and manly toil [blood.
You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging
The fatt'ning clime let all the sons of ease
Avoid; if indolence would wish to live,
Go, yawn and loiter out the long slow year
In fairer skies. If droughty regions parch [blood,
The skin and lungs, and bake the thick'ning
Deep in the waving forest choose your seat,
Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air;
And wake the fountains from their secret beds,
And into lakes dilate the rapid stream.
Here spread your gardens wide: and let the cool,
The moist relaxing vegetable store
Prevail in each repast: your food supplied
By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,
By soft decoction and a mellowing heat,
To liquid balm; or if the solid mass
You choose, tormented in the boiling wave;
That thro' the thirsty channels of the blood
A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
The fragrant dairy from its cold recess
Its nectar acid or benign will pour
To drown your thirst; or let the mantling bowl
Of keen sherbet the fickle taste relieve.
For with the vicious blood the simple stream
Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups
Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.
Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rose
His horrors o'er the world, thou may'st indulge
In feast more genial, and impatient broach
The mellow cask. Then too the scourging air
Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts
Allow. But rarely we such skies blaspheme.
Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs
Bedew'd, our seasons droop: incumbent still
A pond'rous heaven o'erwhelms the sinking soul:
Lab'ring with storms, in happy mountains rise
Th' embattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades
Had left the dungeon of eternal night,
Till black with thunder all the South descends.
Scarce in a show'rless day the heavens indulge
Our melting clime; except the baleful East
Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks
The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene.
Good Heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
This dismal change! The brooding elements
Do they, your pow'rful ministers of wrath,
Prepare some fierce exterminating plague?
Or is it fix'd in the decrees above
That lofty Albion melt into the main?
Indulgent nature! O dissolve this gloom!
Bind in eternal adamant the winds
That drown or wither: give the genial West
To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly North:
And may once more the circling seasons rule
The year; not mix'd in ev'ry monstrous day!
Meantime, the moist malignity to shun [paign
Of burthen'd skies, mark where the dry cham-
Swells into cheerful hills; where marjoram
And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
And where the * cynorrhodon with the rose
For fragrance vies; for in the thirsty soil
Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
There bid thy roofs high on the baskjng steep
Ascend; there light the hospitable fires,
And let them see the winter morn arise;
The summer evening blushing in the west:
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring
north,
And bleak affliction of the peevish east.
Oh! when the growling winds contend, and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm;
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
To please the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is studied; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
And natural movements of th' harmonious frame.
Besides the sportive brook for ever shakes
The trembling air, that floats from hill to hill,
From vale to mountain, with incessant change
Of purest element, refreshing still
Your airy seat, and uninfected gods.
Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds
High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
Th' ethereal deep with endless billows chafes.
His purer mansion nor contagious years
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.
But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain,
Involve my hill! And whereso'er you build;
Whether on sun-burnt Epsom, or the plains
Wash'd by the silent Lee; in Chelsea low,
Or high Blackheath with wint'ry winds assail'd,
Dry be your house; but airy more than warm.
Else ev'ry breath or ruder wind will strike
Your tender body thro' with rapid pains!

* The wild rose, or that which grow on the common brier.

Fieree

Fierce coughs will tease you, hoarseness bind your voice,
Or moist Gravedo load your aching brows.
These to defy, and all the fates that dwell
In cloister'd air, tainted with steaming life,
Let lofty cielings grace your ample rooms;
And still at azure noontide may your dome
At ev'ry window drink the liquid sky.
Need we the sunny situation here,
And theatres open to the south, commend!
Here, where the morning's misty breath infests
More than the torrid noon? How sickly grow,
How pale, the plants in those ill-fated vales
That, circled round with the gigantic heap
Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
To feel, the genial vigor of the sun!
While on the neighb'ring hill the rose inflames
The verdant spring; in virgin beauty blows
The tender lily, languishingly sweet;
O'er ev'ry hedge the wanton woodbine roves,
And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.
Nor less the warmer living tribes demand
The fost'ring sun; whose energy divine
Dwells not in mortal fire; whose gen'rous heat
Grows thro' the mass of grosser elements,
And kindles into life the pond'rous spheres.
Cheer'd by the fond invigorating warmth,
We court thy beams, great majesty of day!
If not the soul, the regent of this world,
First-born of heaven, and only less than God!

BOOK II. DIET.

Enough of Air. A desert subject now,
Rougher and wilder, rises to my sight.
A barren waste, where not a garland grows
To bind the Muse's brow; nor even a proud
Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath,
To rouse a noble horror in the soul:
But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads
Through endless labyrinths the devious feet.
Farewell, ethereal fields! the humbler arts
Of life: The Table and the homely Gods
Demand my song. Elysian gales, adieu! [flow,
The blood, the fountain whence the spirits
The gen'rous stream that waters ev'ry part,
And motion, vigor, and warm life conveys
To every particle that moves or lives;
This vital fluid, through unnumber'd tubes
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again
Refunded; scourg'd for ever round and round:
Enrag'd with heat and toil, at last forgets
Its balmy nature; virulent and thin
It grows; and now, but that a thousand gates
Are open to its flight, it would destroy
The parts it cherish'd and repair'd before.
Besides, the flexible and tender tubes
Melt in the mildest most nectareous tide
That ripening nature rolls; as in the stream
Its crumbling banks: but what the vital force
Of plastic fluids hourly batters down,
That very force, those plastic particles
Rebuild: so mutable the state of man.
For this the watchful appetite was given,
Daily with fresh materials to repair
This unavoidable expence of life,
This necessary waste of flesh and blood.
Hence the concoctive pow'rs, with various art,
Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle;
The chyle to blood; the foamy purple tide
To liquors, which thro' finer arteries
To different parts their winding course pursue;
To try new changes, and new forms put on,
Or for the public, or some private use.
Nothing so foreign but th' athletic hind
Can labor into blood. The hungry meal
Alone he fears, or aliments too thin;
By vi'lent powers too easily subdu'd,
Too soon expell'd. His daily labor thaws
To friendly chyle the most rebellious mass
That salt can harden, or the smoke of years;
Nor does his gorge the rancid bacon rue,
Nor that which Cestria sends, tenacious paste
Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay,
Infirm and delicate! and ye who waste
With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day!
Avoid the stubborn element, avoid
The full repast; and let sagacious age
Grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.
Half subtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food
Readiest obeys th' assimilating powers;
And soon the tender vegetable mass
Relents; and soon the young of those that tread
The stedfast earth, or cleave the green abyss,
Or pathless sky. And if the steer must fall,
In youth and sanguine vigor let him die;
Nor stay till rigid age or heavy ails
Absolve him ill-requited from the yoke.
Some with high forage and luxuriant ease
Indulge the vet'ran ox; but wiser thou,
From the bald mountain or the barren downs
Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed;
A race of purer blood, with exercise
Refin'd, and scanty fare: for, old or young
The stall'd are never healthy, nor the cramm'd.
Not all the culinary arts can tame
To wholsome food th' abominable growth
Of rest and gluttony; the prudent taste
Rejects like bane such loathsome lusciousness.
The languid stomach curses even the pure
Delicious fat, and all the race of oil:
For more the oily aliments relax
Its feeble tone; and with the eager lymph
(Fond to incorporate with all it meets)
Coyly they mix, and shun with slipp'ry wiles
The woo'd embrace. The irresoluble oil,
So gentle late and blandishing, in floods
Of rancid bile o'erflows: what tumults hence,
What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.
Choose leaner viands, ye whose jovial make
Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes:
Choose sober meals, and rouse to active life
Your cumbrous clay; nor on th' enfeebling
Irresolute, protract the morning hours. [down.
But let the man, whose bones are thinly clad,
With cheerful ease and succulent repast
Improve his slender habit. Each extreme
From the best mean of sanity departs.

I could

I could relate what table this demands
Or that complexion: what the various pow'rs
Of various foods; but fifty years would roll,
And fifty more, before the tale were done.
Besides, there often lurks some nameless, strange,
Peculiar thing; nor on the skin display'd,
Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen;
Which finds a poison in the food that most
The temp'rature affects. There, are, whose blood
Impetuous rages thro' the turgid veins.
Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind
Than the moist Melon, or pale Cucumber.
Of chilly nature others fly the board
Supplied with slaughter; and the vernal pow'rs
For cooler, kinder, sustenance implore.
Some ev'n the gen'rous nutriment detest
Which in the shell, the sleeping embryo rears.
Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts
Of Pales — soft, delicious, and benign;
The balmy quintessence of ev'ry flow'r,
And ev'ry grateful herb that decks the spring;
The fost'ring dew of tender sprouting life;
The best reflection of declining age;
The kind restorative of those who lie
Half dead, and panting from the doubtful strife
Of nature struggling in the grasp of death.
Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,
There is not such a salutary food
As suits with ev'ry stomach. But (except
Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,
And boil'd and bak'd, you hesitate by which
You sunk oppress'd, or whether not by all).
Taught by experience, soon you may discern
What pleases; what offends. Avoid the cates
That lull the sicken'd appetite too long;
Or heave with feverish flushings all the face,
Burn in the palms, and parch the rough'ning tongue;
Or much diminish or too much increase
Th' expence, which nature's wise œconomy,
Without or waste or avarice, maintains.
Such cates abjur'd, let prowling hunger loose,
And bid the curious palate roam at will;
They scarce can err amid the various stores
That burst the teeming entrails of the world.

Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless king
Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives;
The tiger form'd alike to cruel meals,
Would at the manger starve: of milder seeds,
The generous horse to herbage and to grain
Confines his wish; tho' fabling Greece resound
The Thracian steeds with human carnage wild.
Prompted by instinct's never-erring pow'r,
Each creature knows its proper aliment;
But man, th' inhabitant of ev'ry clime,
With all the commoners of nature feeds,
Directed, bounded, by this pow'r within,
Their cravings are well aim'd: voluptuous Man
Is by superior faculties misled,
Misled from pleasure e'en in quest of joy.
Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,
With dishes tortur'd from their native taste,
And mad variety, to spur beyond
Its wiser will the jaded appetite!
Is this for pleasure? Learn a juster taste;
And know that temperance is true luxury.
Or is it pride? Pursue some nobler aim:
Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire;
And earn the fair esteem of honest men,
Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as
The sick, the famish'd, shiver at your gates.
Even modest want may bless your hand unseen,
Tho' hush'd in patient wretchedness at home,
Is their no virgin grac'd with ev'ry charm
But that which binds the mercenary vow?
No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom
Unfoster'd sickens in the barren shade?
No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,
Or by a heart too gen'rous and humane,
Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,
And sigh for wants more bitter than his own?
There are, while human miseries abound,
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

But other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue,
Besides provoking the lascivious taste.
Such various foods, tho' harmless each alone,
Each other violate; and oft we see
What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,
From combinations of innoxious things.
Th' unbounded taste I mean not to confine
To hermit's diet, needlessly severe.
But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,
Or husband pleasure; at one impious meal
Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,
Of ev'ry realm. It matters not meanwhile
How much to-morrow differ from to-day;
So far indulge: 'tis fit, besides, that man,
To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.
But stay the curious appetite, and taste
With caution fruits you never tried before.
For want of use, the kindest aliment
Sometimes offends; while custom tames the rage
Of poison to mild amity with life.

So Heaven has form'd us to the general taste
Of all its gifts, so custom has improv'd
This bent of nature, that few simple foods,
Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,
But by excess offend. Beyond the sense
Of light refection, at the genial board
Indulge not often; nor protract the feast
To dull satiety; till soft and slow
A drowsy death creeps on, th' expansive soul
Oppress'd and smother'd the celestial fire.
The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,
Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdues
The softest food; unfinish'd and deprav'd,
The chyle in all its future wand'rings owns
Its turbid fountain; not by purer streams
So to be clear'd, but foulness will remain.
To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt
Th' unripen'd grape? Or what mechanic skill
From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold?

Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund
Of plagues; but more immedicable ills,
Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows
How to disburden the too tumid veins,

Ev'n

Ev'n how to ripen the half-labor'd blood:
But to unlock the elemental tubes,
Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,
And with balsamic nutriment repair
The dried and worn out habit, were to bid
Old age grow green, and were a second spring;
Or the tall ash, long ravish'd from the soil,
Thro' wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.
When hunger calls, obey; nor often wait
Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain:
For the keen appetite will feast beyond
What nature well can bear; and one extreme
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.
Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb
The recent chyle, and load enfeebled pow'rs
Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame.
To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege
And famine humbled, may this verse be borne.
And hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds!
Long toss'd and famish'd on the wint'ry main;
The war shook off, or hospitable shore
Attain'd, with temp'rance bear the shock of joy;
Nor crown with festive rights th' auspicious day:
Such feasts might prove more fatal than the waves,
Than war or famine. While the vital fire
Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on;
But prudently foment the wand'ring spark
With what the soonest feels its kindred touch:
Be frugal e'en of that; a little give
At first: that kindled, add a little more;
Till by delib'rate nourishing, the flame
Reviv'd with all its wonted vigor glows.
But tho' the two (the full and the jejune)
Extremes have each their vice; it much avails
Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
From this to that: so nature learns to bear
Whatever chance or headlong appetite
May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues
The cruder clods by sloth or luxury
Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.
Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast
Comes on, while yet no blacker omen low'rs;
Then is a time to shun the tempting board,
Were it your natal or your nuptial day.
Perhaps a fast so seasonable starves
The latent seeds of woe, which rooted once
Might cost you labor. But, the day return'd
Of festal luxury, the wise indulge
Most in the tender vegetable breed:
Then chiefly when the summer beams inflame
The brazen heavens, or angry Sirius sheds
A fev'rish taint thro' the still gulph of air.
The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup
From the fresh dairy-virgin's lib'ral hand,
Will save your head from harm, tho' round the world
The dreaded * Causos roll his wasteful fires,
Pale humid Winter loves the gen'rous board,
The meal more copious, and a warmer fare;
And longs with old wood and old wine to cheer
His quaking heart. The seasons which divide
Th' empires of heat and cold; by neither claim'd,
In fluenc'd by both; a middle regimen
Impose. Thro' autumn's languishing domain
Descending, nature by degrees invites
To growing luxury. But from the depth
Of winter when th' invigorating year
Emerges; when Favonius, flush'd with love,
Joyful and young, in every breeze descends
More warm and wanton on his kindling bride;
Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks;
And learn, with wise humanity, to check
The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
A various offspring to th' indulgent sky:
Now bounteous nature feeds with lavish hand
The prone creation yields what once suffic'd
Their dainty sov'reign, when the world was young,
Ere yet the barb'rous thirst of blood had seis'd
The human breast. Each rolling month matures
The food that suits it most: so does each clime.
Far in the horrid realms of winter, where
Th' establish'd oceans heaps a monstrous waste
Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole,
There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants
Relentless earth, their cruel step-mother,
Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,
Untam'd, intractable, no harvests wave;
Pomona hates them, and the clownish god
Who tends the garden. In this frozen world
Such cooling gifts were vain: a fitter meal
Is earn'd with ease; for here the fruitful spawn
Of Ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board
With gen'rous fare and luxury profuse.
These are their bread, the only bread they know;
These, and their willing slave, the deer that crops
The shrubby herbage on their meagre hills.
Girt by the burning zone, not thus the South
Her swarthy sons in either Ind maintains;
Or thirsty Libya, from whose fervid loins
The lion bursts, and ev'ry fiend that roams
Th' affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd,
Adust and dry, no sweet repast affords;
Nor does the tepid main such kinds produce,
So perfect, so delicious, as the shoals
Of icy Zembla. Rashly where the blood [tain
Brews fev'rish frays; where scarce the tubes sus-
Its tumid fervor and tempestuous course,
Kind Nature tempts not to such gifts as these.
But here in livid ripeness melts the grape;
Here, finish'd by invigorating suns,
Thro' the green shade the golden orange glows!
Spontaneous here the turgid melon yields
A gen'rous pulp; the coco swells on high
With milky riches; and in horrid mail
The crisp ananas wraps its poignant sweets:
Earth's vaunted progeny; in ruder air
Too coy to flourish, ev'n too proud to live,
Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire
To vapid life. Here, with a mother's smile,
Glad Amalthea pours a copious horn:
Here buxom Ceres reigns: th' autumnal sea
In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains.
What suits the climate best, what suits the men,

* The burning Fever.

Nature

Nature profuses most, and most the taste
Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine
Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls.
The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs
Supports in else intolerable air;
While the cool palm, the plantain, and the grove
That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage
The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountain lead;
Now let me wander thro' your gelid reign.
I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds
By mortal else untrod. I hear the din
Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
With holy rev'rence I approach the rocks [song.
Whence glide the streams renown'd in antient
Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
First springs the Nile; here bursts the sounding Po
In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the east;
And there, in Gothic solitude reclin'd,
The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn.
What solemn twilight, what stupendous shades,
Inwrap these infant floods! Thro' ev'ry nerve
A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;
And, more gigantic still, th' impending trees
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
Are these the confines of some fairy world,
A land of Genii? Say, beyond these wilds
What unknown nations, if indeed beyond
Aught habitable lies? And whither leads,
To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,
That subterraneous way? Propitious maids,
Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
This trembling ground. The task remains to sing
Your gifts (so Pæan; so the pow'rs of health
Command) to praise your crystal element:
The chief ingredient in Heaven's various works;
Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
The vehicle, the source, of nutriment
And life to all that vegetate or live.

O comfortable streams! With eager lips,
And trembling hand, the languid thirsty quaff
New life in you: fresh vigor fills their veins.
No warmer cups the rural ages knew;
None warmer sought the fires of human kind
Happy in temperate peace! Their equal days
Felt not th' alternate fits of fev'rish mirth
And sick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd,
They knew no pains but what the tender soul
With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
Blest with divine immunity from ails,
Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate
Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
Oh! could those worthies from the world of gods
Return to visit their degen'rate sons,
How would they scorn the joys of modern time,
With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!
Too happy they! But wealth brought luxury,
And luxury on sloth begot disease. [disdain
Learn temp'rance, friends; and hear without
The choice of water. Thus the Coan * sage
Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of ev'ry school:
What least of foreign principles partakes
Is best; the lightest then; what bears the touch
Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air;
The most-insipid, the most void of smell,
Such the rude mountain from its horrid sides
Pours down; such waters in the sandy vale
For ever boil, alike of winter frosts
And summer's heat secure. The crystal stream,
Through rocks resounding, or for many a mile
O'er the chaf'd pebbles hurl'd, yields wholesome
pure, [thaws,
And mellow draughts; except when winter
And half the mountains melt into the tide.
Tho' thirst was ne'er so resolute, avoid
The sordid lake, and all such drowsy floods
As fill from Lethe Belgia's slow canals
With rest corrupt, with vegetation green;
Squalid with generation, and the birth
Of little monsters, till the pow'r of fire
Has from profane embraces disengag'd
The violated lymph. The virgin stream,
In boiling, wastes its finer soul in air.

Nothing like simple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow,
But where the stomach, indolently given,
Toys with its duty, animate with wine
Th' insipid stream: tho' golden Ceres yields
A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught,
Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and al
The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyss
Of fermentation spring; with spirit fraught
And furious with intoxicating fire;
Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd
Th' embodied mass. You see what countless years,
Embalm'd in fiery quintessence of wine,
The puny wonders of the reptile world,
The tender rudiments of life, the slim
Unravellings of minute anatomy,
Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain.

We curse not wine; the vile excess we blame,
More fruitful than th' accumulated board
Of pain and misery. For the subtle draught
Faster and surer swells the vital tide;
And with more active poison, than the floods
Of grosser crudity convey, pervades
The far remote meanders of our frame.
Ah! sly deceiver! branded o'er and o'er,
Yet still believ'd! exulting o'er the wreck
Of sober vows! But the Parnassian Maids
Another time, † perhaps, shall sing the joys,
The fatal charms, the many woes, of wine;
Perhaps its various tribes and various pow'rs.

Meantime, I would not always dread the bowl,
Nor ev'ry trespass shun. The fev'rish strife,
Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expels
The loit'ring crudities that burthen life;
And like a torrent full and rapid, clears
Th' obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world
Is full of chances, which by habit's pow'r
To learn to bear, is easier than to shun.

* Hippocrates.

† See Book IV.

Ah!

Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,
Or sacred country calls, with mellowing wine
To moisten well the thirsty suffrages;
Say how, unseason'd to the midnight frays
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd?
Then learn to revel, but by slow degrees;
By slow degrees the lib'ral arts are won,
And Hercules grew strong. But when you smooth
The brows of care, indulge your festive vein
In cups by well-inform'd experience found
The least your bane, and only with your friends
There are sweet follies; frailties to be seen
By friends alone, and men of gen'rous minds.
Oh seldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep? I would not daily taste,
Except when life declines, ev'n sober cups.
Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
With frugal nectar, smooth and slow, with balm
The sapless habit daily to bedew,
And give the hesitating wheels of life
Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys:
And is it wise, when youth with pleasure flows,
To squander the reliefs of age and pain? [goal
What dext'rous thousands just within the
Of wild debauch direct their nightly course!
Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,
No morning admonitions shock the head.
But, ah! what woes remain! Life rolls apace,
And that incurable disease, old age,
In youthful bodies more severely felt,
More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime,
Except kind Nature by some hasty blow
Prevent the ling'ring fates. For know, whate'er
Beyond its natural fervor hurries on
The sanguine tide; whether the frequent bowl,
High season'd fare, or exercise to toil
Protracted; spurs to its last stage tir'd life,
And sows the temples with untimely snow.
When life is new, the ductile fibres feel
The heart's increasing force; and day by day,
The growth advances: till the larger tubes,
Acquiring (from their * elemental veins
Condens'd to solid chords) a firmer tone,
Sustain, and just sustain, th' impetuous blood.
Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse
And pressure, still the great destroy the small;
Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.
Life glows meantime amid the grinding force
Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes;
Its various functions vigorously are plied
By strong machinery; and in solid health
The man confirm'd long triumphs o'er disease.
But the full ocean ebbs; there is a point, [tend.
By nature fix'd, whence life must downwards
For still the beating tide consolidates
The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still
To the weak throbs of th' ill-supported heart.
These languishing, these strength'ning by degrees
To hard unyielding, unelastic bone.
Thro' tedious channels the congealing flood
Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on:
It loiters still; and now it stirs no more.
This is the period few attain, the death
Of nature. Thus (so Heaven ordain'd it) life
Destroys itself: and, could these laws have
chang'd,
Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate,
And Homer live immortal as his song.
What does not fade? The tow'r that long
had stood
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base;
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
Descend: the Babylonian spires are sunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old,
And all those worlds that roll around the sun.
The sun himself shall die, and antient night
Again involve the desolate abyss,
Till the great Father thro' the lifeless gloom
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.
For thro' the regions of unbounded space,
Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,
Being, in various systems, fluctuates still
Between creation and abhorr'd decay;
It ever did, perhaps, and ever will.
New worlds are still emerging from the deep;
The old descending, in their turns to rise.

BOOK III. EXERCISE.

Thro' various toils th' adventurous Muse has
pass'd;
But half the toil, and more than half, remains.
Rude is her theme, and hardly fit for song;
Plain, and of little ornament; and I
But little practis'd in the Aonian arts.
Yet not in vain such labors have we tried,
If aught these lays the fickle health confirm.
To you, ye delicate, I write; for you
I tame my youth to philosophic cares,
And grow still paler by the midnight lamp.
Not to debilitate with timorous rules
A hardy frame; nor needlessly to brave
Inglorious dangers, proud of mortal strength,
Is all the lesson that in wholesome years [stow'd,
Concerns the strong. His care were ill be-
Who would with warm effeminacy nurse
The thriving oak which on the mountain's brow
Bears all the blasts that sweep the wint'ry Heaven.

* In the human body, as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood-vessels are composed of smaller ones; which, by the violent motion and pressure of the fluids in the large vessels lose their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the larger must of course grow less extensile, more rigid, and make a stronger resistance to the action of the heart and force of the blood. From this gradual condensation of the smaller vessels, and consequently rigidity of the larger ones, the progress of the human body from infancy to old age is accounted for.

Behold the laborer of the glebe, who toils
In dust, in rain, in cold and sultry skies:
Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
Nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend.
He knows no laws by Esculapius given,
He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
Infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly
When rapid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.
His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
Robust with labor, and by custom steel'd
To ev'ry casualty of varied life;
Serene he bears the peevish Eastern blast,
And uninfected breathes the mortal South.

Such the reward of rude and sober life,
Of labors such. By health the peasant's toil
Is well repaid, if exercise were pain
Indeed, and temp'rance pain. By arts like these
Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons;
And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way
Unhurt, thro' ev'ry toil, in ev'ry clime.

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone;
The greener juices are by toil subdued,
Mellow'd and subtiliz'd; the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancor of the blood.
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
Of nature and the year; come, let us stray
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk:
Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy heavens, inwrap the limbs with balm,
And shed a charming langour o'er the soul.
Nor when bright Winter sows the prickly frost
The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
Indulge at home; nor even when Eurus' blasts
This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain
Or fogs relent, no season should confine
Or to the cloister'd gallery or arcade. [source
Go, climb the mountain: from the ethereal
Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn
Beams o'er the hills; go mount the exulting steed.
Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch
The tainted mazes; and, on eager sport
Intent with emulous impatience try
Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey
Delight you more, go chase the desp'rate deer;
And thro' its deepest solitudes awake
The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

But if the breathless chace o'er hill and dale
Exceed your strength, a sport of less fatigue,
Not less delightful, the prolific stream
Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze, [bounds
Swarms with the silver fry. Such thro' the
Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;
Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains:
such [stream
The Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,
Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays
Turn'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in songs; tho' not a purer stream,
Thro' meads more flow'ry, or more romantic
groves,
Rolls toward the western main. Hail, sacred
May still thy hospitable swains be blest [flood!
In rural innocence; thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows, and the golden grain!
Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd;
Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,
With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and, with the slender line
And yielding rod, solicit to the shore [clouds
The struggling panting prey; while vernal
And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.

Farm'd on the Samian school, or those of Ind,
There are who think these pastimes scarce hu-
Yet in my mind (and not relentless I) [mane;
His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.
But if thro' genuine tenderness of heart,
Or secret want of relish for the game,
You shun the glories of the chace, nor care
To haunt the peopled stream; the garden yields
A soft amusement, an humane delight.
To raise th' inspid nature of the ground,
Or tame its savage genius to the grace
Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems
The amiable result of happy chance,
Is to create: and gives a godlike joy,
Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain
To check the lawless riot of the trees,
To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
O happy he, whom, when his years decline,
(His fortune and his fame by worthy means
Attain'd and equal to his mod'rate mind:
His life approv'd by all the wise and good,
Even envied by the vain) the peaceful groves
Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,
Receive to rest, of all ungrateful cares
Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd!
Happiest of men; if the same soil invites
A chosen few, companions of his youth,
Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends;
With whom in easy commerce to pursue
Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame!
A fair ambition, void of strife or guile,
Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone,
Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs,
The visto best, and best conducts the stream;
Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend;
Whom first the welcome springs salutes; who shows
The earliest bloom; the sweetest, proudest charms
Of Flora; who best gives Pomona's juice
To match the sprightly genius of champaign.
Thrice happy day in rural bus'ness pass'd;
Blest winter nights! when, as the genial fire
Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family
With soft domestic arts the hours beguile;
And pleasing talk, that starts no timorous fame.
With witless wantonness to hunt it down;
Or through the fairy-land of tale or song
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity;

Till,

Till, lost in fable, they the stealing hour
Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve,
His neighbours lift the latch, and bless unbid
His festal roof; while, o'er the light repast
And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy,
And, thro' the maze of conversation, trace
Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.
Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste
The native zest and flavor of the fruit
Where sense grows wild, and takes of no manure)
The decent, honest, cheerful husbandman
Should drown his labors in my friendly bowl,
And at my table find himself at home.

Whate'er you study, in whate'er you sweat,
Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils;
The tennis some; and some the graceful dance:
Others, more hardy, range the purple heath
Or naked stubble, where from field to field
The sounding coveys urge the lab'ring flight;
Eager amid the rising cloud to pour
The gun's unerring thunder: and there are
Whom still the meed* of the green archer charms.
He chooses best, whose labor entertains
His vacant fancy most: the toil you hate
Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.

As beauty still has blemish, and the mind
The most accomplish'd it's imperfect side,
Few bodies are there of that happy mould
But some one part is weaker than the rest:
The legs perhaps, or arms, refuse their load,
Or the chest labors. These assiduously,
But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,
Acquire a vigor and springy activity
To which they were not born. But weaker parts
Abhor fatigue and violent discipline.

Begin with gentle toils; and, as your nerves
Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.
The prudent, ev'n in ev'ry moderate walk,
At first but saunter, and by slow degrees
Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise
Well knows the master of the flying steed.
First from the goal the manag'd coursers play
On bended reins; as yet the skilful youth
Repress their foamy pride: but ev'ry breath
The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells;
Till all the fiery mettle has its way,
And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
When all at once from indolence to toil
You spring, the fibres by the hasty shock
Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,
Compress'd, can pour the lubricating balm.
Besides, collected in the passive veins,
The purple mass, a sudden torrent rolls,
O'erpow'rs the heart, and deluges the lungs
With dangerous inundation: oft the source
Of fatal woes; a cough that foams with blood,
Asthma, and feller peripneumony†,
Or the slow minings of the hectic fire.

Th' athletic fool, to whom what heaven denied
Of soul is well compensated in limbs,
Oft, from his rage or brainless frolic, feels
His vegetation and brute force decay.
The men of better clay and finer mould
Know nature, feel the human dignity,
And scorn to vie with oxen or with apes.
Pursu'd prolixly, e'en the gentlest toil
Is waste of health: repose by small fatigue
Is earn'd; and (where your habit is not prone
To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows:
The fine and subtle spirits cost too much
To be profus'd, too much the roscid balm
But when the hard varieties of life
You toil to learn, or try the dusty chace.
Or the warm deeds of some important day:
Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
In wish'd repose; nor court the fanning gale,
Nor taste the spring. Oh! by the sacred tears
Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, sires,
Forbear! no other pestilence has driven
Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep
Why this so fatal, the sagacious Muse
Thro' nature's cunning labyrinths could trace.
But there are secrets which who knows not now,
Must, ere he reach them, climb the heavy Alps
Of science, and devote seven years to toil.
Besides, I would not stun your patient ears
With what it little boots you to attain.
He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirl-
pools boil,
What signs portend the storm: to subtler minds
He leaves to scan from what mysterious cause
Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave;
Whence those imperious currents in the main,
Which neither oar nor sail can stem; and why
The rough'ning deep expects the storm, as sure
As red Orion mounts the shrouded heaven.

In antient times, when Rome with Athens vied
For polish'd luxury and useful arts;
All hot and reeking from th' Olympic strife,
And warm Palestra, in the tepid bath
Th' athletic youth relax'd their wearied limbs.
Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
Of nard and cassia fraught, to sooth and heal
The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime
Not much invites us to such arts as these.
'Tis not for those whom gelid skies embrace,
And chilling fogs; whose perspiration feels
Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North.
'Tis not for those to cultivate the skin
Too soft, or teach the recremental fume
Too fast to crowd thro' such precarious ways;
For thro' the small arterial mouths, that pierce
In endless millions the close-woven skin,
The baser fluids in a constant stream
Escape, and viewless melt into the winds.
While this eternal, this most copious waste
Of blood, degen'rate into vapid brine,
Maintains its wonted measure, all the pow'rs
Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life
With ease and pleasure move; but this restrain'd
Or more or less, so more or less you feel

* This word is much used by some of the old English poets, and signifies *reward* or *prize*.
† The inflammation of the lungs.

The functions labor: from this fatal source
What woes descend is never to be sung.
To take their numbers were to count the sands
That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Lybian air;
Or waves that, when the blust'ring North embroils
The Baltic, thunder on the German shore
Subject not then, by soft emollient arts,
This grand expence, on which your fates depend,
To ev'ry caprice of the sky; nor thwart
The genius of your clime: for from the blood
Least fickle rise the recremental streams,
And least obnoxious to the styptic air, [pores
Which breathe thro' straiter and more callous
The temper'd Scythian hence half naked treads
His boundless snows, nor rues th' inclement
And hence our painted ancestors defied [heaven:
The East; nor curs'd, like us, their fickle sky.
The body, moulded by the clime, endures
Th' equator heats or hyperborean frost:
Except, by habits foreign to its turn,
Unwise you counteract its forming pow'r.
Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less
By long acquaintance: study then your sky,
Form to its manners your obsequious frame,
And learn to suffer what you cannot shun.
Against the rigors of a damp cold heaven
To fortify their bodies, some frequent
The gelid cistern; and, where nought forbids,
I praise their dauntless heart; a frame so steel'd
Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts
That breathe the Tertian or fell Rheumatism;
The nerves so temper'd never quit their tone;
No chronic langnors haunt such hardy breasts.
But all things have their bounds: and he who
By daily use the kindest regimen [makes
Essential to his health, should never mix
With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.
He not the safe vicissitudes of life
Without some shock endures; ill-fitted he
To want the known, or bear unusual things.
Besides, the pow'rful remedies of pain
(Since pain in spite of all our cares will come)
Should never with your prosp'rous days of health
Grow too familiar: for by frequent use
The strongest med'cines lose their healing pow'r,
And e'en the surest poisons theirs to kill.
Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach
Parch'd Mauritania, or the sultry west,
Or the wide flood thro' rich Indostan roll'd,
Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave
Untwist their stubborn pores; that full and free
Th' evaporation thro' the soften'd skin
May bear proportion to the swelling blood:
So shall they 'scape the fever's rapid flames,
So feel untainted the hot breath of hell.
With us, the man of no complaint demands
The warm ablution, just enough to clear
The sluices of the skin, enough to keep
The body sacred from indecent soil.
Still to be pure, ev'n did it not conduce
(As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich;
The want of this is Poverty's worst woe;
With this external virtue age maintains
A decent grace; without it, youth and charms
Are loathsome. This the venal Graces know;
So doubtless do your wives: for married sires,
As well as lovers, still pretend to taste;
Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)
To lose a husband's than a lover's heart.
But now the hours and seasons when to toil
From foreign themes recall my wand'ring song.
Some labor fasting, or but slightly fed,
To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage,
Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame:
'Tis wisely done: for while the thirsty veins,
Impatient of lean penury, devour
The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time
To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.
Now while the stomach from the full repast
Subsides, but ere the returning hunger gnaws,
Ye leaner habits, give an hour to toil;
And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth
Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress.
But from the recent meal no labors please,
Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial pow'rs
Claim all the wand'ring spirits to a work
Of strong and subtle toil and great event,
A work of time; and you may rue the day
You hurried, with untimely exercise,
A half-concocted chyle into the blood.
The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm
Much toil demands: the lean elastic less.
While winter chills the blood, and binds the veins,
No labors are too hard; by those you 'scape
The slow diseases of the torpid year,
Endless to name; to one of which alone,
To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves
Is pleasure. Oh, from such inhuman pains
May all be free who merit not the wheel!
But from the burning Lion when the sun
Pours down his sultry wrath; now while the blood
Too much already maddens in the veins,
And all the finer fluids thro' the skin
Explore their flight; me, near the cool cascade
Reclin'd, or saunt'ring in the lofty grove,
No needless slight occasion should engage
To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.
Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve
To shady walks and active rural sports
Invite. But, while the chilling dews descend,
May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
Of humid skies; tho' tis no vulgar joy
To trace the horrors of the solemn wood
While the soft ev'ning saddens into night;
Tho' the sweet Poet of the vernal groves
Melts all the night in strains of am'rous woe.
The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world
Expands her sable wings; great Nature droops
Thro' all her works. Now happy he whose toil
Has o'er his languid pow'rless limbs diffus'd
A pleasing lassitude: he not in vain
Invokes the gentle Deity of dreams.
His pow'rs the most voluptuously dissolve
In soft repose: on him the balmy dews
Of sleep with double nutriment descend.
But would you sweetly waste the blank of night

In

In deep oblivion; or on Fancy's wings
Visit the paradise of happy dreams,
And waken cheerful as the lively morn;
Oppress not nature sinking down to rest
With feasts too late, too solid, or too full;
But be the first concoction half matur'd
Ere you to mighty indolence resign
Your passive faculties. He from the toils
And trouble of the day to heavier toil [rocks
Retires, whom trembling from the tow'r that
Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,
The busy demons hurl, or in the main
O'erwhelm, or bury struggling under ground.
Not all a monarch's luxury the woes
Can counterpoise of that most wretched man,
Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits
Of wild Orestes; whose delirious brain,
Stung by the Furies, works with poison'd thought;
While pale and monstrous panting shocks the soul,
And mangled consciousness bemoans itself
For ever torn, and chaos floating round.
What dreams presage, what dangers these or those.
Portend to sanity, tho' prudent seers
Reveal'd of old, and men of deathless fame,
We would not to the superstitious mind
Suggest new throbs, new vanity of fear:
'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night,
To banish omens and all restless woes.

In study some protract the silent hours,
Which others consecrate to mirth and wine:
And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
But surely this redeems not from the shades
One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail
What season you to drousy Morpheus give
Of th' ever-varying circle of the day:
Or whether, thro' the tedious winter gloom,
You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.
The body, fresh and vigorous from repose,
Defies the early fogs; but, by the toils
Of wakeful day exhausted and unstrung,
Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath:
The grand discharge, th' effusion of the skin,
Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies
Creep on, and thro' the sick'ning functions steal.
So, when the chilling East invades the spring,
The delicate Narcissus pines away
In hectic languor, and a slow disease
Taints all the family of flow'rs, condemn'd.
To cruel heavens. But why, already prone
To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane?
Oh shame! oh pity! nipt with pale Quadrille
And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies!

By toil subdued, the warrior and the hind
Sleep fast and deep: their active functions soon
With generous streams the subtle tubes supply,
And soon the tonic irritable nerves
Feel the fresh impulse, and awake the soul.
The sons of Indolence with long repose
Grow torpid; and, with slowest Lethe drunk,
Feebly and ling'ringly return to life,
Blunt ev'ry sense, and pow'rless ev'ry limb.
Ye prone to sleep (whom sleeping most annoys)
On the hard mattrass or elastic couch [sloth;
Extend your limbs, and wean yourself from
Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain
And springly nerves, the blandishments of down;
Nor envy while the buried Bacchanal [dreams.
Exhales his surfeit in prolixer

He without riot, in the balmy feast
Of life, the wants of nature has supplied,
Who rises cool, serene, and full of soul.
But pliant nature more or less demands
As custom forms her; and all sudden change
She hates of habit, ev'n from bad to good.
If faults in life, or new emergencies
From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage;
Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves,
Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

Observe the circling year. How unperceiv'd
Her seasons change! Behold, by slow degrees,
Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder Spring;
The ripen'd Spring a milder Summer glows;
Departing Summer sheds Pomona's store;
And aged Autumn brews the Winter storm.
Slow as they come, these changes come not void
Of mortal shocks: the cold and torrid reigns,
The two great periods of th' important year,
Are in their first approaches seldom safe:
Funereal Autumn all the sickly dread,
And the black fates deform the lovely Spring.
He well advis'd, who taught our wiser sires
Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils,
Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade;
And late resign them, tho' the wanton Spring
Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays
For while the effluence of the skin maintains
Its native measure, the pleuritic Spring
Glides harmless by; and Autumn, sick to death
With sallow quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold
The omens of the year: what seasons teem
With what diseases; what the humid South
Prepares, and what the Demon of the East:
But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.
Besides, whatever plagues, in heat, or cold,
Or drought, or moisture dwell, they hurt not you,
Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky,
And taught already how to each extreme
To bend your life. But should the public bane
Infect you; or some trespass of your own,
Or flaw of nature, hint mortality:
Soon as a not unpleasing horror glides
Along the spine, through all your torpid limbs;
When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels
A sickly load, a weary pain the loins,
Be Celsus call'd: the fates come rushing on;
The rapid fates admit of no delay.
While wilful you, and fatally secure,
Expect to-morrow's more auspicious sun,
The growing pest, whose infancy was weak
And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway
O'erpow'rs your life. For want of timely care,
Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!
What slight neglects, what trivial faults, destroy
The hardiest frame! Of indolence, of toil,
We die; of want, of superfluity:

The all-surrounding heaven, the vital air,
Is big with death. And, tho' the putrid South
Be shut; tho' no convulsive agony
Shake, from the deep foundation of the world,
Th' imprison'd plagues, a secret venom oft
Corrupts the air, the water, and the land,
What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen!
How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,
Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons and lonely streets!
Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies,
Albion the poison of the gods has drank,
And felt the sting of monsters all her own.
Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their antient rage at Bosworth's purple field;
While, for which tyrant England should receive,
Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd,
And daily horrors; till the fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd:
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose; a monster never known before
Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head.
This rapid fury not, like other pests,
Pursued a gradual course, but in a day
Rush'd as a storm o'er half the astonish'd isle,
And strew'd with sudden carcases the land.
First thro' the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seis'd the first, a fervid vapor sprung.
With rash combustion thence the quiv'ring
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within: [spark
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
Thro' all the yielding pores the melted blood
Gush'd out in smoky sweats; but nought assuag'd
The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream
Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still;
The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings
At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head, [heav'd:
A wild delirium came; their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harass'd with toil on toil, the sinking pow'rs
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a pond'rous sleep
Wrapp'd all the senses up: they slept and died.
In some, a gentle horror crept at first
O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
Withheld their moisture, till by art provok'd
The sweats o'erflow'd, but in a clammy tide:
Now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow;
Of various tinctures, as the temp'rature
Had mix'd the blood, with rank and fetid
As if the pent-up humors by delay [steams:
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes (tho' little hope remain'd),
With full effusion of perpetual sweets
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain;
For who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race,
Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd:
Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the third.
Of many thousands few untainted scap'd;
Of those infected fewer 'scap'd alive;
Of those who liv'd some felt a second blow;
And whom the second spar'd a third destroy'd.
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms:
Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around,
Th' infected country rush'd into the town.
Some, sad at home, and in the desert some,
Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind
In vain: where'er they fled the fates pursued.
Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the
To seek protection in far distant skies; [main,
But none they found. It seem'd the general air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the East,
Was then at enmity with English blood.
For, but the race of England, all were safe
In foreign climes; nor did the fury taste [tain'd.
The foreign blood which England then con-
Where should they fly? The circumambient
heaven
Involv'd them still; and ev'ry breeze was bane.
Where find relief? The salutary art
Was mute; and, startled at the new disease,
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
To heaven with suppliant rites they sent their
pray'rs; [priv'd;
Heaven heard them not. Of ev'ry hope de-
Fatigued with vain resources; and subdued
With woes resistless and enfeebling fear;
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable sounds were heard,
Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale despair. 'Twas all the bus'ness then
To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
In heaps they fell: and oft one bed, they say,
The sick'ning, dying, and the dead contain'd!
Ye guardian gods, on whom the fates depend
Of tort'ring Albion! ye eternal fires [pow'rs
That lead thro' heaven the wand'ring year! ye
That o'er the encircling elements preside!
May nothing worse than what this age has seen
Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home,
Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd heaven
Has thinn'd her cities; from those lofty cliffs
That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wint'ry reign:
While in the west, beyond th' Atlantic foam,
Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have died
The death of cowards and of common men:
Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.
But from these views the weeping Muses turn,
And other themes invite my wand'ring song.

BOOK IV. THE PASSIONS.

The choice of aliment, the choice of air,
The use of toil, and all external things,
Already sung; it now remains to trace
What good, what evil, from ourselves proceeds,
And how the subtle principle within
Inspires with health, or mines with strange de-
The passive body. Ye poetic shades, [cay
That know the secrets of the world unseen,
Assist my song! for, in a doubtful theme
Engag'd, I wander thro' mysterious ways.

There

There is, they say (and I believe there is),
A spark within us of th' immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the grosser frame;
And when the body sinks, escapes to heaven,
Its native seat, and mixes with the Gods.
Meanwhile this heavenly particle pervades
The mortal elements; in ev'ry nerve
It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain:
And, in its secret conclave, as it feels
The body's woes and joys, this ruling pow'r
Wields at its will the dull material world,
And is the body's health or malady.
By its own toil the gross corporeal frame
Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself
Nor less the labors of the mind corrode
The solid fabric; for by subtle parts,
And viewless atoms, secret Nature moves
The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.
By subtle fluids pour'd thro' subtle tubes,
The nat'ral, vital functions are perform'd.
By these the stubborn ailments are tam'd;
The toiling heart distributes life and strength;
These the still-crumbling frame rebuild, and these
Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.
But 'tis not Thought (for still the soul's employ'd),
'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay.
All day the vacant eye without fatigue
Strays o'er the heaven and earth; but long intent
On microscopic arts its vigor fails.
Just so the mind, with various thought amus'd,
Nor aches itself, nor gives the body pain.
But anxious Study, Discontent, and Care,
Love without Hope, and Hate without revenge,
And Fear, and Jealousy, fatigue the soul,
Engross the subtle ministers of life,
And spoil the lab'ring functions of their share.
Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears,
The lover's paleness, and the sallow hue
Of Envy, Jealousy, the meagre stare
Of sore Revenge: the canker'd body hence
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.
The strong-built peasant, who both night and day
Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,
And crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall;
O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropsy
Or sinks in lethargy before his time.
Drown'd,
With youthful studies you, and arts that please,
Employ your mind; amuse, but not fatigue.
Peace to each drowsy metaphysic sage!
And ever may all heavy systems rest!
Yet some there are, ev'n of elastic parts,
Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads
Thro' all the rugged roads of barren lore,
And gives to relish what their gen'rous taste
Would else refuse. But may nor thirst of fame,
Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue!
With constant drudgery the lib'ral soul
Toy with your books; and, as the various fits
Of humor seise you, from Philosophy
To fable shift, from serious Antonine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.
While reading pleases, but no longer, read;
And read aloud resounding Homer's strain,
And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.
The chest so exercis'd improves its strength;
And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive
The restless blood, which in unactive days
Would loiter else thro' unelastic tubes.
Deem it not trifling while I recommend
What posture suits: to stand and sit by turns,
As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves
To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
And robs the fine machinery of its play.
'Tis the great art of life to manage well
The restless mind. For ever on pursuit
Of knowledge bent, it starves the grosser pow'rs;
Quite unemploy'd, against its own repose
It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs
Than what the body knows embitter life,
Chiefly where Solitude, sad nurse of Care,
To sickly musing gives the pensive mind,
There Madness enters; and the dim-eyed Fiend,
Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes
Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale;
A mournful visionary light o'erspreads
The cheerful face of nature; earth becomes
A dreary desert, and heaven frowns above.
Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise:
Whate'er the wretched fears, creating Fear
Forms out of nothing; and with monsters teem
Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath
A load of huge imagination heaves;
And all the horrors that the murd'rer feels
With anxious flutt'rings wake the guiltless breast.
Such phantoms Pride in solitary scenes,
Or Fear, on delicate Self-love creates.
From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind
Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon;
It finds you miserable, or makes you so.
For while yourself you anxiously explore,
Timorous Self-love, with sick'ning Fancy's aid,
Presents the danger that you dread the most,
And ever galls you in your tender part.
Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,
For grim religion some, and some for pride,
Have lost their reason; some for fear of want,
Want all their lives; and other's ev'ry day,
For fear of dying, suffer worse than death.
Ah! from your bosoms banish, if you can,
Those fatal guests; and first the demon Fear,
That trembles at impossible events,
Lest aged Atlas should resign his load,
And heaven's eternal battlements rush down.
Is there an evil worse than Fear itself?
And what avails it that indulgent Heaven
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?
Enjoy the present; nor with needless cares
Of whom may spring from blind misfortune's womb,
Appal the surest hour that life bestows.
Serene, and master of yourself, prepare
For what may come, and leave the rest to Heaven.
Oft from the body, by long ails mistun'd,
These evils spring, the most important health,
That, of the mind, destroy; and when the mind

They first invade, the conscious body soon
In sympathetic languishment declines.
These chronic passions, while from real woes
They rise, and yet without the body's fault
Infest the soul, admit one only cure;
Diversion, hurry, and a restless life:
Vain are the consolations of the wise; [pain.
In vain your friends would reason down your
O ye, whose souls relentless love has tam'd
To soft distress, or friends untimely slain!
Court not the luxury of tender thought!
Nor deem it impious to forget those pains
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
Go, soft enthusiast! quit the cypress groves,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd;
Lay schemes for wealth, or pow'r, or fame, the wish
Of noble minds, and push them night and day,
Or join the caravan in quest of scenes
New to your eyes, and shifting ev'ry hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines.
Or, more advent'rous, rush into the field
Where war grows hot; and, raging thro' the sky,
The lofty trumpet swells the madd'ning soul;
And in the hardy camp and toilsome march
Forget all softer and less manly cares.
But most too passive, when the blood runs low,
Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,
And bravely by resisting conquer Fate,
Try Circe's arts, and in the tempting bowl
Of poison'd nectar sweet oblivion drink.
Struck by the pow'rful charm, the gloom dissolves
In empty air; Elysium opens round.
A pleasing phrensy buoys the lighten'd soul,
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care;
And what was difficult and what was dire,
Yields to your prowess and superior stars:
The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,
Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.
But soon your heaven is gone; a heavier gloom
Shuts o'er your head: and, as the thund'ring stream,
Swoln o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook;
So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
Subside, you languish into mortal man:
You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.
For, prodigal of life, in one rash night
You lavish'd more than might support three days.
A heavy morning comes; your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well
May be endur'd; so may the throbbing heart:
But such a dim delirium, such a dream,
Involves you; such a dastardly despair
Unmans your soul, and madd'ning Pentheus felt
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes, ascend.
You curse the sluggish Port; you curse the wretch,
The felon, with unnat'ral mixture first
Who dar'd to violate the virgin wine.
Or on the fugitive Champaign you pour
A thousand curses; for to heaven it rapt
Your soul, to plunge you deeper in despair.
Perhaps you rue ev'n that divinest gift,
The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgundy,
Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine;
And wish that Heaven from mortals had withheld
The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.
Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect
What follies in your loose unguarded hour
Escap'd. For one irrevocable word,
Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend;
Or in the rage of wine your hasty hand
Performs a deed to haunt you to your grave.
Add, that your means, your health, your parts decay:
Your friends avoid you; brutishly transform'd,
They hardly know you; or, if one remains
To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven.
Despis'd, unwept, you fall: who might have left
A sacred, cherish'd, sadly-pleasing name;
A name still to be utter'd with a sigh.
Your last ungraceful scene has quite effac'd
All sense and mem'ry of your former worth.
How to live happiest; how avoid the pains,
The disappointments, and disgusts of those
Who would in pleasure all their hours employ;
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Tho' old, he still retain'd
His manly sense and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remember'd that he once was young;
His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
Him ev'n the dissolute admir'd: for he
A graceful looseness, when he pleas'd, put on;
And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,
Much more had seen: he studied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind.
Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied Man: and much he pitied those
Whom falsely-smiling Fate has curs'd with means
To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
Our aim is happiness: 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said; 'tis the pursuit of all that live:
Yet few attain it, if 't was e'er attain'd.
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who thro' the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring joy
Seek this coy goddess; that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate
Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds
Should ever roam; and were the fates more kind,
Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale.
Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick;
And cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
That all was vanity, and like a dream.
Let nature rest: be busy for yourself,
And for your friend; be busy ev'n in vain,
Rather than tease her sated appetites.
Who never fasts, no banquets e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.
Let nature rest: and when the take of joy
Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.
'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.
But him the least the dull or painful hours

Of

Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts,
And Virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and Sense are one: and, trust me, still
A faithless heart betrays the head unsound.
Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool)
Is Sense and Spirit, with Humanity:
'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis ev'n vindictive, but in vengeance just,
Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones dare;
But at his heart the most undaunted son
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To noblest uses this determines wealth;
This is the solid pomp of prosp'rous days,
The peace and shelter of adversity.
And, if you pant for glory, build for fame
On this foundation, which the secret shock
Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time.
The gaudy gloss of Fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye; the suff'rage of the wise,
The praise that 's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.
Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heaven; a happiness
That ev'n above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favorites; a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
Can be transferr'd: it is the only good
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;
Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sun-shine on a fool.
But for one end, one much-neglected use,
Are riches worth your care, for Nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supplied):
This noble end is, to produce the soul;
To show the virtues in the fairest light;
To make humanity the minister
Of bounteous Providence: and teach the breast
That gen'rous luxury the gods enjoy.
Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
And (strange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.
Skill'd in the passions, how to check their sway
He knew, as far as reason can control
The lawless pow'rs. But other cares are mine.
Form'd in the school of Pæan, I relate
What passions hurt the body, what improve:
Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.
Know then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind, supports the body too.
Hence, the most vital movement mortals feel
Is Hope, the balm and life-blood of the soul:
It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent Heaven
Sent down the kind delusion, thro' the paths
Of rugged life to lead us patient on,
And make our happiest state no tedious thing.
Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,
Is Hope; the last of all our evils, Fear.
But there are passions grateful to the breast,
And yet no friends to life: perhaps they please
Or to excess, and dissipate the soul; [clown,
Or while they please, torment. The stubborn
The ill-tamed ruffian, and pale usurer.
(If love's omnipotence such hearts could mould)
May safely mellow into love; and grow
Refin'd, humane, and gen'rous, if they can.
Love in such bosoms never to a fault
Or pains or pleases. But, ye finer souls,
Form'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill
With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,
That beauty gives; with caution and reserve
Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose,
Nor court too much the Queen of charming cares.
For, while the cherish'd poison in your breast
Ferments and maddens; sick with jealousy,
Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy,
The wholesome appetites and pow'rs of life
Dissolve in languor. The coy stomach loaths
The genial board; your cheerful days are gone;
The gen'rous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is fled.
To sighs devoted, and to tender pains,
Pensive you sit, or solitary stray,
And waste your youth in musing. Musing first
Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart:
It found a liking there, a sportful fire,
And that fomented into serious love;
Which musing daily strengthens and improves
Thro' all the heights of fondness and romance:
And you 're undone, the fatal shaft has sped,
If once you doubt whether you love or no:
The body wastes away; th' infected mind,
Dissolv'd in female tenderness, forgets
Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.
Sweet Heaven! from such intoxicating charms
Defend all worthy breasts! Not that I deem
Love always dangerous, always to be shunn'd.
Love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk
In wanton and unmanly tenderness,
Adds bloom to health; o'er ev'ry virtue sheds
A gay, humane, and amiable grace,
And brightens all the ornaments of man.
But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, rack'd
With jealousy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,
Too serious, or too languishingly fond,
Unnerves the body, and unmans the soul,
And some have died for love, and some run mad;
And some with desp'rate hand themselves have slain.
Some to extinguish, others to prevent,
A mad devotion to one dang'rous Fair,
Court all they meet; in hopes to dissipate
The cares of love amongst an hundred brides.
Th' event is doubtful: for there are who find
A cure in this; there are who find it not.
'Tis no relief, alas! it rather galls
The wound, to those who are sincerely sick.
For while from fev'rish and tumultuous joys
The nerves grow languid, and the soil subsides,
The tender fancy smarts with ev'ry sting,
And what was love before is madness now.
Is health your care, or luxury your aim?
Be temp'rate still: when Nature bids, obey;
Her wild impatient sallies bear no curb:
But when the prurient habit of delight,
Or loose imagination, spurs you on

To

To deeds above your strength, impute it not
To Nature; Nature all compulsion hates.
Ah! let not luxury nor vain renown
Urge you to feats you well might sleep without;
To make what should be rapture a fatigue,
A tedious task; nor in the wanton arms
Of twining Lais melt your manhood down.
For from the colliquation of soft joys
How chang'd you rise! the ghost of what you was!
Languid and melancholy, gaunt and wan,
Your veins exhausted, and your nerves unstrung.
Spoil'd of its balm and sprightly zest, the blood
Grows vapid phlegm: along the tender nerves
(To each slight impulse tremblingly awake)
A subtle fiend that mimics all the plagues,
Rapid and restless, springs from part to part.
The blooming honors of your youth are fallen;
Your vigor pines; your vital pow'rs decay;
Diseases haunt you; and untimely age
Creeps on, unsocial, impotent, and lewd.
Infatuate, impious epicure! to waste
The stores of pleasure, cheerfulness, and health:
Infatuate all who make delight their trade,
And coy perdition ev'ry hour pursue.
Who pines with love, or in lascivious flames
Consumes, is with his own consent undone:
He chooses to be wretched, to be mad,
And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.
But there's a passion, whose tempestuous sway
Tears up each virtue planted in the breast,
And shakes to ruin proud Philosophy.
For Pale and trembling Anger rushes in,
With faltering speech, and eyes that wildly stare
Fierce as the tiger, madder than the seas,
Desperate, and arm'd with more than human strength
How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man
Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend!
Who pines in love, or wastes with silent cares,
Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief,
Slowly descends, and ling'ring, to the shades.
But he whom anger stings, drops, if he dies,
At once, and rushes apoplectic down;
Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell.
For, as the body thro' unnumber'd strings
Reverberates each vibration of the soul;
As is the passion, such is still the pain
The body feels; or cronic, or acute.
And oft a sudden storm at once o'erpow'rs
The life, or gives your reason to the winds.
Such fates attend the rash alarm of fear,
And sudden grief, and rage, and sudden joy.
There are, meantime, to whom the boist'rous fit
Is health, and only fills the sails of life;
For where the mind a torpid winter leads,
Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,
And each clogg'd function lazily moves on,
A generous sally spurns th'incumbent load,
Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.
But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
Or are your nerves too irritably strung,
Wave all dispute; be cautious if you joke,
Keep Lent for ever, and forswear the bowl;
For one rash moment sends you to the shades.
Or shatters ev'ry hopeful scheme of life,
And gives to horror all your days to come.
Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry plague
That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,
And makes the happy wretched, in an hour
O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible
As your own wrath, nor gives more sudden blows.
While choler works, good friend, you may be wrong;
Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.
'Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave;
If honor bids, to-morrow kill or die.
But calm advice against a raging fit
Avails too little; and it braves the pow'r
Of all that ever taught in prose or song,
To tame the fiend that sleeps a gentle lamb,
And wakes a lion. Unprovok'd and calm,
You reason well, see as you ought to see,
And wonder at the madness of mankind;
Seis'd with the common rage, you soon forget
The speculation of your wiser hours.
Beset with furies of all deadly shapes,
Fierce and insidious, violent and slow,
With all that urge or lure us on to fate,
What refuge shall we seek, what arms prepare?
Where reason proves too weak, or void of wiles,
To cope with subtle or impetuous pow'rs,
I would invoke new passions to your aid;
With indignation would extinguish fear,
With fear or generous pity vanquish rage,
And love with pride; and force to force oppose.
There is a charm, a pow'r that sways the breast;
Bids every passion revel or be still;
Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves;
Can sooth distraction, and almost despair;
That pow'r is Music: far beyond the stretch
Of those unmeaning warblers on the stage;
Those clumsy heroes, those fat-headed gods,
Who move no passion justly but contempt;
Who, like our dancers (light indeed and strong!)
Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace.
The fault is ours; we hear those monstrous arts:
Good Heaven! we praise them; we with loudest peals
Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels,
And with insipid show of rapture die
Of idiot notes impertinently long.
But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,
A poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire,
Who with bold rage, or solemn pomp of sounds,
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul;
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
In love dissolves you; now in sprightly strains
Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breast,
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad,
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
Such was the bard whose heavenly strains of old
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.
Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
And tam'd the savage nations with his song.
And such the Thracian whose harmonious lyre,
Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep;
Sooth'd ev'n th' inexorable pow'rs of Hell,

And

And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.
Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens every pain,
Subdues the rage of poison, and the plague;
And hence the wise of antient days ador'd
One pow'r of physic, melody and song.

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§ 71. *Ode on the Spring.* GRAY.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear;
Disclose the long-expected flow'rs,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring;
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'ercanopies the glade;
Besides some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardor of the crown,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet, hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honey'd spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In fortune's varying colors drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply:
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display;
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone —
We frolic while 'tis May.

§ 72. *Ode on the Death of a favorite Cat, drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.* GRAY.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flow'rs that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws!
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, her em'rald eyes,
She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armor's Tyrian hue,
Thro' richest purple, to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize:
What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulph between:
(Malignant Fate sat by and smil'd);
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd;
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard: —
A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes,
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all that glitters, gold.

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§ 73. *Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College.* GRAY

Ye distant spires, ye antique tow'rs,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flow'rs among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way!

Ah

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
Ah fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from you blow
A momentary bliss bestow;
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arms, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labors ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unkown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in ev'ry wind.
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all arround 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seise their prey, the murd'rous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
And shame that skulks behind;
Or pining love shall waste their youth,
Or jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And envy wan, and faded care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless despair,
And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise;
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning infamy.
And stings of falsehood those shall try,
And hard unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years, beneath,
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That ev'ry laboring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! poverty, to fill the band,
That 'numbs the soul with icy hand:
And slow consuming age.

To each his suff'rings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more — where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

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§ 74. *Ode to Adversity.* Gray.

Daughter of Jove, relentless pow'r,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain;
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore;
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learnt to melt at others woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild laughter, noise, and thoughtless joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse; and with them go
The summer-friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain prosperity receiv'd, [liev'd.
To her they vow their truth, and are again be-

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,

Still

Still on thy solemn steps attend ;
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.
Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand !
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's fun'ral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.
Thy form benign, O Goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart ;
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound, my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive ;
Teach me to love, and to forgive ;
Exact my own defects to scan ;
What others are, to feel; and known myself a man

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§ 75. *The Progress of Poesy. A Pindaric Ode.* GRAY.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take :
The laughing flow'rs that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour ; [roar.
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the

I. 2.

O sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell ! the sullen cares
And frantic passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet green
The rosy-crowned loves are seen
On Cytherea's day,
With antic sports, and blue-eyed pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures ;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet ;
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare :
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay,
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way :
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await !
Labor, and penury, the racks of pain,
Disease, and sorrow's weeping train ;
And death, sad refuge from the storms of fate !
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse ?
Night and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky :
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road, [roam.
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom,
To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers, wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursues, and gen'rous shame, [flame.
Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep ;
Isles, that crown th' Egean deep ;
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves —
In ling'ring lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish !
Mute but to the voice of anguish !
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around ;
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound :
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains :
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant pow'r,
And coward vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost, [coast.
They sought, O Albion ! next thy sea-encircled

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd.
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face ; the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms and smil'd.
This pencil take, (she said), whose colors clear
Richly paint the vernal year :

Thine

Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror, that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

III. 2.

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of space and time,
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw: but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race, [sounding pace.
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long re-

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed fancy, hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more—
O lyre divine! what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Tho' he inherit
Nor the pride nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun,
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate, [Great!
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the

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§ 76. *The Bard. A Pindaric Ode.* Gray.

I. 1.

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
'Confusion on thy banners wait!
'Tho' fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
'They mock the air with idle state!
'Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
'Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
'To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
'From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.

I. 2.

On a rock whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air);
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave
'Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
'O'er thee, O king! their hundred arms they
'wave,
'Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
'Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
'To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's [lay.

I. 3.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
'That hush'd the stormy main:
'Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
'Mountains, ye mourn in vain
'Modred, whose magic song
'Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd
'On dreary Arvon's shore they lie, [head.
'Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale;
'Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail:
'The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
'Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
'Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
'Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
'Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
'No more I weep. They do not sleep.
'On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
'I see them sit: they linger yet,
'Avengers of their native land:
'With me in dreadful harmony they join,
'And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy [line.

II. 1.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
"The winding sheet of Edward's race:
"Give ample room, and verge enough
"The characters of hell to trace.
"Mark the year, and mark the night,
"When Severn shall re-echo with affright
"The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that
"Shrieks of an agonizing king! [ring:
"She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
"That tear'st the bowers of thy mangled mate,
"From thee be born who o'er thy country hangs
"The scourge of heaven. What terrors round
"him wait!
"Amazement in his van with flight combin'd,
"And sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind

II. 2.

"Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
"Low on his fun'ral couch he lies!
"No pitying heart, no eye, afford
"A tear to grace his obsequies.
"Is the sable warrior fled?
"Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
"The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were
"Gone to salute the rising morn. [born?
"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
"While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
"In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
"Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;
"Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
"That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his even-
"ing prey.

II. 3.

II. 3.

" Fill high the sparkling bowl,
" The rich repast prepare,
" Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
" Close by the regal chair
" Fell thirst and famine scowl
" A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
" Heard ye the din of battle bray,
" Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
" Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
" And thro' their kindred squadrons mow their
" way.
" Ye tow'rs of Julius, London's lasting shame,
" With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
" Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
" And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
" Above, below, the rose of snow,
" Twin'd with her blushing foe we spread;
" The bristled boar in infant gore
" Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
" Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
" Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his
" doom.

III. 1.

" Edward, lo! to sudden fate
" Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
" Half of thy heart we consecrate.
" (The web is wove. The work is done.)"
' Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn,
' Leave me unblest, unpitied, here to mourn:
' In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
' They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
' But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's
' height
' Descending slow their glitt'ring skirts unroll?
' Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
' Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
' No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
' All-hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue,
' hail!

III. 2.

' Girt with many a baron bold
' Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
' And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
' In bearded majesty appear.
' In the midst a form divine!
' Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
' Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
' Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.
' What string symphonious tremble in the air!
' What strains of vocal transport round her play!
' Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
' They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
' Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as she sings,
' Wave in the eye of Heaven her many-color'd
' wings.

III. 3.

' The verse adorn again
' Fierce War, and faithful Love,
' And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress'd.
' In buskin'd measures move
' Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain;
' With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
' A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
' Gales from blooming Eden bear;
' And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
' That lost in long futurity expire.
' Fond impious man! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
' Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
' To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
' And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
' Enough for me: with joy I see
' The diff'rent doom our fates assign.
' Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care;
' To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He spoke; and, headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

§ 77. *The Fatal Sisters. An Ode.* Gray.

Now the storm begins to low'r
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare);
Iron sleet of arrowy show'r
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow!
('Tis of human entrails made)
And the weights that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along:
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda, see!
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, jav'lings sing,
Blade with clatt'ring buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war.)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading thro' th' ensanguin'd field,
Gondula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reigns to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch)
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:

Fate

Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a king shall bite the ground.
Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality!
Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death.
Sisters, cease! the work is done.
Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing:
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger king.
Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenor of our song.
Scotland, through each winding vale,
Far and wide the notes prolong.
Sisters, hence with spurs of speed!
Each her thund'ring falchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed.
Hurry, hurry, to the field!

§ 78. *The Descent of Odin. An Ode.* GRAY.

Uprose the king of men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed:
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
Him the dog of darkness spied:
His shaggy throat he open'd wide;
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd.
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes),
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.
Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sat,
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic Maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread;
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms, presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

ODIN.

A traveller to thee unknown
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see
The pure bev'rage of the bee;
O'er it hangs the shield of gold:
'Tis the drink of Balder bold.
Balder's head to death is given.
Pain can reach the Sons of Heaven!
Unwilling I my lips unclose:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey;
Prophetess, arise, and say
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate?

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom;
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey;
Once again arise, and say
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the West,
By Odin's fierce embrace comprest,
A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile,
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet awhile my call obey;
Prophetess, awake, and say
What virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me whence their sorrows rose;
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no traveller art thou,
King of Men, I know thee now;
Mightiest of a mighty line——

ODIN.

No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophetess of good,
But mother of the giant brood!

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home
That never shall inquirer come

To

To break my iron sleep again,
Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain:
Never, till substantial Night
Has re-assum'd her antient right;
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

§ 79. *The Triumphs of Owen. A Fragment.* GRAY.

Owen's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong;
Fairest flow'r of Roderic's stem
Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of ev'ry regal art,
Lib'ral hand, and open heart..
Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding;
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Locklin ploughs the wat'ry way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.
Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon-son of Mona stands;
In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn;
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there;
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly:
There Confusion, Terror's child;
Conflict fierce, and ruin wild;
Agony, that pants for breath;
Despair, and honorable death.
* * * * * * * * *

§ 80. *Ode on the Installation of the Duke of Grafton. Irregular.* GRAY.

"Hence, avaunt ('tis holy ground!)
"Comus, and his midnight crew,
"And Ignorance with looks profound,
"And dreaming Sloth of palid hue,
"Mad Sedition's cry profane,
"Servitude that hugs her chain;
"Nor in these consecrated bow'rs
"Let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent-train in
"flow'rs.
"Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
"Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
"While bright-eyed Science watches round:
"Hence away, 'tis holy ground!"

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay:
There sit the sainted Sage, the Bard divine,
The few whom Genius gave to shine
Thro' ev'ry unborn age, and undiscover'd clime,
Rapt in celestial transport they;
Yet hither of a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy,
To bliss the place where on their op'ning soul
First the genuine ardor stole.
'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell;
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the
rhyme.

"Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
"That contemplation loves,
"Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
"Oft at the blush of dawn
"I trod your level lawn,
"Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver bright
"In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
"With Freedom by my side, and soft-eyed
"Melancholy."

But, hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth,
With solemn steps and slow,
High Potentates, and Dames of royal birth,
And mitred Fathers, in long order go:
Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn;
And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding love; and princely Clare;
And Anjou's heroine; and the paler Rose,
The rival of her crown and of her woes;
And either Henry there,
The murder'd Saint, and the majestic Lord
That broke the bonds of Rome
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb).
All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
And thus they speak in soft accord
The liquid language of the skies:

"What is grandeur? what is pow'r?
"Heavier toil, superior pain.
"What the bright reward we gain?
"The grateful memory of the Good.
"Sweet is the breath of vernal show'r,
"The bee's collected treasures sweet,
"Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
"The still small voice of Gratitude."
Foremost, and leaning from her gold'n cloud,
The venerable Margaret see!
"Welcome my noble son (she cries aloud),
"To this thy kindred train, and me:
"Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
"A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.
"Thy lib'ral heart, thy judging eye,
"The flow'r unheeded shall descry.

" And bid it round heaven's altars shed
" The fragrance of its blushing head:
" Shall raise from earth the latent gem
" To glitter on the diadem.

" Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band:
" Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
" No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
" Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
" Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
" She reveres herself and thee. [brow
" With modest pride to grace thy youthful
" The laureate wreath, that Cecil wore, she
" And to thy just, thy gentle hand [brings,
" Submits the fasces of her sway,
" While spirits blest above, and men below,
" Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.
" Thro' the wild waves, as they roar,
" With watchful eye and dauntless mien
" Thy steady course of honor keep,
" Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:
" The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
" And gilds the horrors of the deep."

§ 81. *A Prayer for Indifference.* GREVILLE.

Oft I 've implor'd the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I 've been weary;
For once I'll try my wish to gain
Of Oberon the Fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton sprite,
That lurk'st in woods unseen,
And oft by Cynthia's silver light,
Tripp'st gaily o'er the green;

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
As antient stories tell,
And for th' Athenian maid who lov'd
Thou sought'st a wondrous spell;

Oh deign once more t' exert thy pow'r!
Haply some herb or tree,
Sov'reign as juice of western flow'r,
Conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return of love,
No tempting charm to please;
Far from the heart those gifts remove
That sighs for peace and ease:

Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,
Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But, turning, trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree:
'Tis bliss but to a certain bound;
Beyond, is agony.

Take then this treacherous sense of mine,
Which dooms me still to smart;
Which pleasure can to pain refine,
To pains new pangs impart.

Oh haste to shed the sacred balm!
My shatter'd nerves new string;
And for my guest, serenely calm,
The nymph Indifference bring.

At her approach, see Hope, see Fear,
See Expectation fly;
And Disappointment in the rear,
That blasts the promis'd joy.

The tear which pity taught to flow
The eye shall then disown;
The heart that melts for others' woe
Shall then scarce feel its own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
Each moment then shall close;
And tranquil days shall still succeed
To nights of calm repose.

O fairy elf! but grant me this,
This one kind comfort send;
And so may never-fading bliss
Thy flow'ry paths attend!

So may the glow-worm's glimm'ring light
Thy tiny footsteps lead
To some new region of delight,
Unknown to mortal tread:

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
With heaven's ambrosial dew;
From sweetest, freshest, flow'rs distill'd,
That shed fresh sweets for you!

And what of life remains for me
I'll pass in sober ease;
Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
Content but half to please.

§ 82. *The Fairy's Answer to Mrs. Greville's Prayer for Indifference.*

By the Countess of C——.

Without preamble, to my friend
These hasty lines I 'm bid to send,
Or give, if I am able:
I dare not hesitate to say,
Tho' I have trembled all the day —
It looks so like a fable.

Last night's adventure is my theme;
And should it strike you as a dream,
Yet soon its high import
Must make you own the matter such,
So delicate, it were too much
To be compos'd in sport.

The moon did shine serenely bright,
And ev'ry star did deck the night,
While Zephyr fann'd the trees;
No more assail'd my mind's repose,
Save that yon stream, which murmuring flows,
Did echo to the breeze.

Enrapt in solemn thoughts I sate,
Revolving o'er the turns of fate,
Yet void of hope or fear;
When, lo! behold an airy throng,
With lightest steps, and jocund song,
Surpris'd my eye and ear.

A form superior to the rest
His little voice to me address'd,
And gently thus began:

" I 've

"I 've heard strange things from one of you,
"Pray tell me if you think 'tis true;
" Explain it if you can.

"Such incense has perfum'd my throne!
"Such eloquence my heart has won!
" I think I guess the hand:
"I know her wit and beauty too,
"But why she sends a pray'r so new,
" I cannot understand.

"To light some flames, and some revive,
"To keep some others just alive,
" Full oft I am implor'd;
"But, with peculiar pow'r to please,
"To supplicate for nought but ease!
" 'Tis odd, upon my word!

"Tell her, with fruitless care I 've sought;
"And tho' my realms, with wonder fraught,
" In remedies abound,
"No grain of cold indifference
"Was ever yet allied to sense
" In all my fairy round.

"The regions of the sky I 'd trace,
"I 'd ransack ev'ry earthly place,
" Each leaf, each herb, each flow'r,
"To mitigate the pangs of fear,
"Dispel the clouds of black despair,
" Or lull the restless hour.

"I would be generous as I 'm just;
"But I obey, as others must,
" Those laws which fate has made.
"My tiny kingdom how defend,
"And what might be the horrid end,
" Should man my state invade?

"'T would put your mind into a rage,
"And such unequal war to wage
" Suits not my regal duty!
"I dare not change a first decree:
"She's doom'd to please, nor can be free:
" Such is the lot of Beauty!"

This said, he darted o'er the plain,
And after follow'd all his train:
No glimpse of him I find:
But sure I am, the little sprite
These words, before he took his flight,
Imprinted on my mind.

§ 83. *The Beggar's Petition.* Anon.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh give relief, and Heaven will bless your store!

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been a channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road:
For Plenty there a residence has found,
And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh take me to your hospitable doom!
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb!
For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be repress'd.

Heaven sends misfortunes; why should we repine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see;
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The Child of Sorrow and of Misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot;
Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn;
But, ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot;
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care!
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair!
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh give relief and Heaven will bless your store!

§ 84. *Pollio. En Elegiac Ode; written to the Wood near R—— Castle,* 1762. Mickle.

Hæc Jovem sentire, deosque cunctos,
Spem bonam certamque domum reporto. Hor.

The peaceful evening breathes her balmy store,
The playful school-boys wanton o'er the green,
Where spreading poplars shade the cottage-door,
The villagers in rustic joy convene.

Amid the secret windings of the wood,
With solemn Meditation let me stray;
This is the hour when to the wise and good
The heavenly maid repays the toils of day.

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale
Whispers the gently-heaving boughs among:
The star of evening glimmers o'er the dale,
And leads the silent host of heaven along.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad height,
The silver empress of the night appears!
Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light,
And faintly in its breast the woodland bears.

The waters tumbling o'er their rocky bed,
Solemn and constant, from yon dell resound;

The lonely hearths blaze o'er the distant glade;
The hat, low-wheeling, skims the dusky ground,
August and hoary, o'er the sloping dale,
The Gothic abbey rears its sculptur'd tow'rs;
Dull thro' the roofs resounds the whistling gale,
Dark solitude among the pillars low'rs.

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,
And solemn shade a chapel's sad remains,
Where yon scath'd poplar through the windows waves,
And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains.

There oft, at dawn, as one forgot behind,
Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclin'd,
Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken pray'r.

High o'er the pines, that with their dark'ning shade
Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears
Its crumbling turrets; still its tow'ry head
A warlike mien, a sullen grandeur wears.

So, 'midst the snow of age, a boastful air
Still on the war-worn vet'ran's brow attends;
Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,
Tho' trembling o'er the feeble crutch he bends.

Wild round the gates the dusky wall-flow'r creep,
Where oft the knights the beauteous dames have led;
Gone is the bow'r, the grot a ruin'd heap,
Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.

'Twas here our sires, exulting from the fight,
Great in their blood y arms, march'd o'er the lea,
Eyeing their rescued fields with proud delight!
Now lost to them! and, ah! how chang'd to me!

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,
The dear idea of my Pollio bring;
So shone the moon thro' these soft-nodding trees,
When here we wander'd in the eves of spring.

When April's smiles the flow'ry lawn adorn,
And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side;
When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn
Unfold their bloom, in heaven's own colors dyed:

So fair a blossom gentle Pollio wore,
These were the emblems of his healthful mind;
To him the letter'd page display'd its lore,
To him bright Fancy all her wealth resign'd;

Him with her purest flames the Muse endow'd,
Flames never to th' illiberal thought allied:
The sacred sisters led where Virtue glow'd
In all her charms; he saw, he felt, and died.

O partner of my infant griefs and joys!
Big with the scenes how past, my heart to'erflows;
Bids each endearment, fair as once, to rise,
And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.

Oft with the rising sun, when life was new,
Along the woodland have I roam'd with thee;
Oft by the moon have brush'd the evening dew,
When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The sainted well, where you bleak hill declines,
Has oft been conscious of those happy hours;
But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines,
And sainted well have lost their cheering pow'rs;

For thou art gone. My guide, my friend! oh where,
Where hast thou fled, and left me here behind?
My tend'rest wish, my heart to thee was bare;
Oh now cut off each passage to my mind!

How dreary is the gulph! how dark, how void,
The trackless shores that never were repass'd!
Dread separation! on the depth untried,
Hope falters, and the soul recoils aghast!

Wide round the spacious heavens I cast my eyes:
And shall these stars glow with immortal fire?
Still shine the lifeless glories of the skies?
And could thy bright, thy living soul expire?

Far be the thought! The pleasures most sublime,
The glow of friendship, and the virtuous tear,
The tow'ring wish that scorns the bounds of time,
Chill'd in this vale of death, but languish here.

So plant the vine in Norway's wint'ry land,
The languid stranger feebly buds, and dies:
Yet there's a clime where Virtue shall expand
With godlike strength beneath her native skies!

The lonely shepherd on the mountain's side
With patience waits the rosy-op'ning day;
The mariner at midnight's darksome tide
With cheerful hope expects the morning ray:

Thus I, on life's storm-beaten ocean toss'd,
In mental vision view the happy shore,
Where Pollio beckons to the peaceful coast,
Where fate and death divide the friends no more!

Oh that some kind, some pitying kindred shade,
Who now perhaps frequents this solemn grove,
Would tell the awful secrets of the dead,
And from my eyes the mortal film remove!

Vain is the wish — yet surely not in vain
Man's bosom glows with that celestial fire
Which scorns earth's luxuries, which smiles at pain,
And wings his spirit with sublime desire!

To fan this spark of heaven, this ray divine,
Still, O my soul! still be thy dear employ;
Still thus to wander thro' the shades be thine,
And well thy breast with visionary joy!

So to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred mount,
In antient days, the holy seers retir'd;
And, led in vision, drank at Siloë's fount,
While rising ecstasies their bosoms fir'd.

Restor'd creation bright before them rose,
The burning deserts smil'd as Eden's plains:
One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin chose;
The flow'ry mountain sung, 'Messiah reigns!'

Tho'

Tho' fainter raptures my cold breast inspire,
Yet let me oft frequent this solemn scene;
Oft to the abbey's shatter'd walls retire, [tween.
What time the moonshine dimly gleams be-

There, where the cross in hoary ruin nods,
And weeping yews o'ershade the letter'd stones,
While midnight silence wraps these drear abodes,
And sooths me wandering o'er my kindred bones.

Let kindled Fancy view the glorious morn,
When from the bursting graves the just shall rise,
All Nature smiling; and, by angels borne,
Messiah's cross far blazing o'er the skies!

§ 85. *The Tears of Scotland.* SMOLLET.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valor long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground:
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees, afar,
His all become the prey of war:
Bethinks him of his babe and wife;
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in ev'ry clime,
Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke:
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancor fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay,
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe;
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh baneful cause, oh fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood;
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murd'ring steel!

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns;
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathising verse shall flow:
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
"Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!"

§ 86. *Ode to Mirth.* SMOLLET.

PARENT of joy! heart-easing Mirth!
Whether of Venus or Aurora born,
Yet Goddess sure of heavenly birth,
Visit benign a son of Grief forlorn:
Thy glitt'ring colors gay
Around him, Mirth, display;
And o'er his raptur'd sense
Diffuse thy living influence:
So shall each hill, in purer green array'd,
And flower-adorn'd in new-born beauty glow; [the shade,
The grove shall smooth the horrors of
And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.
Shine, Goddess, shine with unremitted ray, [day,
And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our

Labor with thee forgets his pain,
And aged Poverty can smile with thee;
If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain,
And weak th' uplifted arm of tyranny.
The morning opes on high
His universal eye;
And on the world doth pour
His glories in a golden show'r.
Lo! Darkness trembling 'fore the hostile ray,
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:
The brood obscene, that own her gloomy sway,
Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of morn.
Pale shiv'ring ghosts, that dread th' all-cheering light, [night.
Quick as the lightning's flash glide to sepulchral

But whence the gladd'ning beam
That pours his purple stream
O'er the long prospect wide?
'Tis mirth. I see her sit
In majesty of light,
With Laughter at her side.
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering near
Wide waves her glancing wing in air;
And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltless strikes the willing heart.
Fear not now Affliction's pow'r,
Fear not now wild Passion's rage;
Nor fear ye aught, in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of Age.
Now Mirth hath heard the suppliant Poet's pray'r:
No cloud that rides the blast shall vex the troubled air.

§ 87. *Ode to Leven Water.* Smollet.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.
Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood,
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood:
The springing trout, in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake.
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bow'rs of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine.
Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be seen;
And lasses, chanting o'er the pail;
And shepherds, piping in the dale;
And antient faith, that knows no guile;
And industry, embrown'd with toil;
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

§ 88. *Songe to Ælla, Lorde of the Castel of Brystowe ynne daies of yore. From* Chatterton, *under the name of* Rowley.

Oh thou, orr what remaynes of thee,
Ælla, the darlynge of futurity,
Lett thys mie songe bolde as thie courage be,
As everlastynge to posteritye.

Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of blonde-redde hue [ing due,
Lyche kynge-cuppes brastynge wythe the morn-
Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie,
Upponne the lethale daie,
Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets shore;
Than dyddst thou furiouse stande,
And bie thie valyante hande
Beesprengedd all the mees wythe gore,

Drawn bie thyne anlace felle,
Downe to the depthe of helle
Thousands of Dacyanns went;
Brystowannes, menne of myghte,
Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,
And actedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reste)
Thye Spryte to haunte delyghteth beste,
Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd [pleyne,
Or whare thou kennst from farre
The dysmall crye of warre,
Or seest somme mountayne made of corse of sleyne;
Orr seest the hatchedd stede,
Ypraunceynge o'er the mede,
And neighe to be amenged the poynctedd speeres,
Orr ynne blacke armoure staulke arounde
Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie grounde,
And glowe ardurous onn the Castle steeres;

Or fierye round the mynsterr glare;
Let Brystowe stylle be made thie care;
Guardeytt frommefoemenneandconsumyngefyre;
Lyche Avones streme ensyrke ytte rounde,
Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,
Tyllynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre:

§ 89. *Bristowe Tragedie; or, The Dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin.*

Chatterton, *under the name of* Rowley.

The feather'd songster chaunticleer
Had wounde hys bugle horne,
And told the earlie villager
The commynge of the morne;

Kynge Edwarde saw the rudie streakes
Of lyght eclypse the greie;
And herde the raven's crokynge throte
Proclayme the fated daie.

"Thou'rt ryght," quod hee, "for, by the Godde,
"That syttes enthron'd on hyghe,
"Charles Bawdin, and his fellowes twaine,
"To-daie shall surelie die."

Then wythe a jugge of nappy ale
His Knyghtes dydd onne hymn waite;
"Goe tell the traytour thatt to-daie
"Hee leaves thys mortall state."

Syr Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe.
Wythe hart brymm-fulle of woe;
Hee journey'd to the castle-gate;
And to Syr Charles dydd goe.

But whenne hee came, his children twaine,
And eke hys lovynge wyfe.
Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,
For goode Syr Charleses lyfe.

"O goode Syr Charles!" sayd Canterlone,
"Badde tydyngs I doe brynge."
"Speke boldlie, manne," sayd brave Syr Charles,
"Whatte says thie traytour kynge?"

"I greeve to telle: Before yonne sonne
"Does fromme the welkinne flye,
"Hee hath uponne hys honnor sworne
"Thatt thou shalt surelie die."

"Wee all must die," quod brave Syr Charles;
"Of thatte I 'm not affearde;
"What bootes to lyve a little space?
"Thanke Jesu, I 'm prepar'd.

"Butte telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,
"I 'de sooner die to-daie
"Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,
"Tho' I should lyve for aie."

Thenne Canterlone hee dydde goe out,
To telle the maior straite
To gett all thynges ynne reddyness
For goode Syr Charleses fate.

Thenne

Thenne Maister Canynge saughte the kynge,
And felle down onne hys knee;
"I 'm come," quoth hee, "unto your grace
"To move your clemeneye."

Thenne quod the kynge, "Your tale speke out,
"You have been much oure friende;
"Whatever youre requeste may bee,
"We wylle to ytte attende."

"My nobile liege! all my request
"Ys for a nobile knyghte,
"Who, tho' may hap he has done wronge,
"He thoghte ytte stylle was ryghte:

"Hee has a spouse and children twaine,
"Alle rewyn'd are for aie;
"Yff thatt you are resolv'd to lett
"Charles Bawdin die to daie."

"Speke nott of such a traytour vile,"
The kynge ynne fury sayde;
"Before the ev'ning starre doth sheene,
"Bawdin shall loose hys hedde:

"Justice does loudlie for hym calle
"And hee shall have hys meede;
"Speke, Maister Canynge! whatte thynge else
"Atte present doe you neede?"

"My nobile liege!" goode Canynge sayde,
"Leave justice to our Godde,
"And laye the yronne rule asyde,
"Be thyne the olyve rodde.

"Was Godde to serche our hertes and reines,
"The best were synners grete;
"Christ's vycarr only knowes ne synne,
"Ynne alle thys mortall state.

"Let mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
"'Twylle faste thye crowne fulle sure;
"From race to race thy familie
"Alle sov'reigns shall endure:

"But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou
"Begynne thy infante reigne,
"Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows
"Wyll never lonng remayne."

"Canynge, awaie! thys traytour vile
"Has scorn'd my pow'r and mee;
"Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne
"Intreate my clemencye?"

"My noble liege! the truly brave
"Wylle val'rous actions prize,
"Respect a brave and nobile mynde,
"Altho' ynne enemies."

"Canynge, awaie! By Godde ynne heav'n
"That dydd mee beinge gyve,
"I will nott taste a bitt of breade
"Whilst thys Syr Charles dothe lyve.

"By Marie, and all Seinctes ynne heav'n,
"Thys sunne shall be hys laste."
Thenne Canynge dropt a brinie teare,
And from the presence paste.

With herte brimm-fulle of gnawynge grief,
Hee to Sir Charles dydd goe,
And satte hymm down uponne a stoole,
And teares beganne to flowe.

"We all must die," quod brave Syr Charles;
"Whatt bootes ytt howe or whenne?
"Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate
"Of all wee morlall menne.

"Saye why, my friend, thie honest soul
"Runs overr att thyne eye;
"Is ytte for my most welcome doome
"Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye?"

Quod godlie Canynge, "I do weepe,
"Thatt thou sue soone must dye,
"And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe;
"'Tis thys thatt wettes myne eye."

"Thenne drie the teares thatt out thyne eye
"From godlie fountaines sprynge;
"Dethe I despise, and alle the pow'r
"Of Edwarde, traytour kynge.

"Whan throgh the tyrant's welcom meanes
"I shall resigne my lyfe,
"The Godde I serve wylle soon provyde
"For bothe mye sonnes and wife.

"Before I sawe thy lyghtsome sunne,
"Thys was appointed mee;
"Shall mortal manne repine or grudge
"What Godde ordeynes to bee?

"Howe oft ynne battaile have I stoode,
"Whan thousands dy'd arounde;
"Whan smokynge streams of crimson bloode
"Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde!

"Howe dydd I knowe that ev'ry darte,
"That cutte the airie waie,
"Myghte notte finde passage toe my harte,
"And close myne eyes for aie?

"And shall I now, for feere of dethe,
"Looke wanne and bee dysmay'd?
"Ne! fromm my herte flie childlyshe feere,
"Be alle the manne display'd.

"Ah, goddelyke Henrie! Godde forefende,
"And guarde thee and thyne sonne,
"Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,
"Why thenne hys wylle be donne,

"My honeste friende, my faulte has beene
"To serve Godde and mye prynce;
"And thatt I no tyme-server am,
"My dethe wylle soone convynce.

"Ynne London cityе was I borne,
"Of parents of grete note;
"My fadre dydd a nobile armis
"Emblazon onne hys cote:

"I make no doubte butt he ys gone
"Where soone I hope to goe;
"Where wee for ever shall bee blest,
"From oute the reech of woe:

"He taught mee justice and the laws
"Wyth pitie to unite;
"And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
"The wronge cause fromm the ryghte:

"Hee taught mee wythe a prudent hande
"To feede the hungrie poore,
"Ne lette mye servants drive awaie
"The hungrie fromme my doore:

"And none can saye, butt all mye lyfe
"I have hys wordyes kept;
"And summ'd the actyonns of the daie
"Eche nyghte before I slept.

"I have a spouse, goe aske of her
"Yff I defyl'd her bedde?
"I have a kynge, and none can laie
"Blacke treason onne my hedde.

"Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
"Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne;
"Whie should I thenne appeare dismay'd
"To leave thys worlde of payne?

"Ne! hapless Henrie! I rejoyce,
"I shalle ne see thye dethe;
"Moste willynglie in thy just cause
"Do I resign my brethe.

"Oh fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
"Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
"While Richard's sonnes exalt themselves,
"Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

"Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,
"And godlie Henrie's reigne,
"That you dydd choppe your easie daies
"For those of bloude and peyne?

"Whatte tho' I onne a sledde bee drawne,
"And mangled by a hynde,
"I do defye the traytour's pow'r,
"He can ne harm my mynde;

"Wyatte tho', uphoisted onne a pole,
"Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,
"And ne ryche monument of brasse
"Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

"Yet ynne the holie booke above,
"Whyche tyme can't eat awai,
"There wythe the servants of the Lorde
"Mye name shall lyve for aie

"Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
"I leve thys mortall lyfe;
"Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that's deare,
"Mye sonnes and loving wyfe!

"Now dethe as welcome to mee comes,
"As e'er the month of Maie;
"Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
"Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."

Quod Canynge, "'Tys a goodlie thynge
"To bee prepar'd to die;
"And from thys worlde of peyne and grefe
"To Godde ynne heaven to flie."

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
And claryonnes to sounde;
Syr Charles hee herde the horses feete
A-prauncyng onne the grounde;

And juste before the officers,
Hys lovynge wyfe came ynne,
Weepynge unfeigned teeres of woe,
Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.

"Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
"Ynne quiet lett mee die;
"Praie Godde, that every Christian soule
"Maye looke onne dethe as I

"Sweet Florence! why these brinie tears;
"Theye washe my soule awaie,
"And almost make mee wishe for lyfe,
"Wyth thee, sweete dame, to staie.

"'Tys but a journie I shalle goe
"Untoe the lande of blysse;
"Nowe, as a proofe of husbande's love,
"Receive thys holie kysse."

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her saie,
Tremblynge these wordyes spoke,
"Ah, cruele Edwarde! bloudie kynge!
"My herte ys welle nyghe broke:

"Ah, sweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe,
"Wythoute thye lovyinge wyfe!
"The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,
"Ytt eke shall ende mye lyfe."

And nowe the officers came ynne
To brynge Syr Charles awaie,
Who turnedd toe hys lovynge wyfe,
And thus toe her dydd saie:

"I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
"Truste thou ynne Godde above,
"And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,
"And ynne theyre hertes hym love:

"Teache them to runne the nobile race
"Thatt I theyre fader runne:
"Florence! should dethe thee take — adieu!
"Yee officers, lead onne."

Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
And dydd her tresses tere;
"Oh! staie, my husbande! lorde! and lyfe!"
Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare;

'Till tyredd oute wyth ravynge loude,
Shee fellen onne the flore;
Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
And march'd fromm oute the dore.

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete;
Lookes, thatt enshoone ne moe concern
Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before him went the council-menne,
Ynne scarlette robes and golde,
And tassils spanglynge ynne the sunne,
Muche glorious to beholde:

The Freers of Seincte Augustyne next
Appeared to the syghte,
Alle cladd ynn homelie russett weedes,
Of godlie monkysh plyghte:

Ynn diffraunt partes a godlie psaume
Most sweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twenty archers came;
Echone the bowe dydd bende,
From rescue of kynge Henries friends,
Syr Charles forr to defend.

Bold as a lyon came Syr Charles,
Drawn on a clothe-layde sledde,
By two blacke stedes ynne trappynges white,
Wyth plumes uponne theyre heddes:

Behynde

Behynd hyme five-and-twentye moe
Of archers stronge and stoute,
Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
Marched ynne goodlie route:

Seincte Jameses Freers marched next,
Echone hys parte dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backs syx mynstrelles came,
Who tun'd the stronge bataunt:

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
Ynne clothe of scarlett deckt;
And theyre attendyng menne echone,
Lyke Easterne princes trickt:

And after them a multitude
Of citizens dydd thronge;
The wyndowes were all full of heddes,
As hee dydd passe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,
Syr Charles dydd turne and saie,
"O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,
"Wash maye soule clean thys daye."

Att the grete mynster windowe sat
The kynge ynn mycle state,
To see Charles Bawdin goe alonge
To hys most welcom fate.

Soon as the sledde drewe nygh enowe,
Thatt Edwarde hee myghte heare,
The brave Syr Charles hee dydd stande uppe,
And thus hys wordes declare:

"Thou seest mee, Edwarde! traytour vile!
"Expos'd to infamie;
"But be assur'd, disloyall manne!
"I 'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

"Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,
"Thou wearest nowe a crowne,
"And hast appoynted mee to dye,
"By power nott thyne owne.

"Thou thynkest I shall dye to-daie;
"I have beene dede, till nowe,
"And soon shall lyve to weare a crowne
"For aie uponne my browe:

"Whylst thou, perhapps for some few yeares,
"Shalt rule thys fickle lande
"To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
"'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

"Thye pow'r anjust, thou traytour slave!
"Shall falle onne thy owne hedde."
Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge
Departed thenne the sledde.

Kynge Edwarde's soule rush'd to hys face;
Hee turn'd hys head awaie,
And to hys broder Gloucester
Hee thus dydd speke and saie:

"To him that soe-much-dreaded dethe
"Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,
"Beholde the manne! hee spake the truthe,
"Hee's greater than a kynge!

"So lett hym die!" Duke Richard sayde;
"And maye echone our foes
"Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie exe,
"And feede the carryon crowes."

And now the horses gentlie drewe
Syr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle!
The exe dydd glisterr ynne the sunne,
Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

Syr Charles dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre
Of victorye, bye val'rous chiefs
Gain'd in the bloudie warre:

And to the people hee dydd saie,
"Beholde you see mee dye
"For servynge loyally mye kynge,
"Mye kynge most rightfullie.

"As longe as Edwarde rules thys lande,
"Ne quiet you wylle knowe;
"Your sonnes and husbandes shall be slayne,
"And brookes withe bloude shalle flowe.

"You leave youre goode and lawfulle kynge,
"Whenne ynne adversitye;
"Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,
"And for the true cause dye."

Thenne hee, wyth preestes, uponne his knees,
A pray'r to Godde dydd make,
Beseechynge hym unto hymselfe
Hys partynge soule to take.

Then kneelynge downe, he layd hys heede
Most seemlie onne the blocke;
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne stroke!

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffolde twyne;
And teares, enow to washe 't awaie,
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie exe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto foure parties cutte;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde
Upon a pole was putte.

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen dydd devoure:

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
A dreery spectacle;
His hedde was plac'd onne the hygh crosse,
Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the end of Bawdin's fate;
Godde prosper long our kynge,
And grant hee may, wyth Bawdin's soule,
Ynne heaven Godd's mercie synge!

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§ 90. *The Mynstrelles Songe in Ælla, a Tragycal Enterlude.* CHATTERTON, &c.

O! SYNGE untoe my roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynynge *(a)* ryver bee.

(a) Running.

Mie

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Blacke hys cryne *(b)* as the wyntere nyght,
Whyte hys rode *(c)* as the sommer snowe,
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tongue as the throstles note,
Quycke ynne daunce as thought eann bee,
Defte his taboure, codgelle stote,
O! hee lys bie the wyllowe-tree.
Mie love ys deede,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynge,
In the briered dell belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
To the nyghte-mares as theie goe.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gone to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Heere, upon mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Ne one hallie seynete to save
Al the celness of a mayde.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to his deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Wythe mie houdes I 'll dent the brieres
Rounde hys hallie corse to gre,
Ouphante fairie, lyghte your fyres,
Heere mie boddie stille schalle bee.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
Drayne my hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,
Daunce die nete, or feaste by daie.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Water wytches, crownede wythe reytes *(d)*,
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
I die; I comme; mie true love wayte.
Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.

§ 91. *Chorus in Goddwyn, a Tragedie.* Chatterton, &c.

Whan Freedom, dreste yn blodde-steyned veste,
To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge,
Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde;
A gorie anlace by her honge.
She daunced onne the heathe;
She hearde the voice of deathe;
Pale-eyned Affryghte, hys harte of silver hue,
In vayne assayled *(e)* her bosom to acale *(f)*; [woe,
She hearde onflemed *(g)* the shriekynge voice of
And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale,
She shooke the burled *(h)* speere,
On hie she jeste *(i)* her sheelde,
Her foemen *(j)* all appere,
And flizze *(k)* along the feelde.
Power, wythe his heafod *(l)* straught *(m)* ynto the skyes, [starre.
Hys speere a sonne-beame, and hys sheelde a
Alyche *(n)* twaie *(o)* brendeyng *(p)* gronfyres *(q)* rolls hys eyes, [to war.
Chaftes *(r)* with hys yronne feete, and soundes
She syttes upon a rocke,
She bendes before hys speere
She ryses from the shocke,
Wieldyng her own yn ayre.
Harde as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on,
Wytte scillye *(s)* wympled *(t)* gies *(u)* ytte to hys crowne, (ys gon,
Hys longe sharpe speere, his spreddyng sheelde
He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes down.
War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld *(x)*, arist *(y)*,
Hys feerie heaulme *(z)* noddynge to the ayre,
Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynynge fyst.

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§ 94. *Grongar Hill.* Dyer.

Silent Nymph! with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse.
Now, while Phœbus riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky,
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar! in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells;
Grongar! in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,

(b) Hair.
(c) Complexion.
(d) Water-flags.
(e) Endeavoured.
(f) Freeze.
(g) Undismayed.
(h) Armed, pointed.
(i) Hoisted on high, raised.
(j) Foes, enemies.
(k) Fly.
(l) Head.
(m) Stretched.
(n) Like.
(o) Two.
(p) Flaming.
(q) Meteors.
(r) Beats, stamps.
(s) Closely.
(t) Mantled, covered.
(u) Guides.
(x) Armed.
(y) Arose.
(z) Helmet.

So

So oft I have, the evening still,
As the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
'Till contemplation had her fill.
About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind;
And groves and grottos, where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day.
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise.
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.
Now I gain the mountain's brow;
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapors, intervene;
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of Nature show
In all the hues of heaven's bow;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly tow'ring in the skies;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires:
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads,
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.
Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew:
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad spread boughs;
And, beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye.
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood;
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood;
And antient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:
So both in safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode,
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state:
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And see the rivers, how they run
Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun!
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go,
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wand'ring thought,
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.
See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem:
So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd through Hope's deluding glass
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colors of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way;
The present 's still a cloudy day.
O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see!
Content me with a humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid:
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
Now, e'en now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, e'en now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts! be great who will;
Search for peace with all your skill;

Open

Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor:
In vain ye search, she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of Care!
Grass and flower Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Ever by each other's side;
And often, by the murm'ring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

§ 93. *A Monody on the Death of his Lady.*
By George Lord Lyttleton.

'Ipse cava solans ægrum testudine amorem,
'Te, dulcis, conjux, te solo in littore secum,
'Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.'

At length escap'd from ev'ry human eye,
From ev'ry duty, ev'ry care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade,
This lone retreat for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burthen'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief;
Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love,
Can on the ennobled mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.
Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy seen!
But never shall you now behold her more:
Nor will she now, with fond delight,
And taste refin'd, your rural charms explore.
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes, where beaming us'd to shine.
Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice;
For her despising, when she deigned to sing,
The sweetest songsters of the spring;
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more:
The nightingale was mute,
And ev'ry shepherd's flute
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song:
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive story tell;
For death has stopp'd that tuneful tongue,
Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.
In vain I look around,
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry:
Where oft we us'd to walk;
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found:
In all the wide-stretch'd prospects ample bound,
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast?
Your bright inhabitant is lost.
You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
Where female vanity might wish to shine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye:
To your sequester'd dales,
And flower-embroider'd vales,
From an admiring world she chose to fly.
With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
The silent paths of wisdom trod,
And banish'd every passion from her breast;
But those, the gentlest and the best,
Whose holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes! who like the little playful fawns,
Where wont to trip along these verdant lawns,
By your delighted mother's side,
Who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand, whose tender care,
To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of truth?
O loss beyond repair!
O wretched father! left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
And, drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
Now, she, alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpless age to save?

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
From these fond arms your fair disciple tore;
From these fond arms, that vainly strove
With hapless ineffectual love,
To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
Could not your favoring pow'r, Aönian maids,
Could not, alas! your power prolong her date;
For whom so oft, in these inspiring shades,
Or under Camden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
You open'd all your sacred store;
Whate'er your antient sages taught,
Your antient bards sublimely thought
And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow?

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
Or Aganippe's fount, your steps detain,
Nor in the Thespian valleys did you play;
Nor then on Mincio's * bank
Beset with osier's dank,

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.

Nor

Nor where Clitumnus * rolls his gentle stream,
Nor where, through hanging woods,
Steep Anio † pours his floods,
Nor yet where Meles ‡ or Ilissus § stray.
Ill does it now beseem,
That, of your guardian care bereft,
To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

Now what avails it, that in early bloom,
When light fantastic toys
Are all her sex's joys,
With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome;
And all that in her latter days,
To emulate her antient praise,
Italia's happy genius could produce;
Or what the Gallic fire
Bright sparkling could inspire,
By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
Or what, in Britain's isle,
Most favor'd with your smile,
The pow'rs of Reason and of Fancy join'd
To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?
Ah! what is now the use
Of all those treasures that enrich'd her mind,
To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd!

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
'Tis yours from death to save,
And in the temple of immortal Fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.
Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,
And strew with choicest flow'rs her hallow'd tomb;
But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
With accents sweet and sad, [urn
Thou plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn;
O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay!

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace!
How eloquent in ev'ry look
Thro' her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!
Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
And make each charm of polish'd courts
With candid Truth's simplicity, [agree
And uncorrupted Innocence!
Tell how to more than manly sense
She join'd the soft'ning influence
Of more than female tenderness:
How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of others' good destroy;
Her kindly-melting heart,
To every want, and every woe,
To guilt itself when in distress,
The balm of pity would impart;
And all relief that bounty could bestow!
E'en for the kid or lamb, that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall; [to all.
Tears, from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent
Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind!
A spirit that with noble pride
Could look superior down
On Fortune's smile or frown;
That could, without regret or pain,
To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
Or Interest or Ambition's highest prize;
That, injur'd or offended, never tried
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous disdain,
A wit that, temperately bright,
With inoffensive light
All pleasing shone; nor ever pass'd
The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
And bashful Modesty, before it cast.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little nor too much believ'd;
That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
And, without weakness, knew to be sincere.
Such Lucy was, when in her fairest days,
Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise.
In life's and glory's freshest bloom, [tomb.
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
When now the wint'ry tempests all are fled,
And genial summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head;
From ev'ry branch the balmy flow'rets rise,
On ev'ry bough the golden fruits are seen;
With odors sweet it fills the smiling skies,
The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian queen:
But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,
A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual snows; [and dies.
The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves,

Arise, O Petrarch! from th' Elysian bow'rs,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambrosial flow'rs,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
Tun'd by thy skilful hand.
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
With which o'er many a land
Was spread the fame of thy disast'rous love;
To me resign the vocal shell,

* The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.
† The Anio runs Through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.
‡ The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Mellisigenes.
§ The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

And

And teach my sorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale so well,
As may e'en things inanimate, [move.
Rough mountain oaks, and desert rocks, to pity

Whatwere,alas! thywoescompar'dtomine?
To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domestic care
She never bore a share,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every secret grief that fester'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Ofsickness watch thee,and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied armsustain,
And charm away the sense of pain:
Nor did she crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin-charms
Were yielded to my arms:
How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
How in the world, to me a desert grown,
Abandon'd and alone,
Without my sweet companion can I live!
Without thy lovely smile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleasure now can pall'd Ambition give?
E'en the delighted sense of well-earn'd praise,
Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could raise.

For my distracted mind
What succor can I find?
On whom for consolation shall I call?
Support me, ev'ry friend;
Your kind assistance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, so much was thine,
That none has any comfort to bestow.
My books, the best relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
Each favorite author we together read
My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

We were the happiest pair of human kind:
The rolling year its various course perform'd
And back return'd again;
Another, and another, smiling came,
And saw our happiness unchang'd remain.
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind:
Our studies, pleasures, taste the same.
O fatal, fatal stroke!
That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which even wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
With soothing hope for many a future day,
In one sad moment broke!

Yet, O my soul! thy rising murmurs stay;
Nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain,
That all thyfull-blown joysat once should fade,
Was his most righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
And, in these low abodes of sin and pain,
Her pure exalted soul,
Unjustly, for thy partial good, detain?
No—rather strive thy grovelling mind to raise
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavenly radiance of eternal night,
In which enthron'd she now with pity sees,
How frail, how insecure, how slight,
Is every mortal bliss?
Even Love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sovereign good ascend.
Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path, and ever-open gate,
No feet but those of harden'dGuilt shall miss:
There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore;
There yield up all his pow'r ne'er to divide you more.

§ 94. *A Winter Piece.* Anon.

It was a winter's evening, and fast came down the snow, [did blow;
And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter blast
When a damsel all forlorn, quite bewilder'd in her way, [did say:
Press'd her baby to her bosom, and sadly thus

"Oh! cruel was my father, that shut his door on me, [could see;
And cruel was my mother, that such a sight
And cruel is the wint'ry wind, that chills my heart with cold; [for gold!
But crueller than all, the lad that left my love

Hush, hush, my lovely baby, and warm thee in my breast; [distrest!
Ah, little thinks thy father how sadly we're
For, cruel as he is, did he know but how we fare,
He'd shield us in his arms from this bitter piercing air.

Cold,coldmydearestjewel! thy little life is gone:
Oh let my tears revive thee, so warm that trickle down: [fore they fall:
My tears that gush so warm, oh they freeze be-
Ah wretched, wretched mother! thou 'rt now bereft of all."

Then down she sunk despairing upon the drifted snow, [loud her woe:
And, wrung with killing anguish, lamented
She kiss'd her babe's pale lips, and laid it by her side;
Then cast her eyes to heaven, then bow'd her head, and died.

§ 97.

§ 95. *The School Mistress. In Imitation of Spenser.* SHENSTONE.

——Auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo. *Virg.*

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprize:
Lend me thy clarion, Goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chanced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In ev'ry village, mark'd with little spire, [fame,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to
There dwells, in lowly shade and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we School-mistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame:
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame,
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent, [shent.
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely

And all in sight doth rise a birchin tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stow,
Whilome a twig of small regard to see,
Tho' now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew; [low;
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat
And, as they look'd, they found their horror grew,
And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast:
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
Sad servitude! Such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy!

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display;
And at the door impris'ning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller sizes should stray,
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day! [sound,
The noises intermix'd, which thence re-
Do Learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound [around.
And eyes her Fairy throng, and turns her wheel

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield;
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchin sprays, with anxious fear entwin'd,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd,
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontrol'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,
The childish faces of old Æol's train,
Libs, Notus, Auster*: these in frowns array'd.
How then would fare on earth, or sky, or main,
Were the stern God to give his slaves the rein?
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were dedeem'd the cell
Where comely peace of mind and decent order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own,
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;
'Twas her own labor did the fleece prepare,
And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
Thro' pious awe did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit, ne flattery did corrupt her truth;
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear:
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honor'd eld with these revere;
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One antient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame,
Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favor did her past deportment claim:
And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she new, and quaintly cold expound.
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak,
That in her garden sipp'd the silv'ry dew,
Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak,
But herbs for use and physic not a few,
Of grey renown, within those borders grew;
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh balm, and marygold of cheerful hue,
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue;
And plaintain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound;

* The south-west wind, south, &c.

And

And marj'ram sweet, in shepherds' posie found;
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labors of her loom,
And crown her 'kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume. [crown'd
And here trim rosemarine, that whilom
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here,
Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring skirts appear.
O wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere;
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.
Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Steenhold forth did mete.
If winter 'twere she to her hearth did cleave:
But in her garden found a summer seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,
All for the nonce untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres — small heart had they to sing.
For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
The times when Truth by Popish rage did bleed,
And tortious Death was true Devotion's meed;
And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
That mould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smould'ring flames did burn: [return.
Ah! dearest Lord! forefend thilk days should e'er
In elbow chair, like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cank'ring Eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sov'reign prince and liefest liege is plac'd,
The matron sate: and some with rank she grac'd,
The source of children's and of courtier's pride! [pass'd)
Redress'd affronts (for vile affronts there
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.
Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise;
And other some with baleful sprig she frays;
E'en absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold,
While with queint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.
Lo! now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;
Their books of stature small, they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair.
The word so gay that on their back is seen
St. George's high achievements does declare,
On which thilk wight that has ygazing been,
Kens the forth-coming rod; unpleasing sight, I ween!
Ah! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!
As erst the bard * by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite;
For, brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!
And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin.
O ruthful scene! when from a nook obsure
His little sister doth his peril see:
All playful as she sate, she grows demure,
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a pray'r to set him free:
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so, that all for pity she could die.
No longer can she now her shrieks command,
And hardly she forbears, thro' awful fear,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee, her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.
But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?
The form uncouth of his disguised face?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?
The plenteous show'r that does his cheek distain?
When he in abject wise implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And, thro' the thatch, his cries each falling stroke proclaim.
The other tribe, aghast with sore dismay
Attend, and con their tasks with mickle care,
By turns, astonied, ev'ry twig survey,
And from their fellows hateful wounds beware,
Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share;
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair,
Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth 'em greet,
And gingerbread y-rare; now, certes, doubly sweet!

* Spenser.

See,

See, to their seats they hye with merry glee,
And in beseemly order sitten there,
All but the wight of bum y-galled; he
Abhorreth bench, and stool, and form, and chair [hair);
(This hand in mouth y-fixed, that rends his
And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
Convulsions intermitting! does declare
His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust behest,
And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress'd.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines;
His blooming face, that seems a purple flow'r,
Which low to earth his drooping head declines,
All smear'd and sullied by a vernal show'r.
Oh the hard bosoms of despotic pow'r!
All, all but she, the author of his shame,
All, all but she, regret this mournful hour:
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r
shall claim, [fame.
If so, I deem aright, transcending worth and

Behind some door in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
Ne for his fellows joyaunce careth ought,
But to the wind all merriment resigns,
And deems it shame if he to peace inclines;
And many a sullen look askaunce is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past resent.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!
But if that pride it be which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames! with nice discernment see.
Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires:
Ah! better far than all the Muse's lyres
(All coward arts) is valor's gen'rous heat,
The firm fix'd breast which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul, more justly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false deceit.

Yet, nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
E'en now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so;
As Milton, Shakspeare, names that ne'er shall die!
Tho' now he crawl along the ground so low;
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high, [fly.
Wisheth, poor starv'ling elf! his paper kite may

And this perhaps, who cens'ring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be, if rigid Fates incline;
And many an epic to his rage shall yield,
And many a poet quit th' Aönian field:
And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now, with 'sdainful fury thrill'd,
Surveys mine work, and levels many a sneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, 'What stuff is here!"

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
And liberty unbars the prison-door;
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er
With boist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar.
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heaven shield their short liv'd pastimes, I implore!
For well may Freedom, erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flow'rs,
For when my bones in grass green sods are laid,
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles, or in ladies' bow'rs.
O vain, to seek delight in earthly things!
But most in courts, where proud Ambition tow'rs;
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
These rudely carol most incondite lay;
Those saunt'ring on the green, with jocund leer,
Salute the stranger passing on his way:
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth, at duck and drake to play;
Thilk to the huxter's sav'ry cottage tend,
In past ykings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been;
Apples with cabbage net y-cover'd o'er,
Galling full soreth' unmonied wight, are seen;
And gooseb'ries, clad in liv'ry red or green:
And here of lovely dye the Cath'rine pear;
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice I ween;
O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
Lest, smit with ardent love, he pine with hopeless care!

See cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies tied,
Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside,
And must be bought, tho' penury betide;
The plum all azure, and the nut all brown;
And here each season do those cakes abide,
Whose honor'd names th' inventive city own,
Rend'ring thro' Britain's isle Salopia's * praises known.

* Shrewsbury Cakes.

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils tried;
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
Amidst the rest, may flow'rs adorn his grave
Whose art did first these dulcet notes display!
A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray,
Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

§ 96. *Oriental Eclogues. By Mr.* Collins.

ECLOGUE I.

Selim; or the Shepherd's Moral.

Scene, a Valley, near Bagdat. — Time, the Morning.

'YE Persian maids, attend your Poet's lays,
'And hear how shepherds pass their golden
'days.
'Not all are blest, whom Fortune's hand sustains
'With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the
'plains.
'Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.'
Thus Selim sung, by sacred Truth inspir'd;
Nor praise but such as Truth bestow'd, desir'd:
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
Informing morals to the shepherd maid;
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.
When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride;
When wanton gales along the vallies play,
Breathe on each flow'r, and bear their sweets away;
By Tygris' wandering waves he sat, and sung,
This useful lesson for the fair and young:
'Ye Persian dames,' he said, 'to you belong
'(Well may they please) the morals of my song:
'No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
'Grac'd with soft arts, the people I world around!
'The morn that lights you to your loves supplies
'Each gentler ray, delicious to your eyes;
'For you those flow'rs her fragrant hands bestow,
'And yours the love that kings delight to know.
'Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
'The best kind blessings Heaven can grant the fair:
'Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
'Boast but the worth Balsora's* pearls display!
'Drawn from the deep, we own the surface bright:
'But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light.
'Such are the maids, and such the charms they
'By sense unaided, or to virtue lost. [boast,
'Self-flatt'ring sex! your hearts believe in vain
'That Love shall blind, when once he fires the
'Or hope a lover by your faults to win, [swain:
'As spots on ermine beautify the skin:
'Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
'Each softer virtue that adorns the fair;
'Each tender passion man delights to find
'The lov'd perfection of a female mind!
'Blest were the days when Wisdom held her
'reign,
'And shepherds sought her on the silent plain;
'With Truth! she wedded in the secret grove,
'Immortal Truth! and daughters blest their
'love.
'O haste, fair maids! ye Virtues, come away!
'Sweet peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
'The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
'By Ind excell'd or Araby, no more.
'Lest to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
'The dear deserters shall return again.
'Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs
'are clear;
'To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear:
'Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
'And shepherd girls shall own thee for their queen,
'With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid:
'But man the most — not more the mountain doe
'Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
'Cold is her breast, like flow'rs that drink the dew;
'A silken veil conceals her from the view.
'No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
'But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone:
'Desponding Meekness, with her down-cast eyes,
'And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs;
'And Love the last. By these your hearts approve;
'These are the virtues that must lead to love.'
Thus sung the swain: and antient legends say,
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay:
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along;
The shepherds lov'd, and Selim bless'd his song.

ECLOGUE II.

Hassan; or the Camel-Driver.

Scene, the Desert. — Time, Mid-day.

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste,
The driver Hassan with his camels pass'd:
One cruse of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb, was nigh:
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view,
With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus
began;
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
'When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
'way!
'Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
'The thirst or pinching hunger that I find!
'Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
'When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage?
'Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
'Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?
'Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
'In all my griefs a more than equal share!

* The Gulf of that name, famous for the pearl fishery.

Here

'Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
'Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
'In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
'Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow:
'Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
'And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
'When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
'Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
'Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade!
'The lily Peace outshines the silver store,
'And life is dearer than the golden ore:
'Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
'To ev'ry distant mart and wealthy town.
'Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea;
'And are we only yet repaid by thee?
'Ah! why this ruin so attractive made?
'Or why, fond man, so easily betray'd?
'Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
'The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?
'Or wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's side,
'The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride:
'Why think we these less pleasing to behold
'Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
'When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
'O cease, my fears! — all frantic as I go,
'When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe.
'What if the lion in his rage I meet!
'Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
'And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
'Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
'By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
'Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train;
'Before them Death, with shrieks, directs their way!
'Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
'When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
'At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
'If aught of rest I find upon my sleep:
'Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
'And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
'Thrice happy they, the wise, contented poor:
'From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
'They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
'Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
'When first from Schiraz' walls I took my way!
'O hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
'The tender Kara, will be most undone!
'Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the pow'rful maid,
'When fast she dropp'd her tears and thus she said:'

"Farewel the youth, whom sighs could not detain,
"Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain;
"Yet as thou go'st, may ev'ry blast arise
"Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!
"Safe o'er the wild, no perils mayst thou see
"No griefs endure; nor weep, false youth, like me!"
'O let me safely to the Fair return,
'Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn!
'O let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
'Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears!'
He said; and call'd on heaven to bless the day
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

Abra; or, the Georgian Sultana.

Scene, a Forest. — Time, the Evening.

In Georgia's land, where Tefflis' tow'rs are seen
In distant view along the level green:
While evening dews enrich the glitt'ring glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade;
What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
Or scent the breathing maize at setting day;
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove
Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.
Of Abra first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain;
At morn she came, those willing flocks to lead,
Where lilies rear them in the wat'ry mead:
From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
A various wreath of od'rous flowers she made.
Gay motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,*
The violet blue, that on the moss-bank grows;
All sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there:
The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.
Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
By love conducted from the chace away:
Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
And sought the vales and echoing groves among.
At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!
The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft as she went she backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair, happy maid! to other scenes remove;
To richer scenes of golden pow'r and love!
Go, leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.
'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd'.
Yet, midst the blaze of courts, she fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove;
Still, with the shepherd's innocence, her mind
To the sweet vale and flow'ry mead inclin'd

* That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia, see the Modern History of the ingenious Mr. Salmon.

And oft as Spring renew'd the plains with flow'rs,
Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand:
Some simple lay of flocks and herds they sung;
With joy the mountain and the forest rung.
'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'
And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of state, attendant on the Fair;
Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd:
A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore;
And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.
'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'
Blest was the life that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel;
The simple shepherd-girl can love as well.
Let those who rule on Persia's jewell'd throne
Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone;
Or wreathe, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
'O happy days!' the maids around her say;
'O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!
'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'

ECLOGUE IV.

Agib and Secander; or, the Fugitives.

Scene, a Mountain, in Circassia.—Time, Midnight.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each swain was blest, for ev'ry maid was kind;
At that still hour when awful midnight reigns,
And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains,
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high;
And pass'd in radiance thro' the cloudless sky;
Sad o'er the dews two brother shepherds fled,
Where 'wild'ring fear and desp'rate sorrow led:
Fast as they press'd their flight, behind them lay
Wide ravag'd plains, and valleys stole away.
Along the mountain's bending side they ran;
Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began:

SECANDER.

Oh stay thee, Agib; for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, oh turn thee, and survey,
Trace our sad flight thro' all its length of way!
And first review that long extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already pass'd with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whose dang'rous path we tried!
And, last, this lofty mountain's weary side!

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
The toils of flight, or some severer woe!
Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
And shrieks and sorrows load the sadd'ning wind;
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
Drops its fair honors to the conquering flame:
Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair;
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land! whose blessings tempt the sword;
In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord!
In vain thou court him, helpless, to thine aid,
To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleasure sooth his mind:
Midst fair Sultanas lost in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the sight is Zabra's flow'ry plain,
And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins shall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, Or Irwan's shady grove;
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flow'ry vale;
Fair scenes! but ah! no more with peace possest,
With ease alluring, and with plenty blest.
No more the shepherds' whit'ning tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd;
But Ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair;
Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair,
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from
Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war; [far
Some weightier arms than crooks and staffs
prepare,
To shield your harvest, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
By lust incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way;
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said; when loud along the vale was heard
A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd;
The affrighted shepherds, thro' the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

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§ 97. *The Splendid Shilling.* J. Phillip.

"——Sing heavenly Muse!
"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme;"
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

Happy the man, who, void of cares and strife;
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A splendid shilling. He nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale:
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,

To

To Juniper's Magpie, or Town Hall, * repairs;
Where, mindful of the nymph whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wishes her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corse sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers; or, from tube as black
As winter chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill perfuming scent;
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings,
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
High overshadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the antient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster! hated by Gods and men,
To my aërial citadel ascends:
With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Thro' sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
My shudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disastrous acts fore bode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!). Behind him
Another monster not unlike himself, [stalks
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
Erst have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont),
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him! till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware ye debtors! when ye walk beware,
Be circumspect: oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof; and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils;
Then with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friends, delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desp'rate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendant on a willow-tree.
Mean while I labor with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy 's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain: awake, I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse;
Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature — john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay.
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue?)
A horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds,
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla or Charybdis (dang'rous rocks)

* Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves rush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming! Horrors seise
The mariners; death in their eyes appears;
They stare, they rave, they pump, they swear, they pray;
(Vain efforts!) still the batt'ring waves rush in,
Implacable; till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks found'ring in the vast abyss.

§ 98. *An Epistle to a Lady.* Nugent.

Clarinda, dearly lov'd, attend
The counsels of a faithful friend:
Who with the warmest wishes fraught,
Feels all, at least, that friendship ought!
But since, by ruling Heaven's design,
Another's fate shall influence thine;
Oh may these lines for him prepare,
A bliss, which I would die to share!
Man may for wealth or glory roam,
But woman must be blest at home:
To this should all her studies tend,
This her great object and her end.
Distaste unmingled pleasures bring,
And use can blunt Affliction's sting;
Hence perfect bliss no mortals know,
And few are plung'd in utter woe:
While Nature, arm'd against Despair,
Gives pow'r to mend, or strength to bear;
And half the thought content may gain,
Which spleen employs to purchase pain.
Trace not the fair domestic plan
From what you would, but what you can!
Nor, peevish, spurn the scanty shore,
Because you think you merit more!
Bliss ever differs in degree,
Thy share alone is meant for thee;
And thou should'st think, however small,
That share enough, for 'tis thy all:
Vain scorn will aggravate distress,
And only make that little less.
Admit whatever trifles come;
Unite, compose the largest sum:
Oh tell them o'er, and say how vain
Are those who form Ambition's train;
Which swell the monarch's gorgeous state,
And bribe to ill the guilty great!
But thou, more blest, more wise than these,
Shalt build up happiness on ease.
Hail, sweet Content! where joy serene
Gilds the mild soul's unruffl'd scene;
And, with blithe Fancy's pencil wrought,
Spreads the white web of flowing thought,
Shines lovely in the cheerful face,
And clothes each charm with native grace;
Effusion pure of bliss sincere,
A vestment for a god to wear.
Far other ornaments compose
The garb that shrouds dissembled woes,
Pieced out with motley dyes and sorts,
Freaks, whimsies, festivals, and sports:
The troubled mind's fantastic dress,
Which madness titles Happiness;
While the gay wretch to revels bears
The pale remains of sighs and tears;
And seeks in crowds, like her undone,
What only can be found in one.
But chief, my gentle friend! remove
Far from thy couch seducing Love:
Oh shun the false magician's art,
Nor trust thy yet unguarded heart!
Charm'd by his spells fair Honor flies,
And thousand treach'rous phantoms rise;
Where Guilt in Beauty's ray beguiles,
And Ruin lurks in Friendship's smiles.
Lo! where th' enchanting captive dreams
Of warbling groves and purling streams;
Of painted meads, of flow'rs that shed
Their odors round her fragrant bed.
Quick shifts the scene, the charm is lost,
She wakes upon a desert coast;
No friendly hand to lend its aid,
No guardian bow'r to spread its shade;
Expos'd to ev'ry chilling blast,
She treads th' inhospitable waste:
And down the drear decline of life
Sinks, a forlorn, dishonor'd wife.
Neglect not thou the voice of Fame,
But, clear from crime, be free from blame
Tho' all were innocence within,
'Tis guilt to wear the garb of sin;
Virtue rejects the foul disguise:
None merit praise who praise despise.
Slight not, in supercilious strain,
Long practis'd modes, as low or vain!
The world will vindicate their cause,
And claim blind faith in Custom's laws.
Safer with multitudes to stray,
Than tread alone a fairer way;
To mingle with the erring throng,
Than boldly speak ten millions wrong.
Beware of the relentless train
Who forms adore, who forms maintain!
Lest prudes demure, or coxcombs loud,
Accuse thee to the partial crowd;
Foes who the laws of honor slight,
A judge who measures guilt by spite.
Behold the sage Aurelia stand,
Disgrace and fame at her command;
As if Heaven's delegate design'd,
Sole arbiter of all her kind.
Whether she try some favor'd piece
By rules devis'd in antient Greece;
Or whether, modern in her flight,
She tells what Paris thinks polite:
For much her talents to advance,
She studied Greece, and travell'd France;
There learn'd the happy art to please
With all the charms of labor'd ease:
Thro' looks and nods, with meaning fraught,
To teach what she was never taught.
By her each latent spring is seen;
The workings foul of secret spleen;
The guilt that skulks in fair pretence;
Or folly veil'd in specious sense

And

And much her righteous spirit grieves,
When worthlessness the world deceives;
Whether the erring crowd commends
Some patriot sway'd by private ends;
Or husband trust a faithless wife,
Secure, in ignorance, from strife.
Averse she brings their deeds to view,
But justice claims the rig'rous due;
Humanely anxious to produce
At least some possible excuse.
Oh ne'er may virtue's dire disgrace
Prepare a triumph for the base!
Mere forms the fool implicit sway,
Which witlings with contempt survey;
Blind folly no defect can see,
Half wisdom views but one degree.
The wise remoter uses reach,
Which judgement and experience teach.
Whoever would be pleas'd and please,
Must do what others do with ease.
Great precept, undefin'd by rule,
And only learn'd in Custom's school;
To no peculiar form confin'd,
It spreads thro' all the human kind;
Beauty, and wit, and worth supplies,
Yet graceful in the good and wise.
Rich with this gift, and none beside,
In Fashion's stream how many glide!
Secure from ev'ry mental woe,
From treach'rous friend or open foe;
From social sympathy, that shares
The public loss or private cares;
Whether the barb'rous foe invade,
Or Merit pine in Fortune's shade.
Hence gentle Anna, ever gay,
The same to-morrow as to-day,
Save where, perchance, when others weep,
Her cheek the decent sorrow steep;
Save when, perhaps, a melting tale
O'er ev'ry tender breast prevail:
The good, the bad, the great, the small,
She likes, she loves, she honors all.
And yet, if sland'rous malice blame,
Patient she yields a sister's fame.
Alike if satire or if praise,
She says whate'er the circle says;
Implicit does whate'er they do,
Without one point in wish or view.
Sure test of others, faithful glass,
Thro' which the various phantoms pass.
Wide blank, unfeeling when alone;
No care, no joy, no thought her own.
Not thus succeeds the peerless dame,
Who looks and talks, and acts for fame;
Intent so wide her cares extend,
To make the universe her friend.
Now with the gay in frolics shines,
Now reasons deep with deep divines:
With courtiers now extols the great,
With patriots sighs o'er Britain's fate:
Now breathes with zealots holy fires,
Now melts in less refin'd desires:
Doom'd to exceed in each degree,
Too wise, too weak, too proud, too free;
Too various for one single word,
The high sublime or deep absurd:
While ev'ry talent nature grants
Just serves to show how much she wants.
Altho' in ——— combine
The virtues of our sex and mine:
Her hand restrains the widow's tears;
Her sense informs, and sooths, and cheers:
Yet, like an angel in disguise,
She shines but to some favor'd eyes;
Nor is the distant herd allow'd
To view the radiance thro' the cloud.
But mine is ev'ry winning art;
Mine is the friendly, honest heart;
And should the gen'rous spirit flow
Beyond where prudence fears to go;
Such sallies are of nobler kind
Than virtues of a narrow mind.

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§ 99. *Alexander's Feast; or the Power of Music. An Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.* Dryden.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound;
So should desert in arms be crown'd
The lovely Thais by his side
Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy, pair;
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.
Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove:
Who left his blissful seats above,
Such is the pow'r of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.—
The list'ning crowd admires the lofty sound;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.
The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise:
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyless victor fate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War he sung his toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee,
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
And louder, yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around!

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise,
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in the air,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand,
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain;
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew:
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!—
The Princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the King seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heavenly bellows learnt to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before,
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

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§ 100. *An Epistle from Mr. Phillips to the Earl of Dorset. Copenhagen, March* 9, 1709.

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams that northern winds forbid to flow.
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the Pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects that to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flow'ry plains, and silver streaming floods.
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.
No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.
The ships, unmov'd, the boist'rous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast Leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
For many a shining league the level main,
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
There solid billows, of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise,
And yet but lately have I seen, e'en here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.

Erq

Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds begun thro' hazy skies to blow,
At ev'ning a keen eastern breeze arose;
And the descending rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of nature, in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes:
For ev'ry shrub, and ev'ry blade of grass,
And ev'ry pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While thro' the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds the wat'ry marshes yield
Seem polish'd lances in a hostile field.
The flag, in limpid currents, with surprise
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise.
The spreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
That wave and glitter in the distant sun.
When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies:
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled show'r the prospect ends;
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journey sad beneath the dropping trees.
Like some deluded peasant Merlin leads
Thro' fragrant bow'rs, and thro' delicious meads;
While here enchanting gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wand'ring feet the magic paths pursue;
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear,
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

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§ 101. *The Man of Sorrow.* Greville.

Ah! what avails the lengthening mead,
By Nature's kindest bounty spread
Along the vale of flow'rs!
Ah! what avails the darkening grove,
Or Philomel's melodious love,
That glads the midnight hours!

For me, alas! the god of day,
Ne'er glitters on the hawthorn spray,
Nor night her comfort brings:
I have no pleasure in the rose;
For me no vernal beauty blows,
Nor Philomela sings.

See how the sturdy peasants stride
Adown yon hillock's verdant side,
In cheerful ign'rance blest!
Alike to them the rose or thorn,
Alike arises every morn,
By gay contentment drest.

Content, fair daughter of the skies,
Or gives spontaneous, or denies,
Her choice divinely free:
She visits oft the hamlet cot,
Where Want and Sorrow are the lot
Of Avarice and me.

But see—or is it Fancy's dream?
Methought a bright celestial gleam
Shot sudden thro' the groves;
Behold, behold, in loose array,
Euphrosyne, more bright than day,
More mild than Paphian doves!

Welcome, oh welcome, Pleasure's queen!
And see, along the velvet green
The jocund train advance:
With scatter'd flow'rs they fill the air;
The wood-nymph's dew-bespangled hair
Plays in the sportive dance.

Ah! baneful grant of angry Heaven,
When to the feeling wretch is given
A soul alive to joy!
Joys fly with every hour away,
And leave th' unguarded heart a prey
To cares that peace destroy.

And see, with visionary haste
(Too soon) the gay delusion past,
Reality remains!
Despair has seis'd my captive soul;
And horror drives without control,
And slackens still the reins.

Ten thousand beauties round me throng;
What beauties, say, ye nymphs, belong
To the distemper'd soul?
I see the lawn of hideous dye;
The towering elm nods misery;
With groans the waters roll.

Ye gilded roofs, Palladian domes,
Ye vivid tints of Persia's looms,
Ye were for misery made.—
'Twas thus, the Man of Sorrow spoke;
His wayward step then pensive took
Along th' unhallow'd shade.

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§ 102. *Monody to the Memory of a Young Lady.* Shaw.

Yet do I live? Oh how shall I sustain
This vast unutterable weight of woe?
This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,
Or all the complicated ills below?
She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,
Is gone—for ever fled—
My dearest Emma's dead:
These eyes, these tear-swoln eyes beheld her fall.
Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore,
She lives—but (cruel thought!) she lives for
me no more.

I, who the tedious absence of a day [sight;
Remov'd, would languish for my charmer's
Would chide the lingering moments for delay,
And fondly blame the slow return of night;
How, how shall I endure
(O misery past a cure!)
Hours, days, and years, successively to roll,
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul?

Was

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame?
Did ever mind so much of heaven partake?
Did she not love me with the purest flame?
And give up friends and fortune for my sake?
Though mild as evening skies,
With down-cast, streaming eyes,
Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,
Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows.

Come then, some Muse, the saddest of the train
(No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays)
Teach me each moving melancholy strain,
And oh discard the pæcantry of phrase:
I'll suit the flow'rs of speech with woes like mine!
Thus, haply, as I paint
The source of my complaint,
My soul may own th' impassion'd line:
A flood of tears may gush to my relief,
And from my swelling heart discharge this load of grief.

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear
To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell:
"How good she was, how gentle, and how fair!"
In pity cease—alas! I know too well
How in her sweet expressive face
Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,
Yet heighten'd by exterior grace,
Of manners most engaging, most refin'd!

No piteous object could she see,
But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,
While smiles of affability
Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow.
Whate'er th' emotions of her heart,
Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,
Stranger to every female art,
Alike to feign or to disguise:
And, oh the boast how rare!
The secret in her faithful breast repos'd
She ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,
In secret silence lodg'd inviolate there.
Oh feeble words—unable to express
Her matchless virtues, or my own distress!

Relentless death! that, steel'd to human woe,
With murd'rous hands deals havoc on mankind.
Why (cruel!) strike this deprecated blow,
And leave such wretched multitudes behind?
Hark! groans come wing'd on ev'ry breeze!
The sons of grief prefer their ardent vow,
Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,
And supplicate thy aid, as I do now:
In vain—perverse, still on th' unweeting head
'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed;
Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,
And drench in tears the face of joy.

But oh, fell tyrant! yet expect the hour
When Virtue shall renounce thy pow'r;
When thou no more shall blot the face of day,
Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.
Alas the day!—where'er I turn my eyes,
Some sad memento of my loss appears;
I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,
Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears:
But, ah! in vain—no change of time or place
The memory can efface
Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,
Now lost; and nought remains but anguish and despair.

Where were the delegates of Heav'n, oh where
Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep?
Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,
She had not died, nor had I liv'd to weep:
Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,
To see or force th' endearing smile,
My sorrows to beguile,
When Torture's keenest rage she prov'd;
Sure they had warded that untimely dart,
Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's heart.

How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
When, feeling Death's resistless pow'r,
My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,
And thus, in falt'ring accents, spoke her fears:
"Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,
"And we must part, alas! to meet no more!
"But oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,
"If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear;
"If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,
"Proud friends have frown'd, and Fortune smil'd in vain;
"If it has been my sole endeavour still
"To act in all obsequious to thy will;
"To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,
"Then only truly blest when thou wert so;
"If I have doated with that fond excess,
"Nor Love could add, nor Fortune make it less;
"If this I've done, and more—oh then be kind
"To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.
"When time my once-lov'd memory shall efface,
"Some happier maid may take thy Emma's place,
"With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
"And hate it, for the love thou bor'st to me:
"My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears;
"But one word more—I cannot bear thy tears—
"Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow
"(Oft have I tried, and never found thee true)
"That to some distant spot thou wilt remove
"This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love,
"Where safe thy blandishments it may partake,
"And, oh! be tender, for its mother's sake.
"Wilt thou?——
"I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent,
"And, in that pleasing hope, thy Emma dies content."

I, who with more than manly strength have bore
The various ills impos'd by cruel Fate,
Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,
But sink beneath the weight:
Just Heav'n! I cried, from memory's earliest day
No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known;
Misfortune still, with unrelenting sway,
Has claim'd me for her own.
But oh! in pity to my grief, restore
This only source of bliss; I ask—I ask no more—

Vain

Vain hope — th' irrevocable doom is past,
Ev'n now she looks — she sighs her last ——
Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,
And, with rebellious heart, protest against her death.

When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,
How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow!
With impious wish to tear her from the skies,
How curse my fate in bitterness of woe!
But whither would this dreadful phrensy lead?
Fond man forbear, [creed:
Thy fruitless sorrow spare,
Dare not to ask what Heaven's high will de-
In humble rev'rence kiss th' afflictive rod,
And prostrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,
Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach;
To wean thy heart from grovelling views below,
And point out bliss beyond misfortune's reach:
To show that all the flatt'ring schemes of joy,
Which tow'ring Hope so fondly builds in air,
One fatal moment can destroy,
And plunge th' exulting maniac in despair.
Then, oh! with pious fortitude sustain
Thy present loss — haply thy future gain;
Nor let thy Emma die in vain:
Time shall administer its wonted balm, [calm.
And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing

Thus the poor bird, by some disastrous fate
Caught, and imprison'd in a lonely cage,
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
Flutters awhile, and spends its little rage:
But finding all its efforts weak and vain,
No more it pants and rages for the plain;
Moping awhile, in sullen mood
Droops the sweet mourner — but ere long
Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
And meditates the song:
Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous ease,
And with its plaintive warblings saddens all the place.

Forgiveme, Heaven, — yet, yet the tears will flow,
To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!
My budding joys, just promising to blow,
All nipp'd and wither'd by one envious blast!
My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,
Move heavily along; [song?
Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund
Time creeps, unconscious of delight:
How shall I cheat the tedious day;
And oh ——— the joyless night!
Where shall I rest my weary head?
How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed?

Come Théban drug*, the wretch's only aid,
To my torn heart its former peace restore;
Thy votary, wrapp'd in thy Lethean shade,
Awhile shall cease his sorrows to deplore:
Haply, when lock'd in sleep's embrace,
Again I shall behold my Emma's face,
Again with transport hear
Her voice soft whispering in my ear;
May steal once more a balmy kiss,
And taste at least of visionary bliss.

But, ah! th' unwelcome morn's obtruding light
Will all my shadowy schemes of bliss depose,
Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,
And wake me to the sense of all my woes:
If to the verdant fields I stray.
Alas! what pleasures now can these convey?
Her lovely form pursues where'er I go,
And darkens all the scene with woe.
By Nature's lavish bounties cheer'd no more,
Sorrowing I rove
Through valley, grot, and grove:
Nought can their beauties or my loss restore;
No herb, no plant, can med'cine my disease,
And my sad sighs are borne on ev'ry passing breeze.

Sickness and sorrow hov'ring round my bed,
Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,
With lenient hand support my drooping head,
Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?
Should worldly business call away,
Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,
Count ev'ry minute of the loit'ring day,
Impatient for my quick return?
Should ought my bosom discompose,
Who now, with sweet complacent air,
Shall smooth the rugged brow of Care,
And soften all my woes?
Too faithful Memory —— cease, oh cease —
How shall I e'er regain my peace?
(Oh, to forget her!) — but how vain each art,
Whilst ev'ry virtue lives imprinted on my heart!
And thou, my little cherub, left behind,
To bear a father's plaints, to share his woes,
When reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
And thy sweet lisping tongue shall ask the cause,
How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,
When, twining round my knees, I trace
Thy mothers smile upon thy face!
How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
Sad memory of my joys — ah, now no more!
By blessings once enjoy'd now more distress'd,
More beggar by the riches once possess'd,
My little darling! — dearer to me grown
By all the tears thou'st caus'd — oh, strange to hear!
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:
Who now shall seek, with fond delight,
Thy infant steps to guide aright?
She, who with doting eyes would gaze
On all thy little artless ways,
By all thy soft endearments blest,
And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast
Alas! is gone —— yet shalt thou prove
A father's dearest, tenderest love:
And, O sweet senseless smiler, (envied state!)
As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,

* Laudanum.

When

When years thy judgement shall mature,
And Reason shows those ills it cannot cure,
Wilt thou a father's grief t' assuage,
For virtue prove the Phœnix of the earth
(Like her, thy mother died to give thee birth)
And be the comfort of my age?

When sick and languishing I lie,
Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply?
And oft as to thy listening ear
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
Say wilt thou drop the tender tear,
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell?
Then, fondly stealing to thy father's side,
Whene'er thou seest the soft distress,
Which I would vainly seek to hide,
Say, wilt thou strive to make it less?
To sooth my sorrows all thy cares employ,
And in my cup of grief, infuse one drop of joy?

§ 103. *An Evening Address to a Nightingale.* Shaw.

Sweet bird! that, kindly perching near,
Pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear;
Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
The melancholy haunts of woe;
Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain:
For, surely, thou hast known to prove,
Like me, the pangs of hapless love;
Else why so feelingly complain, [grove?
And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the
Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,
That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung?
Or has the cruel hand of Fate
Bereft thee of thy darling young?
Alas! for both I weep:
In all the pride of youthful charms,
A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms
A lovely babe, that should have liv'd to bless,
And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,
At once the source of rapture and distress,
The flattering prop of my declining years!
In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,
By ev'ry art that science could devise;
Alas! it languish'd for a mother's aid,
And wing'd its flight to seek her in the skies.
Then, oh! our comforts be the same,
At evening's peaceful hour,
To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,
And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bow'r.
But why, alas! to thee complain,
To thee—unconscious of my pain?
Soon shalt thou cease to mourn thy lot severe,
And hail the dawning of a happier year:
The genial warmth of joy renewing spring
Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing;
Again thy little heart shall transport prove,
Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy love.
But, oh! for me in vain may seasons roll,
Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears:
Deploring still the comfort of my soul,
I count my sorrows by increasing years.

Tell me, thou Syren Hope, deceiver, say,
Where is thy promis'd period of my woes?
Full three long ling'ring years have roll'd away,
And yet I weep a stranger to repose:
O what delusion did thy tongue employ!
"That Emma's fatal pledge of love,
"Her last bequest, with all a mother's care,
"The bitterness of sorrow should remove,
"Soften the horrors of despair,
"And cheer a heart long lost to joy!"
How oft, when fondling in my arms,
Gazing enraptur'd on its angel-face,
My soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,
And burn with all a father's fond alarms!
And oh what flatt'ring scenes had fancy feign'd!
How did I rave of blessings yet in store!
Till ev'ry aching sense was sweetly pain'd,
And my full heart could bear, nor tongue could utter more.
"Just Heaven!" I cried, with recent hopes elate,
"Yet will I live—will live thro' Emma's dead:
"So long bow'd down beneath the storms of fate,
"Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head!
"My little Emma, now my all,
"Will want a father's care;
"Her looks, her wants, my rash resolves recal,
"And, for her sake, the ills of life I'll bear:
"And oft together we 'll complain,
"Complaint the only bliss my soul can know:
"From me my child shall learn the mournful strain,
"And prattle tales of woe.
"And, oh! in that auspicious hour,
"When fate resigns her persecuting pow'r,
"With duteous zeal her hand shall close,
"No more to weep, my sorrow-streaming eyes,
"When death gives misery repose,
"And opes a glorious passage to the skies."
Vain thought! it must not be—she too is dead,
The flattering scene is o'er;
My hopes for ever, ever fled;
And vengeance can no more.
Crush'd by misfortune, blasted by disease,
And none—none left to bear a friendly part!
To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,
Or sooth the anguish of an aching heart!
Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome death,
With lenient hand (oh falsely deem'd severe),
Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,
And dry up ev'ry tear.
Perhaps, obsequious to my will,
But ah! from my affections far remov'd!
The last sad office strangers my fulfil,
As if I ne'er had been belov'd;
As if unconscious of poetic fire,
I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre;
As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,
Nor my heart melted at another's grief.
Yet, while this weary life shall last,
While yet my tongue can form th' impassion'd strain,
In piteous accents shall the muse complain,
And dwell with fond delay on blessings past:
For

For oh, how grateful to a wounded heart
The tale of misery to impart!
From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
And raise esteem upon the base of woe!
Ev'n He*, the noblest of the tuneful throng,
Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
Shall catch the soft contagion of my song.
And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a tear.

§ 104. *An Ode to Narcissa.* SMOLLET.

Thy fatal shafts unerring move;
I bow before thine altar, Love!
I feel thy soft resistless flame
Glide swift thro' all my vital frame!

For while I gaze my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows;
Hope, fear, and joy, alternate roll,
And floods of transport whelm my soul!

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain
In soothing murmurs to complain;
My tongue some secret magic ties,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs!

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear;
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpitied die!

§ 105. *Elegy in Imitation of Tibullus.* SMOLLET.

Where now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy?
Monimia, give my soul her wonted rest:
Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast.

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,
With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour,
Lead beauty thro' the mazes of the ball,
Or press her wanton in love's roseate bow'r.

For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled mead,
Where shepherds pipe and virgins dance around,
Nor wander thro' the woodbine's fragrant shade,
To hear the music of the grove resound.

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,
Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew:

There, leagu'd with hopeless anguish and des-
Awhile in silence o'er my fate repine: [pair,
Then, with a long farewel to love and care,
To kindred dust my weary limbs consign.

Wilt thou, Monimia, shed a gracious tear
On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest;
Strew vernal flow'rs, applaud my love sincere,
And bid the turf lie easy on my breast?

§ 106. *The Propagation of the Gospel in Greenland.* COWPER.

And still it spreads. See Germany send forth
Her sons, to pour it on the farthest north†:
Fir'd with zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigor of a polar sky,
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains, and in eternal snows.
Oh, blest within th' inclosure of your rocks,
For herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks;
No fertilizing streams your fields divide,
That show revers'd the villas on their side;
No groves have ye; no cheerful sound of bird,
Or voice of turtle, in your land is heard;
Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
Of those that walk at ev'ning where you dwell:
But winter, arm'd with terrors here unknown,
Sits absolute on his unshaken throne;
Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
And bids the mountains he has built stand fast;
Beckons the legions of his storms away
From happier scenes, to make your land a prey;
Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,
And scorns to share it with the distant sun.
Yet truth is yours, remote, unenvied isle;
And peace, the genuine offspring of her smile:
The pride of letter'd ignorance, that binds
In chains of error our accomplish'd minds;
That decks with all the splendor of the true
A false religion — is unknown to you.
Nature indeed vouchsafes for our delight
The sweet vicissitudes of day and night;
Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer
Field, fruit, and flow'r, and ev'ry creature here,
But brighter beams than his who fires the skies
Have ris'n at length on your admiring eyes,
That shoot into your darkest caves the day
From which our nicer optics turn away.

§ 107. *On Slavery, and the Slave Trade.* COWPER.

But, ah! what wish can prosper, or what pray'r,
For merchants, rich in cargoes of despair,
Who drive a loathsome traffic, gage and span,
And buy the muscles and the bones of man?
The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
All bonds of nature in that moment end;
And each endures while yet he draws his breath,
A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death.
The sable warrior, frantic with regret
Of her he loves, and never can forget,
Loses in tears the far receding shore,
But not the thought, that they must meet no more.
Depriv'd of her and freedom at a blow,
What has he left that he can yet forego?
Yes, to deep sadness sullenly resign'd,
He feels his body's bondage in his mind;
Puts off his gen'rous nature, and to suit
His manners with his fate, puts on the brute.
Oh most degrading of all ills that wait
On man, a mourner in his best estate!
All other sorrows virtue may endure,
And find submission more than half a cure;
Grief is itself a med'cine, and bestow'd
T' improve the fortitude that bears a load;
To teach the wand'rer, as his woes increase,
The path of wisdom, all whose paths are peace.

* Lord Lyttleton.

† The Moravian missionaries in Greenland. Vide Krantz.

But

But slav'ry!—virtue dreads it as her grave;
Patience itself is meanness, in a slave:
Or if the will and sovereignty of God
Bid suffer it awhile, and kiss the rod;
Wait for the dawning of a brighter day,
And snap the chain the moment when you may.
Nature imprints upon whate'er we see,
That has a heart, and life in it, Be free!
The beasts are charter'd—neither age nor force
Can quell the love of freedom in a horse:
He breaks the cord that held him at the rack,
And, conscious of an unencumber'd back,
Snuffs up the morning air, forgets the rein,
Loose fly his forelock and his ample mane;
Responsive to the distants neigh he neighs,
Nor stops till, overleaping all delays,
He finds the pasture where his fellows graze.

§ 108. *On Liberty, and in Praise of Mr. Howard.*
COWPER.

Oh could I worship aught beneath the skies
That earth had seen, or fancy could devise,
Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,
Built by no mercenary, vulgar hand.
With fragrant turf, and flow'rs as wild and fair
As ever dress'd a bank, or scented summer air.
Duly as ever on the mountain's height
The peep of morning shed a dawning light;
Again, when evening in her sober vest
Drew the grey curtain of the fading West;
My soul should yield thee willing thanks and praise
For the chief blessings of my fairest days:
But that were sacrilege—praise is not thine,
But his who gave thee, and preserves thee mine:
Else I would say, and as I spake bid fly
A captive bird into the boundless sky,
This triple realm adores thee—thou art come
From Sparta hither, and art here at home;
We feel thy force still active, at this hour
Enjoy immunity from priestly pow'r:
While conscience, happier than in antient years,
Owns no superior but the God she fears.
Propitious Spirit! yet expunge a wrong
Thy rites have suffer'd, and our land, too long:
Teach mercy to ten thousand hearts that share
The fears and hopes of a commercial care:
Prisons expect the wicked, and were built
To bind the lawless, and to punish guilt;
But shipwreck, earthquake, battle, fire, and flood,
Are mighty mischiefs, not to be withstood:
And honest merit stands on slipp'ry ground
Where covert guile, and artifice abound:
Let just restraint, for public peace design'd,
Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind;
The foe of virtue has no claim to thee,
But let insolvent innocence go free.
Patron of else the most despis'd of men,
Accept the tribute of a stranger's pen;
Verse, like the laurel, its immortal meed,
Should be the guerdon of a noble deed:
I may alarm thee, but I fear the shame
(Charity chosen as my theme and aim)
I must incur, forgetting Howard's name.
Blest with all wealth can give thee—to resign
Joys, doubly sweet to feelings quick as thine;
To quit the bliss thy rural scenes bestow
To seek a nobler, amidst scenes of woe;
To traverse seas, range kingdoms, and bring
Not the proud monuments of Greece or Rome,
But knowledge, such as only dungeons teach,
And only sympathy like thine could reach;
That grief, sequester'd from the public stage,
Might smooth her feathers, and enjoy her cage;—
Speaks a divine ambition, and a zeal
The boldest patriot might be proud to feel.
Oh that the voice of clamor and debate,
That pleads for peace till it disturbs the state,
Were hush'd, in favor of thy gen'rous plea,
The poor thy clients, and Heaven's smile thy fee!

§ 109. *On Domestic Happiness, as the Friend of Virtue; and of the false Good-nature of the Age.*
COWPER.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has surviv'd the fall!
Tho' few now taste the unimpair'd and pure,
Or, tasting, long enjoy thee: too infirm
Or too incautious to preserve thy sweets
Unmix'd with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy chrystal cup.
Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destin'd to the skies again.
Thou art not known where Pleasure is ador'd,
That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist
And wand'ring eyes, still leaning on the arm
Of Novelty, her fickle, frail support;
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
And finding in the calm of truth-tied love
Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.
Forsaking thee, what shipwreck have we made
Of honor, dignity, and fair renown,
Till prostitution elbows us aside
In all our crowded streets, and senates seem
Convened for purposes of empire less
Than to release th' adult'ress from her bond!
Th' adult'ress! what a theme for angry verse,
What provocation to the indignant heart
That feels for injur'd love! But I disdain
The nauseous task to paint her as she is,
Cruel, abandon'd, glorying in her shame.
No. Let her pass: and, chariotted along,
In guilty splendor shake the public ways:
The frequency of crimes has wash'd them white;
And verse of mine shall never brand the wretch
Whom matrons now, of character unsmirch'd,
And chaste themselves, are not asham'd to own.
Virtues and vice had bound'ries in old time
Not to be pass'd: and she that had renounc'd
Her sex's honor, was renounc'd herself
By all that priz'd it: not for Prudery's sake,
But Dignity's resentful of the wrong.
'Twas hard, perhaps, on here and there a waif
Desirous to return, and not receiv'd;
But was an wholesome rigor in the main,
And taught th' unblemish'd to preserve with care
That purity, whose loss was loss of all.
Men too were nice in honor in those days,
And judg'd offenders well: and he that sharp'd
And pocketed a prize by fraud obtain'd,

Was

Was mark'd, and shunn'd as odious. He that sold
His country, or was slack when she requir'd
His ev'ry nerve in action and at stretch,
Paid with the blood that he had basely spar'd
The price of his default. But now—yes, now,
We are become so candid and so fair,
So liberal in construction and so rich
In Christian charity, a good-natur'd age!
That they are safe: sinners of either sex
Transgress what laws they may. Well dress'd, well bred,
Well equipag'd, is ticket good enough
To pass us readily through ev'ry door.
Hypocrisy, detest her as we may,
(And no man's hatred ever wrong'd her yet)
May claim this merit still, that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applause:
But she has burnt her masks, not needed here,
Where vice has such allowance, that her shifts
And specious semblances have lost their use.

§ 110. *On the Employments of what is called an Idle Life.* COWPER.

How various his employments whom the world
Calls idle, and who justly, in return,
Esteems the busy world an idler too!
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
Delightful industry enjoy'd at home,
And nature in her cultivated trim
Dress'd to his taste, inviting him abroad—
Can he want occupation who has these?
Will he be idle who has much t' enjoy?
Me therefore, studious of laborous ease,
Not slothful; happy to deceive the time,
Not waste it; and aware that human life
Is but a loan to be repaid with use,
When he shall call his debtors to account
From whom are all our blessings—business finds
Ev'n here. While sedulous I seek t' improve,
At least neglect not, or leave unemploy'd
The mind he gave me; driving it, though slack
Too oft, and much impeded in its work
By causes not to be divulg'd in vain,
To its just point—the service of mankind.
He that attends to his interior self,
That has a heart, and keeps it; has a mind
That hungers, and supplies it; and who seeks
A social, not a dissipated life—
Has business: feels himself engag'd t' achieve
No unimportant, though a silent task.
A life all turbulence and noise may seem,
To him that leads it, wise, and to be prais'd;
But wisdom is a pearl with most success
Sought in still water, and beneath clear skies.
He that is ever occupied in storms
Or drives not for it, or brings up instead,
Vainly, industrious, a disgraceful prize.

§ 111. *The Post comes in—the News-paper is read—the World contemplated at a distance.* COWPER.

Hark! 'tis the twanging horn! o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright,
He comes, the herald of a noisy world, [locks,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.
True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn;
And, having dropp'd th' expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold, and yet cheerful; messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, marriages, epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charg'd with am'rous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect,
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh th' important budget! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? have our troops awak'd?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmurs of th' Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plum'd
And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set th' imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utt'rance once again.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer not to inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.
Not such his ev'ning, who, with shining face,
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and squeez'd,
And bor'd with elbow-points thro' both his sides,
Outscolds the ranting actor on the stage.
Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots bursting with heroic rage,
Or placemen all tranquillity and smiles.
This, folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not ev'n critics criticise, that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break—
What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
That tempts ambition. On the summit, see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes; [heels,
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them. At his
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dext'rous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take:
The modest speaker is asham'd and griev'd

T' engross a moment's notice: and yet begs,
Begs propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise:
The dearth of information and good sense
That it foretels us, always comes to pass.
Cataracts of declamation thunder here,
The forests of no meaning spread the page
In which all comprehension wanders lost;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion—roses for the cheeks
And lillies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heaven, earth, and ocean plunder'd of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews;
Sermons, and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,
Æthereal journies, submarine exploits,
And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread.

'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world: to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd:
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjur'd ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanc'd
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That lib'rates and exempts me from them all.
It turns submitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations; I behold
The tumult, and am still; the sound of war
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And av'rice that makes man a wolf to man,
Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats
By which he speaks the language of his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
He travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flow'r to flow'r, so he from land to land;
The manners, customs, policy of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
He sucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return, a rich repast for me!
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes:
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

§ 112. *A Fragment.* Mallet.

Fair morn ascends: fresh zephyr's breath
Blows lib'ral o'er yon bloomy heath,
Where, sown profusely, herb and flow'r,
Of balmy smell, of healing pow'r,
Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe fresh life in ev'ry gale.
Here spreads a green expanse of plains,
Where, sweetly pensive, Silence reigns;
And there, at utmost stretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the sky;
While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rolls with sounding sweep.
Of human heart no traces near,
I seem alone with nature here!

Here are thy walks, O sacred Health!
The Monarch's bliss, the Beggar's wealth,
The seas'ning of all good below,
The sovereign's friend in joy or woe.
O Thou, most courted, most despis'd,
And but in absence, duly priz'd!
Pow'r of the soft and rosy face!
The vivid pulse, the vermeil grace,
The spirits, when they gayest shine,
Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine!
O sun of life whose heavenly ray
Lights up and cheers our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The storm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till nature with thy parting light,
Reposes late in Death's calm night:
Fled from the trophied roofs of state,
Abodes of splendid pain and hate;
Fled from the couch, where, in sweet sleep,
Hot Riot would his anguish steep,
But tosses through the midnight shade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid;
For ever fled to shady cell,
Where Temp'rance, where the Muses dwell,
Thou oft art seen at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn;
Or, on the brow of mountain high,
In silence feasting ear and eye
With song and prospect which abound
From birds, and woods, and waters round.

But when the sun, with noon-tide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day;
While Heat sits fervent on the plain,
While Thirst and Langour in his train
(All nature sick'ning in the blaze),
Thou in the wild and woody maze
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighb'ring steep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing Coolness has her seat.

There plung'd amid the shadows brown,
Imagination lays him down;
Attentive in his airy mood,
To ev'ry murmur of the wood:
The bee in yonder flow'ry nook;
The chidings of the headlong brook;
The green leaf quiv'ring in the gale;
The warbling hill, the lowing vale;
The distant woodman's echoing stroke;
The thunder of the falling oak.
From thought to thought in vision led,
He holds high converse with the Dead;
Sages or Poets. See, they rise!
And shadowy skim before his eyes,
Hark! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,
That soften'd savages to men:
Lo! Socrates, the Sent of Heaven,
To whom its moral will was given.

Fathers

Fathers and Friends of human kind!
They form'd the nations, or refin'd,
With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlight'ning truth, adorning art.
Thus musing in the solemn shade,
At once the sounding breeze was laid:
And nature, by the unknown law,
Shook deep with reverential awe;
Dumb silence grew upon the hour;
A brighter night involv'd the bow'r:
When issuing from the inmost wood,
Appear'd fair Freedom's Genius good.
O Freedom! sov'reign boon of Heav'n,
Great Charter with our being giv'n;
For which the patriot and the sage
Have plann'd, have bled, thro' ev'ry age!
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
Who cou'd not give, who cannot claim,
What but from God immediate came!
* * * * * * *

§ 113. *Ode to Evening.* *Dr.* Jos. Warton.

Hail, meek-ey'd maiden, clad in sober grey,
Whose soft approach the weary woodman loves;
As homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes
Jocund he whistles through the twilight groves.
When Phœbus sinks behind the gilded hills,
You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk;
The drooping daisies bathe in dulcet dews,
And nurse the nodding violet's tender stalk.
The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat
To inmost bow'rs and cooling caverns ran,
Return, to trip in wanton ev'ning dance;
Old Sylvan too returns, and laughing Pan.
To the deep wood the clamorous rocks repair,
Light skims the swallow o'er the wat'ry scene,
And from the sheep-cot, and fresh-furrow'd field,
Stout ploughmen meet, to wrestle on the green.
The swain, that artless sings on yonder rock,
His supping sheep and length'ning shadow spies,
Pleas'd with the cool, the calm, refreshing hour,
And with hoarse humming of unnumber'd flies.
Now ev'ry Passion sleeps: desponding Love,
And pining Envy, ever-restless Pride;
And holy Calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
Anger and mad Ambition's storm subdue.
O modest Evening! oft let me appear
A wandering votary in thy pensive train;
List'ning to every wildly-warbling note
That fills with farewell sweet thy dark'ning plain.

§ 114. *Isis. An Elegy. By Mr.* Mason, *of Cambridge.*

Far from her hallow'd grot, where, mildly bright,
The pointed chrystals shot their trembling light;
From dripping moss, where sparkling dew-drops fell,
Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed shell,
Pale Isis lay; a willow's lowly shade
Spread its thin foliage o'er the sleeping maid;
Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breast
In careless folds loose flow'd her zoneless vest;
While down her neck her vagrant tresses flow,
In all the awful negligence of woe;
Her urn sustain'd her arm, that sculptur'd vase
Where Vulcan's art had lavish'd all his grace.
Here, full with life, was heaven-taught Science seen,
Known by the laurel wreath and musing mien;
There cloud-crown'd Fame, here Peace, sedate and bland,
Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive wand;
While solemn domes, arch'd shades, and vistas green,
At well-mark'd distance close the sacred scene.
On this the goddess cast an anxious look,
Then dropp'd a tender tear, and thus she spoke:
Yes, I could once with pleas'd attention trace
The mimic charms of this prophetic vase;
Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes
View on yon plain the real glories rise.
Yes, Isis! oft hast thou rejoic'd to lead
Thy liquid treasures o'er yon fav'rite mead:
Oft hast thou stopp'd thy pearly car to gaze,
While ev'ry Science nurs'd its growing bays;
While ev'ry Youth, with fame's strong impulse
Press'd to the goal, and at the goal untir'd, [fir'd,
Snatch'd each celestial wreath to bind his brow
The Muses, Graces, Virtues, could bestow.
E'en now fond Fancy leads th' ideal train,
And ranks her troops on Memory's ample plain;
See! the firm leaders of my patriot line,
See! Sidney, Raleigh, Hampden, Somers, shine.
See Hough, superior to a tyrant's doom,
Smile at the menace of the slave of Rome:
Each soul whom truth could fire, and virtue move,
Each breast strong panting with its country's love,
All that to Albion gave their heart or head,
That wisely counsell'd, or that bravely bled,
All, all appear; on me they grateful smile,
The well-earn'd prize of every virtuous toil
To me with filial reverence they bring,
And hang fresh trophies o'er my honor'd spring.
Ah! I remember well yon beechen spray,
There Addison first tun'd his polish'd lay;
'Twas there great Cato's form first met his eye,
In all the pomp of free-born majesty; [awe,
"My son," he cried, "observe this mien with
"In solemn lines the strong resemblance draw;
"The piercing notes shall strike each British ear,
"Each British eye shall drop the patriot tear!
"And, rous'd to glory by the nervous strain,
"Each youth shall spurn at slavery's abject reign,
"Shall guard with Cato's zeal Britannia's laws,
"And speak, and act, and bleed, in freedom's cause."
The Hero spoke; the bard assenting bow'd;
The lay to Liberty and Cato flow'd;
While Echo, as she rov'd the vale along,
Join'd the strong cadence of his Roman song.
But, ah! how Stillness slept upon the ground,
How mute attention check'd each rising sound,

Scarce stole a breeze to wave the leafy spray,
Scarce trill'd sweet Philomel her softest lay,
When Locke walk'd musing forth! e'en now I view
Majestic Wisdom thron'd upon his brow; [view
View Candor smile upon his modest cheek,
And from his eye all Judgement's radiance break.
'Twas here the sage his manly zeal express'd,
Here stripp'd vain Falsehood of her gaudy vest;
Here Truth's collected beams first fill'd his mind,
Ere long to burst in blessings on mankind;
Ere long to show to reason's purged eye,
That "Nature's first best gift was Liberty."
Proud of this won'drous son, sublime I stood,
(While louder surges swell'd my rapid flood);
Then, vain as Niobe, exulting cried,
Ilissus! roll thy fam'd Athenian tide;
Tho' Plato's steps oft mark'd thy neighb'ring
Tho' fair Lycæum lent its awful shade, [glade,
Tho' ev'ry Academic green impress'd
Its image full on thy reflecting breast,
Yet my pure stream shall boast as proud a name,
And Britain's Isis flow with Attic fame.
Alas! how chang'd! where now that Attic boast?
See! Gothic Licence rage o'er all my coast;
See! Hydra Faction spreads its impious reign,
Poison each breast, and madden ev'ry brain:
Hence frontless crowds that, not content to fright
The blushing Cynthia from her throne of night,
Blast the fair face of day; and, madly bold,
To Freedom's foes infernal orgies hold;
To Freedom's foes, ah! see the goblet crown'd,
Hear plausive shouts to Freedom's foes resound;
The horrid notes my refluent waters daunt,
The Echoes groan, the Dryads quit their haunt;
Learning, that once to all diffus'd her beam,
Now sheds, by stealth, a partial private gleam
In some lone cloister's melancholy shade,
Where a firm few support her sickly head,
Despis'd, insulted, by the barb'rous train,
Who scour, like Thracia's moon-struck rout, the plain,
Sworn foes, like them, to all the Muse approves,
All Phœbus favors, or Minerva loves.
Are these the sons my fost'ring breast mustrear,
Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my care?
Must these go forth from my maternal hand
To deal their insults thro' a peaceful land:
And boast, while Freedom bleeds, and Virtue groans,
That "Isis taught Rebellion to her Sons?
Forbid it, Heaven! and let my rising waves
Indignant swell, and whelm the recreant slaves!
In England's cause their patriot floods employ,
As Xanthus delug'd in the cause of Troy.
Is this denied; then point some secret way
Where far, far hence these guiltless streams may stray; [spreads
Some unknown channel lend, where Nature
Inglorious vales, and unfrequented meads:
There, where a hind scarces tunes his rustic strain,
Where scarce a pilgrim treads the pathless plain,
Content I'll flow; forget that e'er my tide
Saw yon majestic structures crown its side;
Forget that e'er my wrapt attention hung
Or on the Sage's or the Poet's tongue;
Calm and resign'd my humbler lot embrace,
And, pleas'd, prefer oblivion to disgrace.

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§ 115. *Epistolary Verses to George Colman, Esq written in the Year* 1756.
By Mr. Robert Lloyd.

You know, dear George, I'm none of those
That condescend to write in prose:
Inspir'd with pathos and sublime,
I always soar—in doggrel rhyme;
And scarce can ask you how you do,
Without a jingling line or two.
Besides, I always took delight in
What bears the name of easy writing;
Perhaps the reason makes it please
Is, that I find 'tis writ with ease.
I vent a notion here in private,
Which public taste can ne'er connive at,
Which thinks no wit or judgement greater
Than Addison, and his Spectator;
Who says (it is no matter where,
But that he says it I can swear)
With easy verse most bards are smitten,
Because they think it 's easy written;
Whereas, the easier it appears,
The greater marks of care it wears;
Of which to give an explanation,
Take this, by way of illustration:
The fam'd Mat. Prior, it is said,
Oft bit his nails, and scratch'd his head,
And chang'd a thought a hundred times,
Because he did not like the rhymes:
To make my meaning clear, and please ye,
In short, he labor'd to write easy.
And yet no Critic e'er defines
His poem's into labor'd lines.
I have a simile will hit him;
His verse, like clothes, was made to fit him;
Which (as no taylor e'er denied)
The better fit the more they 're tried.
Though I have mentioned Prior's name,
Think not I aim at Prior's fame.
'Tis the result of admiration
To spend itself in imitation;
If imitation may be said,
Which is in me by nature bred,
And you have better proofs than these
That I 'm idolater of Ease.
Who, but a madman would engage
A Poet in the present age?
Write what we will, our works bespeak us
Imitatores, servum Pecus.
Tale, Elegy, or lofty Ode,
We travel in the beaten road:
The proverb still sticks closely by us,
Nil dictum, quod non dictum prius.
The only comfort that I know
Is, that 'twas said an age ago,
Ere Milton soar'd in thought sublime,
Ere Pope refin'd the chink of rhyme,

Ere

Ere Colman wrote in style so pure,
Or the great Town the Connoisseur;
Ere I burlesqu'd the rural cit,
Proud to hedge in my scraps of wit,
And, happy in the close connexion,
T' acquire some name from their reflection:
So (the similitude is trite)
The moon still shines with borrow'd light;
And, like the race of modern beaux,
Ticks with the sun for her lac'd clothes.
Methinks there is no better time
To show the use I make of rhyme,
Than now, when I, who from beginning
Was always fond of couplet-sinning,
Presuming on good-nature's score,
Thus lay my bantling at your door.
The first advantage which I see
Is, that I ramble loose and free:
The bard indeed full oft complains
That rhymes are fetters, links, and chains;
And, when he wants to leap the fence,
Still keeps him pris'ner to the sense.
Howe'er in common-place he rage,
Rhyme 's like your fetters on the stage,
Which, when the player once hath wore,
It makes him only strut the more,
While, raving in pathetic strains,
He shakes his legs to clank his chains.
From rhyme, as from a handsome face,
Nonsense acquires a kind of grace;
I therefore give it all its scope,
That sense may, unperceiv'd, elope.
So M——rs of basest tricks
(I love a fling at politics)
Amuse the nation, court, and king,
With breaking F—kes, and hanging Byng;
And make each puny rogue a prey,
While they, the greater, slink away.
This simile, perhaps, would strike,
If match'd with something more alike;
Then take it dress'd a second time
In Prior's Ease, and *my* Sublime.
Say, did you never chance to meet
A mob of people in the street,
Ready to give the robb'd relief,
And in all haste to catch a thief;
While the sly rogue who filch'd the prey,
Too close beset to run away,
Stop thief! stop thief! exclaims aloud,
And so escapes among the crowd?
So Ministers, &c.
O England, how I mourn thy fate!
For sure thy losses now are great;
Two such what Briton can endure?
Minorca, and the Connoisseur!
To-day*, or e'er the sun goes down,
Will die the *Censor*, Mr. Town!
He dies, whoe'er takes pains to con him,
With "blushing honors thick upon him:"
O may his name these verses save,
Be these inscrib'd upon his grave:
"Know, Reader, that on Thursday died
"The Connoisseur, a Suicide!
"Yet think not that his soul is fled,
"Nor rank him 'mongst the vulgar dead,
"Howe'er defunct you set him down,
"He 's only going out of *Town*."

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§ 116. *Ode to Arthur Onslow, Esq* †.

This goodly frame what virtue so approves,
And testifies the pure ethereal spirit,
As mild Benevolence!
She, with her sister Mercy, still awaits
Beside th' eternal throne of Jove,
And measures forth with unwithdrawing hand
The blessings of the various year,
Sunshine or show'r, and chides the madding tempest. [rity,
With her the heaven-bred nymph, meek Cha-
Shall fashion Onslow forth in fairest portrait;
And with recording care
Weave the fresh wreath that flow'ring virtue claims.
But, oh, what Muse shall join the band?
He long has sojourn'd in the sacred haunts,
And knows each whisp'ring grot and glade
Trod by Apollo and the light-foot Graces,
How then shall awkward gratitude,
And the presumption of untutor'd duty,
Attune my numbers, all too rude?
Little he recks the meed of such a song;
Yet will I stretch aloof,
And when I tell of Courtesy,
Of well-attemper'd Zeal,
Of awful Prudence soothing fell Contention,
Where shall the lineaments agree
But in thee, Onslow? You your wonted leave
Indulge me, nor misdeem a soldier's bold emprize,
Who, in the dissonance of barb'rous war
Long train'd, revisits oft the sacred treasures
Of antique memory!
Or where sage Pindar reins his fiery car
Through the vast vault of Heaven secure,
Or what th' Attic Muse that Homer fill'd,
Her other son, thy Milton taught,
Or range the flow'ry fields of gentle Spenser,
And, ever as I go, allurements vain
Cherish a feeble fire, and feed my idle
Fancy: oh could I once
Charm to their melody my shrilling reeds!
To Henries and to Edwards old,
Dread names! I 'd meditate the faithful song;
Or tell what time Britannia,

* September 30th, 1756, when Mr. Town, author of a periodical Essay (since published in four volumes, printed for R. Baldwin, London), took leave of his readers, with an humorous account of himself.

† This elegant Poem was written by a Gentleman well known in the learned world, as a token of gratitude for favors conferred on his father during the last war, whose character he has therein assumed.

Whilom the fairest daughter of old Ocean,
In loathly disarray, dull eyes,
And faded cheek, wept o'er her abject sons:
Till William, great deliverer!
Led on the comely train, gay Liberty,
Religion, matron staid,
With all her kindred goddesses;
Justice, with steady brow,
Trim Plenty, laureat Peace, and green-hair'd Commerce,
In flowing vest of thousand hues.
Fain would I shadow out old Bourbon's pile
Tott'ring with doubtful weight, and threat'ning cumb'rous fall;
Or trace our navy, where in tow'ring pride
O'er the wide swelling waste it rolls avengeful.
As when collected clouds
Forth from the gloomy south, in deep array,
Athwart the dark'ning landscape throng,
Fraught with loud storms, and thunder's dreadful peal,
At which the murd'rer stands aghast,
And wasting Riot ill dissembles terror.
How headlong Rhone and Ebro, erst distain'd
With Moorish carnage, quakes thro' all her branches!
Soon shall I greet the morn, [name,
When, Europe sav'd, Britain and George's
Shall sound o'er Flandria's level field,
Familiar in domestic merriment;
Or by the jolly mariner
Be carol'd loud adown the echoing Danube.
The just memorial of fair deeds
Still flourishes, and, like th' untainted soul,
Blossoms in freshest age above
The weary flesh, and envy's rankling wound.
Such, after years mature,
In full account shall be thy meed.
Oh may your rising hope
Well principled in ev'ry virtue bloom!
Till a fresh-springing flock implore
With infant hands a grandsire's pow'rful pray'r,
Or round your honor'd couch their prattling sports pursue.

§ 117. *Ode to Melancholy.* Ogilvie.

Hail, queen of thought sublime! propitious pow'r, [roam,
Who o'er the unbounded waste art joy'd to
Led by the moon, when, at the midnight hour,
Her pale rays tremble thro' the dusky gloom.
O hear me, Goddess, to thy peaceful seat!
Whether to Hecla's cloud-wrapt brow convey'd,
Orlodg'd where mountains screen thy deep retreat,
Or wand'ring wild thro' Chili's boundless shade.
Say, rove thy steps o'er Libya's naked waste?
Or seek some distant solitary shore?
Or, on the Ande's topmost mountain plac'd,
Dost sit, and hear the solemn thunder roar?
Fix'd on some hanging rock's projected brow,
Hear'st thou low murmurs from the distant dome?
Or stray thy feet where pale, dejected Woe
Pours her long wail from some lamented tomb?
Hark! yon deep echo strikes the trembling ear!
See night's dun curtain wraps the darksome pole!
O'er heaven's blue arch yon rolling worlds appear,
And rouse to solemn thought, th' aspiring soul.
O lead my steps beneath the moon's dim ray,
Where Tadmor stands all desert and alone!
While from her time-shook tow'rs the bird of prey [moan.
Sounds thro' the night her long-resounding
Or bear me far to yon dark, dismal plain,
Where fell-eyed tigers, all athirst for blood,
Howl to the desert: while the horrid train
Roams o'er the wild where once great Babel stood;
That queen of nations! whose superior call
Rous'd the broad East, and bid her arms destroy!
When warm'd to mirth, let judgement mark her
And deep reflection dash the lip of joy. [fall,
Short is Ambition's gay deceitful dream,
Through wreaths of blooming laurel bind her brow:
Calm thought dispels the visionary scheme,
And Time's cold breath dissolves the with'ring bough.
Slow as some miner saps th' aspiring tow'r,
When working secret with destructive aim,
Unseen, unheard, thus moves the stealing hour,
But works the fall of empire, pomp, and name.
Then let thy pencil mark the traits of man;
Full in the draught be keen-eyed Hope portray'd:
Let flutt'ring Cupids crowd the growing plan:
Then give one touch, and dash it deep with shade.
Beneath the plume that flames with glancing rays
Be Care's deep engines on the soul impress'd;
Beneath the hemlet's keen refulgent blaze
Let Grief sit pining in the canker'd breast.
Let Love's gay sons, a smiling train, appear,
With beauty pierc'd—yet heedless of the dart;
While, closely-couch'd, pale, sick'ning Envy near
Whets her fell sting, and points it at the heart.
Perch'd, like a raven, on some blasted yew,
Let Guilt revolve the thought-distracting sin;
Scar'd — while her eyes survey th' ethereal blue,
Lest heaven's strong lightning burst the dark within.
Then paint, impending o'er the maddening deep
That rock, where heart-struck Sappho, vainly brave,
Stood firm of soul—then from the dizzy steep
Impetuous sprung, and dash'd the boiling wave.
Here, wrapt in studious thought, let Fancy rove,
Still prompt to mark Suspicion's secret snare;
To see where Anguish nips the bloom of Love,
Or trace more Grandeur to the domes of Care.
Should e'er Ambition's tow'ring hopes inflame,
Let judging reason draw the veil aside;
Or, fir'd with envy at some mighty name,
Read o'er the monument that tells — He d ed.

What

What are the ensigns of imperial sway?
What all that Fortune's lib'ral hand has brought?
Teach they the voice to pour a sweeter lay?
Or rouse the soul to more exalted thought?
When bleeds the heart as Genius blooms unknown?
When melts the eye o'er Virtue's mournful bier?
Not wealth, but pity, swells the bursting groan?
Not pow'r, but whisp'ring Nature, prompts the tear.
Say, gentle mourner, in yon mouldy vault,
Where the worm fattens on some scepter'd brow,
Beneath that roof with sculptur'd marble fraught,
Why sleeps unmov'd the breathless dust below?
Sleeps it more sweetly than the simple swain
Beneath some mossy turf that rests his head;
Where the lone widow tells the night her pain,
And eve with dewy tears embalms the dead?
The lily, screen'd from ev'ry ruder gale,
Courts not the cultur'd spot where roses spring;
But blows neglected in the peaceful vale,
And scents the zephyr's balmy breathing wing.
The busts of grandeur, and the pomp of pow'r,
Can these bid Sorrow's gushing tears subside?
Can these avail in that tremendous hour, [tide?
When Death's cold hand congeals the purple
Ah no! the mighty names are heard no more:
Pride's thought sublime, and Beauty's kindling bloom,
Serve but to sport one flying moment o'er,
And swell with pompous verse th' escutcheon'd tomb.
For me — may Passion ne'er my soul invade,
Nor be the whims of tow'ring Phrenzy giv'n;
Let Wealth ne'er court me from the peaceful shade [ven!
Where Contemplation wings the soul to Hea-
Oh guard me safe from Joy's enticing snare!
With each extreme that Pleasure tries to hide,
The poison'd breath of slow-consuming Care,
The noise of Folly, and the dreams of Pride.
But oft, when midnight's sadly solemn knell
Sounds long and distant from the sky-topt tow'r,
Calm let me sit in Prosper's lonely cell*,
Or walk with Milton thro' the dark obscure.
Thus, when the transient dream of life is fled,
May some sad friend recal the former years;
Then, stretch'd in silence o'er my dusty bed,
Pour the warm gush of sympathetic tears.

§ 118. *Ode to the Genius of Shakspeare.*

OGILVIE.

I. 1.

RAPT from the glance of mortal eye,
Say, bursts thy Genius to the world of light?
Seeks it yon star-bespangled sky?
Or skims its fields with rapid flight?
Or, mid yon plains where Fancy strays,
Courts it the balmy breathing gale?
Or where the violet pale
Droops o'er the green-embroider'd stream;
Or where young Zephyr stirs the rustling sprays,
Lies all dissolv'd in fairy dream.
O'er yon bleak desert's unfrequented round
Seest thou where Nature treads the deep'ning gloom,
Sits on yon hoary tow'r with ivy crown'd,
Or wildly wails o'er thy lamented tomb?
Hear'st thou the solemn music wind along? [song?
Or thrills the warbling note in thy mellifluous

I. 2.

Oft, while on earth, 'twas thine to rove
Where'er the wild-ey'd goddess lov'd to roam,
To trace serene the gloomy grove,
Or haunt meek Quiet's simple dome;
Still hovering round the Nine appear,
That pour the soul transporting strain;
Join'd to the Loves' gay train,
The loose rob'd Graces, crown'd with flow'rs,
The light wing'd gales that lead the vernal year,
And wake the rosy-featur'd hours.
O'er all bright Fancy's beamy radiance shone,
How flam'd thy bosom as her charms reveal!
Her fire-clad eye sublime, her starry zone,
Her traces loose, that wanton'd on the gale:
On thee the goddess fix'd her ardent look,
Then from her glowing lips these melting accents broke:

I. 3

"To thee my favorite son, belong
"The lays that steal the list'ning hour;
"To pour the rapture-darting song,
"To paint gay Hope's Elysian bower.
"From Nature's hand to snatch the dart,
"To cleave with pangs the bleeding heart;
"Or lightly sweep the trembling string,
"And call the Loves with purple wing
"From the blue deep, where they dwell
"With Naiads in the pearly cell.
"Soft on the sea-born goddess gaze †;
"Or in the loose robes' floating maze,
"Dissolv'd in downy slumbers rest;
"Or flutter o'er her panting breast.
"Or wild to melt the yielding soul,
"Let Sorrow, clad in sable stole,
"Slow to thy musing thought appear;
"Or pensive Pity, pale;
"Or Love's desponding tale [tear."
"Call from th' intender'd heart the sympathetic

II. 1.

Say, whence the magic of thy mind?
Why thrills thy music on the springs of thought?
Why, at thy pencil's touch refin'd,
Starts into life the glowing draught?
On yonder fairy carpet laid,
Where beauty pours eternal bloom,
And zephyr breathes perfume;
There nightly to the tranced eye
Profuse the radiant goddess stood display'd,
With all her smiling offspring nigh.

* See Shakspeare's Tempest.

† Venus.

Sudden the mantling cliff, the arching wood,
The broider'd mead, the landscape and the grove,
Hills, vales, and sky-dipt seas, and torrents rude,
Grots, rills, and shades, and bow'rs, that breath'd of love,
All burst to sight! while glancing on the view,
Titania's sporting train brush'd lightly o'er the [dew.

II. 2.

The pale ey'd Genius of the shade
Led thy bold step to Prosper's magic bow'r;
Whose voice the howling winds obey'd,
Whose dark spell chain'd the rapid hour:
Then rose serene the sea-girt isle;
Gay scenes, by Fancy's touch refin'd,
Glow'd to the musing mind:
Such visions bless the hermit's dream,
When hovering angels prompt his placid smile,
Or paint some high ecstatic theme.
Then flam'd Miranda on th' enraptur'd gaze,
Then sail'd bright Ariel on the hat's fleet wing:
Or starts the list'ning throng in still amaze,
The wild note trembling on the aërial string!
The form, in heaven's resplendent vesture gay,
Floats on the mantling cloud, and pours the melting lay *.

II. 3.

Oh lay me near yon limpid stream,
Whose murmur soothes the ear of woe!
There in some sweet poetic dream
Let Fancy's bright Elysium glow!
'Tis done — o'er all the blushing mead
The dark wood shakes his cloudy head:
Below, the lily-fringed dale
Breathes its mild fragrance on the gale;
While, in pastime all unseen,
Titania, rob'd in mantle green,
Sports on the mossy bank: her train
Skims light along the gleaming plain:
Or to the flutt'ring breeze unfold
The blue wing streak'd with beamy gold;
Its pinions op'ning to the light! —
Say, bursts the vision on my sight?
Ah, no! by Shakspeare's pencil drawn,
The beauteous shapes appear;
While meek-eyed Cynthia near [lawn†.
Illumes with streamy ray the silver mantled

III. 1.

But hark! the tempest howls afar, [waste!
Bursts the loud whirlwind o'er the pathless
What cherub blows the trump of war?
What demon rides the stormy blast?
Red from the lightning's livid blaze,
The bleak heath rushes on the sight;
Then, wrapt in sudden night
Dissolves. — But, ah! what kingly form
Roams the lone desert's desolated maze ‡
Unaw'd, nor heeds the sweeping storm?
Ye pale-ey'd lightnings, spare the cheek of age!
Vain wish! tho' anguish heaves the hurstinggroan,
Deaf as the flint, the marble ear of rage
Hears not the mourner's unavailing moan:
Heart-piere'd he bleeds; and, stung with wild despair, [hair.
Bares his time-blasted head, and tears his silver

III. 2.

Lo! on yon long-resounding shore,
Where the rock totters o'er the headlong deep;
What phantoms bath'd in infant gore
Stand mutt'ring on the dizzy steep!
Their murmur shakes the zephyr's wing!
The storm obeys their powerful spell;
See from this gloomy cell
Fierce Winter starts! his scowling eye
Blots the fair mantle of the breathing Spring,
And lowers along the ruffled sky,
To the deep vault the yelling harpies run §;
Its yawning mouth receives th' infernal crew,
Dim thro' the black gloom winks the glimmering sun,
And the pale furnace gleams with brimstone blue.
Hell howls; and fiends, that join the dire acclaim,
Dance on the bubbling tide, and point the livid flame.

III. 3.

But, ah! on Sorrow's cypress bough
Can beauty breathe her genial bloom?
On Death's cold cheek will passion glow?
Or Music warble from the tomb?
There sleeps the Bard, whose tuneful tongue
Pour'd the full stream of mazy song.
Young Spring, with lip of ruby, here
Show'rs from her lap the blushing year;
While, along the turf reclin'd,
The loose wing swimming on the wind,
The Loves, with forward gesture bold,
Sprinkle the sod with spangling gold:
And oft the blue-eyed Graces trim
Dance lightly round on downy limb,
Oft too, when eve, demure and still,
Chequers the green dale's purling rill,
Sweet Fancy pours the plaintive strain;
Or, wrapt in soothing dream,
By Avon's ruffled stream, [the plain.
Hears the low-murmuring gale that dies along

§ 119. *Ode to Time; occasioned by seeing the Ruins of an old Castle.* Ogilvie.

I. 1.

O thou, who mid the world-involving gloom,
Sitt'st on yon solitary spire!
Or slowly shak'st the sounding dome,
Or hear'st the wildly-warbling lyre;
Say, when thy musing soul
Bids distant times unrol,
And marks the flight of each revolving year,
Of years whose slow-consuming pow'r
Has clad with moss yon leaning tow'r
That saw the race of Glory run,
That mark'd Ambition's setting sun,
That shook old Empire's tow'ring pride,
That swept them down the floating tide—

* Ariel: see the Tempest. † See the Midsummer Night's Dream. ‡ Lear.
§ The Witches in Macbeth.

Say;

Say, when these long-unfolding scenes appear,
Streams down thy hoary cheek the pity-darting tear?

I. 2.

Cast o'er yon trackless waste thy wand'ring eye:
Yon hill, whose gold-illumin'd brow,
Just trembling thro' the bending sky,
O'erlooks the boundless wild below,
Once bore the branching wood
That o'er you murmuring flood
Hung wildly waving to the rustling gale;
The naked heath with moss o'ergrown,
That hears the lone owl's nightly moan,
Once bloom'd with summer's copious store,
Once rais'd the lawn-bespangled flow'r;
Or heard some lover's plaintive lay,
When, by pale Cynthia's silver ray,
All wild he wander'd o'er the lonely dale, [tale.
And taught the list'ning moon the melancholy

I. 3.

Ye wilds where heaven-rapt Fancy roves!
Ye sky crown'd hills, and solemn groves!
Ye low-brow'd vaults, ye gloomy cells!
Ye caves where night-bred Silence dwells!
Ghosts that in yon lonely hall
Lightly glance along the wall;
Or beneath yon ivy'd tow'r,
At the silent midnight hour,
Stand array'd in spotless white,
And stain the dusky robe of Night;
Or with slow solemn pauses roam
O'er the long-sounding hollow dome!
Say, mid yon desert solitary round,
When darkness wraps the boundless spheres,
Does ne'er some dismal, dying sound
On Night's dull serious ear rebound; [years?
That mourns the ceaseless lapse of life-consuming

II. 1.

O call th' inspiring glorious hour to view,
When Caledonia's martial train
From yon steep rock's high-arching brow
Pour'd on the heart-struck flying Dane!
When War's blood-tinctur'd spear
Hung o'er the trembling rear; [flight:
When light-heel'd Terror wing'd their headlong
Yon tow'rs then rung with wild alarms!
Yon desert gleam'd with shining arms!
While on the bleak hill's bright'ning spire
Bold Victory flam'd, with eyes of fire;
Her limbs celestial robes enfold,
Her wings were ting'd with spangling gold,
She spoke: her words infus'd resistless might,
And warm'd the bounding heart, and rous'd the soul of fight.

II. 2.

But, ah! what hand the smiling prospect brings:
What voice recals th' expiring day?
See, darting swift on eagle-wings,
The glancing moment bursts away!
So from some mountain's head,
In mantling gold array'd,
While bright-eyed Fancy stands in sweet surprise:
The vale where musing Quiet treads,
The flow'r-clad lawns, and bloomy meads,
Or streams where Zephyr loves to stray
Beneath the pale eve's twinkling ray;
Or waving woods detain the sight —
When from the gloomy cave of night
Some cloud sweeps shadowy o'er the dusky skies,
And wraps the flying scene, that fades, and swims, and dies.

II. 3.

Lo! rising from yon dreary tomb,
What spectres stalk across the gloom!
With haggard eyes, and visage pale,
And voice that moans with feeble wail!
O'er yon long resounding plain
Slowly moves the solemn train;
Wailing wild with shrieks of woe
O'er the bones that rest below!
While the dull night's startled ear
Shrinks aghast with thrilling fear!
Or stand with thin robes wasting soon,
And eyes that blast the sick'ning moon!
Yet these, ere Time had roll'd their years away,
Ere Death's fell arm had mark'd its aim,
Rul'd yon proud tow'rs with ample sway,
Beheld the trembling swains obey,
And wrought the glorious deed that swell'd the trump of Fame.

III. 1.

But why o'er these indulge the bursting sigh?
Feels not each shrub the tempest's pow'r?
Rocks not the dome when whirlwinds fly?
Nor shakes the hill when thunders roar?
Lo! mould'ring, wild, unknown,
What fanes, what tow'rs o'erthrown,
What tumbling chaos marks the waste of Time!
I see Palmyra's temples fall;
Old Ruin shakes the hanging wall!
Yon waste where roaming lions howl,
Yon aisle where moans the grey-eyed owl,
Shows the Proud Persian's great abode *;
Where sceptred once, an earthly god! [clime,
His pow'r-clad arm control'd each happier
Where sports the warbling Muse, and Fancy soars sublime.

III. 2.

Hark! what dire sound rolls murm'ring on the gale?
Ah! what soul-thirsting scene appears? [brow!
I see the column'd arches fail!
And structures hoar, the boast of years!
What mould'ring piles, decay'd,
Gleam through the moon-streak'd shade,
Where Rome's proud genius rear'd her awful
Sad monument! — Ambition near
Rolls on the dust, and pours a tear;
Pale Honor drops the flutt'ring plume,
And Conquest weeps o'er Cæsar's tomb;
Slow Patience sits, with eye deprest,
And Courage beats his sobbing breast; [flows,
Ev'n War's red cheek the gushing streams o'er-
And Fancy's list'ning ear attends the plaint of Woe.

* Persepolis.

III. 3.

Lo, on yon pyramid sublime,
Whence lies Old Egypt's desert clime,
Bleak, naked, wild! where ruin low'rs,
'Mid fanes, and wrecks, and tumbling tow'rs,
On the steep height, waste and bare,
Stands the Pow'r with hoary hair!
O'er his scythe he bends; his hand
Slowly shakes the flowing sand,
While the hours, and airy ring
Lightly flit, with downy wing,
And sap the works of man; and shade
With silver locks his furrow'd head;
Thence rolls the mighty pow'r his broad survey,
And seals the nations' awful doom:
He sees proud grandeur's meteor ray;
He yields to joy the festive day;
Then sweeps the length'ning shade, and marks
them for the tomb.

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§ 120. *Ode to Evening.* Ogilvie.

Meek Pow'r, whose balmy-pinion'd gale
Steels o'er the flow'r-enamell'd dale!
Whose voice in gentle whispers near
Oft sighs to Quiet's list'ning ear;
As, on her downy couch, at rest,
By Thought's inspiring visions blest
She sits, with white-rob'd Silence nigh,
And musing heaves her serious eye,
To mark the slow sun's glimm'ring ray,
To catch the last pale gleam of day;
Or, sunk in sweet repose, unknown
Lies on the wild hill's van alone:
And sees thy gradual pencil flow
Along the heaven-illumin'd bow.
Come, Nymph demure, with mantle blue,
Thy traces bath'd in balmy dew,
With step smooth sliding o'er the green,
The graces breathing in thy mien;
And thy vesture's gather'd fold
Girt with a zone of circling gold;
And bring the harp, whose solemn string
Dies to the wild wind's murm'ring wing;
And the Nymph, whose eye serene
Marks the calm-breathing woodland scene:
Thought, mountain sage! who loves to climb,
And haunts the dark rock's summit dim;
Let Fancy, falcon-wing'd, be near:
And through the cloud-envelop'd sphere,
Where musing roams Retirement hoar,
Lull'd by the torrent's distant roar,
Oh bid with trembling light to glow
The raven-plume that crowns his brow.
Lo, where thy meek-ey'd train attend!
Queen of the solemn thought, descend!
Oh hide me in romantic bow'rs!
Or lead my step to ruin'd tow'rs!
Where gleaming through the chinky door
The pale ray gilds the moulder'd floor:
While beneath the hallow'd pile,
Deep in the desert shricking aisle,
Rapt Contemplation stalks along,
And hears the slow clock's pealing tongue;
Or, 'mid the dun discolor'd gloom,
Sits on the hero's peaceful tomb,
Throws life's gay glitt'ring robe aside,
And tramples on the neck of Pride.
Oft, shelter'd by the rambling sprays,
Lead o'er the forest's winding maze;
Where, thro' the mantling boughs, afar
Glimmers the silver-streaming star;
And, shower'd from ev'ry rustling blade,
The loose light floats along the shade:
So hov'ring o'er the human scene
Gay Pleasure sports with brow serene:
By Fancy beam'd, the glancing ray
Shoots, flutters, gleams, and fleets away:
Unsettled, dubious, restless, blind,
Floats all the busy bustling mind;
While Mem'ry's unstain'd leaves retain
No trace from all th' ideal train.
But see, the landscape op'ning fair
Invites to breathe the purer air!
Oh when the cowslip-scented gale
Shakes the light dew-drop o'er the dale,
When on her amber-dropping bed
Loose Ease reclines her downy head;
How blest! by fairy-haunted stream
To melt in mild ecstatic dream!
Die to the pictur'd wish, or hear
(Breath'd soft on Fancy's trembling ear)
Such lays by angel-harps refin'd,
As half unchain'd the flutt'ring mind,
When on life's edge it eyes the shore,
And all its pinions stretch to soar.
Lo, where the sun's broad orb withdrawn
Skirts with pale gold the dusky lawn;
While, led by ev'ry gentler pow'r,
Steals the slow, solemn, musing hour.
Now from the green hill's purple brow
Let me mark the scene below;
Where, feebly glancing thro' the gloom,
Yon myrtle shades the silent tomb:
Not far, beneath the evening beam
The dark lake rolls his azure stream,
Whose breast the swan's white plumes divide,
Slow-sailing o'er the floating tide.
Groves, meads, and spires, and forests bare,
Shoot glimm'ring thro' the misty air;
Dim as the vision-pictur'd bow'r
That gilds the saint's expiring hour,
When, rapt to ecstasy, his eye
Looks through the blue ethereal sky:
All heaven unfolding to his sight!
Gay forms that swim in floods of light!
The sun-pav'd floor, the balmy clime,
The ruby-beaming dome sublime;
The tow'rs in glitt'ring pomp display'd —
The bright scene hovers o'er his bed:
He starts — but from his eager gaze
Black clouds obscure the lessening rays;
On mem'ry still the scene is wrought,
And lives in Fancy's featur'd thought.
On the airy mount reclin'd
What wishes sooth the musing mind!

How soft the velvet lap of Spring
How sweet the Zephyr's violet wing!
Goddess of the plaintive song,
That leads the melting heart along!
Oh bid the voice of genial pow'r
Reach Contemplation's lonely bow'r;
And call the sage with tranced sight
To climb the mountain's steepy height;
To wing the kindling wish, or spread
O'er Thought's pale cheek enliv'ning red;
Come, hoary Pow'r, with serious eye,
Whose thought explores yon distant sky;
Now, when the busy world is still,
Nor passion tempts the wav'ring will,
When sweeter hopes each pow'r control,
And quiet whispers to the soul,
Now sweep from life, th' illusive train
That dance in Folly's dizzy brain:
Be Reason's simple draught portray'd,
Where blends alternate light and shade;
Bid dimpled Mirth, with thought belied,
Sport on the bubble's glitt'ring side;
Bid Hope pursue the distant boon,
And Phrensy watch the fading moon;
Paint Superstition's starting eye,
And Wit that leers with gesture sly;
Let Censure whet her venom'd dart,
And green-eyed Envy gnaw the heart;
Let Pleasure lie on flow'rs reclin'd,
While anguish aims her shaft behind.
Hail, Sire sublime! whose hallow'd cave
Howls to the hoarse deep's dashing wave;
Thee Solitude to Phœbus bore,
Far on the lone, deserted shore,
Where Orelfano's rushing tide
Roars on the rock's projected side.
Hence bursting o'er thy ripen'd mind,
Beams all the father's thought refin'd;
Hence oft, in silent vales unseen,
Thy footsteps print the fairy green;
Or thy soul melts to strains of woe,
That from the willow's quiv'ring bough
Sweet warbling breathe—the zephyrs round
O'er Dee's smooth current waft the sound,
When soft on bending osiers laid
The broad sun trembling through the bed;
All wild thy heav'n-rapt fancy strays,
Led thro' the soul-dissolving maze;
Till slumber downy-pinion'd, near
Plants her strong fetlocks on thy ear;
The soul unfetter'd bursts away,
And basks enlarg'd in beamy day.

§ 121. *Ode to Innocence.* OGILVIE.

'Twas when the slow-declining ray
Had ting'd the cloud with evening gold;
No warbler pour'd the melting lay,
No sound disturb'd the sleeping fold:

When by a murm'ring rill reclin'd,
Sat, wrapt in thought, a wand'ring swain;
Calm peace compos'd his musing mind;
And thus he rais'd the flowing strain:

"Hail, Innocence! celestial Maid!
"What joys thy blushing charms reveal!
"Sweet as the arbor's cooling shade,
"And milder than the vernal gale.

"On Thee attends a radiant choir,
"Soft smiling Peace, and downy Rest;
"With Love, that prompts the warbling lyre;
"And Hope, that sooths the throbbing breast.

"Oh sent from heaven to haunt the grove,
"Where squinting Envy ne'er can come!
"Nor pines the cheek with luckless love,
"Nor anguish chills the living bloom.

"But spotless Beauty rob'd in white,
"Sits on you moss-grown hill reclin'd:
"Serene as heaven's unsullied light,
"And pure as Delia's gentle mind.

"Grant, heavenly Pow'r! thy peaceful sway
"May still my ruder thoughts control;
"Thy hand to point my dubious way,
"Thy voice to sooth the melting soul.

"Far in the shady, sweet retreat,
"Let Thought beguile the ling'ring hour;
"Let Quiet court the mossy seat,
"And twining olives from the bow'r:

"Let dove-eyed Peace her wreath bestow,
"And oft sit list'ning in the dale,
"While Night's sweet warbler from the bough
"Tells to the grove her plaintive tale.

"Soft, as in Delia's snowy breast,
"Let each consenting passion move;
"Let Angels watch its silent rest,
"And all its blissful dreams be Love!"

§ 122. *Morning; or, The Complaint. An American Eclogue.* GREGORY.

Far from the savage bandit's fierce alarms,
Or distant din of horrid despot's arms,
Tho' Pennsylvania boasts her peaceful plain,
Yet there in blood her petty tyrants reign.

With waving pines tho' vocal woods be crown'd
And stream-fed vales with living wealth abound,
To golden fields tho' ripening rays descend,
With blushing fruit tho' loaded branches bend
To those who ne'er must freedom's blessing taste,
'Tis barren all, 'tis all a worthless waste.

While hoarse the cataract murmur'd on the gale
And chilling dews swept thro' the murky dale;
Along the hills the dismal tempest howl'd,
And lightnings flash'd, and deep the thunder roll'd;
Beneath a leafless tree, ere morn arose,
The slave Adala thus laments his woes.
Ye grisly spectres, gather round my seat,
From caves unblest that wretch's groans repeat!
Terrific forms, from misty lakes arise!
And bloody meteors threaten thro' the skies!
Oh curs'd destroyers of our hapless race,
Of human kind the terror and disgrace!

Lo!

Lo! hosts of dusky captives, to my view,
Demand a deep revenge! demand their due!
And frowning chiefs now dart athwart the gloom
And o'er the salt sea wave pronounce your doom.
But Gods are just, and oft the stroke forbear,
To plunge the guilty in tenfold despair.

Lift high the scourge, my soul the rack disdains;
I pant for freedom and my native plains!

With limbs benumb'd my poor companions lie;
Oppress'd by pain and want the aged sigh;
Thro' reedy huts the driving tempest pours,
Their festering wounds receive the sickly show'rs;
In madd'ning draughts our lords their senses steep,
And doom their slaves to stripes and death in sleep;
Now, while the bitter blasts surround my head,
To times long past my restless soul is led,
Far, far beyond the azure hills, to groves
Of ruddy fruit, where beauty fearless roves —
O blissful seats! O self-approving joys!
Nature's plain dictates! ignorance of vice!
O guiltless hours! Our cares and wants were few,
No arts of luxury or deceit we knew.
Our labor, sport — to tend our cottage care,
Or from the palm the luscious juice prepare;
To sit indulging love's delusive dream,
And snare the silver tenants of the stream;
Or (nobler toil) to aim the deadly blow
With dext'rous art against the spotted foe;
O days with youthful daring mark'd! 'twas then
I dragg'd the shaggy monster from his den,
And boldly down the rocky mountain's side
Hurl'd the grim panther in the foaming tide.
Our healthful sports a daily feast afford,
And ev'n still found us at the social board.

Can I forget, ah me! the fatal day,
When half the vale of peace was swept away!
Th' affrighted maids in vain the gods implore,
And weeping view from far the happy shore;
The frantic dames impatient ruffians seise,
And infants shriek, and clasp their mothers knees;
With galling fetters soon their limbs are bound,
And groans throughout the noisome bark resound
Why was I bound! why did not Whydah see
Adala gain or death or victory!
No storms arise, no waves revengeful roar,
To dash the monsters on our injur'd shore
Long o'er the foaming deep to worlds unknown,
By envious winds the bulky vessels blown,
While by disease and chains the weak expire,
Or parch'd endure the slow consuming fire.
Who 'd in this land of many sorrows live,
Where death's the only comfort tyrants give?
Tyrants unblest! Each proud of strict command,
Nor age nor sickness holds the iron hand;
Whose hearts, in adamant involv'd, despise
The drooping female's tears, the infant's cries,
From whose stern brows no grateful look e'er beams,
Whose blushless front nor rape nor murder shames.

Nor all I blame; for Nastal, friend to peace,
Thro' his wide pastures bids oppression cease*;
No drivers goad, no galling fetters bind,
No stern compulsion damps th' exalted mind.
There strong Arcona's fated to enjoy
Domestic sweets, and rear his progeny;
To till his glebe employs Arcona's care,
To Nastal's God he nightly makes his pray'r;
His mind at ease, of Christian truths he 'll boast—
He has no wife, no lovely offspring lost.
Gay his savannah blooms, while mine appears
Scorch'd up with heat, or moist with blood and tears.
Cheerful his hearth in chilling winter burns,
While to the storm the sad Adala mourns.

Lift high the scourge, my soul the rack disdains;
I pant for freedom and my native plains!

Shall I his holy Prophet's aid implore,
And wait for justice on another shore?
Or, rushing down yon mountain's craggy steep,
End all my sorrows in the sullen deep?
A cliff there hangs in yon grey morning cloud,
The dashing wave beneath roars harsh and loud—
But doubts and fears involve my anxious mind,
The gulph of death once pass'd, what shore we find:
Dubious, if sent beyond th' expanded main,
This soul shall seek its native realms again:
Or if in gloomy mists condemn'd to lie,
Beyond the limits of yon arching sky.
A better prospect oft my spirit cheers,
And in my dreams the vale of peace appears,
And fleeting visions of my former life:
My hoary sire I clasp, my long-lost wife,
And oft I kiss my gentle babes in sleep, [weep.
Till, with the sounding whip, I'm wak'd to

Lift high the scourge, my soul the rack disdains;
I pant for freedom and my native plains!

Chiefs of the earth, and monarchs of the sea,
Who vaunt your hardy ancestors were free;
Whose teachers plead th' oppress'd and injur'd's cause,
And prove the wisdom of your Prophet's laws;
To force and fraud if justice must give place,
You're dragg'd to slavery by some rougher race;
Some rougher race your flocks shall force away,
Like Afric's sons your children must obey;
The very Gods that view their constant toil,
Shall see your offspring till a ruder soil,
The pain of thirst and pinching hunger know,
And all the torments that from bondage flow,
When far remov'd from Christian worlds we prove
The sweets of peace, the lasting joys of love.

But, hark! the whip's harsh echo thro' the trees!
On every trembling limb fresh horrors seise —
Alas! 'tis morn, and here I sit alone —
Be strong, my soul, and part without a groan!
Ruffians proceed! Adala ne'er shall swerve,
Prepare the rack, and strain each aching nerve!

* The Quakers in America have set free all their Negroes, and allow them wages as other servants.

Or

Lift high the scourge, my soul the rack disdains;
I pant for freedom and my native plains.
Thou God, who gild'st with light their rising day!
Who life dispensest by the genial ray!
Will thy slow vengeance never, never fall,
But undistinguish'd favor shine on all?
O hear a suppliant wretch's last, sad pray'r!
Dart fiercest rage! infect the ambient air!
This pallid race, whose hearts are bound in steel,
By dint of suffering teach them how to feel.
Or to some despot's lawless will betray'd
Give them to know what wretches they have made!
Beneath the lash let them resign their breath,
Or court, in chains, the clay-cold hand of death,
Or, worst of ills! within each callous breast
Cherish uncurb'd the dark internal pest;
Bid av'rice swell with undiminish'd rage,
While no new worlds th' accursed thirst assuage;
Then bid the monsters on each other turn,
The fury passions in disorder burn;
Bid Discord flourish, civil crimes increase,
Nor one fond wish arise that pleads for peace—
Till, with their crimes in wild confusion hurl'd,
They wake t' eternal anguish in a future world*.

§ 123. *A Description of a Parish Poor House.* Crabbe.

There is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapors flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful thro the day:
There children dwell, who know no parents' care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there:
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows, with unheeded tears,
And crippled age, with more than childhood fears!
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.
Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve:
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mix'd with the clamors of the crowd below:
Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.
Say ye, oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock-patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone, can secure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?
Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his langnid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

§ 124. *Description of a Country Apothecary.* Crabbe.

But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls:
Anon a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and bus'ness, bustle and conceit;
With looks unalter'd by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go;
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye;
A potent quack, long vers'd in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy, is neglect.
Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes on the door;
His drooping patient, long inur'd to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man, and mutely hastens to the grave.

§ 125. *Description of a Country Clergyman visiting the Sick.* Crabbe.

But, ere his death, some pious doubts arise,
Some simple fears which "bold bad" men despise;
Fain would he ask the parish priest to prove
His title certain to the joys above;
For this he sends the murmuring nurse, who calls
The holy stranger to these dismal walls:
And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
He, "passing rich with forty pounds a-year?"
Ah no! a shepherd of a different stock,
And far unlike him, feeds this little flock;
A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task
As much as God or man can fairly ask;
The rest he gives to loves, and labors light,
To fields the morning, and to feasts the night;
None better skill'd the noisy pack to guide,
To urge their chace, to cheer them, or to chide;
Sure in his shot, his game he seldom miss'd,
And seldom fail'd to win his game at whist;

* This Eclogue was written during the American war.

Then

Then, while such honors bloom around his head,
Shall he sit sadly by the sick man's bed,
To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal
To combat fears that ev'n the pious feel?

§ 126. *The Reason for describing the Vices of the Village.* Crabbe.

Yet why, you ask, these humble crimes relate,
Why make the poor as guilty as the great?
To show the great, those mightier sons of pride,
How near in vice the lowest are allied:
Such are their natures, and their passions such,
But these disguise too little, those too much:
So shall the man of pow'r and pleasure see
In his own slave as vile a wretch as he;
In his luxuriant lord the servant find
His own low pleasures and degenerate mind:
And each in all the kindred vices trace
Of a poor, blind, bewilder'd, erring race;
Who, a short time in varied fortune past,
Die, and are equal in the dust at last,
And you, ye poor, who still lament your fate,
Forbear to envy those you reckon great;
And know, amid those blessings they possess,
They are, like you, the victims of distress;
While Sloth with many a pang torments her slave,
Fear waits on guilt, and Danger shakes the brave.

§ 127. *Apology for Vagrants.* Anon.

For him, who, lost to ev'ry hope of life,
Has long with fortune held unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless object of despair;
For the poor vagrant feel, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
Alike, if folly or misfortune brought
Those last of woes his evil days have wrought;
Relieve with social mercy, and, with me,
Folly's misfortune in the first degree,
Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
The houseless wretch a widow'd parent bore;
Who, then no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begg'd a leafy bed.
Cold, on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears!

§ 128. *Epistle to a young Gentleman, on his leaving Eton School. By Dr.* Roberts.

Since now a nobler scene awakes thy care,
Since manhood dawning, to fair Granta's tow'rs,
Where once in life's gay spring I lov'd to roam,
Invites thy willing steps; accept, dear youth,
This parting strain; accept the fervent pray'r
Of him who loves thee with a passion pure
As ever friendship dropp'd in human heart;
The pray'r, That he who guides the hand of youth
Thro' all the puzzled and perplexed round
Of life's meand'ring path, upon thy head
May shower down every blessing, every joy
Which health, which virtue, and which fame can give!

Yet think not I will deign to flatter thee:
Shall he, the guardian of thy faith and truth,
The guide, the pilot of thy tender years,
Teach thy young heart to feel a spurious glow
At undeserved praise? Perish the slave
Whose venal breath in youth's unpractis'd ear
Pours poison'd flattery, and corrupts the soul
With vain conceit; whose base ungenerous art
Fawns on the vice, which some with honest hand
Have torn for ever from the bleeding breast!

Say, gentle youth, remember'st thou the day
When o'er thy tender shoulders first I hung
The golden lyre, and taught thy trembling hand
To touch th' accordant strings? From that blest hour
I've seen thee panting up the hill of fame;
Thy little heart beat high with honest praise,
Thy cheek was flush'd, and oft thy sparkling eye
Shot flames of young ambition. Never quench
That generous ardor in thy virtuous breast.
Sweet is the concord of harmonious sounds,
When the soft lute or pealing organ strikes
The well-attemper'd ear; sweet is the breath
Of honest love, when nymph and gentle swain
Waft sighs alternate to each other's heart:
But not the concord of harmonious sounds,
When the soft lute or pealing organ strikes
The well-attemper'd ear; nor the sweet breath
Of honest love, when nymph and gentle swain
Waft sighs alternate to each other's heart,
So charm with ravishment the raptur'd sense,
As does the voice of well-deserv'd report
Strike with sweet melody the conscious soul.

On ev'ry object thro' the giddy world
Which fashion to the dazzled eye presents,
Fresh is the gloss of newness; look, dear youth,
O look, but not admire: O let not these
Raise from thy noble heart the fair records
Which youth and education planted there:
Let not affection's full, impetuous tide,
Which riots in thy generous breast, be check'd
By selfish cares; nor let the idle jeers
Of laughing fools make thee forget thyself.
When didst thou hear a tender tale of woe,
And feel thy heart at rest? Have I not seen
In thy swoln eye the tear of sympathy,
The milk of human kindness? When didst thou,
With envy rankling, hear a rival prais'd?
When didst thou slight the wretched? when despise
The modest humble suit of poverty? [pise
These virtues still be thine; nor ever learn
To look with cold eye on the charities
Of brother, or of parents; think on those
Whose anxious care thro' childhood's slippery path
Sustain'd thy feeble steps; whose every wish
Is wafted still to thee; remember those,
Even in thy heart, while memory holds her seat.
And oft as to thy mind thou shalt reveal
The sweet companions of thy earliest years,
Mates of thy sport, and rivals in the strife
Of every generous art, remember me.

§ 129. *London. A Poem.*

By Dr. Johnson.

In Imitation of the third Satire of Juvenal, 1738.

" —— Quis ineptæ
" Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?"
Juv.

Though grief and fondness in my breast rebel
When injur'd Thales bids the town farewel,
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend;
Who now resolves, from vice and London far,
To breathe in distant fields a purer air;
And fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.
For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
There none are swept by sudden fate away,
But all whom hunger spares, with age decay;
Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.
While Thales waits the wherry that contains
Of dissipated wealth the small remains,
On Thames's banks in silent thought we stood,
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood;
Struck with the seat that gave Eliza * birth,
We kneel and kiss the consecrated earth;
In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view;
Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain;
Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
Or English honor grew a standing jest.
A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
And for a moment lull the sense of woe.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant Thales eyes the neighbouring town.
Since worth, he cries, in these degenerate days,
Wants e'en the cheap reward of empty praise;
In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded science toils in vain;
Since hope but sooths to double my distress,
And ev'ry moment leaves my little less;
While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,
And life, still vig'rous, revels in my veins;
Grant me, kind heaven, to find some happier place,
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace;
Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
Some peaceful vale with nature's painting gay,
Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,
And safe in poverty defy'd his foes:
Some secret cell, ye pow'rs indulgent, give,
Let —— live here, for —— has learn'd to live.
Here let those reign whom pensions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for pirates in the face of day;
With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.
Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery;
With warbling eunuchs fill a licens'd stage,
And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.
Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride shall hold?
What check restrain your thirst of power and gold?
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.
To such a groaning nation's spoils are given,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of heaven.
But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury?
Who scarce forbear, though Britain's court he sing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;
A statesman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer;
Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
And strive in vain to laugh at H—y's jest.
Others, with softer smiles, and subtler art,
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more address a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong;
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.
For what but social guilt the friend endears?
Who shares Orgelio's crimes, his fortune shares.
But thou, should tempting villany present
All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold what gold could never buy,
The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.
The cheated nation's happy fav'rites see!
Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me!
London, the needy villain's gen'ral home
The common-sewer of Paris and of Rome;
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
I cannot bear a French metropolis.

* Queen Elizabeth.

Illustrious

Illustrious Edward, from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of saints survey;
Nor hope the british lineaments to trace,
The rustic grandeur or the surly grace,
But lost in thoughtless ease and empty show,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.
All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dress, their politics import;
Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
No gainful trade their industry can 'scape.
They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap.
All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.
Ah! what avails it, that from slav'ry far,
I drew the breath of life in English air;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And lisp the tale of Henry's victories;
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery subdues when arms are vain?
Studious to please, and ready to submit,
The subtle Gaul was born a parasite:
Still to his int'rest true where'er he goes,
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows;
In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.
These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out, with falt'ring diffidence, a lie,
And gain a kick for awkward flattery.
Besides, with justice, this discerning age
Admires their wond'rous talents for the stage:
Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part;
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace;
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,
And view its object with another's eye;
To shake with laughter e'er the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear;
And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.
How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend?
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blush, without a smile;
Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taste in snuff, your judgement in a whore;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.
For arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, caress'd,
They first invade your table, then your breast;
Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart;
Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.
By numbers here from shame and censure free,
All crimes are safe but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling Muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
Wakes from his dream, and labors for a joke;
With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.
Has Heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste or undiscover'd shore?
No secret island in the boundless main?
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by Spain?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear oppression's insolence no more.
This mournful truth is every where confess'd,
Slow rises worth, by poverty depress'd:
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favors of his lord.
But hark! the affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies:
Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace, or some blissful bow'r,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
Sustain the approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little *all* to flames a prey;
Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes,
Should Heaven's just bolts, Orgilio's wealth confound,
And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumor flies,
And public mournings pacify the skies,
The laureat tribe in servile verse relate,
How virtue wars with persecuting fate;
With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.
See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome;
The price of boroughs and of souls restore;
And raise his treasure higher than before;
Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great,
The polish'd marble, and the shining plate,
Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from Angry Heav'n another fire.
Could'st thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling Senator's deserted seat;
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand;
There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flow'rs,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs;
And,

And, while thy grounds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord:
There ev'ry bush with nature's music rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.
Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.
Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.
Yet e'en these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeaux's bright approach,
And shun the shining train, and golden coach.
In vain, these dangers past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose:
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And plants, unseen, a dagger in your breast.
Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
Whose ways and means support the sinking land;
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
To rig another convoy for the king *.
A single gaol in Alfred's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain:
Fair justice then, without constraint ador'd,
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the sword;
No spies were paid, no special juries known,
Blest age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!
Much could I add—but see the boat at hand,
The tide retiring, calls me from the land:
Farewell!—When youth, and health, and fortune spent,
Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent;
And tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times,
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

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§ 130. *Great Cities, and London in particular, allowed their due Praise.* COWPER.

But tho' true worth and virtue in the mild
And genial soil of cultivated life
Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only there,
Yet not in cities oft; in proud and gay,
And gain-devoted cities. Thither flow,
As to a common and most noisome sewer,
The dregs and seculence of ev'ry land.
In cities, foul example on most minds
Begets its likeness. Rank abundance breeds
In gross and pamper'd cities sloth and lust,
And wantonness, and gluttonous excess.
In cities, vice is hidden with most ease,
Or seen with least reproach; and virtue, taught
By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there
Beyond th' achievement of successful flight.
I do confess them nurs'ries of the arts,
In which they flourish most; where, in the beams
Of warm encouragement, and in th' eye
Of public note, they reach their perfect size.
Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaim'd
The fairest capital of all the world,
By riot and incontinence the worst.
There, touch'd by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes
A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees
All her reflected features. Bacon there
Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.
Nor does the chisel occupy alone
The pow'rs of sculpture, but the style as much;
Each province of her art her equal care.
With nice incision of her guided steel
She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a soil
So sterile with what charms soe'er she will,
The richest scenery, and the loveliest forms.
Where finds Philosophy her eagle eye,
With which she gazes at yon burning disk
Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots?
In London. Where her implements exact,
With which she calculates, computes, and scans
All distance, motion, magnitude; and now
Measures an atom, and now girds a world?
In London. Where has commerce such a mart,
So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied
As London, opulent, enlarg'd, and still
Increasing London? Babylon of old
Not more the glory of the earth, than she
A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now.
She has her praise. Now mark a spot or two
That so much beauty would do well to purge;
And show this queen of cities, that so fair,
May yet be foul, so witty, yet not wise.
It is not seemly, nor of good report,
That she is slack in discipline; more prompt
T' avenge than to prevent the breach of law.
That she is rigid in denouncing death
On petty robbers, and indulges life
And liberty, and oft-times honor too,
To peculators of the public gold.
That thieves at home must hang; but he that puts

* The nation was discontented at the visits made by George II. to Hanover.

Into

Into his overgorg'd and bloated purse
The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes.
Nor is it well, nor can it come to good,
That, through profane and infidel contempt
Of holy writ, she has perfum'd t' annul
And abrogate, as roundly as she may,
The total ordinance and will of God;
Advancing fashion to the post of truth,
And cent'ring all authority in modes
And customs of her own, till Sabbath rites
Have dwindled into unrespected forms,
And knees and hassocks are well-nigh divorc'd.
God made the country, and man made the town. [gifts
What wonder then that health and virtue,
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all should most abound,
And least be threaten'd, in the fields and groves?
Possess ye therefore, ye who, borne about,
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
But such as art contrives, possess ye still
Your element; there only ye can shine,
There only minds like yours can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to console at noon
The pensive wand'rer in their shades. At eve
The moon-beam, sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves, is all the sight they wish;
Birds warbling, all the music. We can spare
The splendor of your lamps; they but eclipse
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
Our more harmonious notes. The thrush departs
Scar'd, and th' offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public mischief in your mirth;
It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
Grac'd with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made, which enemies could ne'er have done.
Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,
A mutilated structure, soon to fall.

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§ 131. *The Want of Discipline in the English University.* Cowper.

In colleges and halls, in antient days,
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth
Were precious, and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a sage, call'd Discipline. His head,
Not yet by time completely silver'd o'er,
Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
But strong for service still, and unimpair'd.
His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
Play'd on his lips, and in his speech was heard
Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
The occupation dearest to his heart
Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke
The head of modest and ingenuous worth
That blush'd at its own praise, and press the youth [grew,
Close to his side that pleas'd him. Learning
Beneath his care, a thriving vigorous plant;
The mind was well inform'd, the passions held
Subordinate, and diligence was choice,
If e'er it chanc'd, as sometimes chance it must,
That one, among so many, overleap'd
The limits of control, his gentle eye
Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke;
His frown was full of terror, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe
As left him not, till penitence had won
Lost favor back again, and clos'd the breach.
But Discipline, a faithful servant long,
Declin'd at length into the vale of years:
A palsy struck his arm; his sparkling eye
Was quench'd in rheums of age; his voice unstrung,
Grew tremulous, and mov'd derision more
The rev'rence in perverse rebellious youth.
So colleges and halls neglected much
Their good old friend; and Discipline at length,
O'erlook'd and unemploy'd, fell sick, and died.
Then Study languish'd, Emulation slept,
And Virtue fled. The schools became a scene
Of solemn farce, where Ignorance in stilts,
His cap well lin'd with logic not his own,
With parrot tongue perform'd the scholar's part,
Proceeding soon a graduated Dunce.
Then Compromise had place, and Scrutiny
Became stone blind, Precedence went in truck,
And he was competent whose purse was so.
A dissolution of all bonds ensued:
The curbs invented for the mulish mouth
Of headstrong youth were broken; bars and bolts
Grew rusty by disuse; and massy gates
Forgot their office, op'ning with a touch;
Till gowns at length are found mere masquerade;
The tassel'd cap and the spruce band a jest,
A mock'ry of the world. What need of these
For gamester's, jockies, brothellers impure,
Spendthrifts, and booted sportsmen, oft'ner seen
With belted waist, and pointers at their heels,
Than in the bounds of duty? What was learn'd,
If aught was learn'd in childhood, is forgot;
And such expence as pinches parents blue,
And mortifies the lib'ral hand of love,
Is squander'd in pursuit of idle sports
And vicious pleasures; buys the boy a name
That sits a stigma to his father's house,
And cleaves through life inseparably close
To him that wears it. What can after-games
Of riper joys, and commerce with the world,
The lewd vain world that must receive him soon,
Add to such erudition thus acquir'd,
Where science and where virtue are profess'd?
They may confirm his habits, rivet fast
His folly; but to spoil him is a task
That bids defiance to th' united pow'rs
Of fashion, dissipation, taverns, stews.
Now, blame we most the nurslings or the nurse?
The children, crook'd, and twisted, and deform'd
Through want of care, or her, whose winking eye
And slumb'ring ocsitancy mars the brood?
The nurse, no doubt. Regardless of her charge,
She needs herself correction; needs to learn,
That it is dang'rous sporting with the world,
With things so sacred as a nation's trust,
The nurture of her youth, her dearest pledge.

§ 132.

§ 132. *Happy the Freedom of the Man whom Grace makes free — His relish of the Works of God — Address to the Creator.* Cowper.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes confed'rate for his harm
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature; and tho' poor, perhaps, compar'd
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scen'ry all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers; his t' enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspir'd,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say — My Father made them all:
Are they not his by a peculiar right?
And by an emphasis of int'rest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That plann'd, and built, and still upholds a world
So cloath'd with beauty, for rebellious man?
Yes — ye may fill your garners; ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find
In feast or in the chace, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman; free by birth
Of no mean city, plann'd or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea,
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in ev'ry state;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose ev'ry day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less:
For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury can cripple or confine;
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. Th' oppressor holds
His body bound, but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.
Acquaint thyself with God, if thou would'st taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before:
Thine eye shall be instructed; and thine heart,
Made pure, shall relish with divine delight,
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.
Brutes graze the mountain-top with faces prone,
And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
It yields them; or, recumbent on its brow,
Ruminate, heedless of the scene outspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main.
Man views it and admires, but rests content
With what he views. The landscape has his praise,
But not its Author. Unconcern'd who form'd
The paradise he sees, he finds it such;
And, such well-pleas'd to find it, asks no more.
Not so the mind that has been touch'd from Heav'n,
And in the school of sacred wisdom taught
To read his wonders, in whose thought the world,
Fair as it is, existed ere it was:
Not for its own sake merely, but for his
Much more who fashion'd it, he gives it praise;
Praise that, from earth resulting, as it ought,
To earth's acknowledg'd Sovereign, finds at once
Its only just proprietor in Him.
The soul that sees him, or receives sublim'd
New faculties, or learns at least t' employ
More worthily the pow'rs she own'd before,
Discerns in all things, what, with stupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then she overlook'd,
A Array of heavenly light gilding all forms
Terrestrial, in the vast and the minute,
The unambiguous footsteps of the God
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much conversant with Heaven, she often holds
With those fair ministers of light to man,
That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
Sweet conference! inquires what strains were they
With which Heaven rang, when ev'ry star, in haste
To gratulate the new created earth,
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy — "Tell me ye shining hosts,
"That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
"Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,
"If from your elevation, whence ye view
"Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
"And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet
"Have reach'd this nether world, ye spy a race
"Favor'd as ours, transgressors from the womb,
"And hasting to a grave, yet doom'd to rise,
"And to possess a brighter Heaven than yours?
"As one who, long detain'd on foreign shores,
"Pants to return, and when he sees afar
"His country's weather bleach'd and batter'd rocks
"From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
"Radiant with joy towards the happy land;
"So I with animated hopes behold,
"And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
"That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
"Ordain'd to guide th' embodied spirit home
"From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
"Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires
"That give assurance of their own success,
"And that infus'd from Heav'n must thither tend."
So reads he nature, whom the lamp of truth
Illuminates; thy lamp, mysterious Word!
Which whoso sees no longer wanders lost,
With intellects bemaz'd, in endless doubt,
But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built,

With means that were not, till by thee employ'd,
Worlds that had never been, hadst thou in strength
Been less, or less benevolent than strong.
They are thy witnesses, who speak thy pow'r
And goodness infinite, but speak in ears
That hear not, or receive not their report.
In vain thy creatures testify of thee
Till thou proclaim thyself. Theirs is indeed
A teaching voice; but 'tis the praise of thine,
That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,
And with the boon gives talents for its use.
Till thou art heard, imaginations vain
Possess the heart, and fables false as hell,
Yet deem'd oracular, lure down to death
The uninform'd and heedless sons of men.
We give to chance, blind chance, ourselves as blind,
The glory of thy work, which yet appears
Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,
Challenging human scrutiny, and prov'd
Then skilful most when most severely judg'd.
But chance is not, or is not where thou reign'st:
Thy providence forbids that fickle pow'r
(If pow'r she be that works but to confound)
To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.
Yet thus we dote, refusing, while we can,
Instruction, and inventing to ourselves
Gods such as guilt makes welcome, Gods that sleep,
Or disregard our follies, or that fit
Amus'd spectators of this bustling stage.
Thee we reject, unable to abide
Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure;
Made such by thee, we love thee for that cause
For which we shunn'd and hated thee before.
Then we are free: then liberty, like day,
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from Heaven
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
A voice is heard, that mortal ears hear not
Till thou hast touch'd them; 'tis the voice of song,
A loud Hosanna sent from all thy works,
Which he that hears it with a shout repeats,
And adds his rapture to the gen'ral praise.
In that blest moment, Nature, throwing wide
Her veil opake, discloses with a smile
The Author of her beauties, who, retir'd
Behind his own creation, works unseen
By the impure, and hears his pow'r denied.
Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest, Eternal Word!
From thee departing, they are lost, to rove
At random, without honor, hope, or peace.
From thee is all that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavour, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But, O! thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown!
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou will away.

§ 133. *That Philosophy which stops at Secondary Causes reproved.* Cowper.

Happy the man who sees a God employ'd
In all the good and ill that chequer life!
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.
Did not his eye rule all things and intend
The least of our concerns (since from the least
The greatest oft originate); could chance
Find place in his dominion, or dispose
One lawless particle to thwart his plan;
Then God might be surpris'd, and unforeseen
Contingence might alarm him, and disturb
The smooth and equal course of his affairs.
This truth, philosophy, though eagle-eyed
In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks;
And, having found his instrument, forgets
Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,
Denies the pow'r that weilds it. God proclaims
His hot displeasure against foolish men
That live an atheist life; involves the heaven
In tempests; quits his grasp upon the winds,
And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
Kindle a fiery bile upon the skin,
And putrefy the breath of blooming health.
He calls for famine; and the meagre fiend
Blows mildew from between his shrivell'd lips,
And taints the golden ear: he springs his mines,
And desolates a nation at a blast.
Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
Of homogeneal and discordant springs
And principles; of causes, how they work
By necessary laws their sure effects,
Of action, and re-action. He has found
The source of the disease that Nature feels,
And bids the world take heart and banish fear.
Thou fool! will thy discovery of the cause
Suspend th' effect, or heal it? Has not God
Still wrought by means since first he made the world?
And did he not of old employ his means
To drown it? What is his creation less
Than a capacious reservoir of means
Form'd for his use, and ready at his will?
Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve; ask of him:
Or ask of whomsoever he has taught,
And learn, tho' late, the genuine cause of all.

§ 134. *Rural Sounds as well as Sights delightful.* Cowper.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far spreading wood
Of antient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind,
Unnumber'd

Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast flutt'ring all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighb'ring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To sooth and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The live-long night: nor these alone, whose notes
Nice-finger'd art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites, that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jaye, the pye, and ev'n the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet, heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

§ 135. *The Wrarisomeness of what is commonly called a Life of Pleasure.* Cowper.

The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns;
The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,
And sullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort
And mar the face of beauty, where no cause
For such immeasurable woe appears;
These Flora banishes, and gives the fair
Sweet smiles and bloom, less transient than her own.
It is the constant revolution, stale
And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
That palls and satiates, and makes languid life
A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down.
Health suffers, and the spirits ebb; the heart
Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast
Is famish'd—finds no music in the song,
No smartness in the jest, and wonders why.
Yet thousands still desire to journey on,
Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.
The paralytic, who can hold her cards,
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand
To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort
Her mingled suits and sequences, and sits,
Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad
And silent cypher, while her proxy plays.
Others are dragg'd into the crowded room
Between supporters; and, once seated, sit,
Through downright inability to rise,
Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.
These speak a loud memento. Yet even these
Themselves love life, and cling to it; as he
That overhangs a torrent, to a twig.
They love it, and yet loath it; fear to die,
Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.
Then wherefore not renounce them! No—the dread,
The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds
Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
And their invet'rate habits—all forbid.
Whom call we gay? That honor has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest.
The peasant too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gaiety of those
Whose head-achs nail them to a noon-day bed;
And save me too from theirs whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
For property stript off by cruel chance;
From gaiety that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.

§ 136. *Satirical Review of our Trips to France.* Cowper.

Now hoist the sail, and let the streamers float
Upon the wanton breezes. Strew the deck
With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,
That no rude favor maritime invade
The noise of nice nobility. Breathe soft
Ye clarionets, and softer still ye flutes,
That winds and waters, lull'd by magic sounds,
May bare us smoothly to the Gallic shore.
True, we have lost an empire—let it pass.
True, we may thank the perfidy of France,
That pick'd the jewel out of England's crown,
With all the cunning of an envious shrew:
And let that pass—'twas but a trick of state.
A brave man knows no malice, but at once
Forgets in peace the injuries of war,
And gives his distrest foe a friend's embrace.
And, sham'd as we have been, to the very beard
Brav'd and defied, and in our own sea prov'd
Too weak for those decisive blows that once
Insur'd us mast'ry there, we yet retain
Some small pre-eminence: we justly boast
At least superior jockeyship, and claim
The honors of the turf as all our own.
Go then, well worthy of the praise ye seek,
And show the shame ye might conceal, at home,
In foreign eyes!—be grooms, and win the plate,
Where once your nobler fathers won a crown!

§ 137. *The Pulpit the Engine of Reformation.* Cowper.

The Pulpit therefore (and I name it, fill'd
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware

With what intent I touch the holy thing)—
The Pulpit (when the sat'rist has at last,
Strutting and vap'ring in an empty school,
Spent all his force and made no proselyte)—
I say the Pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate peculiar pow'rs)
Must stand acknowledg'd while the world shall stand
The most important and effectual guard,
Support and ornament of virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth; there stands
The legate of the skies: his theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders, and by him in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.
He stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wand'rer, binds the broken heart,
And, arm'd himself in panoply complete,
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own; and trains, by ev'ry rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect.

§ 138. *The Petit-Maitre Clergyman.* Cowper.

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine, and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves,
But, loose in morals, and in manners vain,
In conversation frivolous, in dress
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse;
Frequent in park, with lady at his side,
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes;
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
Constant at routs, familiar with a round
Of ladyship's, a stranger to the poor;
Ambitious of preferment, for its gold,
And well prepar'd by ignorance and sloth,
By infidelity and love o' th' world
To make God's work a sinecure: a slave
To his own pleasures, and his patrons pride—
From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,
Preserve the church! and lay not careless hands
On sculls that cannot teach, and will not learn.

§ 139. *Armine and Elvira, a Legendary Tale.* Cartwright.

PART I.

A hermit on the banks of Trent,
Far from the world's bewildering maze,
To humbler scenes of calm content
Had fled, from brighter, busier days.

If haply from his guarded breast
Should steal the unsuspected sigh;
And Memory, an unbidden guest,
With former passions fill'd his eye.

Then pious hope and duty prais'd
The wisdom of th' unerring sway;
And while his eye to heaven he rais'd,
Its silent waters sunk away.

Life's gayer ensigns once he bore—
Ah! what avails the mournful tale?
Suffice it, when the scene was o'er,
He fled to the sequester'd vale.

"What tho' the joys I lov'd so well,
"The charms," he cry'd, "that youth has known,
"Fly from the hermit's lonely cell!
"Yet is not Armine still my own?

"Yes, Armine, yes, thou valued youth!
"'Midst every grief thou still art mine!
"Dear pledge of Winifreda's truth,
"And solace of my life's decline.

"Tho' from the world and worldly care
"My wearied mind I mean to free,
"Yet ev'ry hour that heaven can spare,
"My Armine, I devote to thee.

"And sure that heaven my hopes shall bless,
"And make thee fam'd for virtues fair,
"And happy too, if happiness
"Depend upon a parent's pray'r:

"Last hope of life's departing day,
"In whom its future scenes I see!
"No truant thought shall ever stray
"From this lone hermitage and thee."

Thus, to his humble fate resign'd,
His breast each anxious care foregoes;
All but the care of Armine's mind,
The dearest task a parent knows!

And well were all his cares repaid;
In Armine's breast each virtue grew,
In full maturity display'd
To fond Affection's anxious view.

Nor yet neglected were the charms
To polish'd life that grace impart:
Virtue, he knew, but feebly warms
Till science humanize the heart.

And, when he saw the lawless train
Of passions in the youthful breast,
He curb'd them not with rigid rein,
But strove to sooth them into rest.

"Think not, my son, in this," he cry'd,
"A father's precept shall displease;
"No—be each passion gratify'd
"That tends to happiness or ease.

"Nor shall th' ungrateful task be mine
"Their native gen'rous warmth to blame,
"That warmth if reason's suffrage join
"To point the object and the aim."

"This

" This suffrage wanting, know, fond boy,
" That every passion proves a foe :
" Tho' much it deal in promis'd joy,
" It pays, alas ! in certain woe.

" Complete Ambition's wildest scheme ;
" In Power's most brilliant robes appear ;
" Indulge in Fortune's golden dream ;
" Then ask thy breast if Peace be there.

" No : it shall tell thee, Peace retires
" If once of her lov'd friends depriv'd ;
" Contentment calm, subdu'd desires,
" And happiness that 's self-deriv'd."

To temper thus the stronger fires
Of youth he strove ; for well he knew,
Boundless as thought tho' man's desires,
The real wants of life were few.

And oft revolving in his breast
Th' insatiate lust of wealth or fame,
He, with no common care opprest,
To fortune thus would oft exclaim :

" O Fortune ! at thy crowded shrine
" What wretched worlds of suppliants bow !
" For ever hail'd thy power divine,
" For ever breath'd the serious vow.

" With tottering pace and feeble knee,
" See age advance in shameless haste,
" The palsy'd hand is stretch'd to thee
" For wealth he wants the power to taste.

" See, led by Hope, the youthful train,
" Her fairy dreams their hearts have won ;
" She points to what they ne'er shall gain,
" Or dearly gain — to be undone.

" Must I too form the votive prayer,
" And wilt thou hear one suppliant more ?
" His prayer, O Fortune ! deign to hear,
" To thee who never pray'd before.

" O may one dear, one favor'd youth,
" May Armine still thy power disclaim ;
" Kneel only at the shrine of truth,
" Count freedom wealth, and virtue fame !"

Lo ! to his utmost wishes blest,
The prayer was heard ; and freedom's flame,
And truth the sunshine of the breast,
Were Armine's wealth, were Armine's fame.

His heart no selfish cares confin'd,
He felt for all that feel distress ;
And, still benevolent and kind,
He bless'd them, or he wish'd to bless.

For what tho' Fortune's frown deny
With wealth to bid the sufferer live,
Yet Pity's hand can oft supply
A balm she never knew to give :

Can oft with lenient drops assuage
The wounds no ruder hand can heal,
When grief, despair, distraction, rage,
While Death the lips of love shall seal.

Ah then, his anguish to remove,
Deprived of all his heart holds dear,
How sweet the still surviving love
Of Friendship's smile, of Pity's tear !

This knew the sire : he oft would cry,
" From these, my son, O ne'er depart !
" These tender charities that tie
" In mutual league the human heart.

" Be thine those feelings of the mind,
" That wake at Honor's, Friendship's call :
" Benevolence, that unconfin'd
" Extends her liberal hand to all.

" By Sympathy's untutor'd voice
" Be taught her social laws to keep ;
" Rejoice if human heart rejoice,
" And weep if human eye shall weep.

" The heart that bleeds for others' woes
" Shall feel each selfish sorrow less ;
" His breast, who happiness bestows,
" Reflected happiness shall bless.

" Each ruder passion still withstood
" That breaks o'er virtue's sober line,
" The tender, noble, and the good,
" To cherish and indulge be thine.

" And yet, my Armine, might I name
" One passion as a dangerous guest,
" Well may'st thou wonder when I blame
" The tenderest, noblest, and the best.

" Nature, 'tis true, with love design'd
" To smooth the race our fathers ran ;
" The savage of the human kind
" By love was soften'd into man.

" As feels the ore the searching fire,
" Expanding and refining too,
" So fairer glow'd each fair desire,
" Each gentle thought so gentler grew.

" How chang'd, alas ! those happy days !
" A train how different now succeeds !
" While sordid Avarice betrays,
" Or empty Vanity misleads.

" Fled from the heart each nobler guest,
" Each genuine feeling we forego ;
" What nature planted in the breast
" The flowers of love, are weeds of woe.

" Hence all the pangs the heart must feel
" Between contending passions tost,
" Wild Jealousy's avenging steel,
" And life, and fame, and virtue lost !

" Yet falling life, yet fading fame,
" Compar'd to what his heart annoy,
" Who cherishes a hopeless flame,
" Are terms of happiness and joy.

" Ah, then, the soft contagion fly !
" And timely shun th' alluring bait !"
The rising blush, the downcast eye,
Proclaim'd — the precept was too late.

PART II.

Deep in the bosom of a wood,
Where art had form'd the moated isle,
An antique castle tow'ring stood,
In Gothic grandeur rose the pile.

Here Raymond, long in arms renown'd,
From scenes of war would oft repair;
His bed an only daughter crown'd,
And smil'd away a father's care.

By Nature's happiest pencil drawn,
She wore the vernal morning's ray;
The vernal morning's blushing dawn
Breaks not so beauteous into day.

Her breast, impatient of control,
Scorn'd in its silken chains to lie,
And the soft language of the soul
Flown from her never-silent eye.

The bloom that open'd on her face
Well seem'd the emblem of her mind,
Where snowy innocence we trace
With blushing modesty combin'd.

To these resistless grace impart
That look of sweetness form'd to please,
That elegance devoid of art,
That dignity that's lost in ease.

What youth so cold could view unmov'd
The maid that ev'ry beauty shar'd?
Her Armine saw; he saw, he lov'd;
He lov'd—alas! and he despair'd!

Unhappy youth! he sunk opprest;
For much he labor'd to conceal
That gentle passion of the breast,
Which all can feign, but few can feel.

Ingenuous fears suppress'd the flame,
Yet still he own'd its hidden power;
With transport dwelling on her name,
He sooth'd the solitary hour.

"How long," he cry'd, "must I conceal
"What yet my heart could wish were known?
"How long the truest passion feel,
"And yet that passion fear to own?

"Ah, might I breathe my humble vow!
"Might she too deign to lend an ear!
"Elvira's self should then allow
"That Armine was at least sincere.

"Wild wish! to deem the matchless maid
"Would listen to a youth like me,
"Or that my vows could e'er persuade,
"Sincere and constant tho' they be!

"Ah! what avail my love or truth?
"She listens to no lowly swain;
"Her charms must bless some happier youth,
"Some youth of Fortune's titled train.

"Then go, fallacious Hope! adieu!
"The flattering prospect I resign;
"And bear from my deluded view
"The bliss that never must be mine!

"Yet will the youth, whoe'er he be,
"In truth or tenderness excel?
"Or will he on thy charms like me
"With fondness never-dying dwell?

"Will he with thine his hopes unite?
"With ready zeal thy joys improve?
"With fond attention and delight
"Each wish prevent, each fear remove?

"Will he, still faithful to thy charms,
"For constant love be long rever'd?
"Nor quit that heaven within thy arms
"By every tender tie endear'd?

"What tho' his boastful heart be vain
"Of all that birth or fortune gave,
"Yet is not mine, tho' rude and plain,
"At least as noble and as brave?

"Then be its gentle suit preferr'd!
"Its tender sighs Elvira hear!
"In vain—I sigh—but sigh unheard;
"Unpitied falls this lonely tear!"

Twice twelve revolving moons had pass'd,
Since first he caught the fatal view;
Unchang'd by time his sorrows last,
Uncheer'd by hope his passion grew.

That passion to indulge, he sought
In Raymond's groves the deepest shade;
There fancy's haunting spirit brought
The image of his long-lov'd maid.

But hark! what more than mortal sound
Steals on Attention's raptur'd ear?
The voice of harmony around
Swells in wild whispers soft and clear.

Can human hand a tone so fine
Sweep from the string with touch prophane?
Can human lip with breath divine
Pour on the gale so sweet a strain?

'Tis she—the source of Armine's woe—
'Tis she—whence all his joy must spring—
From her lov'd lips the numbers flow,
Her magic hand awakes the string.

Now, Armine, now thy love proclaim,
Thy instant suit the time demands;
Delay not—Tumult shakes his frame,
And lost in ecstasy he stands.

What magic chains thee to the ground?
What star malignant rules the hour,
That thus in fix'd delirium drown'd
Each sense entrang'd hath lost its pow'r?

The trance dispel! awake! arise!
Speak what untutor'd love inspires!
The moment's past—thy wild surprise
She sees, nor unalarm'd retires.

"Stay,

" Stay, sweet illusion! stay thy flight!
" 'Tis gone! — Elvira's form it wore —
" Yet one more glimpse of short delight!
" 'Tis gone, to be beheld no more!

" Fly, loitering feet! the charm pursue
" That plays upon my hopes and fears!
" Hah! — no illusion mocks my view!
" 'Tis she — Elvira's self appears!

" And shall I on her steps intrude?
" Alarm her in these lonely shades?
" O stay, fair nymph! no ruffian rude
" With base intent your walk invades.

" Far gentler thoughts"—his faltering tongue,
By humble diffidence restrain'd,
Paus'd in suspense — but thus ere long,
As love impell'd, its power regain'd:

" Far gentler thoughts that form inspires;
" With me far gentler passions dwell;
" This heart hides only blameless fires,
" Yet burns with what it fears to tell.

" The faltering voice that fears control,
" Blushes that inward fires declare,
" Each tender tumult of the soul
" In silence owns Elvira there."

He said; and as the trembling dove
Sent forth t' explore the wat'ry plain,
Soon fear'd her flight might fatal prove,
And sudden sought her ark again,

His heart recoil'd; as one that rued
What he too hastily confess'd,
And all the rising soul subdued
Sought refuge in his inmost breast.

The tender strife Elvira saw
Distrest; and some parent mild,
When arm'd with words and looks of awe,
Melts o'er the terrors of her child,

Reproof prepar'd and angry fear
In soft sensations died away;
They felt the force of Armine's tear,
And fled from pity's rising sway.

" That mournful voice, that modest air,
" Young stranger, speak the courteous breast;
" Then why to these rude scenes repair,
" Of shades the solitary guest?

" And who is she whose fortunes bear
" Elvira's melancholy name?
" O may those fortunes prove more fair
" Than hers who sadly owns the same!"

" Ah gentle maid, in mine survey
" A heart," he cries, " that's yours alone;
" Long has it own'd Elvira's sway,
" Tho' long unnotic'd and unknown.

" On Sherwood's old heroic plain
" Elvira grac'd the festal day;
" There, foremost of the youthful train,
" Her Armine bore the prize away.

" There first that form my eyes survey'd,
" With future hopes that fill'd my heart;
" But ah! beneath that frown they fade —
" Depart, vain, vanquish'd hope! depart!"

He said; and on the ground his eyes
Were fix'd abash'd: th' attentive maid,
Lost in the tumult of surprise,
The well-remember'd youth survey'd.

The transient color went and came;
The struggling bosom sunk and rose;
The trembling tumults of her frame
The strong conflicting soul disclose.

The time, the scene she saw with dread,
Like Cynthia setting glanc'd away:
But scatter'd blushes as she fled,
Blushes that spoke a brighter day.

A friendly shepherd's neighbouring shed
To pass the live-long night he sought:
And hope, the lover's downy bed,
A sweeter charm than slumber brought.

On every thought Elvira dwelt,
The tender air, the aspect kind,
The pity that he found she felt,
And all the angel in her mind,

No self-plum'd vanity was there,
With fancy'd consequence elate;
Unknown to her the haughty air
That means to speak superior state,

Her brow no stern resentments arm,
No swell of empty pride she knew,
In trivial minds that takes th' alarm,
Should humble Love aspire to sue.

Such Love, by flattering charms betray'd,
Shall yet, indignant, soon rebel,
And, blushing for the choice he made,
Shall fly where gentler virtues dwell.

'Tis then the mind, from bondage free,
And all its former weakness o'er,
Asserts its native dignity,
And scorns what folly priz'd before.

The scanty pane the rising ray
On the plain wall in diamonds threw,
The lover hail'd the welcome day,
And to his favorite scene he flew.

There soon Elvira bent her way,
Where long her lonely walks had been;
Nor less had the preceding day,
Nor Armine less endear'd the scene:

Oft' as she pass'd, her rising heart
Its stronger tenderness confess'd,
And oft she linger'd to impart
To some soft shade her secret breast.

" How slow the heavy hours advance,"
She cry'd, " since that eventful day,
" When first I caught the fatal glance
" That stole me from myself away!

" Ah, youth belov'd! tho' low thy birth,
" The noble air, the manly grace,
" That look that speaks superior worth,
" Can fashion, folly, fear erase?

" Yet sure from no ignoble stem
" Thy lineage springs, tho' now unknown:
" The world censorious may condemn,
" But, Armine, I am thine alone.

" To splendor only do we live?
" Must pomp alone our thoughts employ?
" All, all that pomp and splendor give
" Is dearly bought with love and joy!

" But oh!—the favor'd youth appears—
" In pensive grief he seems to move:
" My heart forebodes unnumber'd fears;
" Support it Pity, Virtue, Love!

" Hither his footsteps seem to bend—
" Come, Resolution, to my aid!
" My breast what varying passions rend!
" Averse to go—to stay—afraid!"

" Dear object of each fond desire
" That throbs tumultuous in my breast!
" Why with averted glance retire?
" At Armine's presence why distrest?

" What tho' he boast no titled name,
" No wide extent of rich domain,
" Yet must he feed a hopeless flame,
" Must truth and nature plead in vain?"

" Think not," she said, " by forms betray'd,
" To humbler worth my heart is blind;
" For soon shall every splendor fade,
" That beams not from thy gifted mind.

" But first thy heart explore with care,
" With faith its fond emotions prove;
" Lurks no unworthy passion there?
" Prompts not ambition bold to love?

" Yes, lovely maid," the youth replies,
" A bold ambition prompts my breast,
" The towering hope that love supplies,
" The wish in blessing to be blest.

" The meaner prospects I despise
" That wealth, or rank, or power bestow;
" Be yours the grovelling bliss ye prize,
" Ye sordid winds that stoop so low!

" Be mine the more refin'd delights
" Of love that banishes control,
" When the fond heart with heart unites,
" And soul 's in unison with soul."

Elvira blush'd the warm reply,
(To love a language not unknown)
The milder glories fill'd her eye,
And there a softer lustre shone.

The yielding smile that 's half suppress,
The short quick breath, the trembling tear,
The swell tumultuous of the breast,
In Armine's favor all appear.

At each kind glance their souls unite,
While love's soft sympathy imparts
That tender transport of delight
That beats in undivided hearts.

Respectful to his lips he press'd
Her yielded hand; in haste away
Her yielded hand she drew distrest,
With looks that witness'd wild dismay.

" Ah whence, fair excellence, those fears?
" What terror unforeseen alarms?"
" See! where a father's frown appears"—
She said, and sunk into his arms.

" My daughter! heavens! it cannot be—
" And yet it must—O dire disgrace!
" Elvira have I liv'd to see
" Clasp'd in a peasant's vile embrace!

" This daring guilt let death repay"—
His vengeful arm the javelin threw,
With erring aim it wing'd its way,
And far, by Fate averted, flew.

Elvira breathes—her pulses beat,
Returning life illumes her eye:
Trembling a father's view to meet,
She spies a reverend hermit nigh.

" Your wrath," she cries, " let tears assuage—
" Unheeded must Elvira pray?
" O let an injur'd father's rage
" This hermit's sacred presence stay!

" Yet deem not, lost in guilty love,
" I plead to save my virgin fame;
" My weakness Virtue might approve,
" And smile on nature's holy flame."

" O welcome to my hopes again,
" My son!" the raptur'd hermit cries;
" I sought thee sorrowing on the plain,"
And all the father fill'd his eyes,

" Art thou," the raging Raymond said,
" Of this audacious boy the sire?
" Curse on the dart that idly sped,
" Nor bade his peasant soul expire!"

" His peasant soul!"—indignant fire
Flash'd from the conscious father's eye:
" A gallant earl is Armine's sire,
" And know, proud chief, that earl am I.

" Tho' here, within the hermit's cell,
" I long have liv'd unknown to fame,
" Yet crowded camps and courts can tell—
" Thou too hast heard of Egbert's name."

" Hah! Egbert! he, whom tyrant rage
" Forc'd from his country's bleeding breast?
" The patron of my orphan age,
" My friend, my warrior stands confest!

" But why?"—" The painful story spare:
" That prostrate youth," said Egbert, " see;
" His anguish asks a parent's care,
" A parent, once who pitied thee!"

Raymond,

Raymond, as one who, glancing round,
Seems from some sudden trance to start,
Snatch'd the pale lovers from the ground,
And held them trembling to his heart.

Joy, Gratitude, and Wonder shed
United tears o'er Hymen's reign,
And nature her best triumph led,
For Love and Virtue join'd her train.

§ 140. *An Italian Song.* ROGERS.

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and warbles there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my lov'd lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet dane'd in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade;
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

§ 141. *Henry and Emma, a Poem upon the Model of the Nut-Brown Maid.* PRIOR.

TO CHLOE.

THOU, to whose eyes I bend; at whose command
(Tho' low my voice, tho' artless be my hand)
I take the sprightly reed, and sing, and play;
Careless of what the censuring world may say:
Bright Chloe, object of my constant vow,
Wilt thou a while unbend thy serious brow?
Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,
And with one heav'nly smile o'erpay his pains?
No longer shall *the Nut-Brown Maid* be old;
Tho' since her youth three hundred years have roll'd.
At thy desire, she shall again be rais'd;
And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.

No longer man of woman shall complain,
That he may love and not be lov'd again:
That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,
Who change the constant lover for the new.
Whatever has been writ, whatever said,
Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd:
Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand.
And, while my notes to future times proclaim
Unconquer'd love and ever-during flame;
O fairest of the sex! be thou my Muse:
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse:
Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,
And grant me love, the just reward of verse.

As beauty's potent queen, with ev'ry grace,
That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face;
And as her son has to my bosom dealt
That constant flame, which faithful Henry felt;
O let the story with thy life agree:
Let men once more the bright example see;
What Emma was to him, be thou to me.
Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove.
But oh! with pity long-entreated crown
My pains and hopes; and, when thou say'st that one
Of all mankind thou lov'st, oh! think on me alone.

WHERE beauteous Isis and her husband Tame
With mingled waves for ever flow the same,
In times of yore an antient baron liv'd;
Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect receiv'd.
When dreadful Edward with successful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war;
This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to the king's commands;
And (all due honors faithfully discharg'd)
Had brought back his paternal coat, enlarg'd
With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

From the loud camp retir'd and noisy court
In honorable ease and rural sport,
The remnant of his days he safely pass'd;
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast.
He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter chaste and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.
They call'd her Emma; for the beauteous dame,
Who gave the virgin birth, had borne the name:
The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd;
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.
Yet as when little round his knees she play'd,
He call'd her oft, in sport, his *Nut-Brown Maid*:
The friends and tenants took the fondling word
(As still they please, who imitate their lord);
Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun;
The mutual terms around the lands were known;
And Emma and *the Nut-Brown Maid* were one.

As with her stature, still her charms increas'd;
Thro' all the isle her beauty was confess'd.
Oh! what perfections must that virgin share,
Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair!
From distant shires repair the noble youth,
And find report, for once, had lessened truth.
By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd,
They came; they saw; they marvell'd; and they lov'd.
By public praises, and by secret sighs,
Each own'd the gen'ral power of Emma's eyes.
In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove,
By glorious deeds to purchase Emma's love.
In gentle verse, the witty told their flame,
And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's name.
In vain they combated, in vain they writ:
Useless their strength, and impotent their wit.

Great

Great Venus only must direct the dart,
Which else will never reach the fair one's heart,
Spite of th' attempts of force, and soft effects of art.
Great Venus must prefer the happy one:
In Henry's cause her favor must be shown:
And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone.
While these in public to the castle came,
And by their grandeur justify'd their flame;
More secret ways the careful Henry takes;
His squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes:
In borrow'd name and false attire array'd,
Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid.
When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit drest,
Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast.
In his right hand his beechen pole he bears:
And graceful at his side his horn he wears.
Still to the glade, where she has bent her way,
With knowing skill he drives the future prey;
Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake;
And shows the path her steed may safely take;
Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound;
Pleas'd, in his toils, to have her triumph crown'd;
And blows her praises with no common sound.
A falc'ner Henry is, when Emma hawks:
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks.
Upon his wrist the tow'ring merlin stands,
Practis'd to rise, and stoop, at her commands.
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down;
With humble rev'rence he accosts the fair,
And with the honor'd feather decks her hair.
Yet still, as from the sportive field he goes,
His downcast eye reveals his inward woes;
And by his look and sorrow is exprest,
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast.
A shepherd now along the plain he roves;
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.
The neighb'ring swains around the stranger throng,
Or to admire or emulate his song:
While, with soft sorrow, he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise:
But, soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain;
With dutiful respect, and studious fear,
Lest any careless sound offend her ear.
A frantic gipsy, now the house he haunts,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.
With the fond maids in palmistry he deals:
They tell the secret first, which he reveals:
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd;
What groom shall get, and squire maintain the child.
But when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A softer look unbends his op'ning brow;
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in soft accents forms the kind reply;
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair,
And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.
Now oft had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes;
Oft had found means alone to see the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his am'rous flame;
And oft, the pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love:
Till time and industry, the mighty two
That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.
While Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion blest,
And, with the secret kept, the love increas'd;
The amorous youth frequents the silent groves
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves: 'tis true; and is belov'd again;
Great are his joys; but will they long remain?
Emma with smiles receives his present flame;
But, smiling, will she ever be the same?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds;
And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds.
Another love may gain her easy youth:
Time changes thought; and flatt'ry conquers truth.
O impotent estate of human life!
Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife;
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire;
And most we question what we most desire.
Amongst thy various gifts, great heaven, bestow
Our cup of love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in; nor pall the draught
With nauseous grief: for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste;
Or deems it not sincere; or fears it cannot last.
With wishes rais'd, with jealousies opprest,
(Alternate tyrants of the human breast)
By one great trial he resolves to prove
The faith of women, and the force of love.
If, scanning Emma's virtues, he may find
That beauteous frame inclose a steady mind,
He 'll fix his hope, of future joy secure;
And live a slave to Hymen's happy pow'r.
But if the fair one, as he fears, is frail;
If, pois'd aright in reason's equal scale,
Light fly her merits, and her faults prevail;
His mind he vows to free from am'rous care,
The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.
South of the castle, in a verdant glade,
A spreading beech extends her friendly shade:
Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard;
Here oft her silence had her heart declar'd.
As active spring awak'd her infant buds,
And genial life inform'd the verdant woods;
Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half express'd and half conceal'd his flame
Upon the tree; and, as the tender mark

Grew

Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
That as the wound, the passion might increase.
As potent nature shed her kindly show'rs,
And deck'd the various mead with op'ning flowers;
Upon the tree the nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair;
Which as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present crown'd,
Glorious thro' all the plains he oft had gone,
And to each swain the mystic honor shown;
The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.

His secret note the troubled Henry writes;
To the known tree the lovely maid invites:
Imperfect words and dubious terms express,
That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace;
That he must something to her ear commend,
On which her conduct and his life depend.

Soon as the fair one had the note receiv'd,
The remnant of the day alone she griev'd:
For diff'rent this from ev'ry former note,
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of *his Nut-brown Maid;*
Which always bless'd her eyes, and own'd her pow'r;
And bid her oft adieu, yet added more. [laid;
Now night advanc'd. The house in sleep were
The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid:
At last that sprite, which does incessant haunt
The lover's steps, the antient maiden aunt.
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay;
For Love, fantastic power, that is afraid
To stir abroad till watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted then, o'er cliffs and valleys strays,
And leads his votaries safe thro' pathless ways
Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find
Where Cupid goes; tho' he, poor guide, is blind.

The maiden, first arriving, sent her eye
To ask, if yet its chief delight were nigh:
With fear, and with desire, with joy and pain,
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But oh! his steps proclaim no lover's haste;
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast;
His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs;
And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.

With ease, alas! we credit what we love:
His painted grief does real sorrow move
In the afflicted fair; adown her cheek
Trickling, the genuine tears their current break;
Attentive stood the mournful nymph: the man
Broke silence first: the tale alternate ran:

HENRY.

Sincere, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love?
Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his sway,
By turns averse and joyful to obey?
Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd,
As reason yielded, and as love prevail'd?
And wept the potent god's resistless dart,
His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
And heav'nly poison thrilling thro' thy heart:
If so, with pity view my wretched state;
At least deplore, and then forget my fate:
To some more happy knight reserve thy charms,
By fortune favor'd, and successful arms:
And only, as the sun's revolving ray,
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,
To an abandon'd exile's endless care.
For me, alas! out-cast of human race,
Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace;
For lo! these hands in murder are imbru'd
These trembling feet by justice are pursu'd:
Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;
A shameful death attends my longer stay;
And I this night must fly from thee and love,
Condemn'd in lonely woods a banish'd man to rove.

EMMA.

What is our bliss that changeth with the moon;
And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon?
What is true passion, if unblest it dies?
And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare,
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd,
The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd:
The god of love himself inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
His compliment of stores, and total war.

O! cease then coldly to suspect my love;
And let my deed, at least, my faith approve.
Alas! no youth shall my endearments share;
Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
No future story shall with truth upbraid
The cold indifference of *the Nut-brown Maid:*
Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run;
While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
View me resolv'd, where-e'er thou lead'st, to go,
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe:
For I attest, fair Venus and her son,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HENRY.

Let prudence yet obstruct thy vent'rous way;
And take good heed, what men will think and say:
That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took;
Her father's house and civil life forsook;
That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the wood-land with an exile ran.
Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd;
And virgin honor once, is always stain'd:
Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun:
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
No penance can absolve our guilty fame;
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame
Then fly the sad effects of desp'rate love; [rove.
And leave a banish'd man through lonely woods to

EMMA.

Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
By the rash young, or the ill-natur'd old:
Let ev'ry tongue its various censures choose;
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse:

Fair

Fair Truth at last her radiant beams will raise;
And malice vanquish'd heightens virtue's praise.
Let then thy favor but indulge my flight;
O! let my presence make thy travels light;
And potent Venus shall exalt my name
Above the rumors of censorious Fame;
Nor from that busy demon's restless pow'r
Will ever Emma other grace implore, [known,
Than that this truth should to the world be
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the bow?
With active force repel the sturdy foe? [When?
When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
And winged death in whistling arrows fly;
Wilt thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted stay,
Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day?
Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale;
With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd:
Then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharg'd, deny
Thy little useless aid, and coward fly: [love
Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee
A banish'd man condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
To send the arrow from the twanging yew:
And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,
Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.
Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame
Exeite the female breast with martial flame?
And shall not love's diviner pow'r inspire
More hardy virtue, and more generous fire?
Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
Though my inferior strength may not allow,
That I should bear or draw the warrior bow;
With ready hand I will the shaft supply,
And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,
Should'st thou (but Heav'n avert it!) should'st thou bleed;
To stop the wounds my finest lawn I'd tear,
Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my hair:
Blest, when my dangers and my toils have shown,
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sustain
Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain?
Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
From sun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid;
Can they bear angry Jove? Can they resist
The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-east,
When, chill'd by adverse snows, and beating rain,
We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;
When with hard toil we seek our ev'ning food,
Berries and acorns from the neighb'ring wood;
And find among the cliffs no other house,
But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs;
Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
Around the dreary waste; and weeping try
(Tho' then, alas! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hospitable gate,
And seats, where Ease and Plenty brooding sate?
Those seats, whence long excluded thou must
That gate, forever barr'd to thy return: [mourn;
Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a banish'd man condemn'd in woods to rove?

EMMA.

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determin'd to recede?
Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,
While gentle Zephyrs play in prosp'rous gales,
And Fortune's favor fills the swelling sails;
But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar?
No, Henry, no: one sacred oath has ty'd
Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide;
Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.
When from the cave thou risest with the day,
To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding prey;
The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
And cheerful sit, to wait my lord's return:
And, when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer
(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err),
I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighb'ring wood,
And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food:
With humble duty, and officious haste,
I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast:
The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring;
And draw thy water from the freshest spring:
And when, at night, with weary toil oppress,
Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest;
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight pray'r
Weary the gods to keep thee in their care;
And joyous ask, at morn's returning ray,
If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend,
On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend:
By all these sacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart: and grateful let him own,
That she, of all mankind, could love but him alone.

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'st me, what the woman's care
Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare.
Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
Must leave the habit and the sex behind.
No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck;
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids with various ribbon bound:
No longer shall the boddice, aptly lac'd
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less:
Nor shall thy lower garments' artful plait,
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,

Arm

Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double ev'ry charm they seek to hide.
Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair,
Crept off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear,
Shall stand uncouth: a horseman's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape and comeliness of side: [knee
The short trunk-hose shall show thy foot and
Licentious, and to common eye-sight free,
And, with a bolder stride, and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.
Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find:
'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were ther:
Or guardian gods made innocence their care.
Vagrants and outlaw shall offend thy view;
For such must be my friends; a hideous crew
By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,
Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill:
Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back:
By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread:
With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
Assist their violence, and divide their prey:
With such she must return at setting light,
Tho' not partaker, witness of their night.
Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds,
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply;
Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
The latest weapon of the wretches war;
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.
Now Emma now the last reflection make,
Whatthouwouldstfollow,whatthoumustforsake:
By our ill-omen'd stars, and adverse heav'n,
No middle object to thy choice is given.
Or yield thy virtue, to attain thy love; [rove.
Or leave a banish'd man condemn'd in woods to

EMMA.

O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honor hates;
Mix thee amongst the bad; or make thee run
Too near the paths which virtue bids thee shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but share the woe:
And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst; if Henry still be there.
Our outward act is prompted from within;
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin:
By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd;
Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.
Who has assay'd no danger gains no praise,
In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her seat:
In vain the syrens sing, the tempests beat:
Their flattery she rejects, nor fears their threat.
For thee alone these little charms I dress'd;
Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them by thy test.
In comely figure rang'd, my jewels shone,
Or negligently plac'd, for thee alone:
For thee again they shall be laid aside;
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
For thee, my clothes, my sex, exchang'd for thee,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee;
O line extreme of human infamy!
Wanting the scissars, with these hands I'll tear
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair.
Black soot or yellow walnut shall disgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face.
These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
Lest by my look or color be express'd
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dress'd.
Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
Let me be grateful still in Henry's eyes;
Lost to the world, let me to him be known:
My fate I can absolve; if he shall own,
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

HENRY.

O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind!
Name, habit, parents, woman, eft behind,
Ev'n honor dubious, thou preferr'st go
Wild to the woods with me: said Emma so?
Or did I dream what Emma never said?
O guilty error! and O wretched maid!
Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
With him, who next should tempt her easy fame; [flame.
And blow with empty words the susceptible
Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex?
Confess thy frailty, and avow thy sex:
No longer loose desire for constant love
Mistake; but say, 'tis man with whom thou long'st to rove,

EMMA.

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and swords;
That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?
Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame?
More fatal Henry's words: they murder Emma's fame.
And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung;
Whose artful sweetness and harmonious stain,
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid;
And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd
Still blam'd the coldness of *the Nut-brownmaid?*
Let envious jealousy and canker'd spite
Produce my actions to severest light,
And tax my open day, or secret night.
Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part?
Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?
And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault, but that which I must never own,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone:
Each man is man; and all our sex is one.

False

False are our words, and fickle is our mind:
Nor in Love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to last, or promises to bind.
By nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by strength or cunning we invade:
When, arm'd with rage, we march against the foe,
We lift the battle-ax, and draw the bow:
When, fir'd with passion, we attack the fair,
Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear:
Our falsehood and our arms have equal use;
As they our conquest or delight produce.
The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
The only boon departing love can give.
To be less wretched, be no longer true; [sue?
What strives to fly thee why shouldst thou pur-
Forget thy present flame, indulge anew.
Single the loveliest of the am'rous youth;
Ask for his vow; but hope not for his truth.
The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive:
Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.
Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right:
Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight;
Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's slight.
Why shouldst thou weep? let Nature judge our case;
I saw thee young and fair; pursu'd the chace
Of youth and beauty: I another saw
Fairer and younger: yielding to the law
Of our all-ruling mother, I pursued
More youth, more beauty: blest vicissitude!
My active heart still keeps its pristine flame;
The object alter'd, the desire the same.
This younger fairer pleads her rightful charms;
With present power compels me to her arms.
And much I fear from my subjected mind
(If beauty's force to constant love can bind),
That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
Shall sweep the fury of my love decay'd;
And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
With idle clamors of a broken vow.
Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
So wide, to hope that thou mayst live with her
Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows:
Cupid averse rejects divided vows:
Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
An useless sorrow, and an ill-starr'd love;
And leave me with the fair at large in woods to rove.

EMMA.

Are we in life through one great error led?
Is each man purjur'd and each nymph betray'd?
Of the superior sex art thou the worst?
Am I of mine the most completely curst?
Yet let me go with thee; and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.
This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our diff'rent care,
Her let me follow; her let me attend,
A servant (she may scorn the name of friend):
What she demands, incessant I'll prepare:
I'll weave her garlands; and I'll plait her hair:
My busy diligence shall deck her board
(For there at least I may approach my lord);
And, when her Henry's softer hours advise
His servant's absence, with dejected eyes
Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.
Yet, when increasing grief brings slow disease;
And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
When Henry's mistress shows him Emma dead;
Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect;
With virgin honors let my hearse be deck'd,
And decent emblem; and at least pursuade
This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid
Where thou, dear author of my death, where she,
With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
The nymph amidst her joys may happly breathe
One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
And thou, forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart; [tear
Thou sure must give one thought and drop one
To her, whom love abandon'd to despair;
To her, who, dying, on the wounded stone
Bid it in lasting characters be known,
That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

Hear, solemn Jove! and, conscious Venus, hear!
And thou, bright maid, believe me, whilst I swear;
No time, no change, no future flame, shall move
The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love.
O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
At least excuse a trial too severe:
Receive the triumph, and forget the war.
No banish'd man condemn'd in woods to rove
Entreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,
Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honor of my youth!
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.
In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illustrious earl: him terrible in war
Let Loyre confess; for she has felt his sword
And trembling fled before the British lord.
Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows;
For she amidst his spacious meadows flows;
Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands;
And sees his numerous herd imprint her sands.
And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy thought
To greatness next to empire; shalt be brought
With solemn pomp to my paternal seat;
Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait.
Music and song shall wake the marriage-day:
And, whilst the priests accuse the bride's delay,
Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.
Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn:
And blooming peace shall ever bless thy morn.
Succeeding years their happy race shall run;
And Age unheeded by delight come on;
While yet superior Love shall mock his pow'r;
And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-tied knot unfold:
What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold.

Hence

Hence then for ever from my Emma's breast
(That heaven of softness, and that seat of rest),
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests rove.

EMMA.

O day the fairest sure that ever rose!
Period and end of anxious Edward's woes!
Sire of her joy, and source of her delight;
O wing'd with pleasure take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
Yet tell thy votary, potent queen of love!
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?
Will he ever kind, and just, and good?
And is there then no mistress in the wood?
None, none, there is, the thought was rash and vain;
A false idea, and a fancied pain.
Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
And anxious jealousy's corroding smart;
No other inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care.
Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
And sheds her treasure with unwearied hands;
Her present favor cautious I 'll embrace;
And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace:
If she reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, flutt'ring to be gone;
Secure of mind I 'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods she lent.
Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,
From any turn of her fantastic wheel:
Friendship's great laws, and love's superior pow'rs,
Must mark the color of my future hours.
From the events which thy commands create
I must my blessings or my sorrows date:
And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.
Yet while with close delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)
I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
Exalted high as virtue can require;
With power invested, and with pleasure cheer'd;
Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd;
Loaded and blest with all the affluent store
Which human vows at smoking shrines implore;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life subservient only to thy joy;
And at my death to bless thy kindness shown
To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

While thus the constant pair alternate said,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and sportive Loves, a numerous crowd;
Smiling they clapp'd their wings and low they bow'd:
They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To choose propitious shafts; a precious store,
That, when their god should take his future darts,
To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
His happy skill might proper arms employ,
All tipp'd with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy;
And those, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate
These lovers' constancy, should share their fate.
The queen of beauty stopp'd her bridled doves;
Approv'd the little labor of the Loves;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear;
And to the triumph call'd the god of war:
Soon as she calls, the god is always near.
Now, Mars, she said, let Fame exalt her voice;
Nor let thy conquests only be her choice:
But when she sings great Edward from the field
Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield
In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to yield;
And when, as prudent Saturn shall complete
The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,
The swift-wing'd pow'r shall take her trump again,
To sing her favorite Anna's wondrous reign;
To recollect unwearied Marlbro's toils,
Old Rufus' hall unequal to his spoils;
The British soldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his hand:
Let her at least perform what I desire;
With second breath the vocal brass inspire,
And tell the nations, in no vulgar strain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.
And, when thy tumults and thy fights are past;
And when thy laurels at my feet are cast;
Faithful may'st thou, like British Henry prove,
And Emma-like, let me return thy love.
Renown'd for truth, let all thy sons appear;
And constant beauty shall reward their care.
Mars smil'd, and bow'd: the Cyprian deity
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky;
And thou, she smiling said, great god of day,
And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise;
As on the British earth, my fav'rite isle,
Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,
Thro' all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
Proclaim with joy those memorable loves:
From every annual course let one great day
To celebrated sports and floral play
Be set aside; and, in the softest lays
Oft thy poetic sons, be solemn praise,
And everlasting marks of honor paid
To *the true Lover, and the Nut-brown Maid.*

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§ 142. *An Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, Knight, Comptroller General of his Majesty's Works, and Author of a late Dissertation on Oriental Gardening. Enriched with Explanatory Notes, chiefly extracted from that elaborate Performance.* Anon.

Non omnes arbusta juvant humilesque myricae.
Virgil.

Knight of the Polar Star! by Fortune plac'd,
To shine the Cynosure * of British taste;
Whose orb collects in one refulgent view
The scatter'd glories of Chinese Virtù;
And spreads their lustre in so broad a blaze,
That Kings themselves are dazzled, while they gaze!
O let the Muse attend thy march sublime,
And, with thy prose, caparison her rhyme;

* Cynosure, an affected phrase; Cynosure is a Constellation of Ursa Minor, or the Lesser Bear, the next star to the Pole. Dr. Newton on the word in Milton.

Whose

Teach her, like thee, to gild her splendid song
With scenes of Yven-Ming,* and sayings of
Li-Tsong ;†
Like thee to scorn Dame Nature's simple fence;
Leap each ha ha of truth and common sense ;
And, proudly rising in her bold career,
Demand attention from the gracious ear
Of him, whom we and all the ward admit
Patron supreme of science, taste, and wit.
Does Envy doubt ? Witness, ye chosen train !
Who breathe the sweets of his Saturnian reign ;
Witness ye H*lls, ye J*ns*ns, Sc*ts, S*bb*s,
Hark to my call, for some of you have ears.
Let D**d H*e, from the remotest North,
In see-saw sceptic scruples hint his worth ;
D**d, who there supinely deigns to lye
The fattest Hog of Epicurus' stye ;
Tho' drunk with Gallic wine, and Gallic praise,
D**d shall bless old England's halcyon days ;
The mighty Home, bemir'd in prose so long,
Again shall stalk upon the stilts of song :
While bold Mac-Ossian, wont in Ghosts to deal,
Bids candid Smollet from his coffin steal ;
Bids Mallock quit his sweet Elysian rest,
Sunk in his St. John's philosophic breast,
And, like old Orpheus, make some strong effort
To come from hell and warble *truth at Court*.‡
There was a time, " in Esher's peaceful grove,
" When Kent and Nature vy'd for Pelham's
" love,"
That Pope beheld them with auspicious smile,
And own'd that Beauty bless'd their mutual toil.
Mistaken Bard ! could such a pair design
Scenes fit to live in thy immortal line ?
Hadst thou been born in this enlighten'd day,
Felt, as we feel, Taste's oriental ray,
Thy satire sure had given them both a stab,
Call'd Kent a Driveller, and the Nymph a Drab.
For what is Nature ? Ring her changes round,
Her three flat notes are water, plants, and ground;
Prolong the peal, yet spite of all your clatter,
The tedious chime is still ground, plants, and water.§
So, when some John his dull invention racks,
To rival Boodle's dinners, or Almack's ;
Three uncouth legs of mutton shock our eyes,
Three roasted geese, three butter'd apple pies.
Come then, prolific art, and with thee bring
The charms that rise from thy exhaustless spring;
To Richmond come, for see untutor'd Brown
Destroys those wonders which were once thy own.
Lo, from his melon-ground the peasant slave
Has rudely rush'd, and levell'd Merlin's Cave ;
Knock'd down the waxen Wizard, seis'd his wand,
Transform'd to lawn what late was Fairy land ;
And marr'd, with impious hand, each sweet de-
Of stephen Duck and good Queen Caroline. [sign
Haste, bid you livelong Terrace re-ascend,
Re-place each vista, straighten every bend ;
Shut out the Thames, shall that ignoble thing
Approach the presence of great Ocean's King ?
No ! let Barbaric glories ‖ feast his eyes,
August Pagodas round his palace rise,
And finish'd Richmond open to his view,
" A work to wonder at, perhaps a Kew."
Nor rest we here, but, at our magic call,
Monkies shall climb our trees, and lizards crawl;¶
Huge dogs of Tibit bark in yonder grove,
Here parrots prate, there cats make cruel love ;
In

* One of the Imperial gardens at Pekin.

† " Many trees, shrubs, and flowers," saveth Li-Tsong, a Chinese author of great antiquity, " thrive best in low, moist situations; many on hills and mountains; some require a rich soil ; but others will grow on clay, in sand, or even upon rocks, and in the water : to some a sunny exposition is necessary : but for others the shade is preferable. There are plants which thrive best in exposed situations, but in general shelter is requisite. The skilful gardener, to whom study and experience have taught these qualities, carefully attends to them in his operations, knowing that thereon depend the health and growth of his plants, and consequently the beauty of his plantations." Vide Diss. P. 77. The reader, I presume, will readily allow, that he never met with so much recondite truth, as this antient Chinese here exhibits.

‡ Vide (if it be extant) a poem under this title, for which (or for the publication of Lord Bolingbroke's philosophical writings) the person here mentioned received a considerable pension in the time of Lord B---t's administration.

§ This is the great and fundamental axiom, on which oriental taste is founded. It is therefore expressed here with the greatest precision, and in the identical phrase of the great original. The figurative terms, and even the explanatory simile, are entirely borrowed from Sir William's Dissertation. " *Nature* (says the Chinese, or Sir William for him) affords us but few materials to work with. *Plants, ground, and water*, are her only productions : and, though both the forms and arrangements of these may be varied to an incredible degree, yet they have but few striking varieties, the rest being of the nature of *changes rung upon bells*, which, though in reality different, still produce the same uniform kind of *jingling* ; the variation being too minute to be easily perceived."---"*Art* must therefore supply *the countinues of Nature*," &c. &c. page 14. And again, " Our larger works are only a repetition of th small ones, *like the honest Bachelor's feast*, which consisted in nothing but a multiplication of his own dinner ; *three legs of mutton and turnips, three roasted geese, and three buttered apple pies.*" Preface, page 7.

‖ So Milton " Where the gorgeous east with richest hand
Showers on her kings *Barbaric* pearl and gold."

¶ " In their lofty woods *serpents* and *lizards* of many beautiful sorts crawl upon the ground. Innumerable *monkeys*, *cats*, and *parrots* clamber upon the trees." Page 40. " In their lakes are many *islands*, some small, some large, among which are seen stalking along, *the elephant*, the rhinoceros, the dromedary, ostrich, and the giant baboon." Page 66. They keep, in their enchanted scenes, a surprising variety of monstrous birds, reptiles, and animals, which are tamed by it, and guarded by enormous *dogs of Tibet*, and *African giants*, in the habits of *magicians*." Page 42. " Sometimes in this romantic

In some fair island will we turn to grass
(With the Queen's leave) her elephant and ass.
Giants from Africa shall guard the glades, [maids;
Where hiss our snakes, where sport our Tartar
Or, wanting these, from Charlotte Hayes we
Damsels alike adroit to sport and sting. [bring
Now, to our lawns of dalliance and delight
Join we the groves of horror and affright:
This to achieve no foreign aids we try;
Thy gibbets, Bagshot*! shall our wants supply;
Hounslow whose heath sublimer terrors fills,
Shall with her gibbets lend her powder-mills.
Here, too, O King of Vengeance†, in thy fane,
Tremendous Wilkes shall rattle his gold chain‡;
And round that fane, on many a Tyburn tree,
Hang fragments dire of Newgate-history;
On this shall H*ll*d's dying speech be read,
Here B—te's confession, and his wooden head;
While all the minor plunderers of the age,
(Too numerous far for this contracted page)
The R*gy*ys,——§, Mungos, B*ds*ws there,
In straw-stuft effigy, shall kick the air.
But, say ye powers, who come when fancy calls,
Where shall our mimic London rear her walls‖?
The Eastern feature, Art must next produce:
Tho' not for present yet for future use,
Our sons some slave of greatness may behold,
Cast in the genuine Asiatic mould:
Who of three realms shall condescend to know
No more than he can spy from Windsor's brow;
For Him, that blessing of a better time,
The Muse shall deal awhile in brick and lime;
Surpass the bold ΑΔΕΛΦΙ in design,
And o'er the Thames fling one stupendous line
Of marble arches¶, in a bridge, that cuts
From Richmond Ferry slant to Brentford Butts,
Brentford with London's charms will we adorn;
Brentford, the bishoprick of Parson Horne.
There at one glance, the royal eye shall meet
Each varied beauty of St. James's Street;
Stout T*lb*t there shall ply with hackney chair**,
And Patriot Betty fix her fruit-shop there††.
Like distant thunder, now the coach of state
Rolls o'er the bridge, that groans beneath its weight;
The Court hath cross'd the stream; the sports
Now N**l preaches of rebellion's sin: [begin,
And as the powers of his strong pathos rise,
Lo, brazen tears fall from Sir Fl**r's eyes‡‡.
While skulking round the pews, that babe of grace,
Who ne'er before at sermon show'd his face,
See Jemmy Twitcher shambles; stop, stop thief§§!
He 's stol'n the E* of D*nb*hs' handkerchief.
Let B*rr*t*n arrest him in mock fury‖‖.
And M**d hang the knave¶¶ without a jury.
But hark! the voice of battle shouts from far,
The Jews and Macaronis are at war***: [stocks,
The Jews prevail, and, thundering from the
They seise, they bind, they circumcise†††C*sF*.
Fair Schw***n smiles the sport to see,
And all the Maids of Honor cry Te-he‡‡‡!

mantic excursion, the passenger finds himself in extensive recesses, surrounded with arbors of jessamine, vine, and roses: where beauteous *Tartarean damsels*, in loose transparent robes that flutter in the air, present him with rich wines, &c. and invite him to taste the sweets of retirement on Persian carpets, and beds of Camusakin down."

* "Their scenes of terror are composed of gloomy woods, &c. *Gibbets*, crosses, wheels, and the whole apparatus of torture are seen from the roads. Here too they conceal in cavities, on the summits of the highest mountains, foundries, lime-kilns, and glass-works, which send forth large volumes of flame, and continued columns of thick smoke, that give to these mountains the appearance of volcanos." Page 37. "Here the passenger from time to time is surprised with repeated shocks of electrical impulse; the earth trembles under by the power of confined air," &c. Page 39. Now to produce both these effects, viz. the appearance of volcanos and earthquakes, we have here submitted the occasional explosion of a *powder-mill*, which (if there be not too much simplicity in the contrivance) it is apprehended will at once answer all the purposes of *lime-kilns* and *electrical machines*, and imitate *thunder* and the *explosion of canon* into the bargain. Vide Page 40.

† "In the most dismal recesses of the woods, are temples dedicated to the *King of Vengeance*, near which are placed pillars of stone, with *pathetic descriptions of tragical events;* and many acts of cruelty perpetrated there by *outlaws* and *robbers*." Page 37.

‡ This was written when Mr. Wilkes was Sheriff of London, and when it was to be feared he would rattle his chain a year longer as Lord Mayor.

§ *Martins.* The asterisms will be easily supplied.

‖ "There is likewise in the same garden, viz. Yven-Ming Yven, near Pekin, *a fortified town*, with its ports, streets, public squares, temples, markets, shops, and tribunals of justice; in short, with every thing that is at Pekin, only on a smaller scale. In this town the Emperors of China, who are too much *the slaves of their greatness* to appear in public, and their women, who are secluded from it by custom, are frequently diverted with the hurry and bustle of the capital which is here represented, several times of the year, by the eunuchs of the palace." Page 32.

¶ Sir William's enormous account of Chinese *bridges*, too long to be here inserted. Vide page 58.

** "Some of these eunuchs personate porters." Page 32.

†† "Fruits and all sorts of refreshments are cried about the streets in this mock city." Page 33.

‡‡ "Drew *iron* tears down Pluto's cheek." Milton.

§§ "Neither are thieves, pickpockets, and sharpers forgot in these festivals; that noble profession is usually allotted to a good number of the most dextrous!" Vide ibid.

‖‖ "The watch seises on the culprit." Vide ibid.

¶¶ "He is conveyed before the judge, and sometimes severely bastinadoed." Ibid.

*** "Quarrels happen — battles ensue." Ibid.

††† "Every liberty is permitted, there is no distinction of persons." Ibid.

‡‡‡ "This is done to divert his Imperial Majesty, and the ladies of his train." Vide ibid.

Be these the rural pastimes that attend
Great B**nsw**k's leisure: these shall best unbend
His royal mind, whene'er, from state withdrawn,
He treads the velvet of his Richmond lawn;
These shall prolong his Asiatic dream,
Tho' Europe's balance trembles on its beam.
And thou, Sir William! while thy plastic hand
Creates each wonder, which thy Bard has plann'd;
While, as thy art commands, obsequious rise
Whate'er can please, or frighten, or surprise,
O let that Bard his Knight's protection claim,
And share, like faithful Sancho, Quixote's fame.

§ 143. *Pleasures of Memory: a Poem. By* Samuel Rogers, *Esq.*

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening blaz'd
The Gipsy's faggot—there we stood and gaz'd:
Gaz'd on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,
Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of straw;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
Imps, in the barn with mousing owlet bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed;
Whose dark eyes flash'd thro' locks of blackest shade,
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bay'd:
And heroes fled the Sybil's mutter'd call,
Whose elfin prowess scal'd the orchard-wall.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And trac'd the line of life with searching view,
How throbb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
To learn the color of my future years!
Ah, then, what honest triumph flush'd my breast!
This truth once known—To bless is to be blest!
We led the bending beggar on his way;
(Bare with his feet, his tresses silver grey)
Sooth'd the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And wept to think that little was no more,
He breath'd his pray'r; "Long may such goodness live!"
'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.
But hark! thro' those old firs, with sullen swell
The church-clock strikes! ye tender scenes farewell!
It calls me hence, beneath their shade to trace
The few fond lines that Time may soon efface.
On yon gray stone that fronts the chancel-door,
Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more,
Each eve we shot the marble thro' the ring,
When the heart danc'd, and life was in its spring;
Alas! unconscious of the kindred earth,
That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth.

§ 144. *From the Same.*

Oft has the aged tenant of the vale
Lean'd on his staff to lengthen out the tale;
Oft have his lips the grateful tribute breath'd,
From sire to son with pious zeal bequeath'd.
When o'er the blasted heath the day declin'd,
And on the scath'd oak warr'd the winter wind:
When not a distant taper's twinkling ray
Gleam'd o'er the furze to light him on his way;
When not a sheep-bell sooth'd his listening ear,
And the big rain-drops told the tempest near;
Then did his horse the homeward track descry.
The track that shunn'd his sad inquiring eye;
And win each wavering purpose to relent,
With warmth so mild, so gently violent,
That his charm'd hand the careless rein resign'd,
And doubts and terrors vanish'd from his mind.
Recall the traveller, whose alter'd form
Has borne the buffet of the mountain storm;
And who will first his fond impatience meet?
His faithful dog 's already at his feet!
Yes, tho' the porter spurn him from his door,
Tho' all, that knew him, know his face no more,
His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,
With that mute eloquence which passes speech.
And see, the master but returns to die!
Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly?
The blasts of heaven, the drenching dews of earth,
The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth;
These, when to guard misfortune's sacred grave,
Will firm Fidelity exult to brave.
Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?
Say thro' the clouds what compass points her flight?
Monarchs have gaz'd, and nations blest the sight.
Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains rise,
Eclipse her native shades, her native skies;—
'Tis vain! thro' ether's pathless wilds she goes,
And lights at last where all her cares repose.
Sweet bird! thy truth shall Harlem's walls attest,
And unborn ages consecrate thy nest.
When with the silent energy of grief,
With looks that ask'd, yet dar'd not hope relief,
Want, with her babes, round generous valor clung,
To wring the slow surrender from his tongue,
'Twas thine to animate her closing eye:
Alas! 'twas thine perchance the first to die,
Crush'd by her meagre hand, when welcom'd from the sky.

§ 145. *From the Same.*

When the blithe son of Savoy, roving round
With humble wares and pipe of merry sound,
From his green valé and shelter'd cabin hies,
And scales the Alps to visit foreign skies;
Tho' far below the forked lightnings play,
And at his feet the thunder dies away,
Oft, in the saddle rudely rock'd to sleep,
While his mule browses on the dizzy steep,
With memory's aid, he sits at home, and sees
His children sport beneath their native trees,
And bends, to hear their cherub voices call,
O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.
But can her smile with gloomy Madness dwell?
Say, can she chase the horrors of his cell?
Each fiery flight on phrenzy's wing restrain,
And mould the coinage of the fever'd brain,
Pass but that grate, which scarce a gleam supplies,
There in the dust the wreck of Genius lies!

He,

He, whose arresting hand sublimely wrought
Each bold conception in the sphere of thought;
Who from the quarried mass, like Phidias drew
Forms ever fair, creations ever new!
But as he fondly snatch'd the wreath of Fame,
The spectre Poverty unnerv'd his frame.
Cold was her grasp, a withering scowl she wore;
And Hope's soft energies were felt no more.
Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art!
From the rude stone what bright ideas start!
Ev'n now he claims the amaranthine wreath,
With scenes that glow, with images that breathe!
And whence these scenes, these images declare,
Whence but from her who triumphs o'er despair?

Awake, arise! with grateful fervor fraught,
Go spring the mine of elevated thought.
He who thro' Nature's various walk, surveys
The good and fair her faultless line portrays;
Whose mind, prophan'd by no unhallow'd guest,
Culls from the crowd the purest and the best;
May range, at will, bright Fancy's golden clime,
Or musing, mount where Science sits sublime,
Or wake the spirit of departed Time.
Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral Muse,
A blooming Eden in his life reviews!
So richly cultur'd ev'ry native grace:
Its scanty limits he forgets to trace:
But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,
Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!
The weary waste, that lengthen'd as he ran,
Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span!

Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
By truth illumin'd, and by taste refin'd?
When age has quench'd the eye and clos'd the ear,
Still nerv'd for action in her native sphere,
Oft will she rise—with searching glance pursue
Some long-lov'd image vanish'd from her view;
Dart thro' the deep recesses of the past,
O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast;
With giant-grasp fling back the folds of night,
And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.

So thro' the grove th' impatient mother flies,
Each sunless glade, each secret pathway tries;
Till the light leaves the truant-boy disclose,
Long on the wood-moss stretch'd in sweet repose.

§ 146. *From the Same.*

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend,
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
To hover round his evening-walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;
To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
And heaven and nature open'd to their view!
Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please;
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they lov'd in life so well!

O thou! with whom my heart was wont to share
From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each care;
With whom, alas! I fondly hop'd to know
The humble walk of happiness below;
If thy blest nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
Correct my views, and elevate my soul:
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resign'd;
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aim'd to rise,
To meet the changes Time and Chance present,
With modest dignity and calm content.
When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God express'd:
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed;
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?
The sweet Remembrance of unblemish'd youth,
The inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth!

Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest.

§ 147. *Verses on a Tear. From the Same.*

Oh! that the Chemist's magic art
Could crystallise this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.
The little brilliant ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then trembling, left its coral cell—
The Spring of Sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light,
In thee the rays of Virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
When first she feels the rude control
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age;
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law* which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

* The law of Gravitation.

§ 148. *A Sketch of the Alps at Day-break. From the Same.*

The sun beams streak the azure skies,
And line with light the mountain's brow:
With hounds and horns the hunters rise,
And chase the roe-buck thro' the snow.

From rock to rock, with giant bound,
High on their iron poles they pass;
Mute, lest the air, convuls'd by sound,
Rend from above a frozen mass*.

The goats wind slow their wonted way,
Up craggy steeps and ridges rude;
Mark'd by the wild wolf for his prey,
From desert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,
And as the echoing cliffs reply,
The huts peep o'er the morning cloud,
Perch'd, like an eagle's nest, on high.

§ 149. *A Wish. From the Same.*

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall sooth my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were giv'n,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heav'n.

§ 150. *An Ode on Classic Education*†. Anon.

Down the steep abrupt of hills
Furious foams the headlong tide,
Thro' the meads the streamlet trills,
Swelling slow in gentle pride.
Ruin vast and dread dismay
Mark the clam'rous cataract's way.
Glad increase and sweets benign
Round the riv'let's margin shine.

Youth! with stedfast eye peruse
Scenes to lesson thee display'd;
Yes — in these the moral Muse
Bids thee see thyself portray'd.
Thou with headstrong wasteful force
May'st reflect the torrent's course;
Or resemble streams, that flow
Blest and blessing as they go.

Infant sense to all our kind
Pure the young ideas brings,
From within the fountain mind
Issuing at a thousand springs.
Who shall make the current stray
Smooth along the channell'd way?
Who shall, as it runs, refine?
Who? but Classic Discipline.

She, whatever fond desire,
Stubborn deed or guileful speech,
Inexperience might inspire,
Or absurd indulgence teach,
Timely cautious shall restrain,
Bidding childhood hear‡ the rein
She with sport shall labor mix,
She excursive fancy fix.

Prime support of learned lore,
Perseverance joins her train,
Pages oft turn'd o'er and o'er
Turning o'er and o'er again;
Giving, in due form of school,
Speech its measure, pow'r, and rule:
Meanwhile memory's treasures grow
Great tho' gradual: sure, tho' slow.

Patient Care by just degrees
Word and image learns to class;
Those compounds, and sep'rates these,
As in strict review they pass;
Joins, as various features strike,
Fit to fit and like to like,
Till in meek array advance
Concord, Method, Elegance.

Time meanwhile, from day to day,
Fixes deeper Virtue's root;
Whence, in long succession gay,
Blossoms many a lively shoot:
Meek Obedience, *following still,*
Frank and glad, a Master's will;
Modest Candor, hearing prone
Any judgement save its own:

Emulation, whose keen eye
Forward still and forward strains,
Nothing ever deeming high
While a higher hope remains:
Shame ingenuous, native, free,
Source of conscious dignity:
Zeal impartial to pursue
Right, and just, and good, and true.

These and ev'ry kindred grace
More and more perfection gain;
While Attention toils to trace
Grave record or lofty strain;
Learning how, in Virtue's pride,
Sages liv'd or heroes died;
Marking how in virtue's cause
Genius gave and won applause.

Thus with early culture blest,
Thus to early rule inur'd,
Infancy's expanding breast
Glows with sense and pow'rs matur'd,
Whence, if future merit raise
Private love or public praise,
Thine is all the work — be thine
The glory —— classic Discipline.

* There are passes in the Alps, where the guides tell you to move on with speed, and say nothing, lest the agitation of the air should loosen the snows above. Gray, sect. v. let. 4.

† Spoken in the year 1794, at the annual Visitation of Dr. Knox's school at Tunbridge.

‡ *Audit* currus habenas. Virgil.

§ 151. *Autumn.* Thomson.

The Argument.

The subject proposed. — Addressed to Mr. Onslow. — *A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. — Reflections in praise of industry raised by that view. — Reaping. — A tale relative to it. — An harvest storm. — Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. — A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. — A view of an orchard. — Wall-fruit. — A vineyard. — A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, inquiring into the reason of fountains and rivers. — Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. — The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of Scotland. — Hence a view of the country. — A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. — After a gentle dusty day, moon-light. — Autumnal meteors. — Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. — The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. — The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.*

Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While *Autumn*, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on; the Doric reed once more,
Well pleas'd I tune. Whate'er the Wint'ry frost
Nitrous prepar'd: the various blossom'd Spring
Put in white promise forth; and Summer suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.
Onslow! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,
Would from the Public Voice thy gentle ear
Awhile engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;
While list'ning senates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence,
A roll of periods, sweeter than her song.
But she too pants for public virtue, she,
Tho' weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.
When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year;
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft' thro' lucid clouds
A pleasing calm: while broad and brown, below,
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head:
Rich, silent, deep, they stand: for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
By fits effulgent gilds the illumin'd field,
And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
A gaily-chequer'd heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.
These are thy blessings, *Industry!* rough power!
Whom labor still attends, and sweat and pain;
Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
And all the soft civility of life;
Raiser of human kind! by Nature cast,
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements!
With various seeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all.
Still unexerted in the uncouscious breast,
Slept the lethargic powers; corruption still,
Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year;
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch!
Aghast and comfortless, when the bleak north,
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost;
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;
And the wild seasons, sordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not; home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt,
Even desolate in crowds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
A waste of time! till *Industry* approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miserable sloth;
His faculties unfolded; pointed out,
Where lavish Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded; show'd him how to raise
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth;
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast;
Gave the tall antient forest to his ax;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hugh the stone,
Till by degrees the finished fabric rose;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly-vestment warm,
Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;
With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
The life-refining soul of decent wit,
Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity:
But still advancing bolder, led him on

To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;
And, breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
Set science, wisdom, glory in his view,
And bade him be the Lord of all below.
Then, gathering men their natural pow'rs combin'd,
And form'd a Public; to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the Patriot Council met, the full,
The free, and fairly-represented whole;
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
And with joint force, Oppression chaining, set
Imperial justice at the helm; yet still
To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd
That toiling millions must resign their weal,
And all the honey of their search, to such
As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.
Hence every form of cultivated life
In order set, protected, and inspir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurse of art! the city rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head:
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew,
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.
Then *Commerce* brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big warehouse built;
Rais'd the strong crane; choak'd up the loaded street
With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O *Thames!*
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wint'ry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between
Possess'd the breezy void: the sooty hulk
Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak,
To bear the *British Thunder*, black, and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.
Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific heav'd
Its ample roof, and luxury within
Pour'd out the glittering stores: the canvass smooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied rose; the statue seem'd to breathe,
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination flush'd.
All is the gift of *Industry*: whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempest idly rave along.
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring,
Without him Summer were an arid waste,
Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus transmit
Those full, mature, immeasureable stores,
That waving round, recal my wandering song.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceiv'd unfolds the spreading day;
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;
While thro' their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
And, conscious, glancing oft' on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!
How good the *God* of *Harvest* is to you:
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder: that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young *Lavinia* once had friends;
And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all;
Of every stay, save Innocence and *Heav'n*,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale:
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed:
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning-rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure
As is the lily, or the mountain-snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat far proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorned the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.

As

As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet *Lavinia*, till, at length, compell'd
By strong necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean *Palemon*'s field. The pride of swains
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from antient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper train
To walk, when poor *Lavinia* drew his eye:
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze;
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field,
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd:
" What pity! that so delicate a form,
" By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
" And more than vulgar goodness seem to
" dwell,
" Should be devoted to the rude embrace
" Of some indecent clown! She looks, me-
" thinks,
" Of old *Acasto*'s line: and to my mind
" Recals that patron of my happy life,
" From whom my liberal fortune took its rise:
" Now to the dust gone down; his houses,
" lands,
" And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
" 'Tis said, that in some lone obscure retreat,
" Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
" Far from those scenes which knew their bet-
" ter days,
" His aged widow and his daughter live,
" Whom yet my fruitless search could never
" find.
" Romantic wish! would this the daughter
" were!"
When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful *Acasto*; who can speak
The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran!
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
And as he view'd her ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus *Palemon*, passionate and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul:

" And art thou then *Acasto*'s dear remains?
" She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
" So long in vain? O heavens! the very same,
" The soften'd image of my noble friend,
" Alive his every look, his every feature,
" More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than
" Spring!
" Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
" That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah
" where,
" In what sequester'd desart, hast thou drawn
" The kindest aspect of delighted *Heaven!*
" Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
" Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
" Beat keen, and heavy on thy tender years?
" O let me now, into a richer soil,
" Transplant thee safe? where vernal suns and
" showers
" Diffuse their warmest, largest influence:
" And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
" Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
" *Acasto*'s daughter, his whose open stores,
" Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
" The father of a country, thus to pick
" The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
" Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
" Then throw that shameful pittance from thy
" hand,
" But ill applied to such a rugged task!
" The fields, the master, all, my Fair! are
" thine!
" If to the various blessings which thy house
" Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
" That dearest bliss, the power of blessing
" thee!"
Here ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
The lonely moments for *Lavinia*'s fate;
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seis'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening hours:
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair!
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.
Defeating oft the labors of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast.
At first the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops: and a still murmur runs
Along the soft inclining fields of corn.
But as the aërial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world;

Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
High-heat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage,
Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
Tho' pliant to the blast, its seising force:
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.
Sudden the ditches swell, the meadows swim
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
The river lift; before whose rushing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harvest, cottages, and swains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spared
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes,
And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Descending, with his labors scatter'd round.
He sees; and instant o'er his shiv'ring thought
Comes winter unprovided, and a train
Of claimant children dear. Ye masters, then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,
Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride.
And, oh! be mindful of that sparing board,
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice?
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
And all-involving winds have swept away.

Here the rude clamor of the sportsman's joy,
The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the Muse to sing the rural Game:
How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full,
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
As in the sun the circling covey bask
Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, intangled more and more:
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe: the gun,
Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye
O'ertakes their sounding pinions; and again,
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground: or drives them wide-dispers'd,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song:
Then most delighted, when she social sees
The whole mix'd animal creation round
Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
This falsely-cheerful barbarous game of death;
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn:
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,
As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,
Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant Man,
Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
For sport alone pursues the cruel chace,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
Retir'd, the rushy fen; the ragged furze,
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapt;
The thistly lawn; the thick-entangled broom;
Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
Concoctive: and the nodding sandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
Vain is her best precaution; tho' she sits
Conceal'd with folding ears, unsleeping eyes,
By Nature tais'd to take the horizon in;
And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet;
In act to spring away. The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth: and deep,
In scatter'd sullen op'nings, far behind,
With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
But nearer and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
The savage soul of game is up at once:
The pack full-opening, various; the shrill horn
Resounding from the hills; the neighing steed,
Wild for the chace; and the loud hunter's shout:
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

The stag, too, singled from the herd, where long
He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,
Gives all his swift aërial soul to flight;
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind:
Deception short! tho' fleeter than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildest wood;
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
Hot-steaming up behind him come again
Th' inhuman

Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling thro' his every shift.
He sweeps the forest oft, and sobbing sees
The glades mild-opening to the golden day;
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries,
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides:
Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd alarm'd,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil,
Sick seises on his heart: he stands at bay;
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguish; while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the silvan youth,
Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
Must have the chace; behold, despising flight,
The rous'd-up lion, resolute, and slow,
Advancing full on the protended spear,
And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf, on him his shaggy foe
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

These Britain knows not; give, ye Briton's, then,
Your sportive fury, pitiless to pour
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold:
Him, from his craggy winding hearts unearth'd,
Let all the thunders of the chace pursue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
High-bound, resistless; nor the deep morass
Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full:
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks,
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
From rock to rock, in circling echoes toss'd;
Then scale the mountains to their woody tops;
Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn,
In fancy swallowing up the space between,
Pour all your speed into the rapid game,
For happy he! who tops the wheeling chace;
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who saw the villain seis'd, and dying hard,
Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
Relentless torn: O glorious he, beyond
His daring peers! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honor's grac'd the fox's fur,
Depending decent from the roof; and spread
Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
The stag's large front: he then is loudest heard,
When the night staggers with severer toils,
With seats Thessalian Centaurs never knew,
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide:
The tankards foam: and the strong table groans
Beneath the smoaking sirloin stretch'd immense
From side to side; in which, with desperate knife,
They deep incision make, and talk the while
Of *England*'s glory, ne'er to be defac'd,
While hence they borrow vigor, or amain
Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
If stomach keen can intervals allow,
Relating all the glories of the chace.
The sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, streams liberal round
A potent gale, delicious as the breath
Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,
On violets diffus'd while soft she hears
Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years; and now his honest front
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
To cheat the thirsty moments, whist a while
Walks his dull round beneath a cloud of smoke,
Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss
Is hauled about, in gallantry robust.
At last these puling idlenesses laid
Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in
For serious drinking. Nor evasion fly,
Nor sober shift is to the puking wretch
Indulg'd apart; but carnest, brimming bowls
Lave every soul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds,
To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart;
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul;
And, opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse go round;
While, from their slumber shook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the music of the day again.
As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs fall;
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,

Unable

Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes
Seem dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the sun wading thro' the misty sky.
Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table even itself was drunk,
Lie a wet broken scene; and wide, below,
Is heap'd the social slaughter: where astride
The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits.
Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,
And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
Outlives them all; and from his bury'd flock
Returing, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.
But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
E'er stain the bosom of the *British Fair*.
Far be the spirit of the chace from them!
Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill;
To spring the fence, to rein the praneing steed;
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire;
In which they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of their sex is lost.
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;
With every motion, every word to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush;
And from the smallest violence to shrink
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;
And by this silent adulation, soft
To their protection more engaging Man.
O may their eyes no miserable sight,
Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,
Thro' Love's enchanting wiles pursu'd, yet fled,
In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the loose simplicity of dress!
And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
Know they to seise the captivated soul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
Disclosing motion in its every charm;
To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To lend new flavor to the fruitful year,
And heighten Nature's dainties: in their race
To rear their graces into second life;
To give Society its highest taste;
Well-order'd home, Man's best delight to make;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life:
This be the female dignity and praise.
Ye swains now hasten to the hazel-bank:
Where down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
Ye virgins come. For you their latest song
The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the secret shade;
And, where they burnish on the top-most bough,
With active vigor crushes down the tree;
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of *Melinda*'s hair:
Melinda! form'd with every grace complete;
Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.
Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze
Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear
Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race,
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd,
Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,
In ever-changing composition mix'd.
Such, falling frequent from the chiller night,
The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
Innumerous, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue:
Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,
Phillips, Pomona's bard, the second thou
Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
With *British* freedom sing the *British* song:
How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines
Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer
The wint'ry revels of the laboring hind;
And tasteful some, to cool the summer hours.
In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day;
Oh lose me in the green delightful walks
Of *Dodington*, thy seat, serene and plain;
Where simple Nature reigns; and every view,
Diffusive spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,
In boundless prospect; yonder shagg'd with wood,
Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!
Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
Far splendid, seises on the ravish'd eye.
New beauties rise with each revolving day;
New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
Full of thy genius all! the Muses' seat:
Where in the secret bower, and winding walk,
For virtuous *Young* and thee they twine the bay.
Here wand'ring oft, fir'd with the restless thirst
Of thy applause, I solitary court
Th' inspiring breeze; and meditate the book
Of Nature ever open; aiming thence,

Warm

Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
Where Autumn basks with fruit-empurpled deep,
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought:
Presents the downy peach; the shining plum;
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots,
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south,
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.
Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;
Where, by the potent sun elated high,
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day;
Spreads o'er the vale, or up the mountain climbs,
Profuse, and drinks amid the sunny rocks;
From cliff to cliff, increas'd, the heighten'd blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs, the clusters clear,
Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavor by the mingling ray;
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood;
That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nation, pours the cup of joy;
The claret smooth, red as the lip we press,
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-tasted burgundy, and quick,
As is the wit it gives, the gay champaign.
Now by the cool declining year condens'd,
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapor, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:
Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
Even in the height of noon oppress, the sun
Sheds weak, and blunt his wide-refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft' with many a broaden'd orb,
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
A formless grey confusion covers all.

As when of old (so sung the *Hebrew Bard*)
Light, uncollected, thro' the chaos urg'd
Its infant way; nor order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.
These roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoke along the hilly country, these,
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows
The mountain cisterns fill, those ample stores
Of water scoop'd amongst the hollow rocks;
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some sages say, that where the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore,
Drill'd thro' the sandy stratum every way,
The waters with the sandy stratum rise;
Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
Tho' oft' amidst th' irriguous vale it springs;
But to the mountain courted by the sand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main, it boils again
Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with sporting rills. But hence this vain
Amusive dream! why should the waters love
To take so far a journey to the hills,
When the sweet valleys offer to their toil
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
They must aspire; why should they sudden stop
Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course along?
Besides the hard agglomerating salts,
The spoil of ages would impervious choke
Their secret channels; or, by slow degrees,
High as the hills protrude the swelling vales:
Old ocean too suck'd thro' the porous globe,
Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
And brought Deucalion's wat'ry times again.
Say then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
That like *Creating Nature*, lie conceal'd
From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
Refresh the globe and all its joyous tribes?
O thou pervading Genius, given to man,
To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
O lay the mountains bare! and wide display
Their hidden structure to th' astonished view?
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load;
The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds!
Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
And high Olympus pouring many a stream!
O from the sounding summits of the north,
The Dofrine hills, thro' Scandinavia roll'd
To farthest Lapland and the frozen main!
From lofty Caucasus, far seen by those
Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil:
From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Russ
Believes

Believes the * stony girdle of the world;
And all the dreadful mountains wrapt in storm,
Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods;
O sweep th' eternal snows! Hung o'er the deep,
That ever works beneath his sounding base;
Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as Poets feign,
His subterranean wonders spend! unveil
The miny caverns, blazing on the day
Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
And of the bending mountains of the moon †!
O'ertopping all these giant sons of earth.
Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line
Stretch'd to the snowy seas that thunder round
The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
Amazing scene! Behold! the glooms disclose!
I see the rivers in their infant beds!
Deep, deep, I hear them laboring to get free!
I see the leaning strata, artful strang'd;
The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs.
Strow'd bibulous above, I see the sands,
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
The gutter'd rocks, and mazy running clefts;
That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,
Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
Beneath the incessant weeping of these drains,
I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,
The mighty reservoirs of harden'd chalk,
Or stiff-compacted clay: capacious form'd.
O'erflowing thence the congregated stores,
The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
Thro' the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst;
And welling out, around the middle steep,
Or from the bottom of the bosom'd hills,
In pure effusion flow. United thus,
Th' exhaling sun, the vapor-burden'd air,
The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
These vapors in continual current draw,
And send them o'er the fair-divided earth,
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
A social commerce hold, and firm support
The full-adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
The swallow-people; and toss'd wide around,
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
The feather'd eddy floats; rejoicing once,
Ere to their wint'ry slumbers they retire;
In clusters cluing, beneath the mould'ring bank,
And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats,
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of season, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back; for thronging, now
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the strong
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
The stork assembly meets; for many a day,
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid sky.
And now their route design'd, their leaders chose,
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings;
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheel'd round, and round in congregation full,
The figur'd flight ascends; and, riding high
The aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of farthest Thule, and the Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides;
Who can recount what transmigration there
Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds arise?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,
And rude-resounding shore are one wild cry.

Here the plain harmless native his small flock,
And herd diminutive of many hues,
Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up
The plumage, rising full, to form the bed
Of luxury. And here awhile the Muse,
High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
Sees *Caledonia* in romantic view:
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
Invested with a keen diffusive sky,
Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extensive, and of wat'ry wealth
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
With many a cool translucent brimming flood
Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent stream,
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
With sylvan Jed, thy tributary brook)
To where the north-inflated tempest foams
O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak;
Nurse of a people in misfortune's school
Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited
By Learning, when before the Gothic rage
She took her western flight. A manly race,
Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave;
What still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard,
(As well unhappy *Wallace* can attest,
Great patriot hero! ill-requited chief!)
To hold a generous undiminish'd state;
Too much in vain! Hence of unequal bounds
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
O'er every land, for every land their life

* The Muscovites call the Riphean mountains Weliki Camenypops, that is, the great stony girdle; because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

† A range of mountains in Africa, that surround almost all Monomopata,

Has

Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil,
As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal Morn.
Oh is there not some patriot, in whose power
That best, that godlike Luxury is plac'd,
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn
Thro' late posterity? some, large of soul,
To cheer dejected industry? to give
A double harvest to the pining swain?
And teach the lab'ring hand the sweets of toil?
How, by the finest art, the native robe
To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,
To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar
How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,
Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms,
That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores;
How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
The prosperous sail, from every growing port,
Uninjur'd, round the sea-incircled globe;
And thus, in soul united as in name,
Bid *Britain* reign the mistress of the deep?
Yes, there are such. And full on thee, *Argyle*,
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
Thy fond imploring country turns her eye;
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honor, and her courage try'd
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.
Nor less the palm of peace inwreaths thy row?
For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tong
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;
While mix'd in thee combine the charms of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, *Forbes*, too, whom every worth attends
As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,
Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts,
Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd,
And seldom has she known a friend like thee.
But see the fading many-color'd woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown: a crouded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan-declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the season in its latest view.
Meantime, light shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumin'd wide,
The dewy skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And thro' their lucid veil his soften'd force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
For those whom wisdom and whom Nature charm
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To sooth the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.
Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft' let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And thro' the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse.
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull respondent flock;
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy, and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!
The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentle mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant russels from the mournful grove;
Oft' startling, such as studious walk below,
And slowly circles thro' the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
Till chok'd, and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.
He comes! he comes! in every breeze the *Power*
Of *Philosophic Melancholy* comes!
His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes!
Inflames imagination; thro' the breast
Infuses every tenderness; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such

As

As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye.
As fast the correspondent passions rise,
As varied, and as high: Devotion rais'd
To rapture, and divine astonishment;
The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
Of human race; the large ambitious wish,
To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth
Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn
Of tyrant-pride; the fearless great resolve;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory thro' remotest time;
Th' awaken'd throb for virtue, and for fame;
The sympathies of love, and friendship dear;
With all the social offspring of the heart.
Oh bear me then to vast embowering shades,
To twilight groves and visionary vales;
To weeping grottos and prophetic glooms;
Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk,
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;
And voices more than human, thro' the void
Deep-sounding, seise the enthusiastic ear!
Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye powers,
That o'er the garden and the rural seat
Preside, which shining thro' the cheerful land
In countless numbers blest *Britannia* sees;
O lead me to he wide-extended walks,
The fair majestic paradise of *Stowe* * !
Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore
E'er saw such sylvan scenes; such various art
By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
By cool judicious art; that, in the strife,
All-beauteous Nature fears to be out-done:
And there, O *Pitt*, thy country's early boast,
There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,
Or in that Temple † where, in future times,
Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name;
And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
While there with thee th' inchanted round I walk,
The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land?
Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the purest truth
Of nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades
Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,
Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou,
To mark the varied movements of the heart;
What every decent character requires,
And ev'ry passion speaks: O thro' her strain
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts;
Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
And shakes correction on her venal throne.
While thus we talk, and thro' Elysian vales
Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes:
What pity, *Cobham*, thou thy verdant files
Of order'd trees should'st here inglorious range,
Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long-embattled hosts! when the proud foe
The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war?
When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
The *British Youth* would hail thy wise command,
Thy temper'd ardor, and thy veteran skill.
The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day:
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
The vapors throw. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon
Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds,
Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east,
Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.
But when half-blotted from the sky her light,
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven:
Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white;
Oft' in this season, silent from the north
A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first
The lower skies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapsing quick, as quickly re-ascend,
And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
All ether coursing in a maze of light.
From look to look, contagious thro' the crowd,
The panic runs, and into wond'rous shapes
The appearance throws: Armies in meet array,
Throng'd with aërial spears, and steeds of fire:
Till the long lines of full-extended war
In bleeding fight commix'd, the sanguine flood
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As thus they scan the visionary scene,
On all sides swells the superstitious din,

* The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.

† The Temple of Virtue in Stowe Gardens.

Incontinent;

Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks
Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,
And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame,
Of sallow famine, inundation, storm;
Of pestilence, and every great distress;
Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck
Th' unalterable hour: even Nature's self
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
Not so the Man of philosophic eye,
And inspect sage; the waving brightness he
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this appearance beauiful and new.
Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
Order confounded lies: all beauty void;
Distinction lost; and gay variety
One universal blot: such the fair power
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;
Nor visited by one directive ray,
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.
Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
The wild-fire scatters round, or, gather'd trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss:
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulph:
While still, from day to day, his pining wife
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
Sent by the better Genius of the night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
The meteor sits; and shows the narrow path,
That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.
The lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And hung on ev'ry spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.
Ah! see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit
Lies the still heaving hive? at evening snatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And fix'd o'er sulphur: while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoiced
To mark, full-flowing round, their copious stores
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;
And, us'd to milder scenes, the tender race,
By thousands, tumble from their honeyed domes
Convolv'd, and agonising in the dust.
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd
Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away?
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,
Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?
O man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,
Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? When oblig'd,
Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food
Can you not borrow; and, in just return,
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds;
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on a smiling day?
See where the stony bottom of their town
Looks desolate and wild; with here and there
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
(As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seis'd
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
Into a gulph of blue sulphurous flame.
Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,
O'er heav'n and earth diffus'd, grows warm and high,
Infinite splendor! wide investing all.
How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue! the ethereal arch
How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd
The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up:
And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd.
While loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil strung youth
By the quick sense of music taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her very charm abroad, the village-toast,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
Points an approving smile, with double force,
The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
Age too shines out: and garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
That,

That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceasing round.
Oh knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the *Rural Life*.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
Each morning vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourse! What though the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?
What tho' from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury, and death? What tho' his bowl
Flames not with costy juice; nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys,
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
Their hallow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his: a solid life, estrang'd
To disappointment, and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale:
Nor bleating mountains, nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at last amid the fragrant hay;
Nor ought beside of prospect, grove or song,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear.
Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
Unsullied beauty; sound unbroken youth
Patient of labor, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever-blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation and poetic ease.
Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
And beat for joyless months the gloomy wave.
Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's shriek, and the infant's trembling cry.
Let some, far distant from their native soil,
Urg'd on by want, or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another sun.
Let this through cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage, and establish'd guile,
The social sense extinct; and that ferment
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
Or melt them down to slavery. Let these
Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and those of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
While he, from all the stormy passions free
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the Man, who from the world escap'd,
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends from month to month,
And day to day, thro' the revolving year;
Admiring, sees her in her every shape;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the busting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads with the Muse, of these
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
Or what she dictates writes: and, oft an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the fickled swain into the field,
Seiz'd by the gen'ral joy, his heart distends
With gentle throes; and thro' the tepid gleams
Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,
Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
O'er land and sea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond paternal soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social still, and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And

And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man!
Oh, *Nature!* all sufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan; thro' the disclosing deep
Light my blind way; the mineral strata there,
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and higher still, the mind,
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift;
These ever open to my ravish'd eye;
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That best ambition; under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From *Thee* begin,
Dwell all on *Thee*, with *Thee* conclude my song;
And let me never, never stray from *Thee!*

§ 152. *Winter.* Thomson.

The Argument.

The subject proposed. — Address to the Earl of Wilmington. — *First approach of Winter. — According to the natural course of the season, various storms described. — Rain. — Wind. — Snow. — The driving of the snows: a man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. — The wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. — A winter-evening described; as spent by philosophers; by the country-people; in the city. — Frost. — A view of Winter within the polar circle. — A thaw. — The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.*

See, *Winter* comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapors, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these, my theme,
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain;
Trod the pure virgin snows myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till thro' the lucid chambers of the south
Look'd out the joyous *Spring*, look'd out, and smil'd.
To thee, the patron of her first essay,
The Muse, O *Wilmington!* renews her song
Since has she rounded the revolving year:
Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle pinions borne,
Attempted thro' the Summer-blaze to rise;
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;
And now among the wint'ry clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;
To swell her note with all the rushing winds;
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear
With bold description, and with manly thought.
Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone,
And how to make a mighty people thrive:
But equal goodness, sound integrity,
A firm unshaken uncorrupted soul
Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
Not vainly blazing on for thy country's weal,
A steady spirit, regularly free;
These, each exalting each, the statesman light
Into the patriot; these the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
Record what envy dares not flattery call.
Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius, stains th' inverted year;
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
Scarce spreads thro' ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays in horizontal lines,
Thro' the thick air; as cloth'd in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky,
And soon-descending, to the long dark night,
Wide-stauding all, the prostrate world resigns.
Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapory turbulence to heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Thro' Nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.
The soul of Man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land,
Fresh from the plough, the dun-discolor'd flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,

And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.
Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
Drive thro' the mingling skies the vapor foul;
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. The unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deep'ning into night shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home retire, save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from the untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted stalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
Thither the houshold feathery people crowd,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage hind
Hangs o'er the enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor reeks the storms that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.
Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
At last the rous'd up river pours along;
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far:
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!
Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you:
Where are your stores ye powerful beings! say,
Where are your aërial magazines reserv'd,
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm?
In what far distant region of the sky,
Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm?
When from the pallid sky, the sun descends,
With many a spot that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain genders, stain'd: red fiery streaks
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poize, as doubting yet
Which master to obey; while rising slow,
Blank in the leaden-color'd east, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,
The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray;
Or frequent seem to emit a shiver'd gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf,
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broaden'd nostrils to the sky up-turn'd,
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
Even as the matron at her nightly task,
With pensive labor draws the flaxen thread,
The wasted taper and the cracking flame
Foretel the blast. But chief the plumy race,
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their scanty fare, a black'ning train
Of clamrous rooks thick urge ther weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove;
Assiduous in his bower the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
Loud shrieks the soaring heron; and with wild-wing,
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while from the shore,
Ate into caverns by the restless wave,
And forest rustling mountain, comes a voice,
That solemn sounding bids the world prepare.
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air,
Down in a torrent. On the passive main
Descends th' æthereal force, and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discolor'd deep.
Thro' the black night that sits immense around,
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn:
Meantime the mountain-billows to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their station drives,
Wide as the winds across the howling waste
Of mighty waters; now the inflated wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret chambers of the deep,
The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head,
Emerging thence again, before the breath
Of full-exerting heaven they wing their course,
And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,
Or shoal insidious break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

Nor less at land the loosen'd tempest reigns:
The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
Stoop

Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,
And often falling, climbs against the blast.
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
What of its tarnish'd honors yet remain;
Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing winds
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove,
The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
Keen fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
Sleep frighted flies, and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
Then too, they say, thro' all the burden'd air,
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
That, utter'd by the Demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.
Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd
With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky.
All Nature reels. Till Nature's *King*, who oft'
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;
Then straight air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at once.
As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious Night,
And Contemplation her sedate compeer!
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.
Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating train!
Where are you now, and what is your amount!
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded Man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers rises still resolv'd,
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.
Father of light and life! thou *Good Supreme!*
O teach me what is good! teach me *Thyself!*
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!
The keener tempests rise: and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb
A vapory deluge lies, to snow congeal'd
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along:
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wav'ring; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head: and, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of Man. Drooping, the laborer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which *Providence* assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the houshold gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays, to trusted Man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour fourth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, and dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying Men, the garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heav'n, and next the glist'ning earth,
With looks of dumb despair: then sad dispers'd,
Dig for the wither'd herb thro' heaps of snow.
Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will, lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strictly: for from the bellowing east,
In this dire season, oft' the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wint'ry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; till upward urg'd
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky.
As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darken'd air:
In his own loose revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands: sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild, but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,

Stung with thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigor forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
With black despair, what horror fills his heart
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd,
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the tract, and blest abode of Man;
While round him night resistless closes fast.
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh, or solitary lake,
Where the fresh mountain from the bottom boils,
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seises; shuts up sense;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snow, a stiffened corse
Stretch'd out and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
Ah little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man!
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wint'ry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.
Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Think fond Man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous band *,
Who touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
Unpitied and unheard, where misery moans?
Where sickness pines? where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.
While in the land of liberty, the land
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd?
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
Tore from cold wint'ry limbs the tatter'd weed;
Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep;
The free-born *Briton* to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;
And crush'd our lives, by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.
O great design! if executed well,
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give,
Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
The toils of law (what dark insidious Men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen simple justice into trade)
How glorious were the day! that saw these broke,
And every Man within the reach of right.

By wint'ry famine rous'd, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps,
And wavy Apennine, and Pyrennees,
Branch out stupendous into distant lands;
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!

* The Jail Committee, in the year 1729.

Burning

Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north wind sweeps the glossy snow.
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or shake the murdering savages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
The godlike face of Man avails him nought.
Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
But if appriz'd of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
On the church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they howl.

Among those hilly regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
From steep to steep, loud thundering down they come,
A wint'ry waste in dire commotion all;
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains,
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigors of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat
Between the groaning forest and the shore,
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, shelter'd, solitary, scene:
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the *mighty dead;*
Sages of antient time, as gods rever'd,
As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.
Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
The long-liv'd volume; and, deep musing, hail
The sacred shades, that slowly rising pass
Before my wondering eyes. First *Socrates*,
Who, firmly good in a corrupted state,
Against the rage of tyrants single stood,
Invincible! calm reason's holy law,
That Voice of *God* within th' attentive mind,
Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death;
Great mortal teacher! Wisest of Mankind!
Solon the next, who built his commonweal
On equity's wide base; by tender laws
A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd,
Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts,
And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,
The pride of smiling *Greece* and human-kind.
Lycurges then, who bow'd beneath the force
Of strictest discipline severely wise,
All human passions. Following him I see,
As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
The firm *Devoted Chief**, who prov'd by deeds
The hardest lesson which the other taught.
Then *Aristides* lifts his honest front;
Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice
Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just;
In pure majestic poverty rever'd;
Who even his glory to his country's weal
Submitting, swell'd a haughty Rival's† fame.
Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears
Cimon, sweet soul'd; whose genius, rising strong,
Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend
Of every worth and every splendid art;
Modest and simple in the pomp of wealth.
Then the last worthies of declining *Greece*,
Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,
Pensive appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
Timoleon, happy temper! mild, and firm,
Who wept the Brother, while the Tyrant bled.
And equal to the best, the *Theban Pair*‡,
Whose virtues, in heroic Concord join'd,
Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
He too, with whom Athenian honor sunk,
And left a mass of sordid lees behind,
Phocion the Good; in public life severe,
To virtue still inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind.
And he, the last of old *Lycurgus'* sons,
The generous victim to that vain attempt
To save a rotten state, *Agis*, who saw
Even *Sparta's* self to servile avarice sunk.
The two Achaian heroes close the train:
Aratus, who awhile relum'd the soul
Of fondly lingering liberty in *Greece:*
And he her darling, as her latest hope,
The gallant *Philopœmen;* who to arms
Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;
Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain;
Or, bold, and skilful, thundering in the field.

Of rougher front, a mighty people come!
A race of heroes! in whose virtuous times,
Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame
Their dearest country they too fondly lov'd;
Her better Founder first, the light of *Rome*,
Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons:

* Leonidas. † Themistocles. ‡ Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

Servius the King, who laid the solid base
On which o'er earth the vast republic spread.
Then the great consuls venerable rise.
The * *Public Father*, who the Private quell'd,
And on the dread tribunal sternly sad.
He, whom his thankless country could not loose,
Camillus, only vengeful to her foes.
Fabricius, scorner of all-conquering gold;
And *Cincinnatus*, awful from the plough.
Thy *Willing Victim* †, Carthage, bursting lose
From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith
Imperious call'd, and honor's dire command.
Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,
Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
And, warm in youth to the Poetic shade
With Friendship and Philosophy retir'd.
Tully, whose powerful eloquence awhile
Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing *Rome*.
Unconquer'd *Cato*, virtuous in extreme.
And thou, unhappy *Brutus*, kind of heart,
Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,
Lifted the Roman steel against thy Friend.
Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
Demand; but who can count the stars of heaven?
Who sing their influence on this lower world?
Behold, who yonder comes! in sober state,
Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun:
'Tis Phœbus' self, or else the Mantuan Swain!
Great *Homer* too appears, of daring wing,
Parent of song! and equal by his side,
The *British Muse*; join'd hand in hand they walk,
Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.
Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch
Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
Transported Athens with the *Moral Scene*:
Nor those who tuneful wak'd th' enchanting *Lyre*.
First of your kind! society divine!
Still visit thus my knights, for you reserv'd,
And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
Silence, thou lonely power, the door be thine;
See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude,
Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd;
Learning digested well, exalted faith,
Unstudy'd wit, and humor ever gay.
Or from the Muses hill will *Pope* descend,
To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
And with the social spirit warm the heart:
For tho' not sweeter his own *Homer* sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.
Where art thou, *Hammond?* thou the darling pride,
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng!
Ah! why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon?
What now avails that noble thirst of fame,
Which stung thy fervent breast! that treasur'd store
Of knowledge, early gain'd! that eager zeal
To serve thy country, glowing in the band
Of *Youthful Patriots*, who sustain her name?
What now, alas! that life diffusing charm
Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the Muse,
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile?
Ah! only show'd to cheek our fond pursuits,
And teach our humble hopes that life is vain!
Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
The wintery glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
Or blythe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:
With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame
Was call'd, late rising from the void of night,
Or sprung eternal from th' *eternal mind;*
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole;
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds;
And each diffusive harmony unite
In full perfection to th' astonish'd eye.
Then would we try to scan the moral world,
Which tho' to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
In higher order; fitted and impell'd,
By *Wisdom*'s finest hand, and issuing all
In general good. The sage historic Muse
Should next conduct us thro' the depth of time:
Show us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile,
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
That portion of divinity; that ray
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerless humble fortune, to repress
These ardent risings of the kindling soul;
Then, even superior to ambition, we
Wou'd learn the private virtues; how to glide
Thro' shade, and plains, along the smoothest stream

* Marcus Junius Brutus.

† Regulus.

Of

Of rural life; or snatch'd away by hope,
Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes
Of happiness, and wonder; where the mind
In endless growth, and infinite ascent,
Rises from state to state, and world to world.
But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes
Of frolic fancy; and incessant form
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise;
Or folly-painting Humor, grave himself,
Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.
Meantime the village rouses up the fire;
While well-attested, and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round:
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the sounding hall they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh sincere;
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep:
The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to notes
Of native music, the respondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the Winter night.
The city swarms intense. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm with mix'd discourse,
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls: and in one gulph
Of total ruin, honor, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
The glittering court effuses every pomp;
The circle deepens; beam'd from gaudy robes;
Tapers and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves;
While, a gay insect in his summer-shine,
The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his meanly wings.
Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of *Hamlet* stalks,
Othello rages; poor *Monimia* mourns;
And *Belvidera* pours her soul in love.
Terror alarms the breast, the comely tear
Steels o'er the cheek: or else the *Comic Muse*
Holds to the world a picture of itself,
And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.
Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous *Bevil* * show'd
O thou, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
Whose patriot virtues, and consummate skill
To touch the finer springs that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
And all Apollo's animating fire,
Give thee, with pleasing dignity to shine
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
Of polish'd life; permit the Rural Muse,
O *Chesterfield*, to grace with thee her song!
Ere to the shades again she humbly flies;
Indulge her fond ambition in thy train,
(For every Muse has in thy train a place)
To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind:
To mark that spirit, which, with British scorn,
Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power;
That elegant politeness, which excels,
Even in the judgement of presumptuous France,
The boasted manners of her shining court;
That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
The truth of Nature, which, with Attic point,
And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
Steals thro' the soul, and without pain corrects.
Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
O let me hail thee on some glorious day,
When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd
Britania's sons, to hear her pleaded cause.
Then dress'd by thee, more amiably fair,
Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears;
Thou to assenting reason giv'st again
Her own enlighten'd thought; call'd from the heart,
Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend;
And even reluctant party feels awhile
Thy gracious power; as thro' the various maze
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.
To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse:
For now, behold the joyous Winter days,
Frosty, succeed: and thro' the blue serene
For sight too fine, the ethereal nitre flies;
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
Storing afresh, with elemental life,
Close crowds the shining atmosphere; and binds
Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood:
Refines our spirits through the new-strung nerves,
In swifter sallies darting to the brain;
Where sits the soul intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen;
All Nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The frost concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigor for the coming year.
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire; and luculent along

* A character in the *Conscious Lovers*, written by Sir *Richard Steele*.

The purer rivers flow; their sullen deeps,
Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.
What art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen stores
Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power,
Whom even the illusive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
Myriads of little salts, or hook'd or shap'd
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
Thro' water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve,
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
An icy gale, oft' shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,
Let down the flood, and half-dissolv'd by day,
Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm: till, seis'd from shore to shore,
The whole imprison'd river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise; while at his evening watch,
The village-dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the distant water-fall
Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen; and all one cope
Of starry glitter glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seises Nature fast. It freezes on;
Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labor of the silent night:
Prone from the dripping cave, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendant icicle; the frost-work fair,
Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise;
Wide spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
The forest bent beneath the plumy wave;
And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow,
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.
On blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of Man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds along,
The then gay land is madden'd all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.
Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day:
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun,
Broad o'er the south, hangs at its utmost noon;
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents awhile to the reflected ray;
Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
Thunder the sport of those, who with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
Worse than the season, desolate the fields;
And adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feather'd game.
But what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,
Divested of its grandeur, should our eye
Astonish'd shoot into the Frigid Zone;
Where, for relentless months, continual night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.
There, thro' the prison of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape,
Wide-roams the Ruffian exile. Nought around
Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow;
And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,
That stretch athwart the solitary vast,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main;
And cheerless towns far distant, never bless'd,
Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay*,
With news of human kind. Yet there life glows;
Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste,
The furry nations harbor; tipt with jet,
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;
Sables of glossy black; and dark embrown'd,
Or beauteous streak'd with many a mingled hue,
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts.
There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fallen snows; and, scarce his head
Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.
The ruthless hunter wants not dogs nor toils,
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drive

*The old name for China.

The

The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd snows,
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
There thro' the piny forest half absorpt,
Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;
Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase,
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart against assailing want.
Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,
That see Bootes urge his tardy wain,
A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus * pierc'd,
Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,
Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
Drove martial † horde on horde with dreadful sweep
Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled south,
And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
Not such the sons of Lapland: wisely they
Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war;
They ask no more than simple Nature gives,
They love their mountains and enjoy their storms.
No false desires, no pride-created wants,
Disturb the peaceful current of their time;
And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd maze
Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage.
Their rein-deer form their riches. These their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups.
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd
By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heav'ns,
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
With double lustre from the glossy waste,
Ev'n in the depth of Polar Night, they find
A wond'rous day: enough to light the chace,
Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs.
Wish'd Spring returns; and from the hazy south,
While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
By small degrees extends the swelling curve;
Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months,
Still round and round, his spiral course he winds,
And as he yearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again, and re-ascends the sky,
In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,
Where pure ‡ Niemi's fairy mountains rise,
And fring'd with roses § Tenglio rolls his stream,
They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
They cheerful loaded to their tents repair;
Where all day long, in useful cares employ'd,
Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare.
Thrice happy race! by poverty secur'd
From legal plunder and rapacious power:
In whom fell interest never yet has sown
The seeds of vice: whose spotless swains ne'er knew
Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath
Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woo.
Still pressing on, beyond Tornea's lake,
And Hecla flaming thro' a waste of snow,
And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,
Where failing gradually, life at length goes out,
The Muse expands her solitary flight;
And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
Behold new seas beneath ‖ another sky.
Thron'd in his palace of cerulian ice,
Here *Winter* holds his unrejoicing court;
And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard:
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath:
Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows;
With which he now oppresses half the globe.
Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
She sweeps the howling margin of the main;
Where, undissolving, from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky;
And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,
Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down,
As if old chaos was again return'd,
Wide rend the deep, and shake the solid pole,

* The North-west wind. † The wandering Scythian clans.

‡ M. de Maupertius, in his book on the figure of the Earth, after having described the beautiful Lake and Mountain of Niemi in Lapland, says, 'From this height we had opportunity several times 'to see those vapors rise from the Lake, which the people of the country call Haltios, and which 'they deem to be guardian Spirits of the Mountains. We had been frightened with stories of bears 'that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for Faries and Genii, than 'bears.'

§ The same author observes, 'I was surprised to see upon the banks of this river (the Tenglio) Roses of as lively a red as any that are in our garden

‖ The other Hemisphere.

Ocean

Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding fury; but, in all its rage
Of tempest, taken by the boundless frost,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they!
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take the last look of their descending sun;
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the *Briton's* * fate,
As with first prow (what have not *Britons* dar'd!)
He for the passage sought, attempted since
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the stony deep his idle ship
Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
Each full exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues: to the cordage glu'd
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.
Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
Rolls the wide Obv, live the last of Men;
And half-enliven'd by the distant sun,
That rears and ripens Man, as well as plants,
Here human Nature wears its rudest form.
Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
Doze the gross race. Nor sprighty jest, nor song,
Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life,
Beyond the kindred bears that stalks without.
Till morn at length her roses drooping all,
Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
And calls the quiver'd savage to the chace.
What cannot active government perform,
New-moulding man! Wide-stretching from these shores,
A people savage from remotest time,
A huge neglected empire, *one vast Mind*,
By *Heaven* inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.
Immortal *Peter!* first of monarchs! He
His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons!
And while the fierce Barbarian he subdu'd,
To more exalted soul he rais'd the Man.
Ye shades of antient heroes, ye who toil'd
Thro' long successive ages to build up
A laboring plan of state, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty shadow of unreal power;
Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts,
And roaming every land, in every port,
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
Gathered the seeds of trade, of useful arts,
Of civil wisdom and of martial skill,
Charg'd with the stores of Europe home he goes!
Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd wastes;
O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign:
Far distant flood to flood is social join'd;
Th' astonished Euxine hears the baltic roar;
Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
With daring keel before; and armies stretch
Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
The frantic Alexander of the north,
And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.
Sloth flies the land and Ignorance, and Vice,
Of old dishonor proud: it glows around,
Taught by the *Royal Hand* that rous'd the whole,
One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade:
For what his wisdom plann'd his power enforc'd,
More potent still, his great example show'd.
Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdu'd,
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted the mountains shine; loose sleet descends,
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
That wash th' ungenial pole, will rest no more
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north,
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave;
And hark, the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
That, toss'd amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
Th' assembled mischiefs that besieg'd them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan,

* Sir *Hugh Willoughby*, sent by *Queen Elizabeth* to discover the North-East Passage.

And

And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,
Tempest the loosen'd brine, while thro' the gloom,
Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
Loading th' winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famish'd monsters there awaiting wrecks.—
Yet *Providence*, that ever-waking eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,
Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.
'Tis done! dread *Winter* spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life!—Pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring—thy Summer's ardent strength—
Thy sober Autumn fading into age—
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? Those busy bustling days?
Those gay spent festive nights, whose veering thought,
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life,
All now are vanish'd! *Virtue* sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high.—And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heaven and earth! awakening nature hears
The new creating-word, and starts to life!
In every heightened form, from pain and death
For ever free.—The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now
Confounded in the dust, adore that *power*,
And *Wisdom* oft' arraign'd: see now the cause,
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd
And dy'd neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In starving solitude: while luxury,
In palaces lay straining her low thought
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliss.—Ye good distress'd!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part deem'd evil, is no more:
The storms of *Wint'ry time* will quickly pass,
And one unbounded *Spring* encircle all.

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§ 153. *Kensington Garden.* TICKELL.

Campos, ubi Troja fuit. VIRG.

WHERE Kensington high o'er the neighb'ring lands
'Midst greens and sweets, a regal fabric stands,
And sees each spring luxuriant in her bowers,
A snow of blossoms, and a wild of flowers,
The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
To groves and lawns, and unpolluted air.
Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,
They breathe in sunshine, and see azure skies;
Each walk, with robes of various dyes be-spread,
Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,
Where rich brocades and glossy damasks grow,
And chints, the rival of the show'ry bow.
Here England's Daughter, darling of the land,
Sometimes, surrounded with her virgin band,
Gleams through the shades. She, tow'ring o'er the rest,
Stands fairest of the fairer kind confess'd,
Form'd to gain hearts, that Brunswick's cause deny'd,
And charm a people to her Father's side.
Long have these groves to royal guests been known,
Nor Nassau first preferr'd them to a throne.
Ere Norman banners wav'd in British air;
Ere lordly Hubba with the golden hair
Pour'd in his Danes; ere elder Julius came;
Or Dardan Brutus gave our isle a name;
A prince of Albion's lineage grac'd the wood,
The scene of wars, and stain'd with lovers' blood.
You, who through gazing crowds, your captive throng,
Throw pangs and passions, as you move along,
Turn on the left, ye fair, your radiant eyes,
Where all unlevell'd the gay garden lies:
If generous anguish for another's pains
E'er heav'd your hearts, or shiver'd through your veins,
Look down attentive on the pleasing dale,
And listen to my melancholy tale.
That hollow space, where now in living rows,
Line above line the yew's sad verdure grows,
Was, ere the planter's hand its beauty gave,
A common pit, a rude unfashion'd cave;
The landskip now so sweet you well may praise,
But far, far sweeter in its antient days,
Far sweeter was it, when its peopled ground
With fairy domes and dazzling tow'rs was crown'd.
Where in the midst those verdant pillars spring,
Rose the proud palace of the Elfin king;

For

For every hedge of vegetable green,
In happier years a crowded street was seen,
Nor all those leaves, that now the prospect [illegible],
Could match the numbers of its pigmy race.
What urg'd this mighty empire to its fate,
A tale of woe and wonder, I relate.
When Albion rul'd the land, whose lineage came
From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame,
Their midnight pranks the sprightly fairies play'd
On ev'ry hill, and danc'd in every shade.
But, foes to sun-shine, most they took delight
In dells and dales conceal'd from human sight:
There hew'd their houses in the arching rock;
Or scoop'd the bosom of the blasted oak;
Or heard, o'ershadow'd by some shelving hill,
The distant murmurs of the falling rill.
They, rich in pilfer'd spoils, indulg'd their mirth,
And pity'd the huge wretched sons of earth.
Even now, 'tis said, the hinds o'erhear their strain,
And strive to view their airy forms in vain:
They to their cells at man's approach repair,
Like the shy leveret, or the mother hare,
The whilst poor mortals startle at the sound
Of unseen footsteps on the haunted ground.
Amid this garden, then with woods o'ergrown,
Stood the lov'd seat of royal Oberon.
From every region to his palace gate
Came peers and princes of the fairy state,
Who, rank'd in council round the sacred shade,
Their monarch's will and great behests obey'd.
From Thames fair banks, by lofty tow'rs adorn'd,
With loads of plunder oft his chiefs return'd:
Hence in proud robes, and colors bright and gay,
Shone every knight and every lovely fay.
Whoe'er on Powell's dazzling stage display'd,
Hath fam'd king Pepin and his court survey'd,
May guess, if old by modern things we trace,
The pomp and splendor of the fairy race.
By magic fenc'd, by spells encompass'd round,
No mortal touch'd this interdicted ground;
No mortal enter'd, those alone who came
Stolen from the couch of some terrestrial dame:
For oft of babes they robb'd the matron's bed,
And left some sickly changeling in their stead.
It chanc'd a youth of Albion's royal blood
Was foster'd here, the wonder of the wood;
Milkah, for wiles above her peers renown'd,
Deep-skill'd in charms and many a mystic sound,
As through the regal dome she sought for prey,
Observ'd the infant Albion where he lay
In mantles broider'd o'er with gorgeous pride,
And stole him from the sleeping mother's side.
Who now but Milkah triumphs in her mind?
Ah wretched nymph, to future evils blind!
The time shall come when thou shalt dearly pay
The theft, hard-hearted! of that guilty day:
Thou in thy turn shalt like the queen repine,
And all her sorrows doubled shall be thine:
He who adorns thy house, the lovely boy
Who now adorns it, shall at length destroy.
Two hundred moons in their pale course had seen
The gay rob'd fairies glimmer on the green,
And Albion now had reach'd in youthful prime
To nineteen years, as mortals measure time.
Flush'd with resistless charms he fir'd to love
Each nymph and little Dryad of the grove;
For skilful Milkah spar'd not to employ
Her utmost art to rear the princely boy:
Each supple limb she swath'd, and tender bone,
And to the Fifin standard kept him down:
She robb'd dwarf-elders of their fragrant fruit,
And fed him early with the daisy's root,
Whence through his veins the powerful juices ran,
And form'd in beauteous miniature the Man.
Yet still, two inches taller than the rest,
His lofty port his human birth confess'd;
A foot in height, how stately did he show!
How look superior on the crowd below!
What knight like him could toss the rushy lance!
Who move so graceful in the mazy dance!
A shape so nice, or features half so fair,
What elf could boast! or such a flow of hair!
Bright Kenna saw, a princess born to reign,
And felt the charmer burn in every vein.
She, heiress to this empire's potent lord,
Prais'd like the stars, and next the moon ador'd
She, whom at distance thrones and princedoms view'd,
To whom proud Oriel and Azuriel su'd,
In her high palace languish'd, void of joy,
And pin'd in secret for a mortal boy.
He too was smitten, and discreetly strove,
By courtly deeds to gain the virgin's love;
For her he cull'd the fairest flowers that grew,
Ere morning suns had drain'd their fragrant dew;
He chas'd the hornet in his mid-day flight,
And brought her glow-worms in the noon of night;
When on ripe fruit she cast a wishing eye,
Did ever Albion think the tree too high?
He show'd her where the pregnant goldfinch hung,
And the wren-mother brooding o'er her young;
To her th' inscription on their eggs he read,
(Admire, ye clerks, the youth whom Milkah bred!)
To her he show'd each herb of virtuous juice,
Their powers distinguish'd, and describ'd their use:
All vain their powers, alas! to Kenna prove,
And well sung Ovid, *There's no herb for love.*

As

As when a ghost, enlarg'd from realms below,
Seeks its old friend to tell some secret woe,
The poor shade shivering stands, and must not break
His painful silence, 'till the mortal speak;
So far'd it with the little love-sick maid,
Forbid to utter what her eyes betray'd.
He saw her anguish, and reveal'd his flame,
And spar'd the blushes of the tongue-ty'd dame.
The day would fail me, should I reckon o'er
The sighs they lavish'd, and the oaths they swore;
In words so melting, that, compar'd with those,
The nicest courtship of terrestrial beaus
Would sound like compliments from country-clowns
To red-cheek sweethearts in their home-spun gowns.
All in a lawn of many a various hue,
A bed of flowers (a fairy forest) grew;
'Twas here one noon, the gaudiest of the May,
The still, the secret, silent hour of day,
Beneath a lofty tulip's ample shade
Sate the young lover and th' immortal maid.
They thought all fairies slept; ah luckless pair!
Hid, but in vain, in the sun's noon-tide glare!
When Albion leaning on his Kenna's breast,
Thus all the softness of his soul express'd.
'All things are hush'd. The sun's meridian rays
'Veil the horizon in one mighty blaze;
'Nor moon nor star in heav'n's blue arch is seen
'With kindly rays to silver o'er the green,
'Grateful to fairy eyes; they secret take
'Their rest, and only wretched mortals wake.
'This dead of day I fly to thee alone,
'A world to me, a multitude in one.
'Oh sweet as dew-drops on these flowery lawns,
'When the sky opens and the evening dawns!
'Straight as the pink, that tow'rs so high in air,
'Soft as the blue-bell! as the daisy, fair!
'Blest be the hour, when first I was convey'd
'An infant captive to this blissful shade!
'And bless'd the hand that did my form refine,
'And shrunk my stature to a match with thine!
'Glad I for thee renounce my royal birth,
'And all the giant-daughters of the earth.
'Thou, if thy breast with equal ardor burn,
'Renounce thy kind, and love for love return.
'So from us two, combin'd by nuptial ties,
'A race unknown of demi-gods shall rise.
'Oh speak my love, my vows with vows repay,
'And sweetly swear my rising fears away!'
To whom (the shining azure of her eyes
More brighten'd) thus th' enamour'd maid replies.
'By all the stars, and first the glorious moon,
'I swear, and by the head of Oberon,
'A dreadful oath! no prince of fairy line
'Shall e'er in wedlock plight his vows with mine.
'Where-e'er my footsteps in the dance are seen,
'May toadstools rise, and mildews blast the green!
'May the keen east-wind blight my fav'rite flowers,
'And snakes and spotted adders haunt my bowers!
'Confin'd whole ages in an hemlock shade,
'There rather pine I a neglected maid;
'Or worse, exil'd from Cynthia's gentle rays,
'Parch in the sun a thousand summer-days,
'Than any prince, a prince of fairy line,
'In sacred wedlock plight his vows with mine.'
She ended: and with lips of rosy hue
Dipt five times over in ambrosial dew,
Stifled his words. When, from his covert rear'd,
The frowning brow of Oberon appear'd.
A sun-flower's trunk was near, whence (killing sight!)
The monarch issu'd, half an ell in height:
Full on the pair a furious look he cast,
Nor spoke, but gave his bugle-horn a blast,
That through the woodland echo'd far and wide,
And drew a swarm of subjects to his side.
A hundred chosen knights, in war renown'd,
Drive Albion banish'd from the sacred ground;
And twice ten myriads guard the bright abodes,
Where the proud king, among his demi gods,
For Kenna's sudden bridal bids prepare,
And to Azuriel gives the weeping fair.
If fame in arms, with antient birth combin'd,
And faultless beauty, and a spotless mind,
To love and praise can generous souls incline,
That love, Azuriel, and that praise were thine.
Blood, only less than royal, fill'd thy veins,
Proud was thy roof, and large thy fair domains.
Where now the skies high Holland-house invades,
And short-liv'd Warwick sadden'd all the shades,
Thy dwelling stood; nor did in him afford
A noble owner, or a lovelier lord.
For thee an hundred fields produc'd their store,
And by that name ten thousand vassals swore;
So lov'd thy name, that, at their monarch's choice
All Fairy shouted with a gen'ral voice.
Oriel alone a secret rage suppress'd
That from his bosom heav'd the golden vest.
Along the banks of Thame his empire ran,
Wide was his range, and populous his clan.
When cleanly servants, if we trust old tales,
Besides their wages, had good fairy vails.

Whole

Whole heaps of silver tokens, nightly paid
The careful wife or the neat dairy-maid,
Sunk not his stores, with smiles and powerful bribes
He gain'd the leaders of his neighbour tribes,
And ere the night the face of heav'n had chang'd,
Beneath his banners half the fairies rang'd.
Mean-while driv'n back to earth, a lonely way
The cheerless Albion wander'd half the day,
A long, long journey, choak'd with brakes and thorns,
Ill-measur'd by ten thousand barley-corns.
Tir'd out at length, a spreading stream he spy'd
Fed by old Thame, a daughter of the tide:
'Twas then a spreading stream, though now, its fame
Obscur'd, it bears the creek's inglorious name,
And creeps, as through contracted bounds it strays,
A leap for boys in these degen'rate days.
On the clear crystal's verdant bank he stood,
And thrice look'd backward on the fatal wood,
And thrice he groan'd, and thrice he beat his breast,
And thus in tears his kindred gods address'd.
'If true, ye wat'ry powers, my lineage came
'From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame;
'Down to his court, with coral garlands
'crown'd,
'Through all your grottoes waft my plaintive
'sound,
'And urge the god, whose trident shakes the
'earth,
'To grace his offspring, and assert my birth.'
He said. A gentle Naiad heard his pray'r,
And, touch'd with pity for a lover's care,
Shoots to the sea, where low beneath the tides
Old Neptune in th' unfathom'd depth resides.
Rous'd at the news, the sea's stern sultan swore
Revenge, and scarce from present arms forbore;
But first the nymph his harbinger he sends,
And to her care his fav'rite boy commends.
As through the Thames her backward course
she guides,
Driven up his current by the refluent tides,
Along his banks the pigmy legions spread
She spies, and haughty Oriel at their head.
Soon with wrong'd Albion's name the host she fires,
And counts the ocean's god among his sires;
'The ocean's god, by whom shall be o'er-
'thrown
'(Styx heard his oath) the tyrant Oberon.
'See here beneath a toadstool's deadly gloom
'Lies Albion: Him the Fates your leader
'doom.
'Hear and obey; 'tis Neptune's powerful call,
'By him Azuriel and his king shall fall.'
She said. They bow'd: and on their shield
up-bore
With shouts their new-saluted emperor.
Even Oriel smil'd: at least to smile he strove,
And hopes of vengeance triumph'd over love.
See now the mourner of the lonely shade
By gods protected, and by hosts obey'd,
A slave, a chief, by fickle Fortune's play,
In the short course of one revolving day.
What wonder if the youth, so strangely blest,
Felt his heart flutter in his little breast!
His thick-embattel'd troops, with secret pride,
He views extended half an acre wide;
More light he treads, more tall he seems to rise,
And struts a straw-breadth nearer to the skies.
O for thy Muse*, great Bard, whose lofty strains
In battle join'd the Pygmies and the Cranes!
Each gaudy knight, had I that warmth divine,
Each color'd legion in my verse should shine,
But simple I, and innocent of art,
The tale, that sooth'd my infant years, impart,
The tale I heard whole winter eves, untir'd,
And sing the battles, that my nurse inspir'd.
Now the shrill corn-pipes, echoing loud
to arms,
To rank and file reduce the straggling swarms.
Thick rows of spears at once with sudden
glare,
A grove of needles, glitter in the air;
Loose in the wind small ribbon streamers
flow,
Dipt in all colors of the heav'nly bow,
And the gay host, that now its march pursues,
Gleams o'er the meadows in a thousand hues.
On Buda's plains thus formidably bright,
Shone Asia's sons, a pleasing dreadful sight.
In various robes their silken troops were seen,
The blue, the red, and prophet's sacred green:
When blooming Brunswick near the Danube's
flood,
First stain'd his maiden sword in Turkish
blood.
Unseen and silent march the slow brigades
Through pathless wilds, and unfrequented
shades,
In hope already, vanquish'd by surprise,
In Albion's power the fairy empire lies;
Already has he seis'd on Kenna's charms,
And the glad beauty trembles in his arms.
The march concludes; and now in prospect
near,
But fenc'd with arms, the hostile towers
appear:
For Oberon, or Druids falsely sing,
Wore his prime visir in a magic ring,
A subtle spright, that opening plots foretold
By sudden dimness on the beamy gold.
Hence, in a crescent form'd, his legions bright
With beating bosoms waited for the fight;

* Mr. Addison.

To

To charge their foes they march, a glitt'ring band,
And in their van doth bold Azuriel stand.
What rage that hour doth Albion's soul possess,
Let chiefs imagine, and let lovers guess!
Forth issuing from his ranks, that strove in vain
To check his course, athwart the dreadful plain
He strides indignant: and with haughty cries
To single fight the fairy prince defies.
Forbear, rash youth, th' unequal war to try;
Nor, sprung from mortals, with immortals vie.
No god stands ready to avert thy doom,
Nor yet thy grandsire of the waves is come.
My words are vain — no words the wretch can move,
By beauty dazzled, and bewitch'd by love:
He longs, he burns to win the glorious prize,
And sees no danger, while he sees her eyes.
Now from each host the eager warrior start,
And furious Albion flings his hasty dart:
'Twas feather'd from the bee's transparent wing,
And its shaft ended in a hornet's sting;
But, toss'd in rage, it flew without a wound,
High o'er the foe, and guiltless pierc'd the ground.
Not so Azuriel's: with unerring aim
Too near the needle-pointed javelin came,
Drove through the seven-fold shield and silken vest,
And lightly ras'd the lover's ivory breast.
Rous'd at the smart, and rising to the blow,
With his keen sword he cleaves his fairy foe,
Sheer from the shoulder to the waist he cleaves,
And of one arm the tott'ring trunk bereaves.
His useless steel brave Albion wields no more,
But sternly smiles, and thinks the combat o'er;
So had it been, had aught of mortal strain,
Or less than fairy felt the deadly pain.
But empyreal forms, howe'er in sight
Gash'd and dismember'd, easily unite.
As some frail cup of China's purest mold,
With azure varnish'd, and bedrop'd with gold,
Though broke, if cur'd by some nice virgin's hands,
In its old strength and pristine beauty stands;
The tumults of the boiling Bohea braves,
And holds secure the Coffee's sable waves:
So did Azuriel's arm, if fame say true,
Rejoin the vital trunk whence first it grew;
And, whilst in wonder fix'd poor Albion stood,
Plung'd the curs'd sabre in his heart's warm blood.
The golden broidery tender Milkah wove,
The breast to Kenna sacred and to love,
Lie rent and mangled: and the gaping wound
Pours out a flood of purple on the ground.
The jetty lustre sickens in his eyes;
On his cold cheeks the bloomy freshness dies;
'Oh Kenna, Kenna, thrice he try'd to say,
'Kenna, farewell!' and sigh'd his soul away.

His fall the Dryads, with loud shrieks deplore,
By sister Naiads echo'd from the shore,
Thence down to Neptune's secret realms convey'd,
Through grots and glooms, and many a coral shade.
The sea's great sire, with looks denouncing war,
The trident shakes, and mounts the pearly carr:
With one stern frown the wide-spread deep deforms,
And works the madden'd ocean into storms.
O'er foaming mountains, and through bursting tides,
Now high, now low, the bounding chariot rides,
'Till through the Thames in a loud whirlwind's roar
It shoots, and lands him on the destin'd shore.
Now fix'd on earth his tow'ring stature stood,
Hung o'er the mountains, and o'erlook'd the wood.
To Brumpton's grove one ample stride he took,
(The valleys trembled, and the forest shook)
The next huge step reach'd the devoted shade,
Where choak'd in blood was wretched Albion laid;
Where now the vanquish'd, with the victors join'd,
Beneath the regal banners stood combin'd.
Th' embattled dwarfs with rage and scorn he past,
And on their town his eye vindictive cast:
Its deep foundations its strong trident cleaves,
And high in air th' uprooted empire heaves;
On his broad engine the vast ruin hung,
Which on the foe with force divine he flung;
Aghast the legions in th' approaching shade,
Th' inverted spires and rocking domes survey'd,
That downward tumbling on the host below
Crush'd the whole nation at one dreadful blow.
Towers, arms, nymphs, warriors, are together lost,
And a whole empire falls to sooth sad Albion's ghost.
Such was the period, long restrain'd by Fate,
And such the downfal of the fairy state.
This dale, a pleasing region, not unblest,
This dale possess'd they; and had still possess'd,
Had not their monarch, with a father's pride,
Rent from her lord th' inviolable bride,
Rash to dissolve the contract seal'd above,
The solemn vows and sacred bonds of love.
Now, where his elves so brightly danc'd the round,
No violet breathes, nor daisy paints the ground;
His towers and people fill one common grave,
A shapeless ruin, and a barren cave.
Beneath huge hills of smoaking piles he lay
Stun'd and confounded a whole summer's day.
At length awak'd (for what can long restrain
Unbody'd spirits?) but awak'd in pain:

And

And as he saw the desolated wood,
And the dark den where once his empire stood,
Grief chill'd his heart: to his half-open'd eyes
In every oak a Neptune seem'd to rise:
He fled: and left, with all his trembling peers,
The long possession of a hundred years.
Thro' bush, thro' brake, thro' groves and gloomy dales,
Thro' dank and dry, o'er streams and flowery vales,
Direct they fled; but often look'd behind,
And stop'd and startled at each rustling wind.
Wing'd with like fear, his abdicated bands
Disperse, and wander into different lands;
Part did beneath the Peak's deep caverns lie,
In silent glooms impervious to the sky;
Part on fair Avon's margin seek repose,
Whose stream o'er Britain's midmost region flows,
Where formidable Neptune never came,
And seas and oceans are but known by fame;
Some to dark woods and secret shades retreat,
And some on mountains choose their airy seat.
There haply by the ruddy damsel seen,
Or shepherd-boy, they featly foot the green,
While from their steps a circling verdure springs;
But fly from towns, and dread the courts of kings.
Mean-while sad Kenna, loth to quit the grove,
Hung o'er the body of her breathless love,
Try'd every art (vain arts!) to change his doom,
And vow'd (vain vows!) to join him in the tomb.
What cou'd she do? the Fates alike deny
The dead to live, or fairy forms to die.
An herb there grows (the same old * Homer tells
Ulysses bore to rival Circe's spells)
Its root is ebon-black, but sends to light
A stem that bends with flow'rets milky white,
Moly the plant, which gods and fairies know,
But secret kept from mortal men below.
On his pale limbs its virtuous juice she shed,
And murmur'd mystic numbers o'er the dead,
When lo! the little shape by magic power
Grew less and less, contracted to a flower;
A flower, that first in this sweet garden smil'd,
To virgins sacred, and the Snow-drop styl'd.
The new-born plant with sweet regret she view'd,
Warm'd with her sighs, and with her tears bedew'd,
Its ripen'd seeds from bank to bank convey'd,
And with her lover whiten'd half the shade.
Thus won from death each spring she sees him grow,
And glories in the vegetable snow,
Which now increas'd through wide Britannia's plains,
Its parent's warmth and spotless name retains;
First leader of the flowery race aspires,
And foremost catches the sun's genial fires,
'Midst frosts and snows triumphant dares appear,
Mingles the seasons, and leads on the year.
Deserted now of all the pigmy race,
Nor man nor fairy touch'd this guilty place.
In heaps on heaps, for many a rolling age,
It lay accurs'd, the mark of Neptune's rage;
'Till great Nassau recloath'd the desart shade,
Thence sacred to Britannia's monarchs made.
'Twas then the green-rob'd nymph, fair Kenna, came
(Kenna that gave the neighb'ring town its name)
Proud when she saw th' ennobled garden shine
With nymphs and heroes of her lover's line.
She vow'd to grace the mansions once her own,
And picture out in plants the fairy town.
To far-fam'd Wise her flight unseen she sped,
And with gay prospects fill'd the craftsman's head,
Soft in his fancy drew a pleasing scheme,
And plan'd that landskip in a morning dream.
With the sweet view the sire of gardens fir'd,
Attempts the labor by the nymph inspir'd,
The walls and streets in rows of yew designs,
And forms the town in all its antient lines;
The corner trees he lifts more high in air,
And girds the palace with a verdant square:
Nor knows, while round he views the rising scenes,
He builds a city as he plants his greens.
With a sad pleasure the aërial maid
This image of her antient realm survey'd;
How chang'd, how fallen from its primæval pride!
Yet here each moon, the hour her lover dy'd,
Each moon his solemn obsequies she pays,
And leads the dance beneath pale Cynthia's rays;
Pleas'd in the shades to head her fairy train,
And grace the groves where Albion's kinsmen reign.

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§ 154. *A Moral Epistle.*

Through the wild maze of life's still varying plan,
Bliss is alone th' important task of man.
All else is trifling, whether grave or gay,
A Newton's labors, or an infant's play;
Whether this vainly wastes th' unheeded sun,
Or those more vainly mark the course it run;
For of the two, sure smaller is the fault,
To err unthinking, than to err with thought;
But if, like them, we still must trifles use,
Harmless at least, like theirs, be those we choose.
Enough it is that reason blames the choice,
Join not to her's the wretch's plaintive voice;

* Odyss. l. 10.

Be folly free from guilt: let foplings play,
Or write, or talk, or dress, or die away.
Let those, if such there be, whose giant-mind
Superior tow'rs above their pigmy kind,
Unaided and alone, the realms explore,
Where hail and snow renew their treasur'd store *.
Lo! heav'n spreads all its stars; let those explain,
What balanc'd pow'rs the rolling orbs sustain;
Nor in more humble scales, pernicious weigh
Sense, justice, truth, against seducing pay.
So distant regions shall employ their thought,
And spotless senates here remain unbought.
Well had great † Charles, by early want inspir'd,
With warring puppets, guiltless praise acquir'd;
So would that flame have mimic fights engag'd,
Which, fann'd by pow'r, o'er wasted nations rag'd.
Curs'd be the wretch, should all the mouths of fame,
Wide o'er the world his deathless deeds proclaim,
Who like a baneful comet spreads his blaze,
While trembling crowds in stupid wonder gaze;
Whose potent talents serve his lawless will,
Which turns each virtue to a public ill,
With direful rage perverted right employs,
And heav'n's great ends with heav'n's best means destroys.
The praise of pow'r is his, whose hand supplies
Fire to the bold, and prudence to the wise;
While man this only real merit knows,
Fitly to use the gifts which heav'n bestows:
If savage valor be his vaunted fame,
The mountain-lion shall dispute his claim:
Or, if perfidious wiles deserve applause,
Through slighted vows, and violated laws;
The subtle plotter's title stands confess'd,
Whose dagger gores the trusting tyrant's breast.
And sure the villain less deserves his fate,
Who stabs one wretch, than he who stabs a state.
Now, mighty hero! boast thy dear delights,
The price of toilsome days and sleepless nights;
Say, canst thou aught in purple grandeur find,
Sweet as the slumbers of the lowly hind?
Better are ye, the youthful and the gay,
Who jocund rove through pleasure's flow'ry way!
Yet seek not there for bliss! your toil were vain,
(And disappointed toil is double pain)
Though from the living fount your nectar-bowls
Pour the soft balm upon your thirsty souls;
Though pure the spring, though every draught sincere,
By pain unbitter'd, and unpall'd by fear;
Though all were full as high as thought can soar,
Till fancy fires, and wishes crave no more:
Let lovely woman artless charms display,
Where truth and goodness bask in beauty's ray;
Let heav'nly melody luxuriant float
In swelling sounds, and breathe the melting note;
Let gen'rous wines enliv'ning thoughts inspire,
While social converse sooths the genial fire:
If aught can yet more potent charms dispense,
Some stronger rapture, some sublimer sense;
Be these enjoy'd. — Then from the crowd arise
Some chief, in life's full pride maturely wise.
Ev'n you, my Lord, with titles, honors grac'd,
And higher still by native merit plac'd:
By stinted talents to no sphere confin'd,
Free ranging every province of the mind:
Equally fit, a nation's weight to bear,
Or shine in circles of the young and fair;
In grave debates instructed senates move,
Or melt the glowing dame to mutual love.
To heighten these, let conscious worth infuse
Sweet ease, and smiling mirth th' inspiring Muse.
Then answer, thou of every gift possess'd,
Say, from thy soul, art thou sincerely blest!
To various objects wherefore dost thou range?
Pleasure must cease, ere man can wish to change.
Hast thou not quitted Flaccus' sacred lay,
To talk with Bavius, or with Flavia play;
When wasted nature shuns the large expence
Of deep attention to exalted sense!
Precarious bliss! which soon, which oft must cloy,
And which how few, how very few enjoy!
Say, is there aught, on which, completely blest,
Fearless and full the raptur'd mind may rest?
Is there aught constant? Or, if such there be,
Can varying man be pleas'd with constancy?
Mark then what sense the blessing must employ!
The senses change, and loath accustom'd joy:
Eden in vain immortal sweets displays,
If the taste sickens, or our frame decays.
The range of life contracted limits bound;
Yet more confin'd is pleasure's faithless round:
Fair op'ning to the sight, when first we run,
But, ah! how alter'd, when again begun!
When tir'd we view the same known prospect o'er,
And lagging, tread the steps we trod before.
Now clogg'd with spleen, the lazy current flows,
Through doubts, and fears, and self-augmenting woes;
Till sated, loathing, hopeless here of bliss,
Some plunge to seek it into death's abyss.

* Job, chap. xxxviii.

† Charles V., Emperor of Germany, who in his retirement amused himself with puppets. See Strada de bello Belgico.

Of all superfluous wealth's unnumber'd stings,
The sharpest is that knowledge which it brings,
Enjoyment purchas'd makes its object known,
And then, alas! each soft illusion's flown:
Love's promis'd sweet, ambition's lofty scheme,
The painter's image, and the poet's theme.
These, in perspective fair exalted high,
Attract with seeming charms the distant eye;
But when by envious Fortune plac'd too near,
Mis-shapen forms, and grosser tints appear:
Where lovely Venus led her beauteous train,
Some fiend gigantic holds her monstrous reign;
Crowns, sceptres, laurels are confusedly strow'd,
A wild, deform'd, unmeaning, heavy load.
Some pleasures here with sparing hand are giv'n,
That sons of earth should taste their promis'd heav'n;
But what was meant to urge us to the chace,
Now stops, or sideway turns our devious race:
Though still to make the destin'd course more plain,
Thick are our erring paths beset with pain;
Nor has one object equal charms to prove
The fitting centre of our restless love.
And when the great Creator's will had join'd,
Unequal pair! the body and the mind,
Lest the proud spirit should neglect her clay,
He bade corporeal objects thought convey;
Each strong sensation to the soul impart,
Ecstatic transport or afflicting smart:
By that entic'd, the useful she enjoys;
By this deterr'd, she flies whate'er destroys:
Hence from the dagger's point sharp anguish flows,
And the soft couch is spread with sweet repose.
In something frail, though gen'ral this design;
For some exceptions every rule confine:
Yet few were they, while nature's genuine store
Supply'd our wants, nor man yet sought for more;
E'er diff'rent mixtures left no form the same,
And vicious habits chang'd our sickly frame.
Now subtle art may gild the venom'd pill,
And bait with soothing sweets destructive ill.
To narrow self heav'n's impulse unconfin'd
Diffusive reigns, and takes in all our kind.
The smile of joy reflected joy imparts;
The wretch's groans pierce sympathising hearts.
Yet not alike are all conjoin'd with all,
Nor throng with rival heat to nature's call:
By varying instinct different ties are known,
While love superior points to each his own;
Those next the reach of our assisting hands,
And those to whom we're link'd by kindred bands;
Those who most want, and best deserve our care,
In warmer streams the sacred influence share:
Ambrosial sweets her infant's lip distils,
While through the mother's heart quick rapture thrills.
The social fires friend, servant, neighbour claim,
Which blaze collected in the patriot's flame:
Hence Britain throbs superior in thy soul,
Nor idly wak'st thou for the distant pole.
Yet farther still the saving instinct moves,
And to the future wide extends our loves;
Glows in our bosoms for an unborn race,
And warms us mutual to the kind embrace.
For this, to man was giv'n the graceful air;
For this, was woman form'd divinely fair.
But now to pleasure sensual views confin'd,
Reach not the use, for which it was design'd:
To this one point our hopes, our wishes tend,
And thus mistake the motive for the end.
Whate'er sensations from enjoyment flow,
Our erring thought to matter's force would owe;
To that ascribe our pleasures and our pains,
And blindly for the cause mistake the means;
In od'rous meads the vernal gale we praise,
Or dread the storm, that blows the wint'ry seas;
While he's unheeded, who alone can move,
Claims all our fears, and merits all our love;
Alone to souls can sense and thought convey,
Through the dark mansions of surrounding clay.
Man, part from heav'n, and part from humble earth,
A motley substance, takes his various birth;
Close link'd to both, he hangs in diff'rent chains,
The pliant fetter length'ning as he strains,
If, bravely conscious of her native fires,
To the bold height his nobler frame aspires;
Near as she soars to join th' approaching skies,
Our earth still lessens to her distant eyes.
But if o'erpois'd she sinks, her downward course
Each moment weighs, with still augmenting force;
Low and more low, the burden'd spirits bends,
While weaker still each heav'nly link extends;
'Till prostrate, grov'ling, fetter'd to the ground,
She lies in matter's heap o'erwhelm'd and bound.
Wrapt in the toils of sin, just heav'n employs
What caus'd her guilt, to blast her lawless joys:
Love, potent guardian of our length'ning race,
Unnerves the feeble lecher's cold embrace;
And appetite, by nature giv'n to save,
Sinks the gorg'd glutton in his early grave.
What sends you fleet o'er boist'rous seas to roll,
Beneath the burning line, and frozen pole?
Why ravage men the hills, the plains, the wood?
Why spoil all nature, earth, and air, and floods?
Seek they some prize to help a sinking state?
No!—this must all be done ere * Bernard eat.

* A Frenchman rendered famous for a most extravagant expence in eating.

Tell

Tell it some untaught savage! with surprise
He asks, "How vast must be that giant's size!
"How great his pow'r, who thousands can
"employ!
"How great his force, who millions can de-
"stroy!"
But if the savage would, more curious, know
What potent virtues from such viands flow,
What blest effects they cause—consult with
Sloane,
Let him explain the colic, gout, and stone?
Pleasure's for use; it differs in degree,
Proportion'd to the thing's necessity.
Hence various objects variously excite,
And diff'rent is the date of each delight;
But when th' allotted end we once attain,
Each step beyond it, is a step to pain.
Nor let us murmur—Hath not earth a store
For every want? it was not meant for more,
Blest is the man, as far as earth can bless,
Whose measur'd passions reach no wild ex-
cess;
Who, urg'd by nature's voice, her gifts enjoys,
Nor other means, than nature's force, employs.
While warm with youth the sprightly current
flows,
Each vivid sense with vig'rous rapture glows;
And when he droops beneath the hand of
age,
No vicious habit stings with fruitless rage;
Gradual, his strength, and gay sensations cease,
While joys tumultuous sink in silent peace.
Far other is his lot, who, not content
With what the bounteous care of nature meant,
With labor'd skill would all her joys dilate,
Sublime their sense, and lengthen out their
date:
Add, blend, compose, each various mixture try,
And wind up appetite to luxury.
Thus guilty art unknown desires implants,
And viler arts must satisfy their wants;
When to corruption by himself betray'd,
Gold blinds the slave, whom luxury has made.
The hand that form'd us, must some use in-
tend,
It gives us pow'rs proportion'd to that end;
And happiness may justly be defin'd,
A full attainment of the end design'd.
Virtue and wisdom this alike implies,
And blest must be the virtuous and the wise.
Bliss is ordain'd for all, since heaven intends
All beings should attain their destin'd ends:
For this the fair idea shines confess'd
To every mind, and glows in every breast.
Compar'd with this, all mortal joys are vain;
Inspir'd by this, we restless onward strain.
High though we mount, the object mounts more
high,
Eludes our grasp, and mingles with the sky.
With nothing less th' aspiring soul 's content,
For nothing less her gen'rous flame was meant;
Th' unerring rule which all our steps should
guide,
The certain test, by which true good is try'd.
Blest when we reach it, wretched while we
miss;
Our joys, our sorrows prove, there must be
bliss.
Nor can this be some visionary dream,
Where heated fancy forms the flatt'ring scheme.
There sure is bliss—else, why by all desir'd?
What guileful pow'r has the mad search in-
spir'd?
Could accident produce in all the same,
Or a vain shadow raise a real flame?
When nature in the world's distended space,
Or fill'd, or almost fill'd each smaller place;
Careful in meanest matter to produce
Each single motion for some certain use;
Hard was the lot of her first fav'rite, man,
Faulty the scheme of his contracted span,
If that alone must know an useless void,
And he feel longings ne'er to be enjoy'd.
That only can produce consummate joy,
Which equals all the pow'rs it would employ;
Such fitting object to each talent giv'n,
Each cannot fit what was design'd for heav'n.
Why then is man with gifts sublimest fraught,
And active will, and comprehensive thought?
For what is all this waste of mental force?
What! for a house, a coach, a dog, a horse?
Has nature's Lord inverted nature's plan?
Is man now made for what was made for man?
There must be pleasures past the reach of
sense,
Some nobler source must happiness dispense:
Reason, arise! and vindicate thy claim,
Flash on our minds the joy-infusing flame:
Pour forth the fount of light, whose endless
store
Thought drinks insatiate, while it thirsts for
more.
And thou, seraphic flame! who could'st in-
spire
The prophet's voice, and wrap his soul in fire;
Ray of th' eternal beam! who canst pervade
The distant past, and future's gloomy shade:
While trembling reason tempts heav'n's daz-
zling height,
Sublime her force, and guide her dubious
flight;
Strengthen'd by thee! she bears the streaming
blaze,
And drinks new light from truth's immortal
rays.
Great, only evidence of things divine!
By thee reveal'd, the mystic wonders shine!
What puzzled sophists vainly would explore,
What humbled pride in silence must adore,
What plainly mark'd in heav'n's deliver'd page,
Makes the taught hind more wise than Greece's
sage.
Yet reason proves thee in her low degree,
And owns thy truths, from their necessity.
Conspicuous now is happiness display'd,
Possessing him for whom alone we 're made.
For he alone all human bliss completes,
To him alone th' expanding bosom beats;

Who fills each faculty, each pow'r can move,
Exerts all thought, and deep absorbs all love;
Whose ceaseless being years would tell in vain,
Whose attributes immense all bounds disdain.
No sickly taste the heav'nly rapture cloys,
Nor wearied senses sink in whelming joys;
While, rais'd above low matter's grosser frame,
Pure spirit blazes in his purer flame.
Such are th' immortal blessings that attend
The just, the good, the patriot, and the friend.
Nor such alone in distant prospect cheer,
They taste heav'n's joys anticipated here.
These in the smiling cups of pleasure flow,
Or, mingling, sooth the bitter stream of woe;
These pay the loss of honors, and of place,
And teach that guilt alone is true disgrace;
These with the glorious exile cheerful rove,
And, far from courts, fresh bloom in Curio's grove.
Long may such bliss, by such enjoy'd, attest,
The greatly virtuous are the greatly blest!
Enough there are amidst you gorgeous train,
Who, wretched, prove all other joys are vain.
So shines the truth these humble lines unfold,
"Fair virtue ever is unwisely sold."
Too mean a price sublimest fortune brings,
Too mean the wealth, the smiles, the crowns of kings:
For rais'd o'er these, she makes our bliss secure,
The present pleasing, and the future sure.
While prosp'rous guilt a sad reverse appears,
And in the tasteless now, the future fears.

§ 155. *Sonnets.* Edwards.

SONNET I.

O *, whom virtue makes the worthy heir
Of **'s titles, and of *'s estate,
Blest in a wife, whose beauty, though so rare,
Is the least grace of all that round her wait.

While other youths, sprung from the good and great,
In devious paths of pleasure seek their bane,
Reckless of wisdom's lore, of birth, or state,
Meanly debauch'd, or insolently vain;

Through Virtue's sacred gate to Honor's fane
You and your fair associate ceaseless climb
With glorious emulation, sure to gain
A meed, shall last beyond the reign of Time:
From your example long may Britain see,
Degen'rate Britain, what the Great should be!

§ 156. SONNET II.

Wisely, O C*, enjoy the present hour,
The present hour is all the time we have,
High God the rest has plac'd beyond our pow'r,
Consign'd, perhaps, to grief — or to the grave.

Wretched the man who toils ambition's slave;
Who pines for wealth, or sighs for empty fame;
Who rolls in pleasures which the mind deprave,
Bought with severe remorse, and guilty shame.

Virtue and knowledge be our better aim;
These help us ill to bear, or teach to shun;
Let Friendship cheer us with her gen'rous flame,
Friendship, the sum of all our joys in one:
So shall we live each moment fate has giv'n;
How long, or short, let us resign to heav'n.

§ 157. *Immortality, or the Consolation of Human Life. A Monody.*

T. Denton, A. M.

I.

When black-brow'd Night her dusky mantle spread,
And wrapt in solemn gloom the sable sky;
When soothing Sleep her opiate dews had shed,
And seal'd in silken slumbers every eye:
My wakeful thoughts admit no balmy rest,
Nor the sweet bliss of soft oblivion share;
But watchful woe distracts my aching breast,
My heart the subject of corroding care:
From haunts of men with wand'ring steps and slow
I solitary steal, and sooth my pensive woe.

II.

Yet no fell passion's rough discordant rage
Untun'd the music of my tranquil mind:
Ambition's tinselled charms could ne'er engage,
No harbour there could sordid av'rice find:
From lusts foul spring my grief disdains to flow,
No sighs of envy from my bosom break,
But soft compassion melts my soul to woe,
And social tears fast trickle down my cheek;
Ah me! when nature gives one general groan,
Each heart must beat with woe, each voice responsive mourn.

III.

Where'er I cast my moist'ned eyes around,
Or stretch my prospects o'er the distant land,
There foul *Corruption*'s tainted steps are found,
And *Death* grim-visag'd waves his iron hand.
Though now soft *Pleasure* gild the smiling scene,
And sportive *Joy* call forth her festive train.
Sinking in night each vital form is seen,
Like air-blown bubbles on the wat'ry plain;
* Fell *Death*, like brooding *Harpy*, the repast
Will snatch with talons foul, or sour its grateful taste.

* Vid. Virg. Æn. lib. iii. ver. 210, et seq.

Ye

IV.

Ye smiling glories of the youthful year,
That ope your fragrant bosoms to the day,
That clad in all the pride of spring appear,
And steep'd in dew your silken leaves display:
In *Nature*'s richest robes though thus bedight,
Though her soft pencil trace your various dye,
Though lures your roseate hue the charmed sight,
Thou odors sweet your neet'rous breath supply,
Soon on your leaves *Time*'s cank'rous tooth shall prey,
Your dulcet dews exhale, your beauteous bloom decay.

V.

Ye hedge-row elms, beneath whose spreading shade
The grazing herds defy the rattling shower;
Ye lofty oaks, in whose wide arms display'd
The clam'rous rook builds high his airy bower;
Stript by hoar Winter's rough inclement rage,
In mournful heaps your leafy honors lie,
Ev'n your hard ribs shall feel the force of age,
And your bare trunks the friendly shade deny;
No more by cheerful vegetation green,
Your sapless boles shall sink, and quit th' evanid scene.

VI.

Ye feather'd warblers of the vernal year
That careless sing, nor fear the frowns of fate,
Tune your sad notes to death and winter drear!
Ill suit these mirthful strains your transient state.
No more with cheerful song nor sprightly air
Salute the blushes of the rising day,
With doleful ditties, drooping wings repair
To the lone covert of the nightly spray:
Where love-lorn *Philomela* strains her throat,
Surround the budding thorn, and swell the mournful note.

VII.

Come, sighing *Elegy*, with sweetest airs
Of melting music teach my grief to flow,
I too must mix my sad complaint with theirs,
Our fates are equal, equal be our woe.
Come, *Melancholy*, spread thy raven wing,
And in thy ebon car, by Fancy led,
To the dark charnel vault thy vot'ry bring,
The murky mansions of the mould'ring dead,
Where dank dews breathe, and taint the sickly skies,
Where in sad loathsome heaps all human glory lies.

VIII.

Wrapt in the gloom of uncreated night
Secure we slept in senseless matter's arms,
Nor pain could vex, nor pallid fear affright,
Our quiet fancy felt no dream's alarms.
Soon as to life our animated clay
Awakes, and conscious being opes our eyes,
Care's fretful family at once dismay,
With ghastly air a thousand phantoms rise,
Sad *Horror* hangs o'er all the deep'ning gloom,
Grief prompts the labor'd sigh, *Death* opes the marble tomb.

IX.

Yet life's strong love intoxicates the soul,
And thirst of bliss inflames the fev'rish mind,
With eager draughts we drain the pois'nous bowl,
And in the dregs the cordial hope to find.
O heav'n! for this light end were mortals made,
And plac'd on earth, with happiness in view,
To catch with cheated grasp the flitting shade,
And with vain toil the fancied form pursue,
Then give their short-liv'd being to the wind,
As the wing'd arrow flies, and leaves no track behind!

X.

Thus lonely wand'ring through the nightly shade
Against the stern decrees of stubborn Fate,
To mockful Echo my complaints I made,
Of life's short period, or its toilsome state,
'Tis death-like silence all, no sound I hear,
Save the hoarse raven croaking from the sky,
Or scaly beetle murm'ring through the air,
Or screech-owl screaming with ill-omen'd cry;
Save when with brazen tongue from yon high tow'r
The clock deep-sounding speaks, and counts the passing hour.

XI.

Pale Cynthia mounted on her silver car
O'er heav'n's blue concave drives her nightly round;
See a torn abbey, wrapt in gloom, appear
Scatter'd in wild confusion o'er the ground,
Here rav'nous *Ruin* lifts her wasteful hands
O'er briar-grown grots and bramble-shaded graves;
Safe from her wrath one weeping marble stands,
O'er which the mournful yew its umbrage waves;
Ope, ope thy pond'rous jaws, thou friendly tomb,
Close the sad deathful scene, and shroud me in thy womb!

XII.

Forth issuing lovely from the gloomy shade,
Which stately pines in phalanx deep compose,
Fair above mortals comes a smiling maid
To sooth my sighs, and cheer my heart-felt woes.
Here nurs'd by *Contemplation*, matron sage,
Where with mute *Solitude* she loves to dwell,
In truth's fair lore she form'd her early age,
And trimm'd the midnight lamp in lonely cell,

Here learn'd clear reason's heav'n-sprung light to raise,
O'er passion's low-born mists, or pleasure's spurious blaze.

XIII.

Her azure mantle flows with easy grace,
Nor fashion's folds constrain, nor custom's lye;
An optic tube she bears, each sphere to trace
That rolls its rapid orbit round the sky:
Yet not to heav'n alone her view 's confin'd;
A clear reflecting plane she holds, to show
The various movements of the reas'ning mind,
How strange ideas link, and habits grow,
Passion's fierce impulse, will's free power to scan,
To paint the featur'd soul, and mark th' internal man.

XIV.

Whence these sad strains, said she, of plaintive grief,
Which pierce the sleep-clos'd ear of peaceful rest!
Oft has the sick'ning mind here found relief,
Here quell'd the throbbing tumults of the breast:
Lift up thy loaden eyes to yon fair cloud,
Where moon-sprung * *Iris* blends her beauteous dyes:
I lift them soon, and as I gazing stood,
The fleeting phantom in a moment flies;
Where beam'd the gilded arch of gaudy hue,
Frowns the dark low'ring cloud all gloomy to the view.

XV.

Life's emblem fit, said I, that roseid bow!
The gay illusive pageant of an hour
To real semblance tricks her airy show,
Then sinks in night's dull arms, and is no more!
Ah! fool, said she, though now to fancy's sight
The violet pale, the blushing red decays,
Though now no painted cloud reflect the light,
Nor drops prismatic break the falling rays,
Yet still the colors live, though none appear,
Glow in the darting beam that gilds yon crystal sphere.

XVI.

Then let not *Fancy* with her vagrant blaze
Mislead in trackless paths of wild deceit;
On reason's steady lamp still ardent gaze;
Led by her sober light to Truth's retreat.
Though wond'ring Ign'rance sees each form decay,
The breathless bird, bare trunk, and shrivel'd flow'r:
New forms successive catch the vital ray,
Sing their wild notes, or smile th' allotted hour,
And search creation's ample circuit round,
Though modes of being change, all life's immortal found.

XVII.

See the slow reptile grov'ling o'er the green,
That trails through slimy paths its cumbrous load,
Start in new beauty from the lowly scene,
And wing with flutt'ring pride th' etherial road;
Burst their shell-prisons, see the feather'd kind,
Where in dark durance pent awhile they lie,
Dispread their painted plumage to the wind,
Brush the brisk air, swift shooting through the sky,
Hail with their coral hymns the new-born day,
Distend their joy-swoln breast, and carol the sweet lay.

XVIII.

See man by varied periods fixt by fate
Ascend perfection's scale by slow degree;
The plant-like fœtus quits its senseless state,
And helpless hangs sweet-smiling on the knee;
Soon outward objects steal into the brain,
Next prattling childhood lisps with mimic air,
Then mem'ry links her fleet ideal train,
And sober reason rises to compare,
The full-grown breast some manly passion warms,
It pants for glory's meed, or beats to love's alarms.

XIX.

Then say, since nature's high behest appears
That living forms should change of being prove,
In which new joy the novel scene endears,
New objects rise to please, new wings to move:
Since man too, taught by sage experience, knows
His frame revolving treads life's varying stage,
That the man-plant first vegetating grows,
Then sense directs, then reason rules in age;
Say, is it strange, should death's all-dreaded hour
Waft to some unknown scenes, or wake some untry'd pow'r?

XX.

The wise Creator wrapt in fleshly veil
The ray divine, the pure ætherial mate;
Though worn by age the brittle fabric fail,
The smiling soul survives the frowns of fate:
Each circling year, each quick-revolving day
Touches with mould'ring tooth thy flitting frame,
With furtive slight repairs th' unseen decay;
For ever changing, yet in change the same,

* A rainbow formed by the rays of the moon at night: an object often visible, though from its languid color, not often observed.

Oft

Oft hast thou dropt unhurt thy mortal part,
Dare the grim terror then, nor dread his guiltless dart.

XXI.

The twinkling eye, whose various-humor'd round
Takes in soft net th' inverted form behind,
The list'ning ears that catch the waving sound,
Are but mere organs of the feeling mind:
External matter thus can lend its aid,
And distant shapes with foreign pow'r supply;
Thus the long tube by *Galilæo* made
Brings home the wonders of the peopled sky:
The pow'r percipient then feels no decay,
Though blind the tube, and darkness blot the visual ray.

XXII.

When lock'd in short suspense by sleep's soft pow'r
In temporary death the senses lie,
When solemn silence reigns at midnight hour,
Deaf the dull ear, and clos'd the curtain'd eye;
Objects of sense, each conscious sense asleep,
With lively image strike the wakeful soul,
Some frowning rock that threats the foaming deep,
Or wood-hung vale, where streams meand'ring roll,
Some long-lost friend's returning voice you hear,
Clasp the life-pictur'd shade, and drop the pleasing tear.

XXIII.

Each outward organ, as ideas rise,
Gives easy entrance to the motley train;
Reflection calm, with retrospective eyes
Surveys her treasures in the formful brain
Though Death relentless shed his baleful dew,
In Lethe dip each form-conveying pow'r,
Unhurt Reflection may her themes pursue,
Smile at the ruin, safe amidst her store;
Without one sense's aid in life's low vale,
Fancy can furnish joys, and reason lift her scale.

XXIV.

Thus the lone lover in the pensive shade
In day-dreams rapt of soft ecstatic bliss,
Pursues in thought the visionary maid,
Feasts on the fancy'd smile, and favor'd kiss;
Thus the young poet at the close of day
Led by the magic of some fairy song
Through the dun umbrage winds his heedless way,
Nor hears the babbling brook that brawls along:
Thus deathless *Newton* deaf to nature's cries
Would measure *Time* and *Space*, and travel 'round the skies.

XXV.

When just expiring hangs life's trembling light,
And fell disease strikes deep the deadly dart,
Reason and mem'ry burn with ardor bright,
And gen'rous passions warm the throbbing heart;
Oft will the vig'rous soul in life's last stage
With keenest relish taste pure mental joys;
Since the fierce efforts of distemper'd rage
Nor 'bates her vigor, nor her pow'rs destroys,
Say, shall her lustre death itself impair?
When in high noon she rides, then sets in dark despair?

XXVI.

Though through the heart no purple tide should flow,
No quiv'ring nerve should vibrate to the brain,
The mental pow'rs no mean dependence know;
Thought may survive, and each fair passion reign;
As when *Lucina* ends the pangful strife,
Lifts the young babe, and lights her lambent flame,
Some pow'rs new-waking hail the dawning life,
Some unsuspended live, unchang'd, the same;
So from our dust fresh faculties may bloom,
Some posthumous survive, and triumph o'er the tomb.

XXVII.

This fibrous frame by nature's kindly law,
Which gives each joy to keen sensation here,
O'er purer scenes of bliss the veil may draw,
And cloud reflection's more exalted sphere.
When Death's cold hand with all-dissolving pow'r
Shall the close tie with friendly stroke unbind,
Alike our mortal as our natal hour
May to new being raise the waking mind:
On death's new genial day the soul may rise,
Born to some higher sphere, and hail some brighter skies.

XXVIII.

The moss-grown tree, that shrinks with rolling years,
The drooping flowers that die so soon away,
Let not thy heart alarm with boding fears,
Nor thy own ruin date from their decay:
The blushing rose that breathes the balmy dew,
No pleasing transports of perception knows,
The rev'rend oak, that circling springs renew,
Thinks not, nor by long age experienc'd grows;
Thy fate and theirs confess no kindred tie:
Though their frail forms may fade, shall sense and reason die?

XXIX.

Nor let life's ills, that in dire circle rage,
Steal from thy heaving breast those labor'd sighs;
These, the kind tutors of thy infant age,
Train the young pupil for the future skies:
Unschool'd in early prime, in riper years
Wretched and scorn'd still struts the bearded boy:
The tingling rod bedew'd with briny tears
Shoots forth in graceful fruits of manly joy:
The painful cares that vex the toilsome spring
Shall plenteous crops of bliss in life's last harvest bring.

XXX.

She ceas'd, and vanish'd into sightless wind—
O'er my torn breast alternate passions sway,
Now Doubt desponding damps the wav'ring mind,
Now Hope reviving sheds her cheerful ray.
Soon from the skies in heav'nly white array'd,
Faith to my sight reveal'd, fair Cherub! stood,
With life replete the volume she display'd,
Seal'd with the ruddy stains of crimson blood;
Each fear now starts away, as spectres fly
When the sun's orient beam first gilds the purple sky.

XXXI.

Mean while the faithful herald of the day
The village cock crows loud with trumpet shrill,
The warbling lark soars high, and morning grey
Lifts her glad forehead o'er the cloud-wrapt hill:
Nature's wild music fills the vocal vale;
The bleating flocks that bite the dewy ground,
The lowing herds that graze the woodland dale,
And cavern'd echo, swell the cheerful sound;
Homeward I bend with clear unclouded mind,
Mix with the busy world, and leave each care behind.

§ 158. *From the Shipwreck.* Falconer.

Now, borne impetuous o'er the boiling deeps,
Her course to Attic shores the vessel keeps:
The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,
Still with the wheeling stern their force repel.
For this assault should either quarter feel,
Again to flank the tempest she might reel.
The steersmen every bidden turn apply;
To right and left the spokes alternate fly.
Thus when some conquer'd host retreats in fear,
The bravest leaders guard the broken rear;
Indignant they retire, and long oppose
Superior armies that around them close;
Still shield the flanks; the routed squadrons join;
And guide the flight in one embodied line:
So they direct the flying bark before
Th' impelling floods that lash her to the shore.
As some benighted traveller, thro' the shade,
Explores the devious path with heart dismay'd;
While prowling savages behind him roar,
And yawning pits and quagmires lurk before—
High o'er the poop th' audacious seas aspire,
Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire.
As some fell conqueror, frantic with success,
Sheds o'er the nations ruin and distress;
So while the wat'ry wilderness he roams,
Incens'd to sevenfold rage the tempest foams;
And o'er the trembling pines, above, below,
Shrill thro' the cordage howls, with notes of woe.
Now thunders, wafted from the burning zone,
Growl, from afar, a deaf and hollow groan!
The ship's high battlements, to either side
For ever rocking, drink the briny tide:
Her joints unhing'd, in palsied languors play,
As ice dissolves beneath the noon-tide ray.
The skies, asunder torn, a deluge pour;
The impetuous hail descends in whirling shower.
High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze.
Th' ætherial dome, in mournful pomp array'd,
Now lurks behind impenetrable shade;
Now, flashing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the terrors of the night.
Such terror Sinai's quaking hill o'erspread,
When heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er his head.
It seem'd, the wrathful Angel of the wind
Had all the horrors of the skies combin'd;
And here to one ill-fated ship oppos'd,
At once the dreadful magazine disclos'd.
And lo! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,
Th' inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings!
Hark! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks!
Mad chaos from the chains of death awakes!
Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge,
And blue on deck their blazing sides discharge:
There, all aghast, the shivering wretches stood,
While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their blood.
Now in a deluge bursts the living flame,
And dread concussion rends th' ætherial frame;
Sick earth convulsive groans from shore to shore,
And nature shuddering feels the horrid roar.
Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,
Reveal'd in all its mournful shade and light.
Swift thro' my pulses glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on th' electric wire.
But ah! the force of numbers strives in vain,
The glowing scene unequal to sustain.
But lo! at last, from tenfold darkness born,
Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping morn.
Hail, sacred vision! who, on orient wing,
The cheering dawn of light propitious bring!

All

All nature smiling hail'd the vivid ray,
That gave her beauties to returning day:
All but our ship, that, groaning on the tide,
No kind relief, no gleam of hope descry'd.
For now in front, her trembling inmates see
The hills of Greece emerging on the lee.
So the last lover views that fatal morn,
On which, for ever from his bosom torn,
The nymph ador'd resigns her blooming charms,
To bless with love some happier rival's arms.
So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day,
That tore Æneas from her arms away;
That saw him parting, never to return,
Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn.
O yet in clouds thou genial source of light,
Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight!
Go, with thy smile adorn the happy plain,
And gild the scenes where health and pleasure reign:
But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton beam
Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme!
While shoreward now the bounding vessel flies,
Full in her van St. George's cliffs arise:
High o'er the rest a pointed crag is seen,
That hung projecting o'er a mossy green.
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
And all their skill relentless fates oppose.
For, while more eastward they direct the prow,
Enormous waves the quivering deck o'erflow.
While, as she wheels, unable to subdue
Her sallies, still they dread her broaching-to.
Alarming thought! for now no more a-lee
Her riven side could bear th' invading sea;
And if the following surge she scuds before,
Headlong she runs upon the dreadful shore;
A shore where shelves and hidden rocks abound,
Where death in secret ambush lurks around.—
Far less dismay'd, Anchises' wandering son
Was seen the straits of Sicily to shun:
When Palinurus, from the helm, descry'd
The rocks of Scylla on his eastern side;
While in the west, with hideous yawn discloss'd,
His onward path Charybdis' gulph oppos'd;
The double danger as by turns he view'd,
His wheeling bark her arduous track pursu'd.
Thus, while to right and left destruction lies,
Between th' extremes the daring vessel flies.
With boundless involution, bursting o'er
The marble-cliffs, loud-dashing surges roar.
Hoarse thro' each winding creek the tempest raves,
And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves.
Destruction round th' insatiate coast prepares,
To crush the trembling ship, unnumber'd snares.
But haply now she 'scapes the fatal strand,
Tho' scarce ten fathoms distant from the land.
Swift as the weapon issuing from the bow,
She cleaves the burning waters with her prow;
And forward leaping with tumultuous haste,
As on the tempest's wing the isle she past.
With longing eyes, and agony of mind,
The sailors view this refuge left behind;
Happy to bribe, with India's richest ore,
A safe accession to that barren shore!
When in the dark Peruvian mine confin'd,
Lost to the cheerful commerce of mankind,
The groaning captive wastes his life away,
For ever exiled from the realms of day;
Not equal pangs his bosom agonise,
When far above the sacred light he eyes,
While, all forlorn, the victim pines in vain,
For scenes he never shall possess again.
But now Athenian mountains they descry,
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high.
Beside the cape's projecting verge is plac'd
A range of columns, long by time defac'd;
First planted by devotion to sustain,
In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane.
Foams the wild beach below with madd'ning rage,
Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.
The sickly heaven, fermenting with its freight,
Still vomits o'er the main the feverish weight:
And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high,
Thro' the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
A flash, quick-glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night:
Redmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touch'd with compassion gaz'd upon the blind;
And while around his sad companions crowd,
He guides th' unhappy victim to the shroud.
Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend! he cries;
Thy only succour on the mast relies!—
The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
Now scarce subdu'd the wild unbridled course:
Quick to th' abandon'd wheel Arion came,
The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim.
Amaz'd he saw her, o'er the sounding foam
Upborn, to right and left distracted roam.
So gaz'd young Phaeton, with pale dismay,
When mounted on the flaming car of day,
With rash and impious hand the stripling try'd
Th' immortal coursers of the sun to guide.—
The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly:
Fate spurs her on.—Thus issuing from afar,
Advances to the sun some blazing star;
And, as it feels th' attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated course.
With mournful look the seamen ey'd the strand,
Where death's inexorable jaws expand:
Swift from their minds elaps'd all dangers past,
As, dumb with terror, they beheld the last.
Now on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,
In mute suspense they mount into the wind.—

Th

The Genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
The black eventful moment seem'd to bring.
The fatal Sisters on the surge before,
Yok'd their infernal horses to the prore.—
The steermen now receiv'd their last command,
To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand.
Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,
High on the platform of the top ascend;
Fatal retreat! for while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down-prest by wat'ry weight the bowsprit bends,
And from above the stem deep crashing rends.
Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie;
The foremast totters, unsustain'd on high:
And now the ship, fore-lifted by the sea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee;
While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
Drags the main-topmast from its post away.
Flung from the mast the seamen strive in vain
Thro' hostile floods their vessel to regain.
The waves they buffet, till, bereft of strength,
O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length.
The hostile waters close around their head,
They sink for ever, number'd with the dead!
Those who remain their fearful doom await,
Nor longer mourn their lost companions' fate.
The heart that bleeds with sorrows all its own,
Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan.—
Albert and Rodmond and Palemon here,
With young Arion, on the mast appear;
Even they, amid th' unspeakable distress,
In every look distracting thoughts confess;
In every vein the refluent blood congeals,
And every bosom fatal terror feels.
Inclos'd with all the demons of the main,
They view'd th' adjacent shore, but view'd in vain.
Such torments in the drear abodes of hell,
Where sad despair laments with rueful yell,
Such torments agonise the damned breast,
While fancy views the mansions of the blest.
For heaven's sweet help their suppliant cries implore;
But heaven, relentless, deigns to help no more!
And now, lash'd on by destiny severe,
With horror fraught, the dreadful scene drew near!
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!—
In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
Even Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyss had shudder'd to behold.
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue fam'd,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,
Beheld this scene of phrenzy and distress,
His soul had trembled to its last recess!—
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove.
The tottering frame of reason yet sustain!
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!
In vain the cords and axes were prepar'd,
For now th' audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shatter'd top half buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging thunder on the ground,
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps resound!
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment, reels.
So reels, convuls'd with agonising throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murd'rer's blows.—
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock!
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak:
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.
O were it mine with tuneful Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart;
Like him to smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress!
Then, too severely taught by cruel fate
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I with unrivall'd strains deplore
Th' impervious horrors of a leeward shore.
As o'er the surge the stooping main-mast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung:
Some, struggling, on a broken crag were cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast:
Awhile they bore o'erwhelming billows rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till all benumb'd and feeble they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below.
Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan.
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend.
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath th' involving tide;
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive;
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And prest the stony beach, a lifeless crew!
Next, O unhappy chief! th' eternal doom
Of heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb!
What scenes of misery torment thy view!
What painful struggles of thy dying crew!
Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erspread with corses! red with human blood!

So

So pierc'd with anguish hoary Priam gaz'd,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blaz'd;
While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,
Expir'd beneath the victor's murdering steel.
Thus with his helpless partners till the last,
Sad refuge! Albert hugs the floating mast;
His soul could yet sustain the mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe:
For now soft nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain;
His faithful wife for ever doom'd to mourn
For him, alas! who never shall return;
To black adversity's approach expos'd,
With want and hardships unforeseen enclos'd:
His lovely daughter left without a friend,
Her innocence to succour and defend;
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray—
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resign'd;
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His out-stretch'd arms the master's legs enfold.—
Sad Albert feels his dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear;
For death bids every clinching joint adhere.
All-faint, to heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And, "O protect my wife and child!" he cries:
The gushing streams roll back th' unfinish'd sound!
He gasps! he dies! and tumbles to the ground!
Five only left of all the perish'd throng,
Yet ride the pine which shoreward drives along;
With these Arion still his hold secures,
And all the assaults of hostile waves endures.
O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,
He looks if poor Palemon yet survives.
Ah wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
Didst thou, incautious! from the wreck depart?
Alas! these rocks all human skill defy,
Who strikes them once beyond relief must die:
And now, sore wounded, thou perhaps art tost
On these, or in some oozy cavern lost.
Thus thought Arion, anxious gazing round
In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found.
The demons of destruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal shafts commission'd fly.
And now a breaking surge, with forceful sway,
Two next Arion furious tears away.
Hurl'd on the crags, behold, they gasp! they bleed!
And, groaning, cling upon th' elusive weed!—
Another billow bursts in boundless roar!
Arion sinks! and Memory views no more!
Ha! total night and horror here preside!
My stunn'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide!
It is the funeral knell! and, gliding near,
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear!
But lo! emerging from the watery grave,
Again they float incumbent on the wave!
Again the dismal prospect opens round,
The wreck, the shores, the dying, and the drown'd!
And see! enfeebled by repeated shocks,
Those two who scramble on th' adjacent rocks,
Their faithless hold no longer can retain,
They sink o'erwhelm'd and never rise again!
Two with Arion yet the mast upbore,
That now above the ridges reach'd the shore:
Still trembling to descend, they downward gaze,
With horror pale, and torpid with amaze:
The floods recoil! the ground appears below!
And life's faint embers now rekindling glow:
Awhile they wait th' exhausted waves retreat,
Then climb slow up the beach with hands and feet.
O Heaven! deliver'd by whose sovereign hand,
Still on the brink of hell they shuddering stand,
Receive the languid incense they bestow,
That damp with death appears not yet to glow.
To thee each soul the warm oblation pays,
With trembling ardor of unequal praise;
In every heart dismay with wonder strives,
And Hope the sicken'd spark of life revives;
Her magic powers their exil'd health restore,
Till horror and despair are felt no more.
A troop of Grecians who inhabit nigh,
And oft these perils of the deep descry,
Rous'd by the blustering tempest of the night,
Anxious had climb'd Colonna's neighbouring height;
When gazing downward on th' adjacent flood,
Full to their view the scene of ruin stood;
The surf with mangled bodies strew'd around,
And those yet breathing on the sea-wash'd ground!
Tho' lost to science and the nobler arts,
Yet nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts:
Strait down the vale with hast'ning steps they hied,
Th' unhappy suff'rers to assist and guide.
Mean while those three escap'd beneath explore
The first advent'rous youth who reach'd the shore:
Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
Prone, helpless, on the tangly beach he lay—
It is Palemon:—oh! what tumults roll
With hope and terror in Arion's soul!
If yet unhurt he lives again to view
His friend and this sole remnant of our crew!
With us to travel thro' this foreign zone,
And share the future good or ill unknown.
Arion thus; but ah! sad doom of fate!
That bleeding Memory sorrows to relate,
While yet afloat on some resisting rock,
His ribs were dash'd and fractur'd with the shock:
Heart-piercing sight! those cheeks so late array'd,
In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal shade!
Distilling blood his lovely breast o'erspread,
And clogg'd the golden tresses of his head!
Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious stroke
Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.

Down

Down from his neck, with blazing gems arrayd,
Thy image, lovely Anna! hung portray'd;
Th' unconscious figure smiling all serene,
Suspended in a golden chain was seen.
Hadst thou, soft maiden! in this hour of woe,
Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,
What force of art, what language could express
Thine agony? thine exquisite distress?
But thou, alas! art doom'd to weep in vain
For him thine eyes shall never see again!
With dumb amazement pale, Arion gaz'd,
And cautiously the wounded youth uprais'd;
Palemon then, with cruel pangs opprest,
In faltering accents thus his friend address'd:
" O rescu'd from destruction late so nigh,
" Beneath whose fatal influence doom'd I lie;
" Are we then exil'd to this last retreat
" Of life, unhappy! thus decreed to meet?
" Ah! how unlike what yester-morn enjoy'd,
" Inchanting hopes, for ever now destroy'd!
" For wounded far beyond all healing power,
" Palemon dies, and this his final hour:
" By those fell breakers, where in vain I strove,
" At once cut off from fortune, life and love!
" Far other scenes must soon present my sight,
" That lie deep-buried yet in tenfold night.
" Ah! wretched father of a wretched son,
" Whom thy paternal prudence has undone!
" How will remembrance of this blinded care
" Bend down thy head with anguish and despair!
" Such dire effects from avarice arise,
" That, deaf to nature's voice, and vainly wise,
" With force severe endeavours to control
" The noblest passions that inspire the soul.
" But O, thou sacred Power! whose law connects
" Th' eternal chain of causes and effects,
" Let not thy chastening ministers of rage
" Afflict with sharp remorse his feeble age!
" And you, Arion! who with these the last
" Of all our crew survive the Shipwreck past—
" Ah! cease to mourn! those friendly tears restrain!
" Nor give my dying moments keener pain!
" Since heaven may soon thy wandering steps restore,
" When parted hence, to England's distant shore; [fate,
" Should'st thou, th' unwilling messenger of
" To him the tragic story first relate,
" Oh! friendship's generous ardor then suppress!
" Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress;
" Nor let each horrid incident sustain
" The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain.
" Ah! then remember well my last request
" For her who reigns for ever in my breast;
" Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
" The helpless maid to succour and defend.
" Say, I this suit implor'd with parting breath,
" So heaven befriend him at his hour of death!
" But oh! to lovely Anna should'st thou tell
" What dire untimely end thy friend befel,
" Draw o'er the dismal scene soft pity's veil,
" And lightly touch the lamentable tale:
" Say that my love, inviolably true,
" No change, no diminution ever knew,
" Lo! her bright image, pendent on my neck,
" Is all Palemon rescu'd from the wreck;
" Take it and say, when panting in the wave,
" I struggled, life and this alone to save!
" My soul that fluttering hastens to be free,
" Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee,
" But strives in vain!—the chilling ice of death
" Congeals my blood, and choaks the stream of breath:
" Resign'd she quits her comfortless abode,
" To course that long, unknown, eternal road.—
" O sacred Source of ever-living light!
" Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight!
" Direct her onward to that peaceful shore,
" Where peril, pain and death are felt no more!
" When thou some tale of hapless love shalt hear,
" That steals from pity's eye the melting tear,
" Of two chaste hearts, by mutual passion join'd,
" To absence, sorrow, and despair consign'd;
" Oh! then, to swell the tides of social woe,
" That heal th' afflicted bosom they o'erflow,
" While Memory dictates, this sad shipwreck tell,
" And what distress the wretched friend befel!
" Then, while in streams of soft compassion drown'd,
" The swains lament, and maidens weep around;
" While lisping children, touch'd with infant fear, [tear;
" With wonder gaze, and drop th' unconscious
" Oh! then this moral bid their souls retain,
" All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain."
The last faint accents trembled on his tongue,
That now inactive to the palate clung;
His bosom heaves a mortal groan—he dies!
And shades eternal sink upon his eyes!
As thus defac'd in death Palemon lay,
Arion gaz'd upon the lifeless clay;
Tranfix'd he stood, with awful terror fill'd,
While down his cheek the silent drops distill'd.
Oh, ill-starr'd votary of unspotted truth!
Untimely perish'd in the bloom of youth,
Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's land,
He will obey, tho' painful, thy demand:
His tongue the dreadful story shall display,
And all the horrors of this dismal day!
Disastrous day! what ruin hast thou bred!
What anguish to the living and the dead!
How hast thou left the widow all forlorn,
And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn;
Thro' life's sad journey hopeless to complain!
Can sacred justice these events ordain?
But, O my soul! avoid that wond'rous maze,
Where reason, lost in endless error, strays!

As

As thro' this thorny vale of life we run,
Great Cause of all effects, "thy will be done!"
Now had the Grecians on the beach arriv'd,
To aid the helpless few who yet surviv'd:
While passing they behold the waves o'erspread
With shatter'd rafts and corses of the dead,
Three still alive, benumb'd and faint they find,
In mournful silence on a rock reclin'd.
The generous natives, mov'd with social pain,
The feeble strangers in their arms sustain;
With pitying sighs their hapless lot deplore,
And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.

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§ 159. *Pulpit Eloquence from the English Orator.*

POLWHELE.

THEN deem not (as my previous strains have taught)
Religion, a cold metaphysic form,
Musing o'er moral problems, and confin'd
To wisdom's eyes alone — behold, she sits,
While *faith* unveils her to the vulgar gaze,
Streaming cherubic effluence o'er her heaven
Of spotless azure! To the dazzling light
Her everlasting robe, the abestos floats
In vivid folds. Around her emerald throne
The passions tremble at her awful beck —
"Her ministers as flaming fire," to waft
Into the mortal bosom the pure spark
Æthereal, that refines our thought! Hence fly
The words that burn; while her impulsive power
Imparts an oratory only less
Than what inspir'd the apostles, when of old
They spake all tongues, and saw confusion's reign,
The curse of jarring Shinar, disappear.

And lo! she hails her Albion as the spot
Auspicious to her orators, tho', long,
Unfriended; whilst, in other climes, the pomp
Of tyranny and superstition frowns,
Ungenial inmates; and in sloth supine
Snores the dark priory, or proud conclaves vaunt
Their hierarchal honors! Here the mind
Shall rise unshackled, if too nice a sense
Fastidious intervene not, to retard
Its flights! Here pathos may exert its powers.

First therefore, to produce the pathos, fix
Upon the great emotions of the soul
The mental eye; and deem thy hearers mov'd
By similar sensations. Thus the case
Of others may be accurately drawn
From thine assenting heart that feels it true.

Thus intimately versant in the soul's
Quick movements, thou wilt never harshly treat
What should be gently turn'd to virtue's road;
Removing each obstruction that may bar
Persuasion, and preparing every mind
By lenient measures, ere thy art unfold
Doctrines, whose aspect suits not worldly pride,
Or idle vanity, or sensual care.

Free to receive thy lessons, shall the heart
Attend them, unrevolting. Then affect,
And in repeated agitation keep,
By thy displays of sacred truth, the race
Of passion; which, attemper'd into shapes
Resembling scarce their former guise, and held
In close engagement, rarely shall relapse
Again imbruted, amid earthly things.

Meantime thy style familiar, that alludes
With pleasing retrospect to recent scenes,
Shall interest every bosom. With the voice
Of condescending gentleness, address
Thy kindred people. Shun the distant air,
The formal: shun the flippancy too smooth,
The lightness too theatrical; the starts
That waken for awhile the listening ear,
But waken to antipathy. Be warm,
Yet grave: unite an animated soul
With dignified demeanor; and, untouch'd
By the vainglory that on Herod beam'd
A momentary rapture, big with death,
Preach not thyself; but nurse an ardent zeal
As for thy offspring rang'd below! The fire
Of exhortation haply may diffuse
Thy piety, thy virtues; as they see
The emotions of a parent. But beware
Of overacted violence, that turns
To ridicule the best-imagin'd strain.

The pulpit-speakers that arose to fame,
Ere Britain from asperities had clear'd
Her language, opening to thee ample stores
For eloquence, may cool the intemperate warmth
Of passion: but the pulpit might in vain
Adopt their manner. Idly might a South
His witty turns — his quaintnesses display,
Except to waken laughter. Barrow's style,
Redundant and involv'd, would soon oppress
Thy auditors: even Tillotson's were cold,
Tho' thick with oratorial beauties sown;
And Clarke's exactness, rigorous and precise,
Might vainly torture the protracted thought
No — to thy observation — to thy heart
Recur; nor ever slight them: and, now vers'd
In nature and religion, fix thy choice
Upon the topics that may best enforce
The *moral sense*, instil into the soul
The *Christian spirit* meek, and mend the heart.

If to the *moral* system we restrain
Our search, select such topics as are sure
To suit thy various audience. To one point
That turns on age or *station* or the modes
Of *character*, thy apt discussions guide
Unvarying. Many a preacher wanders wild
O'er human life; exhibiting his draughts
Confus'd and transitory — to distract
The attentive eye, that with vain gaze pursues.

Is youth thy subject?—Fix'd within the pale
Of youth, delineate its peculiar bent—
Its failings, its affections; in full strength
Show its appropriate duties; and address
The young around thee with the feeling tones
That speak the guardian father and the friend.

Or, on the duties of maturer years
Descanting, rove not with digressive wing.

But still to thy selected topic true,
Trace the hoar lineaments of tremulous age
Dropping into the grave. Trite is the tale
Of mortal frailness; but the gloomy truth
Yet interests and affects: and what affects
Will influence. For, tho' oft the passions, rous'd
By vivid strokes of the pathetic, glow
With but a momentary flush, and faint
Full fast away; still something at the heart
Lingers in feeble pulses inextinct,
That quick recurs to conscience, at the hour
Of meditated evil: the weak sense
By oratorial energies renew'd,
Acquires an active vigor to repel
The power of vice. The pictur'd frown of death
Hath even awak'd from lethargies of sin
The sluggard soul; and bade it trembling fly
The horrors that inwrap the yawning gulph.

Nor seldom, stealing with familiar strain
Into his business and his bosom, paint
The poor man's lot; whilst in the house of God
The virtuous peasant shall beside the peer
Stand forth, embolden'd. Tell him, if the glow
Of floating purple shade o'erweening pride,
His is the better livery that infolds
The limbs of want: and tell him, tho' his hours
Of still devotional repose are few,
If pious meditation shall await
His steps into the field, the humble vow
Breath'd from amidst his labors, may ascend
The purest incense that embalms the skies.

Thus it behoves thee to inspect with care
Life's shifting circumstance. The social ties,
The duties that reciprocally bind
The human race, shall in strong light appear
Link'd with peculiar stations. Tho' alike
"The tender charities of father, son,
"And brother," interest all our mortal race;
Lovelier shall they attract the poor, if drawn
Beneath the straw-roofd'd dwelling, or the rich,
If shadow'd in the splendor of the dome.

And human character with no vain force
May arm thy eloquence. Its simple forms
Shall strike the rude spectator, and excite
The conscious feelings. But the draught refin'd
Rarely the vulgar apprehension meets,
Tho' well thy pencil's mimic powers it prove.

Here may *the* historic instance give effect
To moral portraits. From the sacred fount
Bring forth the forcible example. Show
The grey Barzillai's honorable age
Placid, tho' to the minstrel's warbled voice—
To the sweet meltings of luxurious lutes
No more awake! Show Hezekiah frail
In human weakness, and still asking life!
Show faintly Timothy, tho' young, detach'd
From sensual joys. Exhibit Lazarus poor—
Arimathean Joseph rich, yet proud
To bear the Christian banner! And describe
The trembling Felix! Such as these beseem
Thy pulpit oratory, opening tracts
Recent in various beauties; where the heart
Throbs with the keen emotions of delight
Or fear: and (as the obedient memory stores
The striking incident) beats every pulse
In corresponding tones to nature's sense;
Till, sudden, by an unexpected stroke
At once discover'd to itself, it sees
Its every winding avenue; shrinks back
From its detected vices, (never view'd
Before, but with a transitory glance);
And shudders at the brood it fosters there.

If in the *Christian system*, we behold
The radiant sun of righteousness arise
With healing in its wings—to stream forth light
Upon the sterner virtues, to relume
By pure effulgence mild the moral world;
'Tis here pathetic eloquence shall greet
Prospects at which ev'n paradise might fade,
Tho' all its bowers hung blooming to the breath
Of innocence!—'Twas Eden's happy pair
Announc'd creation's blessings. But here burst,
Ineffably benign, redemption's rays,
Whilst in a mute amaze archangels hail
The infinitude of mediatorial love!

Here shall thy glowing oratory charm
With an unwonted lustre, as it meets
The meekness of the Christian—his calm eye
Wet with the tear of gratitude! To prove
Religion's firmly rooted truths, by long
Elaborate deduction, were to freeze
That feeling tear! The unfathomable strain
The vulgar may admire: but not with breath
More idly eloquent, the sainted sage
Gather'd around him on the rocky shore
The scaly race that cleave the hoary deep.

Insist not, therefore, with a tedious length,
On proofs external. The strong leading facts
Concisely representing, quickly bring
The internal evidence to light, that strikes
Conviction while it sinks into the heart.

Faith is, perhaps, thy topic. Ah beware
Of mazy ambiguities too dark
For letter'd minds. Attempt not to premise
The

The jarring tenets of innumerous sects;
But in perspicuous enarration touch
The important theme. Clear arguments may rise
In short succession: yet the historic draught
Shall occupy attention's stedfast soul.
The weak apostle's unbelief; his doubts
Quick into faith resolving; the despair
Of tortur'd Judas, who in bitter shame—
In the black writhing of remorse exclaim'd,
"I have betray'd the blood of innocence"—
These are the potent instances sublime
That best become thy subject and thyself;
The bold examples that command belief;
The judgement and the passions at a stroke
Convince and move; repel with wond'rous force
The sceptic's rebel reason; and inform
The meanest intellect with instant light.

And should repentance be thy plainer theme,
Discourse not in too general terms that fix
But feebly on the memory. Show its powers
As instanc'd by the roving son, who fled
With sorrow, from the harlot's treacherous smile
To his glad father's bosom. If thy speech
The stronger passions shall address, behold
The everlasting gospel brings to view,
Amid the horrors of the spreading gloom
Miraculous, a dying Saviour nail'd
Upon the cross, while in the midst is rent
The temple's vale; and the pale vaults resign
Their dead! Behold, the gospel blazons forth
The dissolution of a world in flames;
Pictures the bloody sun; the rushing spheres,
The elements that melt with fervent heat;
Portrays the throne of judgement and the crowds
That meet their doom eternal—some ingulph'd
In fiery depths sulphureous; others high
Among the saints, and crown'd with starry light.

These be thy topics—thy sententious phrase
With each variety of figures fraught
That heighten the pathetic; while exclaim
The affections in apostrophes; suspend
Attention by the well-tim'd pause; contrast
The bold-drawn imag'ry; or break away,
In all the abruptness of transition, wild.

Thus, whilst thy pulpit-oratory lives
In nature, scripture echoes to its strain;
Whether the *cheerful* or *serene* shall flow,
Or the *devout* in feeling beauty breath'd,
The *sorrowful*, the *joyous*, the *sublime*.

And lo! the oration model'd by the rules
Of beautiful arrangement, shall despise
The studied air—the mechanism that marks
A chain of subdivision. Every part
Shall coalesce with ease; nor passion wait
Invariably, the peroration's call.

Such is the manner only, that becomes
The pulpit. And it strikes with double force,
While dignified demeanor, and a sense
Of duty in the unerring conduct shown,
And fatherly affection never damp'd
By low pursuits of lucre, o'er thee spread
The sunshine of sincerity. Can they,
Whose inconsistent lives not rarely seem
A very contrast to the truths they preach,
Reform the general morals?—When the light,
The volatile, the modish churchman mounts
The hallow'd rostrum with an airy step
That rivals ev'n a Vestris' ease, and casts
His careless glances on the pews below,
What are his bosom-feelings? Sure, one pause,
One little pause the vanities resign
To serious thought; as to his distant home
Retiring from Augusta, he yet deigns
To visit, for a while, his vagrant charge.
Alas! he scarcely knows (nor strives to know)
His blunt unfashion'd people; but to all
Bowing with graceful condescension, pays
An undistinguishing regard; then flies
(Delighted that his tedious task is o'er)
Back to the scenes, while, hailing his approach,
Soft pleasure strews the rosy couch, and clasps,
Familiar, the fond votary to her arms!

* * * * * * * * * * *

Here, pupil, might we rest—the genuine vein
Of pulpit eloquence already trac'd—
But let us mark occasions that may ask
More argument or elegance than suits
The multitude; and touching on the modes
That in discriminated features show
Thy art, propose the models which may claim
Thy just regard.—A learned audience loves,
As Granta's, or a Rhedycina's sons,
Ev'n the polemic question. Not but there
The champions of the theologic war
Misplace their oratory. For, behold,
Those hearers that await the preacher's nod
In academic bowers, are, chief, the young,
With fancy gay and vigorous. Doth the dry
The strict methodic dissertation suit
Their airy spirits?—Rather note the sting
Of secret vice, exhort to study, point
The prize of honor, and distinctly draw
Virtue's fair outline.

* * * * * *

O'er thy reasoning throw
The robe of rhetorick. Not that ornament
Should, here, invest thy topics with a glare
Of superficial richness. Rather verge
To Sherlock's plain compactness, that admits
No decorating figures, than o'erload
Thy lessons with the metaphor's crude mass.

These, on a general survey, are the modes
Of pulpit-oratory, which agree

With

With no unletter'd audience. But in these
(Where judgement or the lively fancy reigns
Predominant o'er passion) genius bids
The different *mannerists* attract the eye
Of fame. Hence, by an easy process, slides
The species into country-fanes — transcrib'd
By mimic ignorance. What tho' Horne may clothe
His thoughts in beauteous metaphor, he knows
To discipline his fancy — to command
The heart; and by familiar accents move
The Christian soul! Say, what tho' Porteus strike
By copious sentiment, condens'd and strong;
Or graceful Hurd may reason in a style
Of elegant deduction, as a voice
More musical than Atterbury's, holds
The still attention; pathos best accords
With common hearers; nor is misapplied
Ev'n to the more refin'd. The statelier pomp
Of high cathedral dignities may frown
Upon the impassion'd period; and the pride
Of science too pedantic may propose
The closer method of the deep discourse,
As the sole imitable mode. Yet say,
Doth not the fane effuse its holy gloom
O'er various minds, the polish'd or unform'd
In each gradation — o'er the gentle breast
Whence unaffected sentiment aspires;
Whence pure devotion's flame? Is there a heart
Feels not the address from Blair; tho' strict, not dull,
Impassion'd and yet temperate, tho' refin'd
Yet rarely florid? Who but owns the charm
As Stonehouse gives to sentiment new soul,
From every fine inflexion of a voice
Distinct and sweet? 'Tis thus thy art hath drawn
Persuasion's genuine excellence and force
From nature and the scriptures! These are thine
These are already open to thy view
In fair display! I see, auspicious youth,
Thy bosom kindle, as thy sacred guides
Pass in array before thee! I behold
Thine ardors mark a Saviour on the mount
That mocks the rigor of the stoic porch,
And his pathetic look on Peter cast,
And his heart-breathing accents in the path
To Emmaus, at dim eve! I see thee hail
The martyr's angel-features, all illum'd
By inspiration's lustre, while he bids
Sublimest truths inform the unhallow'd ear! —
I see thee turn to Lystra's prostrate tribes
That fell astonish'd at the feet of Paul,
And, as the god of eloquence, ador'd
The saint! I see thee trace him, at the throne
Of the half-Christian king; or midst the shrines
Of Athens! And thine own exalted mind
I see with transport glowing, as the powers
Of Blair and Stonehouse meet — combin'd in thee!

Thus then, (thy glorious mission duly view'd
As of eternal moment) be it thine,
Whilst other speakers, less rever'd, pursue
Their own appropriate task, as erst my verse
Instructed; whether at the learned bar
Strict reasoning gain conviction; or the dome
Of senates echoe to the embellish'd phrase;
(Man's temporal welfare their inferior end);
Be thine the nobler office to persuade
By exhortation, fix in every soul
Its fervor for the immortal scene, and point
The path — tho' here thou walk, yet lent to earth,
Thy heart establish'd in the bliss of heaven!

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

C. Robinson, Printer, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane, London.

POETRY

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

or

Useful & Entertaining

PASSAGES

in

Verse.

Book Third & Fourth.

Suit the Action to the Word & the Word to the Action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the Modesty of Nature.

Shakespeare.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

POETICAL.

BOOK THE THIRD:

DRAMATIC, CHIEFLY FROM SHAKSPEARE.

§ 1. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SHAKSPEARE.

Advice.

BE thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father
In manners as in shape; thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right. Love all; trust a few;
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key; be check'd for silence
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head!

Too ambitious Love.

I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me!
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere,
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty tho' a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favor!
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics.

A parasitical, vain Coward.

I know him a notorious liar;
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

The Remedy of Evils generally in ourselves.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven. The fated sky
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pain in sense, and do suppose
What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?

Character of a noble Courtier, by an old Cotemporary.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest. He lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe
To day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honor:
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness: if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honor,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak; and at that time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility.
In their poor praise he humbled; such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times,
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.
Would I were with him!—He would always say—
(Methinks I hear him now; his plausive words
He scattered not in ears; but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear) 'Let me not live'
—Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out—'Let me not live, quoth he,
'After my flame lacks oil; to be the snuff
'Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
'All but new things disdain; whose judgements are
'Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
'Expire before their fashions'—This he wish'd.

I, after him, do after him wish too,
—Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some laborer room.

Idolatrous Worship.

———Thus Indian like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more!

Mean Instruments often successful.

What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy,
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgement shown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dry'd,
When miracles have by the greatest been deny'd.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

Honour due to personal Virtue, not to Birth.

Strange is it, that our bloods, [together,
Whose color, weight, and heat, pour'd out
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In diff'rences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st,
—A poor physician's daughter, thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name.—But do not so——
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed.
Where great addition swells, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honor; good alone
Is good without a name; vileness is so:
The property, by what it is, should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these, to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honor: that is honor's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honor's born,
And is not like the sire. Honors thrive
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers; the mere word's a slave
Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honor'd bones indeed.

Self-accusation of too great Love.

Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? And is it I [thou
That drive thee from the sportive court, where
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim: move the still-piercing air,
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there:
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it:
And tho' I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better 'twere
I met the raving lion, when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger, better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all. I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence.
Shall I stay here to do it? No, no, although
The air of Paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumor may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear.

Custom of Seducers.

As, so you serve us, [roses,
Till we serve you; but when you have our
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Chastity.

Mine honor's such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i'th'world
In me to lose.

Cowardly Braggart.

Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this, Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat, and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am [gart,
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a brag-
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and Parolles, live [thrive.
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by fool'ry
There's place and means for every man alive.

The Rashness of youth excused.

I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done in the blaze of youth,
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbear it, and burn on.

What's lost most valued.

Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.

Against Delay.

Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them.

Excuse for unreasonable Dislike.

At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorned a fair colour, or express'd it stolen;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object: thence it came,
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in my eye
The dust that did offend it.

Impediments stimulate.

As "all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of mere fancy."

§ 2. AS YOU LIKE IT. Shakspeare.

Playfellow.

WE have still slept together; [together;
Rose at an instant; learn'd, play'd, eat
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Fond youthful Friendship.

Celia. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go? [mine.
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than
Rosalind. I have more cause. [I am.
Celia. Thou hast not, cousin. [Duke
Pr'ythee be cheerful: know'st thou not, the
Has banish'd me, his daughter?
Rosalind. That he hath not. [the love
Celia. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then
Which teacheth me that thou and I are one:
Shall we be sundered? Shall we part, sweet girl?
No, let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out:
For by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Beauty.

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Woman in a Man's Dress.

Wer't not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand, and (in my heart,
Lie there what hidden woman's fears there will)
I'll have a swashing and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Solitude preferred to a Court Life, and the Advantages of Adversity.

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference; as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
"This is no flattery;" these are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, except from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
I would not change it!

Amiens. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style!

Reflections on a wounded Stag, and on the melancholy Jaques.

Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches gored.

1*st Lord* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind swears, you do more usurp
Than doth your brother who hath banish'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique roots peep out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish: and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chace; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke s. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1*st Lord.* O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much. Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
The flux of company. Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: Ah, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

D. s. And did you leave him in this contemplation? [menting

Amiens. We did, my lord, weeping and comUpon the sobbing deer.

D. s. Shew me the place;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he is full of matter.

Conspicuous Virtue exposed to Envy.

Adam. What! my young master? O my gentle master,
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?

No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh! what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it?

Resolved Honesty.

Orlando. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do—
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I will rather subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Gratitude in an old Servant.

Adam. But do not so; I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
When I did store, to be my foster nurse
Which service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you; let me be your servant:
Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly. Let me go with you,
I'll do the service of a younger man,
In all your business and necessities. [appears

Orlando. Oh! good old man, how well in thee
The constant service of the antique world,
When servants sweat for duty not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion;
And, having that do choak their service up,
Even with the having. It is not so with thee—
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty——
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortune seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

Lover described.

Oh thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into
Thou hast not lov'd——
Or if thou hast not sate as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd——
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd——

Description of a Fool, and his Morals on the Time.

Jaques. As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms---
In good set terms---and yet a motley fool.
'Good-morrow, fool,' quoth I: 'No, Sir,' quoth he, [fortune.'
'Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock: [wags:
'Thus we may see' quoth he, 'how the world
''Tis but an hour ago since it was nine:
'And after one hour more 'twill be eleven:
'And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
'And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
'And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chantieleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.

Duke. What fool is this? [courtier;

Jaques. O worthy fool! one that had been a
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. Oh that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat!

A Fool's Liberty of Speech.

Duke. Thou shalt have one.

Jaques. It is my only suit:
Provided that you weed your better judgements
Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal; as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, Sir, must they so?
The why is plain as way to parish-church:
He, whom a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave [through
To speak my mind, and I will through and
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke. Fie on thee—I can tell thee what thou wouldst do. [but good?

Jaques. What, for a counter, would I do

Duke. Most mischievous foul sin in chiding
For thou thyself hast been a libertine, [sin
As sensual as the brutish sting itself:
And all th' imbossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with licence of freefoot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

An Apology for Satire.

Jaques. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?

Who

Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost;
(Thinking that I mean him) but therein suits
His folly to the metal of my speech? [wherein
There then, how then? What then? let me see
My tongue hath wronged him. If it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself. If he be free,
Why, then, my taxing, like a wild goose, flies
Unclaim'd of any man.

Distress prevents Ceremony.

The thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility.

A tender Petition and Reply.

Orlando. Speak you so gently? Pardon me?
I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here:
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied—
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be;
In the which hope I blush and hide my sword.
Duke. True it is that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts: and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd. [while,
Orlando. Then but forbear your food a little
While, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit!

The World compared to a Stage.

Thou see'st we are not all alone unhappy—
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play.
Jaques. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover:
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress's eye-brow. Then the soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation [justice,
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut;
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on's nose and pouch on's side:
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Ingratitude. A Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter-wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Scornful Love.

Sylvius. The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humble neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?
Phœbe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye;
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon: why now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers. [thee.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure [eyes,
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt to any.
Sylvius. O dear Phœbe,
If ever (as that ever may be near) [fancy,
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That Love's keen arrows make.

Scorn retorted.

Od's my little life!
I think she means to tangle mine eyes too.
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,

Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain!
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children.
'Tis not her glass, but you that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.

Tender Love.

So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps; loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Real Love dissembled.

Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well.—
But what care I for words? Yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth;—not a very pretty;—
But sure he's proud: and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall;
His leg but so so: and yet 'tis well:
There was pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference.
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Sylvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels, as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again;
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.

A fine Description of a sleeping Man, about to be destroyed by a Snake and a Lioness.

Under an oak, whose bows were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had writh'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with intended glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead

Conversion.

I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Love.

Phœbe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sylvius. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
It is to be all made of faith and service;
It is to be all made of fantasie,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes:
All adoration, duty, and observance:
All humbleness, all patience and impatience:
All purity, all trial, all observance.

The Uncertainty of Opinion in Anxiety.

Duke. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orlando. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Song. On Matrimony.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town,
High wedlock then be honored:
Honor, high honor and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

§ 2. THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SHAKSPEARE.

Child-bearing prettily expressed.

Herself almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear.

Cheats well described.

They say this town is full of cozenage;
As nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin!

Man's Pre-eminence.

Why head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe,
There's nothing situate under Heaven's eye,
But hath its bound, in earth, in sea, in sky;
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controuls.
Men, more divine, the master of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish or fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Patience easier taught than practised.

Patience unmoved, no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek, that have no other cause,
A wretched

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But, were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much or more we should ourselves complain.

Defamation.

I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose its beauty; and tho' gold bides still,
That others touch; yet often touching will
Wear gold. And so no man that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

Wife's Exhortation on a Husband's Infidelity.

Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife. [vow
The time was once when thou, unurged, wouldst
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thine hand,
That never meat sweet savor'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee. [comes it,
How comes it now, my husband, Oh, how
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me:
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me:
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious;
And that this body consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin of my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.
I am possest with an adulterate blot,
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust.
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.

A Respect to Decency and the Opinion of the World, an excellent Bulwark to our Virtues.

Have patience, Sir; O, let it not be so;
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
Th' inviolated honor of your wife,
Once this—Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtues, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, Sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled reputation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead.
For slander lives upon succession;
For ever hous'd where it once gets possession.

Document for Wives, and the ill Effects of Jealousy.

Abbess. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea.
Buried some dear friend! Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
Adriana. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him off from home. [ed him.
Abbess. You should for that have reprehend-
Adriana. Why so I did.
Abbess. But not rough enough. [let me.
Adriana. As roughly as my modesty would
Abbess. Haply in private.
Adriana. And in assemblies too.
Abbess. But not enough.
Adriana. It was the copy of our conference.
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone it was the subject of my theme:
In company, I often glanced at it:
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abbess. And therefore came it that the man was mad.
The venom clamors of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad-dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hindered by the railing:
And therefore comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings;
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever, but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hindered by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair?
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life.

Ill Deeds and ill Words double Wrong.

'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in your looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

Passionate Lover's Address to his Mistress.

Sing, Syren, for thyself, and I will dote;
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take them, and there lie:
And in that glorious supposition think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die.

Description of a beggarly Conjurer, or a Fortune-Teller.

A hungry, lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead-man: this pernicious slave,

Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer:
And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face as't were outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possest.

Old Age.

Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up:
Yet hath my night of life some memory;
My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left;
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses,—I cannot err,—
Tell me, thou art my son, Antipholus.

§ 4. LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

SHAKSPEARE.

A laudable Ambition for Fame and true Conquest described.

King. Let Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honor which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors! for so you are
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires;—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force.
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world:
Our court shall be a little academe.
Still and contemplative in living art.
Longaville. I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years' fast;
The mind shall banquet tho' the body pine—
Fat paunches have lean pates: and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.
Dumain. My loving Lord, Dumain is mortified;
The grosser manner of the world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves—
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die:
With all these living in philosophy.

Vanity of Pleasures.

Why, all delights are vain: but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain.

On Study.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from others' books:
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are,
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame,
And every godfather can give a name.

Again.

So study evermore is overshot;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the things it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

Frost.

An envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

The Folly and Danger of making Vows.

Necessity will make us all forsworn [space:
Three thousand times within these three years'
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master'd, but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.

A conceited Courtier, or Man of Compliments.

Our court, you know is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony:
A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a knight,
From tawny Spain, lost in the word's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I:
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Beauty.

My beauty though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Nor uttered by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

A Wit.

In Normandy saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well:
The only foil of his fair virtue's gloss
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any foil)
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath pow'r to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.
Pri. Some merry mocking lord, be like: is't so?
Mar. They say so most, that most his humors know. [grow.
Pri. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they

A Merry Man.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

A Comical description of Cupid or Love.

O! and I forsooth, in love!
I, that have been love's whip:

A very

A very beadle to a humorous sigh:
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal more magnificent!
This whimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This Signior Julio's giant dwarf, Dan Cupid,
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans;
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents;
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting 'paritors: (O my little heart)
And I to be a corporal of his file,
And wear his colours! like a tumbler's hoop!
What? I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing; ever out of frame,
And never going right, being a watch,
But being watch'd, that it may still go right?

Ill Deeds often done for the Sake of Fame.

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise—
But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes; [part,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward
We bend to that the working of the heart:
As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill [ill.
The poor deer's blood that my heart means no

Sonnet.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argu-
Persuade my heart to this false perjury; [ment)
Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punish-
A woman I forswore; but I will prove [ment.
(Thou being a goddess) I forswore not thee.
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love:
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapor is;
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost
Exhal'st this vapor vow: in thee it is: [shine,
If broken then, it is no fault of mine;
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Another.

On a day (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spy'd a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;—
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack! my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee:
Thou for whom ev'n Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

Commanding Beauty.

——Who sees the heavenly Rosalind,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head, and, strucken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

The Power of Love.

Why universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tire
The sinewy vigor of the traveller.
- - - - - - - -
When would you, my liege—or you—or you—
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every pow'r;
And gives to every pow'r a double pow'r;
Above their functions and their offices,
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind:
A lover's ears will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopt.
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in [taste.
For valor, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx: as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair:
And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs:
O then his eyes would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire:
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent.

Wise Men greatest Fools in Love.

Ri. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd
As wit turn'd fool: folly in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learn'd fool.
Ross. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.
Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strange a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove by wit, worth in simplicity.

Keenness

Keenness of Women's Tongues.

The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible.
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense, so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceit hath wings
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Ladies mask'd and unmask'd.

Fair ladies mask'd are roses in the bud;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

A Lord Chamberlain or Gentleman Usher.

This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons pease;
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedlar; and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs.
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam he had tempted Eve.
He can carve too, and lisp: Why this is he
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, Monsieur the nice,
That when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honorable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and in ushering
Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;
The stairs as he treads on them kiss his feet.
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whale his bone:
And consciences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd Boyet.
\- - - - - - - - -
See where it comes! Behaviour what wert thou [now?
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou

Elegant Compliment to a Lady.

Fair, gentle, sweet, [greet
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we
With eyes best seeing Heaven's fiery eye.
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature, as to your huge store [poor.
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but

Humble Zeal to please. [how;

That sport best pleases that doth least know
When zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of that which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth, [birth.
When great things laboring perish in their

The Effects of Love.

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humors
Even to the opposed end of our intents;
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous—
As love is full of unbefitting strains,
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain;
Form'd by the eye; and therefore like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every vary'd object in his glance:
Which party colored presence of loose love,
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
'T hath misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes that look into these faults
Suggested us to make them: therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours.

Trial of Love.

If this austere, insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me.

Jest and Jester.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks
Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won) [day,
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches: and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
Enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony. [spirit,

Ros. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. Then, if sickly ears,
Deaft with the clamors of their own dear groans,
Will bear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Spring. A Song.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckow buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight·
The cuckow, then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! Cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!
When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks;
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws;
And maidens bleach their summer smocks:
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! Cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

Winter.

Winter. A Song.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail;
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
To-whoo!
Tu-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parsons saw;
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw:
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
To-whoo!
Tu-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

§ 5. MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SHAKSPEARE.

Virtue given to be exerted.

THERE is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold: thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heav'n doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike [touch'd,
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.

Dislike of Popularity.

I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and aves vehement:
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.

Authority.

Thus can the demi-god authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.
The words of Heav'n: On whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not so; yet still 'tis just.

The Consequence of Liberty indulged.

Lucio. Why how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio,
As surfeit is the father of much fast [liberty:
So every scope, by the immoderate use,
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that raven down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

Neglected Laws.

This new governor,
Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn, and for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Eloquence and Beauty.

In her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men; beside he hath a prosp'rous art,
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Retired Life.

My holy Sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd:
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.

Licentiousness the Consequence of unexecuted Laws.

We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong [steeds),
Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: now as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not for use; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose:
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Pardon the Sanction of Wickedness.

For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment.

A severe saint-like Governor.

Lord Angelo is precise:
Stands at a guard with envy: scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If pow'r change purpose, what our seemers be.

A Virgin addressed.

Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less!

A Religious profest.

I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit,
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Embracing.

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd.
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foyson; so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

School-fellows.

Luc. Is she your cousin? [their names,
Isab. Adoptedly, as schoolmaids change
By vain though apt affection.

Resolution.

Our doubts are traitors;
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

The

The Prayers of Maidens effectual.

Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

All Men frail.

Angelo. We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to scare the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.

Esca. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death: alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honor know,
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue)
That in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing;
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpose;
Whether you had not some time in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Angelo. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the pris'ner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made
To justice, that justice seises. What know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults: but rather tell me,
When I that censure him do so offend,
Let mine own judgement pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial.

Mercy frequently mistaken.

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

Not to be too hasty in Actions irremediable.

Under your good correction I have seen
When, after execution, judgement hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Bad Actions already condemned, the Actors to be punished.

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Mercy in Governors recommended.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipt like him,
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

The Duty of mutual Forgiveness.

——— Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vintage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgement, should
But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that:
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Unprepared Death.

Isab. To-morrow! O, that's sudden! spare him, spare him:
He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath dy'd for this offence?
—There's many have committed it.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept;
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man that did th' edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils
(Or new, or by remissness new conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Justice.

Isab. Yet show some pity.
Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another.

The Abuse of Authority.

Oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength! but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Great Men's Abuse of Power.

Could great men thunder,
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For ev'ry pelting, petty officer
Would use his heav'n for thunder! Nothing but thunder!
Merciful heav'n!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle. O, but man! proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence---like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heav'n
As makes the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

The Privilege of Authority.

We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.
That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Consciousness

Consciousness of our own Faults should make us merciful.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skims the voice o' the top: go to your bosom:
Knock there; and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Honest Bribery.

Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you! Good my
Ang. How! bribe me? [Lord, turn back.
Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rate is either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers;
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere the sun rise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

The Power of virtuous Beauty.

Isab. Save your honour! [Exit *Isab.*
Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? What's this? Is this her fault, or mine? [ha!
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
That, lying by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
Shall we desire to rase the sanctuary, [enough,
And pitch our evils there? Oh, fie, fie, fie,
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What! do I love
That I desire to hear her speak again, [her,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream
Oh, cunning enemy, that to catch a saint, [on?
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dange-
Is that temptation, that does goad us on [rous
To sin in loving virtue: ne'er could the strumpet,
With all her double vigor, art and nature,
Once stir my temper: but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite.———

True Repentance. [carry?

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you
Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.
Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Jul. I'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him. [act
Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful
Was mutually committed?
Jul. Mutually. [than his.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind
Jul. I do confess it, and repent, father.
Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but—lest you do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always to ourselves, not Heaven;
Showing we would not spare Heaven, as we
But as we stand in fear— [love it,
Jul. I do repent me as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest.

Love in a grave severe Governor.

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To sev'ral subjects: Heav'n hath my empty words:
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel. Heav'n 's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: the state whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot, change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou still art blood!
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;—
'Tis not the devil's crest.

A simile on the Presence of the beloved Object.

———O Heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and thus stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The gen'ral subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Fornication and Murder equalled.

Fie, these filthy vices!—It were as good,
To pardon him that hath from nature stol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin Heaven's
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy [image
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means,
To make a false one.

Compelled Sins.

Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for account.

Lowliness of Mind. [good,

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing
But graciously to know I am no better. [bright,
Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most
When it does tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enshiel'd beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could display'd.

Heroic

Heroic Female Virtue.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life
(As I subscribe not that or any other,
But in the loss of question), that you his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body,
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so? [tence

Isab. An ignominious ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses; lawful mercy sure,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Self-interest palliates Faults.

Isab. It oft falls out, [what we mean
To have what we would have, we speak not
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Woman's Frailty.

Ang. —— Nay, Women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women! help Heaven! men their creation mar,
In profiting by them: nay call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Weight of established Reputation.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, th' austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny.

Hope.

The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope.

Moral Reflections on the Vanity of Life.

Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skiey influences,
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st tow'rd him still. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nurs'd by baseness: thou art by no means valiant:
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st: yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains;
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forgett'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'r't poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend thou hast none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,
But as it were an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even. [fear,

The Terrors of Death most in Apprehension.

Claud. Is there no remedy? [head,

Isab. None but such remedy as, to save a
Would cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

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Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a fev'rous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honor. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corp'ral sufferance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Resolution from a Sense of Honour.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flow'ry tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in my arms! [ther's grave

Isab. There spake my brother; there my fa-
Did utter forth a voice.

A sainted Hypocrite.

Isab. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life [puty
In base appliances. This outward sainted de-
Whose settled visage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;

His

His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damnedst body to invest and cover
In princely guards!

The Terrors of Death.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin!

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Claud. Ah, Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. —— Death's a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful. [where;

Claud. Ah, but to die, and go we know not
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the dilated spirit
To bathe in fiery floods; or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice:
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling! 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Cowardly Apprehension of Death reproached.

Isab. O, faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life [think?
From thine own sister's shame? What should I
Heaven grant my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness [ance—
Ne'er issued from his blood.—Take my defi-
Die, perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed—
Oh, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd;
'Twere best thou diest quickly!

Virtue and Goodness.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

A Bawd.

Fie, sirrah! a bawd—a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Dost thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice? Say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live:—
Canst thou believe thy living is a life
So stinkingly depending! Go, mend; go mend!

Calumny unavoidable.

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the sland'rous tongue?

Good Example necessary in Rulers.

He, who the sword of Heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More or less to others paying,
Than by self offences weighing:
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness made in crimes,
Mocking practice on the times,
To draw with idle spider's strings,
Most pond'rous and substantial things!

A beautiful Song.

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.
Hide, O hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But my poor heart first set free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

Guilty Diligence.

With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Greatness subject to Censure.

O place and greatness! millions of false eyes
Are struck upon thee; volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings: thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies.

Execution finely expressed.

By eight to-morrow
Thou shalt be made immortal!

Sound Sleep.

As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labor
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones.

Upright Governor supposed.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is paralleled
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: where he meal'd
With that which he corrects, than where he
But this being so, he's just. [tyrannous

Good Jailor.

This is a gentle provost; seldom, when
The steeled jailor is the friend of men.

Comfort from Despair.

But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Complaining useless.

Isab. Injurious world! most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore, give your cause to Heaven!

Character

Character of an Arch Hypocrite.

O, I conjure thee, prince, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible [sible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impos-
But one, the wickedest caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch villain: trust me, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing: but he's more,
Had I more names for badness.

Respect due to Place.

Respect to your great place!—and let the devil
Be sometimes honor'd for his burning throne.

Impossibility of Intercession.

Against all sense you to importune her.
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror!

Reformed Man sometimes best.

They say best men are moulded out of faults!
And for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad; so may my husband.

Intents more excusable than Acts.

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent;
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no
Intents but merely thoughts. [subjects;

§ 6. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SHAKSPEARE.

Natural Presentiment of Evil finely pointed out; with a Contrast of a cheerful and melancholy Man.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so bad;
It wearies me: you say, it wearies you:
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn.
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,——
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curtsey to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, Sir, had I such ventures
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still forth,
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind:
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads:
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream:
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks:
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think of this! and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanc'd, would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know Antonio [sad?
Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sal. Why then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie.

Sal. Not in love neither! Then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry, [Janus,
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bag piper:
And others of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

The Imprudence of setting too great a Value upon the World.

You have too much respect upon the world;
They lose it that do buy it with much care.

The true Value of the World.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play his part;
And mine a sad one!

Cheerfulness and affected Gravity contrasted.

Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster? [in,
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks:
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark."
O, my Antonio, I do know of those,

That

That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,
If they should hear, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.

Jocose Satire on Silence.

Silence is only commendable [dible.
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

Generous and disinterested Friendship.

Ant. I pray you good Bassanio, let me know it:
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honor, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.
Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other; and, by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt—
As I will watch the aim,—or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.
Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

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—Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

A Jew's Malice.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.
Shyl. How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Christian: [*Aside.*
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails
Ev'n there, where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

A Jew's Sanctity and Hypocrisy.

Shyl. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.
Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?
Shyl. No, not take interest; not as you would say,
Directly interest; mark what Jacob did:
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings, which were streak'd and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire,—the ewes being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between those woolley breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
Ant. This was a venture, Sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good? [ven.
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?
Shyl. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.—
Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple, rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

The Jew's Expostulation.

Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gabardine,
And all for use of that which is my own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:—
Go to then;—you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have monies;" you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger-cur
Over your threshold:—Monies is your suit.—
What should I say to you?—Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money?—Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?"—or
Shall I bend low, and, in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness,
Say this: "Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies?"

A Villain's fair Offers suspicious.

I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

An Apology for a black Complexion.

Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northern born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Merit no Match for the Caprice of Fortune.

——Lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scymitar,
That slew the sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would o'erstare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lychas play at dice,
Which is the better man? the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Gravity assumed.

Bass. ——But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults:
But where thou art not known, why there they show,
Something too liberal; pray thee take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild be-
I be misconstrued in the place I go to, [haviour,
And loose my hopes.

Gra.——Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hold mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say Amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam—never trust me more.

The Jew's Commands to his Daughter.

Hear you me, Jessica: [drum,
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the
And the vile squeaking of the wry neck'd fife,
Clamber you not up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public-street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears:—I mean my casements:——
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.

Shylock's Description of his Servant.

Shyl. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat. Drones hive not with me:
Therefore I part with him: and part with him
To one, that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.

Fruition more languid than Expectation.

O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are
To keep obliged faith unforfeited. [wont
——Who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbaited fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return;
With over weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Portia's Suitors.

From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
Th' Hycranian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as thoroughfares
Now, for princes to come view fair Portia.
The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

The Parting of Friends.

I saw Bassanio and Anthonio part:
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return, he answer'd, "Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time:
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love.
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there."
And even there his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

False Judgement of the Many.

——Fortune now,
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead. [he hath."
"Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
"Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire." [meant
What many men desire!—That many may be
Of the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach: [martlet,
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the

Builds

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

Honour ought to be conferred on Merit only.

Why then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
"Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves."
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honorable [sume
Without the stamp of merit? Let none pre-
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices [honor
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honor! and how much honor
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new-varnish'd!

Love's Messenger compared to an April Day.

I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love;
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Music.

[choice!
Let music sound, while he doth make his
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music.—That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And wat'ry death-bed for him: he may win;
And what is music then? Then music is,
Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage.—— [ear,
——Now he goes
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit.

A Song. On Fancy.

I.

Tell me, where is fancy bred;
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

Reply.

II.

It is engender'd in the eyes;
With gazing fed: and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,—Ding dong, bell.

The Deceit of Ornament or Appearances.

So may the outward shows be least themselves.
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!
And these assume but valor's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it.
So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guilded shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word, [on
The seeming truth which cunning times put
T' entrap the wisest—Therefore thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge, [lead,
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I; joy be the consequence!

Joy on Success.

How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash embrac'd despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rein thy joy, scant this excess:
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Portia's Picture.

What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar [hairs
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh t' intrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? Having made one [this,
Methinks it should have power to steal both
And leave itself unfurnished.

Successful Lover compared to a Conqueror.

Like one of two contending for a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I even so.

An amiable Bride.

Portia.——Though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better: yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand
times more rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this: she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this, in that
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

Lover's Thoughts compared to the inarticulate Joys of a Crowd.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all
words;
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing, pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy
Expressed and not expressed.

Valuable Friend.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in
trouble? [man,

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest
The best condition'd, and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honor more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Should lose a hair through my Bassanio's fault.

Implacable Revenge.

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee
speak,
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no
more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors.

Generous Friendship.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your pre-
You have a noble and a true conceit [sence,
Of godlike amity: which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this
honor,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord; if it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself:
Therefore no more of it.

A pert, bragging Youth.

I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with a braver grace;
And speak, between the change of man and
boy,
With a reed voice: and turn two mincing
steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint
lies,
How honorable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do with all; then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd
'em!
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell;
That men shall swear I've discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth: I have within my
mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks
Which I will practise.

Affectation in Words.

O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter.

Portia's Merit.

It is very meet
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heav'nly
match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one—there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude
world
Hath not her fellow.

The Jew's Reason for his Revenge.

Shyl. I have possess'd your grace of what I
purpose;
And by our holy sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.

If

If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humor. Is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose,
Cannot contain their urine for affection;
Masters of passion sway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes. Now for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Anthonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Unfeeling Revenge.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use questions with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart.

Retaliation.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy rend'ring none?

Shyl. What judgement shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs;
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands: you will answer,
The slaves are yours. So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgement: answer: shall I have it?

Jew's wolfish Spirit, an Argument for Transmigration.

Gra. Oh, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life, let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee: for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shyl. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.——I stand here for law.

Mercy.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as a gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
But mercy is above the sceptred sway.
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings:
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

Justice must be impartial.

I beseech you,
Wrest once the laws to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established;
Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Cheerful Resignation, with friendly Tenderness.

Ant. I am arm'd and well prepar'd——
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom.—It is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which ling'ring penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honorable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end!
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death:
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt.

Ample Payment.

He is well paid that is well satisfied.

Description of a Moon-light night, with fine Music.

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,

And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan's wall,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran away dismay'd.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild-sea banks and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

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How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank?
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Becomes the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica; look, how the floor of heav'n
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou be-
But in his motion like an angel sings, [hold'st,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears.
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet pow'r of music. Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath not music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

A good Deed compared to a Candle, and the Effects of Time, Circumstances, &c.

Por. How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, Madam,

Por. The crow does sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When ev'ry goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren,
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!
Peace, hoa! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd!

Moon-light Night.

This night, methinks, is but the day-light sick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Professions needless, where Intentions are sincere.

Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Elegant Compliment.

Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

§ 7. MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

SHAKSPEARE.

Description of Spendthrifts, who seek to better their Fortunes by rich Wives.

He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property.

A valuable Woman loved for her own sake.

——Wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Fairies, their Rewards and Punishments.

Cricket, to Windsor's chimnies shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry.
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.
Go you, and where's Pede? you find a maid
That ere she sleep hath thrice her prayers said,
Rein up the organs of her fantasy;
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy; [sins,
But those that sleep, and think not on their
Pinch them, arms, legs, back, shoulders, sides, and shins.

§ 8. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT's DREAM.

SHAKSPEARE.

Tediousness of Expectation.

Thes. How slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

The Witchcraft of Love.

My gracious duke,
This man hath witch'd the bosom of my child:
—Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhimes,
And interchang'd love tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart:
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness.

A Father's Authority.

To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted; and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

Nun.

Thes. Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yield not to your father's choice)
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd;
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage!
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin-patent up
Unto his lordship, to whose unwish'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

True Love ever crossed.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read.
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But either it was different in blood,
Or else misgrafted in respect of years;
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both Heav'n and earth:
And, ere a man hath pow'r to say—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion!

Her. Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love, as thoughts and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Assignation.

I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burnt the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Modest and generous Eulogium of a Rival.

Hel. Call you me fair? That fair again unsay:
Demetrius loves you, fair; O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue sweet air
More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favor so!
Yours would catch, fair Hermia, ere I go:
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye;
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O teach me how you look! and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Moon.

When Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass.

Love.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind;
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste:
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd:
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear;
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.

Cowslip's, and Fairy Employment.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favors;
In those freckles live their savors;
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Puck, or Robin Good-fellow.

I am that merry wand'rer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In every likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,

And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale;
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And rails or cries, and falls into a cough:
And then the whole quire hold their hips and
loffe; [swear
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and
A merrier hour was never wasted there.

Fairy Jealousy, and the Effects of it.

These are the forgeries of jealousy;
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our
sport:
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs: which falling in the land,
Have ev'ry pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents.
The ox has therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat: and the green
corn
Hath rotted, ere its youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field.
And crows are fatted with the murrain stock:
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread is undistinguishable.
The human mortals want their winter here:
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound.
And, thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
An od'rous chaplet of sweet summer-buds
Is, as in mock'ry, set: the spring, the summer,
The chilling autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the 'mazed world
By their increase now knows not which is
which.

Love in Idleness.

Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song:
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.
That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid, all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry
And the imperial vot'ress passed on, [moon:
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flow'r, [wound,
Before milk-white; now purpled with love's
And maidens call it, "Love in Idleness."

Virtuous Love's Protection and Reliance.

Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you in my respect are all the world.
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

A Fairy Bank. [blows,

I know a bank, whereon the wild thyme
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flow'rs with dances and de-
light.

Fairy Courtesies.

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman:
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricots and dew-berries;
With purple grapes, green figs, and mul-
berries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes;
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes;
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Swiftness of Fairy's Motion.

I go, I go, look how I go:
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

Sense of Hearing quickened by Loss of Sight.

Dark night, that from the eye his function
takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.

Female Friendship.

Is all the council that we two have shar'd,
The sister vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us: O! and is all forgot?
All school-day's friendship, childhood inno-
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods [cence?
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion:
Both warbling of one song, both in one key:
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate, so we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition:
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart:
Two of the first like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:

Our

Our sex as well as I may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Lover's Hate the greatest Harm.

What can you do me greater harm than hate?

Female Timidity.

I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice.

Day-break.

Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts wandering here
Troop home to church-yards. [and there,

Embracing.

So doth the woodbine the sweet honey suckle
Gently entwist—the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

Dew in Flowers.

That same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell; like round and orient
pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowret's eyes
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.

Hunting, and Hounds.

Thes. We will, fair queen, up to the moun-
And mark the musical confusion [tain's top
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the boar
With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry; I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

Thes. My hounds are bred out of the Spar-
tan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lapp'd, like Thessalian
bulls, [bells,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

Fairy Motion.

Then, my queen, in silence sad
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Confused Remembrance. [able,

These things seem small and undistinguish-
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

The Power of Imagination.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine phrensy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to
And, as imagination bodies forth [heav'n,
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy no-
A local habitation and a name. [thing

Simpleness and modest Duty always acceptable.

Philost. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel
To do you service. [pain,

Thes. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'er-
And duty in his service perishing. [charg'd,

Thes. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no
such thing.

Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practised accents in their fears,
And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome:
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-ty'd simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Clock. [twelve.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told

Night.

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fore-done.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl screeching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright,
In the church-yard paths to glide.
And we fairies that do run,
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house;
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

§ 9. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SHAKSPEARE.

Peace inspires Love.

But now I am return'd, and that war
thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is.

Friendship

Friendship in Love.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues,
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent: beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

Merit always modest.

It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection.

A Song.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never,
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe.
Into Hey nonny nonny.

Favorites compared to Honey-suckles, &c.

——Bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles ripened by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; like favorites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it.

Scheme to captivate Beatrice.

Let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.

Angling, &c.

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice.

A scornful and satirical Beauty.

Nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice.
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on: and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape, nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

\- - - - - - - - -

I never yet saw man, turn'd,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely fea-
But she would spell him backward; if fair sister,
fac'd
She'd swear the gentleman should be her
If black, why Nature drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block, moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out:
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Slandering the Object, a Way to destroy Affection.

No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders,
To stain my cousin with; one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Beatrice's Recantation.

What fire is in mine ears? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt farewell! and maiden pride adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others say thou dost deserve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly.

Dissimulation.

O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Female Seeming.

I never tempted her with word too large;
But as a brother to a sister show'd
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Her. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Clau. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it:
You seem to me as Dian in her orb;
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown:
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

An injured Lover's abjuration of Love.

O Hero! what a hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! fare-well,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

A father lamenting his Daughter's Infamy.

Do not live Hero; do not ope thine eyes;
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life.—Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates?
Who smeared thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said, "No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins."
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,

And

And mine that I was proud on; mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why she——O she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again!
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!

Innocence discovered by Countenance.

——I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent
shames,
In angel whiteness, bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenor of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Resolution.

I know not: if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her: If they wrong her
honor,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

The Desire of loved Objects heightened by their Loss.

This, well carried, shall, on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd
Of every hearer. For it so falls out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
While it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed. Then shall he
(If ever love had interest in his liver) [mourn
And wish he had not so accused her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But, if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy;
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Leon. Being that, alas!
I flow in grief, the smallest twine may lead me.

Counsel of no Weight in Misery.

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into my ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with
mine.
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience: [mine,
Measure his love the length and breadth of
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
In sorrow wag; cry hem! when he should groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune
drunk
With candle-wasters: bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man; for, brother, men
Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage;
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread;
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure [sel;
The like himself: therefore give me no coun-
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing
differ. [blood:

Leo. I pray thee, peace—I will be flesh and
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a pish at change and sufferance.

An aged Father's Resentment of Scandal.

Tush, tush, man! never fleer and jest at me;
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag [do,
What I have done, being young, or what would
Were I not old. Know Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and
That I am forc'd to lay my rev'rence by; [me,
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
To challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through
her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors:
O! in a tomb where never scandal stept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany.

Talking Braggarts.

Cla. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leo.

Leo. Canst thou so daffe me? thou hast kill'd my child:
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.
Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter; let him kill one first:—
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me:
Come, follow me, boy: come, Sir boy, follow me:
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foyning fence:
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
Leo. Brother—— [my niece:
Ant. Content yourself. God knows, I lov'd
And she is dead; slandered to death by villains;
That dare as well answer a man indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milk-sops!—
Leo. Brother Anthony— [them; yea,
Ant. Hold you content; what, man! I know
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple: boys,
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mongring
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go antickly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst:
And this is all.

No Valor in a bad Cause.

In a false quarrel there is no true valor.

Villain to be noted.

Which is the villain? let me see his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him.

Dirge on Hero's Death by Slander.

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies!
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame!

Day-break.

The wolves have prey'd; and look the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.

Time of Slander a temporary Death.

She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

§ 10. THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

SHAKSPEARE.

Hounds.

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

Painting.

Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis, painted by a running brook:
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Ev'n as the waving sedges play with wind.

Mirth and Merriment, its Advantage.

Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of phrensy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

The Uses of Travel and Study.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts—
I am arriv'd from fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all:
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic thro' the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.
Tra. Mi perdonate, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken you:
The mathematics, and the metaphysics, [you:
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en!—
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

Love at first Sight.

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell me—is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?
Luc. O, Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.
Tra. Master, It is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the heart: [so,
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but
Redime te captam quam queas minimô.

Travel.

Such wind as scatters young men thro' the world,
To

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows.

Woman's Tongue.

Think you a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle, heard [clang?
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire.

Extremes cure each other.

Where two raging fires meet together, [fury?
They do consume the thing that feeds their
Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.

Beauty.

Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.

Music.

Preposterous ass! that never read so far,
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Wife married to all her husband's Fortunes.

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.

Description of a mad Wedding.

——When the priest
Did ask if Catherine should be his wife; [loud,
"Ay, by gogs-woons," quoth he, and swore so
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoopt again to take it up,
This mad brain'd bridegroom took him such
a cuff [and priest;
That down fell priest and book, and book
"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."
Tran. What said the wench when he rose
up again? [stamp'd and swore,
Grem. Trembled and shook: for why, he
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But, after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: [aboard,
"A health," quoth he, as if he had been
Carousing to his mates after a storm:
Quaff'd off the muscadel, and threw the sops
All in the sexton's face; having no other reason,
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask his sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous
smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

Petruchio's Trial of his Wife in the Article of Dress.

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer.
A velvet dish!—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it: come, let me have a bigger.
Cath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the
time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have
And not till then. [one too,
Hor. That will not be in haste. [speak:
Cath. Why, Sir, I trust, I may have leave to
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart:
Or else, my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it shall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.
Pet. Why thou say'st true: it is a paltry cap,
A custard coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.
Cath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.
Pet. Thy gown? why, ay, come taylor,
let us see't.
O, mercy, God! what masking stuff is here!
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip and nip, and cut, and slish, and
Like to a censer in a barber's shop: [slash,
Why, what, o'devil's name, taylor, call'st
thou this? [gown.
Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor
Tayl. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.
Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd
I did not bid you mar it to the time. [ber'd
Go hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence! make your best of it.
Cath. I never saw a better fashioned gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

The Mind alone valuable.

Pet. Well, come my Kate; we will unto
your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks thro' the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.

A lovely Woman.

Fair, lovely maiden, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks
Of amethysts, or glistering hyacinth:
—Sweet Catherine, this lovely woman—

Cath.

Cath. Fair, lovely lady, bright and crystalline,
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird,
As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew;
Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,
And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks,
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
Unhabitable as the burning zone,
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.

Happiness attained.

Happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

Others measured, by ourselves.

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Greyhound.

O Sir, Lucentio slipp'd me for his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Wife's Submission.

Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy; [happy?
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and

The Wife's Duty to her Husband.

Fie! fie! unknit that threat'ning, unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor;
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable. [woman
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labor both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience:—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes a prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am asham'd that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
But now I see our lances are but straws;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare; [are,
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least
Then veil your stomachs, for it is no boot;
And place your hands beneath your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready—may it do him ease!

§ 11. THE TEMPEST. Shakspeare.

Miranda and Prospero.

Mir. O I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd!
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting souls within her.

Pros. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort
The direful spectacle of the wreck which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel [sink.
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st

Caliban's Curses.

As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

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I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother.
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first, [wouldst give me
Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me:
Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile;
Curs'd be I, that I did so! all the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have, [me
Who first was mine own king: and here you sty
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of th' island.

Caliban's Exultation after Prospero tells him he sought to violate the honor of his Child.

Oh, ho, ho, ho!—I would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pros. Abhorred slave!
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other; when thou didst not, savage, [like
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With

With words that made them known: but thy vile race, [good-nature
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast
Deservedly confin'd into this rock, [thou
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't [you
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid
For learning me your language?

Music.

Where should this music be? in air or earth?
It sounds no more: and sure it waits upon
Some god of th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air.

Ariel's Song.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea Nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark now I hear them, ding, dong, bell.

Amiable Simplicity of Miranda on first View of Ferdinand.

Pros. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck: and, but he's something stain'd [call him
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st
A goodly person——

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine: for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!

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Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a
If the ill spirit have so fair a house, [temple:
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

A Lover's Speech.

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Resignation and Gratitude.

Beseech you, Sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant, and the merchant [racle,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the mi-
(I mean our preservation) few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good Sir,
Our sorrow with our comfort. [weigh

Description of Ferdinand's swimming ashore.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes
To th' shore: that o'er his way-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Too severe Reproof animadverted upon.

The truth you speak doth lack some gentle-
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore [ness,
When you should find the plaister.

Satire on Utopian Forms of Government.

I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contracts, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, olive
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil: [none;
No occupation: all men idle, all:
And women too, but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty:
All things in common nature should produce,
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
To excel the golden age.

Sleep.

Do not omit the heavy offer of it,
It seldom visits sorrow: when it doth,
It is a comforter.

A fine Apostopesis.

They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—no more.
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: th' occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Caliban's Curses.

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch, [mire,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' th'
Nor lead me like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me: [me,
Sometimes, like apes, that moe and chatter at
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues Do

Do hiss me into madness——Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat:
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Caliban's Promises.

I'll show thee the best springs: I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.——
I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet: I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get
Young sea-mels from the rock.

True and unbiassed Affection. Ferdinand bearing a Log.

There be some sports are painful: but then labor
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of base-ness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but dead,
The mistress whom I serve, quickens what's
And makes my labors pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed: move
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must re-
Some thousands of these logs, and pile 'em up,
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work: and says, such baseness
Had ne'er such executor. I forget; labors,
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my
Most busy-less when I do it.

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Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration: worth
What's dearest to the world! full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage tues
Brought my two diligent ears; for several vir-
Have I lik'd several women: never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she own'd,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Miranda's offering to carry the Logs for him is peculiarly elegant.

If you'll sit down, that,
I'll bear your logs the while; pray give me
I'll carry it to the pile.

And afterwards, how innocent!

——I am a fool,
To weep at what I'm glad of.
I am your wife, if you will marry me:
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me: but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Punishment of Crimes delayed, not forgotten.

For which foul deed
The pow'rs, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the crea-tures
Against your peace.

Guilty Conscience.

O, it is monstrous! monstrous! it:
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounce'd
The name of Prosper. It did bias my trespass.
Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.

Prospero's Boast of Miranda.

O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off:
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Continence before Marriage.

Pros. If thou dost break her virgin-knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both; therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

A Lover's Protestation.

Ferd. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honor into lust: to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Passion too strong for Vows.

Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dal-liance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good-night your vow!

Ferdinand's Answer.

I warrant you, Sir:
The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.

Vanity of Human Nature.

Pros. Our revels now are ended: these our actors
(As I foretold you) were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind! We are such stuffs
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Drunkards enchanted by Ariel.

Ariel. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking;
So full of valor, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces: beat the ground
For

For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd thro'
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail skins: at last I left 'em
I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins.

Caliban.

Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers.

Light of Foot.

Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall.

Fine Sentiment of Humanity on Repentance.

Ariel. —— The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd the good old lord Gonzalo;
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charms so strongly works 'em,
That, if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall.
Hast thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part; the rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown farther.

Fairies and Magic.

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the greens our ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters tho' ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake: and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers; oped and let them forth
By my so potent art.

Senses returning.

The charm dissolves apace:
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ign'rant fumes, that mantle
Their clearer reason——
Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy.

Ariel's Song.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After sunset merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Patience.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pros. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

§ 12. TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL. SHAKSPEARE.

Music and Love.

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again:—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.——Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! So full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Love, in Reference to Hunting.

O, when my eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart:
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Natural Affection akin to Love.

O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
(Her sweet perfections) with one self-king!

Description of Sebastian's Escape.

—— I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself [tice)
(Courage and hope both teaching him the prac-
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Actions of the Great always talked of.

You know
What great ones do, the less will prattle of.

Outward Appearance a Token of inward Worth.

There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And, though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.

A beautiful Boy.

Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man; Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.

Beauty.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Extreme Love.

My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were
The nonpareil of beauty. [crown'd

Character of a noble Gentleman.

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Resolved Love.

Oliv. —— Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house:
Write royal cantos of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Disguise.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it, for the proper false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made of, such we be.

Serious Music most agreeable to Lovers.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.

True Love.

Duke. Come hither, boy, if ever thou shalt
In the sweet pangs of it remember me: [love,
For such as I am, all true lovers are:
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is thron'd.

In Love, the Women should be youngest.

Too old, by heaven! Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord. [thyself,

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Character of an old Song.

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love
Like the old age.

Song.

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid:
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet [thrown;
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,
To weep there.

Concealed Love.

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas! their love may be call'd appetite—
No motion of the liver, but the palate.—
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt:
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know—

Duke. What dost thou know? [owe;

Vio. Too well what love women to men may

In

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
Duke. And what's her history? [love,
Vio. A blank, my lord: she never told her
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

A Jester.

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons and the time;
And like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men's folly fall'n quite taints their wit.

Flattery, its ill Effects.

My servant, Sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly-feigning was call'd compliment.

Unsought Love.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honor, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But rather reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but giv'n unsought is better.

Ingratitude.

Ant. Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.
Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Deformity in the Mind.

Ant. But O, how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

Ignorance of ourselves:—One Drunkard's Reflection on another.

Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin,
I hate a drunken rogue. [Ay.

§ 13. THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. SHAKSPEARE.

The Advantages of Travel, &c.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Protheus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Wer't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honor'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness;
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin. [adieu!
Pro. Wilt thou begone: Sweet Valentine,
Think on thy Protheus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good-hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee, [danger,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

The Evils of being in Love.

To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans,
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights,
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain:
If lost, why then a grievous labor won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Love commended and dispraised.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
Pro. He after honor hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more:
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me:
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart-sick with thought.

Love froward and dissembling.

Maids, in modesty, say No, to that
Which they would have the profferer construe Ay.
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy baby, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

The Advantages of Travel.

Pant. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away:
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Protheus, your son, was meet;
And did request me to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have considered well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.

Love compared to an April Day.

O, how this spring of love resembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

An accomplished young Gentleman.

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow),
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Contempt of Love punished.

I have done penance for contemning love:
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of my own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Protheus, love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep
Upon the very naked name of love.

Love fed by Praise.

—— Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me: for love delights in praises.

Lover's Wealth.

Not for the world: why, man, she is mine
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

True Love jealous.

For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Love compar'd to a waxen Image.

Now my love is thaw'd,
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.

Unheedful Vows to be broken.

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that once resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.

Opposition to Love increases it.

Jul. A true devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Protheus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Protheus make return.

Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns:
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And by so many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport to the wide ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love:
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

A faithful and constant Lover.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Gifts prevalent with Woman.

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels, often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Flattery prevalent with Woman.

Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Tho' ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

A Lover's Banishment.

And why not death, rather than live in torment:
To die is to be banished from myself: [ment:
And Sylvia is myself: Banish'd from her,
Is self from self; a deadly punishment!
What light is light, if Sylvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Sylvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Sylvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale:
Unless I look on Sylvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.

A beautiful Person petitioning (in vain).

Ay, ay; and she hath offered to the doom
(Which unrevers'd stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them.

As

As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire.

Hope.

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that:
And manage it against despairing thoughts.

Love compared to a Figure on Ice.

This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which, with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.

Three Things hated by Women.

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent:
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think, that it is spoke
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it: [in hate.
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

The Power of Poetry with Women.

Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write, till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:—
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews; [stones,
Whose golded touch could soften steel and
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

Song.

Who is Sylvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she:
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
That Sylvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

A Lover's Rest.

Jul. And so, good rest.
Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

True Love.

Thyself hast lov'd: and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'd'st pure chastity.

Beauty neglected and lost.

But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face.

The Power of Action.

And, at that time I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Women, sacred even to Banditti.

Fear not; he bears an honorable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

A Lover in Solitude.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O, thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was;
Repair me with thy presence, Sylvia:
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.

Love unreturned.

What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.

Infidelity in a Friend, and Reconciliation on Repentance.

Val. Treacherous man! [mine eye
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but
Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me. [hand
Who should be trusted, when one's own right
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Protheus,
I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest.
Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid:
And once again I do receive thee honest.—
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth.

Inconstancy in Man.

O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults.

A worthy Gentleman.

Now by the honor of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit
To which I thus subscribe—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriv'd:
Take thou thy Sylvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Reformed Exiles.

These banished men
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

§ 14. THE WINTER'S TALE.

SHAKSPEARE.

Youthful Friendship and Innocence.

We were, fair queen, [behind.
Two lads that thought there was no more
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal. [sun,
We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' th'
And bleat the one at th'other; what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; nor dream'd,
That any did: had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd,
With stronger blood we should have answer'd Heaven
Boldly—"Not guilty;" the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Praise, its Influence on Women.

Cram us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that,
Our praises are our wages: you may ride us
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre.

Nature.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness: and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!

A Father's Fondness for his Child.

Leon. Are you so fond of your young prince
Do seem to be of ours? [as we
Fol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December:
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that should thick my blood.

Faithful Service.

Cam. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful negligent,
It was my folly: if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest; these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of.

Jealousy.

Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek! is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only [thing?
That would, unseen, be wicked? Is this no-
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing: nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

King-killing detestable.

—— To do this deed
Promotion follows: if I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear it.

The Effects of Jealousy.

This Jealousy
Is for a precious creature! as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent: and as he does conceive
He is dishonor'd by a man, which ever
Professed to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter.

Knowledge sometimes hurtful.

There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge,
Is not infected: but if one present [ledge,
Th'abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts.

Calumny.

Praise her but for this her without-door form
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech) and straight [brands,
The shrug, the hum, or ha; these pretty
That calumny doth use:—O! I am out,
That mercy does: for calumny will fear
Virtue itself—these shrugs, these hums, and has [tween,
When you have said, she's goodly, come be-
Ere you can say she's honest.

Fortitude and Innocence.

Her. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.

Honesty and Honor.

Here's a do,
To lock up honesty and honor from
The access of gentle visitors.

The Silence of Innocence eloquent.

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Affectionate Child.

To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonor of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself!
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.

Child resembling his Father.

Behold, my lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead: nay the valley, [smiles;
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his

The

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:
And thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colors
No yellow in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

An Infant to be exposed.

Come on, poor babe: [vens
Some pow'rful spirit instruct the kites and ra-
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.

Hermione pleading her innocence.

If pow'rs divine
Behold our human actions (as they do),
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know
(Who will seem least to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd to take spectators; for behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk of life, and honor, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it [honor,
As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, Sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honor: or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, fie, upon my grave!

A Wife's Loss of all Things, dear and Contempt of Death.

Leo. Look for no less than death.
Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek,
To me can life be no commodity;
The crown and comfort of my life, your favor,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd like one infectious: my third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murther. Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion: lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die; therefore proceed,
But yet hear this, mistake me not,—no; life,
I prize it not a straw: but for mine honor,
(Which I would free) if I shall be condemned,
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,
'Tis rigor, and not law.

Despair of Pardon.

But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

An Account of a Ghost's appearing in a Dream.

I have heard (but not believ'd), the spirits of the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming; in pure white robes
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying: and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee call it for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more." And so with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this.

An Infant exposed.

—— Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day.

Deities transformed for Love.

The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;

Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honor; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Mistress of the Sheep-shearing.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame, and servant; welcom'd all; serv'd all: [now here,
Would sing her song, and dance her turn:
At upper end o' the table, now, i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labor; and the things he took to quench it,
She would to each one sip: you are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting. Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome, for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come quench your blushes and present yourself [on,
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

A Garland for old Men.

Per. Reverend Sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue: these keep
Seeming, and savor, all the winter long;
Grace, and remembrance, be unto you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Fol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Nature and Art.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter; the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flow'rs,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be:
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentle cyon to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature—change it rather:
The art itself is nature. [but

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them bastards. [them;

A Garland for a middle aged Man.

Per. ——— I'll not put
The dibble in the earth, to set one slip of
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only
Desire to breed by me. [therefore
Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marygold that goes to bed with th' sun,
And with him rises, weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer; and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age.

A Garland for Young Men.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing. [flock,

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now my fairest friend
I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that might [yours;
Become your time of day; and yours, and
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maiden-heads growing:—O, Proserpina,
For the flow'rs now, that, frighted, thou let'st
From Dis's waggon! daffodils [fall
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty, violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er. [friend,

Fol. What like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if—not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms.

A Lover's Commendation.

What you do, [sweet,
Still betters what is done. When you speak,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Honest Wooing.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps so fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't. But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

True

True Love.

They call him Doricles; and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth: he says he loves my daughter;
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As't were my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.

Presents little regarded by real Lovers.

Pol. —— How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth when I was young,
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance: you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love, or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as those are:
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my love,
Before this ancient Sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

Tender Affection.

Were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge
More than was ever man's—I would not prize them
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

A Father the best Guest at his Son's Nuptials.

Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptials of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did, being childish?

Flo. No, good Sir!
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason, my son,
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Rural Simplicity.

I was not much afeard: for once or twice,
I was about to speak: and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on all alike:

Selfish old Man.

O, Sir,
You have undone a man of fourscore-three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones; but now
Some hangman must put on my shrowd, and
Where no priest shovels in dust.

Prosperity the Bond, Affliction the Looser, of Love.

Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Self-Conceit.

Ant. How blest are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are;
Therefore I will not disdain.

Self-Reproach, and too severe Reproof.

Cle. At the last,
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evils;
With them forgive yourself.

Leo. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er
Bred his hopes out of.

Pau. True, too true, my lord;
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in thy thought: now,
Say so but seldom.

Cle. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoke a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Love more rich for what it gives.

Leo. I might have look'd upon my queen's full eye;
Have taken treasure from her lips—

Pau. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

A captivating Woman.

—— This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Anguish of Recollection for a lost Friend.

Pr'ythee no more; cease; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will

Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.

Effects of Beauty.

The blessed gods,
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here!

A Statue.

What was he, that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.
—— Still, methinks, [chisel
There is an air comes from her: What fine
Could ever yet cut breath?—Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Affliction to a penitent Mind pleasing.

Paw. I am sorry, Sir, I have thus far stirr'd you?
But I could afflict you further.
Leo. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.

Widow compared to a Turtle.

I an old turtle, [there
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

§ 15. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SHAKSPEARE.

Antony's Softness.

His captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles in his breast, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust.

Love, the nobleness of Life.

Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall! here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,
And such a twain can do't; in which, I bind
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
We stand up peerless.

Lover's Praise.

Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!

Great minds respect Truth.

Mes. The nature of bad news infects the teller
Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.—
On: [thus:
Things that are past are done, with me—'tis
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd. [tongue;
Speak to me home, mince not the general
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have pow'r to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
When our quick winds lie still, and our ills told us,
Is as our earing.

Things lost valued.

Forbear me.— [it:
There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.

The Mutability of the People.

Our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and pow'r,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier.

Cleopatra's contemptuous Raillery.

Nay, pray you, seek no color for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes; [poor,
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Cleopatra's anxious Tenderness.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.
Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd—but there's not it;—
That you know well: something it is I would—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all-forgotten.

Cleopatra's Wishes for Antony on parting.

Your honor calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpity'd folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel'd victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Antony's Vices and Virtues.

Lep. I must not think [ness:
There are evils enough to darken all his good.
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.
Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must Antony
No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd

His

His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for 't: but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgement.

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Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassels. When thou once
Wert beaten from Mutina, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fault'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at. Thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsedst: on the Alps,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this
(It wounds thine honor that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Cleopatra on the absence of Antony.

O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? stands he? or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of man. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old
For so he calls me; now I feed myself Nile?"
With most delicious poison: think on me
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black;
And wrinkled deep in time! Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Messengers from Lovers grateful.

How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.

Antony's Love and Disposition.

Ale. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, "the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cle. What, was he sad, or merry?

Ale. Like to the time o' th' year, between the extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor sad or merry.

Cle. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him,
He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.

The Vanity of human Wishes.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Men. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Men. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise pow'rs
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Pompey's Wish for Antony's Captivity in Pleasure.

Pom. I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony: but all the charms of love.
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming: Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honor,
Even till a Lethe'd dulness.

Antony's Soldiership.

Pom. ——— Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Antony's ingenuous Acknowledgement.

Art. The article of my oath—

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid, when I requir'd them;
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather; and then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From my own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my pow'r
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honor
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Description of Cleopatra's sailing down the Cydnus.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that

The winds were love-sick with them: th' oars were silver: [made
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and
The water which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own
It beggar'd all description: she did lie [person
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-color'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr. O rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the helm,
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flow'r-soft hands
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' th' market-place did sit alone,
Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Cleopatra's infinite Power in pleasing.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

The unsettled Humor of Lovers.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody
Of us that trade in love. [food

Omnes. The music, ho!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone: let's to billiards: come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play, [me, Sir.
As with a woman; come—you'll play with

Mar. As well as I can, Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, tho' it come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle—we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you are caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—O times!
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Ambition, jealous of a too successful Friend.

O Silius! Silius!
I have done enough: a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's away.

Octavia's Entrance, what it should have been.

Why have you stolen upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horses to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear: the trees by th' way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven
Rais'd by our populous troops. But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unlov'd; we should have met you
By sea and land; supplying ev'ry stage
With an augmented greeting.

Women.

Women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. [perjure

Fortune forms our Judgement.

I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
To draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike.

Loyalty.

Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty, well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet, he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Wisdom superior to Fortune.

Wisdom and fortune, combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it.

Vicious Persons infatuated by Heaven.

When we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on 't!) the wise gods seal our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgements, make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us; while we strut
To our confusion.

Fury expels Fear. [rious

Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be fu-
Is to be frighted out of fear: and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: when valour preys on reason
It eats the sword it fights with.

A Master

A Master taking Leave of his Servants.

Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,—
A mangled shadow. Perchance to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master,
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for it.

Early Rising the Way to Eminence.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

Antony to Cleopatra on his return with Victory.

O, thou day o' th' world, [all,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and
Thro' proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Loathed Life.

O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon
That life, a very rebel to my will, [me:
May hang no longer on me.

Antony's Despondency.

Oh sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands. All come to this! The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That over-topp'd them all.

Departing Greatness.

The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.

Antony on his faded Glory.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapor, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory,
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air:—Thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine:
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost; she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph. [glory
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Description of Cleopatra's (supposed) Death.

Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she has discharged. What thou wouldst do,
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did brake
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Cleopatra on the Death of Antony.

It were for me
To throw my sceptre at th' injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but nought;
Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death, [men?
Ere death dare come to us? How, do you wo-
What, what? good cheer! Why how now, Charmian?
My noble girls!—Ah women, women! Look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good sirs, take heart: [what's noble,
We'll bury him: and then, what's brave,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Death.

My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.

Cleopatra's Dream, and Description of Antony.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you— [stuck

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein
A sun and moon; which kept their course, and
The little O, the earth. [lighted

Dol. Most sovereign creature— [arm

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropt from his pocket. [islands were

Firm Resolution.

What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Cleopatra's Speech on applying the Asp.

Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The

The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick—methinks, I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act: I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
T' excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name, my courage, prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips:
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.
[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.
Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep.
Cleo. This proves me base——
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch, [*To the asp, which she applies to her breast.*]
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass,
Unpolicy'd!
Char. O, eastern star.
Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?
Char. O, break! O, break!
Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle—
O Antony! Nay, I will take thee too:—
[*Applying another asp.*
What should I stay ——— [*Dies.*
Char. In this wide world? so, fare thee well.
Now, boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.

§ 16. CORIOLANUS. Shakspeare.

Mob.

What would you have, you curs!
That like nor peace nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares,
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favors, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!—trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland.

Aufidius's Hatred to Coriolanus.

——Not sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart.

An imaginary Description of Coriolanus warring.

Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsci shunning him:
Methinks I see him stamp thus,—and call thus,—
"Come on, ye cowards! ye were got in fear,
Though ye were born in Rome:" his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a harvest man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.
Virge. His bloody brow! Oh, Jupiter, no blood!
Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords contending.

Doing our Duty merits not Praise.

Pray, now no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me: I have done,
As you have done; that's what I can! induced
As you have been: that's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Popularity.

All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him: the kitchin malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clamb'ring the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to th' wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Cominius' Speech in the Senate.

I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valor is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,

The

The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others; our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-prest Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee; in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i'the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
Man-entered thus, he waxed like a sea;
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o' the garland. For this
Before, and in Corioli, let me say, [last,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the flyers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport: As weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd, [stamp)
And fell below his stem: his sword (death's
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries; alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet. Now all's his:
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense; then straight his troubled spirit
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

The Mischief of Anarchy.

My soul aches,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Character of Coriolanus.

His nature is too noble for this world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth; [vent;
What his breast forges, that his tongue must
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.

Honor and Policy.

I've heard you say,
Honor and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me
In peace, what each of them by th' other loss,
That they combine not there!

The Method to gain Popular Favor.

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them), [siness
Thy knee bussing the stones (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears), waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble, as the ripest mulberry, [them,
That will not hold the handling: or, say to
Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in broils, [fess,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost con-
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Coriolanus, his Abhorrence of Flattery.

Well, I must do't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quir'd with my drum, into a pipe,
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boy's tears take up
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion thro' my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't—
Lest I surcease to honor my own truth,
And, by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

His Mother's Resolution on his stubborn Pride.

At thy choice, then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonor
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dang'rous stoutness: for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it
But own thy pride thyself. [from me;

His Detestation of the Vulgar.

You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate,
As reak o' th' rotten fens; whose loves I prize,
As the dead carcases of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air: I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumor shake your hearts!
Your enemies with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! have the power still
To banish your defenders: till at length
Your ignorance (which finds not, till it feels
Making no reservation of yourselves
Still your own foes), deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows.

Precepts against Ill-fortune.

——— You were us'd
To say, extremities were the triers of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating. Fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, crave
A noble cunning. You were used to load me
With

With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

On common Friendships.

Oh, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, 'twere, in love,
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity. So fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other by some chance,
Some trick, not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues.

Martial Friendship.

——— Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters! here I
The anvil of my sword; and do contest [clip
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever, in ambitious strength, I did
Contend against thy valor. Know thou, first,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose my arm for't: thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times; and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half-dead with nothing.

The Season of Solicitation.

He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of blood,
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll
Till he be dieted to my request. [watch him

Obstinate Resolution.

My wife comes foremost: then the honor'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood.—But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate:— [eyes,
What is that curt'sie worth? or those dove's
Which can make gods forsworn! I melt, and am not [bows,
Of stronger earth than others!—my mother
As if Olympus to a mole hill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, deny not.—Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Relenting Tenderness.

——— Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, forgive our Romans.—O, a kiss,
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee i' th' earth;
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Chastity.

The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.

Coriolanus's Prayer for his Son.

——— The god of soldiers,
With the consent of the supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Coriolanus's Mother's pathetic Speech to him.

——— Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts [sorrow:
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The sun, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy.
- - - - We must find
An evident calamity, though we had [thou
Our wish which side should win: for either
Must as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles along our streets; or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till [son,
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee,
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's
That brought thee to this world. [womb,

Peace after a Siege.

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide, [you;
As the recomforted thro' th' gates. Why, hark
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Ro-
Make the sun dance. [mans,

§ 17. CYMBELINE. Shakspeare.

Parting Lovers.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.
Pis. Madam, so I did.
Imo. I would have broke my eye-strings; crack'd 'em, but
To look upon him: till the diminution
Of space had pointed him as sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air: and then
Have turn'd mine eye and wept. But, good Pi-
When shall we hear from him? [sanio,
Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.
Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think of him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I would make him swear,
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honor; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

The Baseness of Falsehood to a Wife.

Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: for certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born, discover to me
What both you spur and stop.
Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon: this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the capitol, join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (as
With labor), then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow: it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imogen's Bed-chamber; in one part of it a large Trunk.

Imogen is discovered reading.

Imo. ——Mine eyes are weak:
Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' th' clock,
I pr'ythee call me—Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.
[*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me beseech ye! [*Sleeps.*

Iachimo rises from the Trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labor'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus; the flame o' the taper
Bows towards her; and would under-peep her lids
To see th' inclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows: white and azure, lac'd;
With blue of Heaven's own tinct—but my design?
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such, and such, pictures; there the window: such
Th' adornment of her bed;—the arras, figures,
Why, such, and such:—and the contents o' the story,
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above, ten thousand meaner moveables,
Would testify t'enrich mine inventory:
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off;
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine: and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque spotted, like the crimson drops
I' bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en [what end?
The treasure of her honor. No more.—To
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She had been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
May bear the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
Tho' this a heavenly angel, hell is here.
[*He goes into the Trunk; the Scene closes.*

Gold.

'Tis gold [makes
Which buys admittance: oft it doth: yea, and
Diana's rangers false themselves, and yield up
Their deer to the stand o'er the stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief:
Nay sometimes hangs both thief and true man:
What can it not do, and undo?

A Satire on Women.

Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;

And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian o' that time; so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O, vengeance! vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn;—that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow.
- - - - Could I find out
The woman's part in me!—for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust, and rank thoughts, her's, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice-longings, slanders, mutability:
All faults that name, nay, that hell knows, why, hers;
In part, or all; but, rather, all: for even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still;
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them:—yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better.

A Wife's Impatience to meet her Husband.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord, who long'st—
O, let me 'bate—but not like me:—yet long'st,
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond)—say, and speak thick,
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing
To the smothering of the sense)—how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: And, by th' way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
T' inherit such a haven: But first of all,
How may we steal from hence; and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going, [hence?
And our return, t' excuse: but first, how get
Why should excuse be born, or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter: Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sand
That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery.
Go bid my woman feign a sickness; say, [sently
She'll home t' her father: and provide me pre-
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you 've best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way.

A Forest, with a Cave, in Wales.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such [gate
Whose roof's as low as ours. Stoop, boys; this
Instructs you how t'adore the heavens! and bows you [narchs
To morning's holy office. The gates of mo-
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good-morrow to the sun—Hail thou fair Heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven! [hill:

Bel. Now for our mountain sport up to yon
Your legs are young! I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I've told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble!
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd; no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak; we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know not
What air's from home. Haply, this life is best
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age; but, unto us, it is [ing
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
A prison for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
When we are as old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey:
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chase what flies; our cage

We

We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.
Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries, [court,
And felt them knowingly: the heart o' the
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry, that
The fear's as bad as falling; The toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek our danger
I' the name of fame, and honour: which dies
i' the search;
And hath as oft a sland'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act! nay, many times
Doth ill deserve, by doing well; what's worse,
Must curt'sy at the censure: O, boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me,
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in
one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my
And left me bare to weather. [leaves,
Guid. Uncertain favor! [you oft)
Bel. My fault being nothing, (as I have told
But that two villains, whose false oaths pre-
vail'd
Before my perfect honor, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my
world:
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all [tains;
The fore-end of my time.—But up to the moun-
This is not hunter's language: he that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' th' feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state.

The Force of Nature.

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little, they are sons to th' king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they're mine: and though train'd
up thus meanly
I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts
do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius, Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say—thus mine enemy fell;
And thus I set my foot on his neck;—even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he
sweats, [posture
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in
That acts my words. The younger brother,
Cadwal,
(Once, Arviragus) in as like a figure [more
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much
His own conceiving.

Slander.

——No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword: whose
tongue,
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose
breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: Kings, queens, and
states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slander enters.

A Wife's Innocency.

False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock?—If sleep
charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? That's false to's bed?

Woman in Man's Dress.

You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness
(The handmaids of all women, or more truly
Woman its pretty self), into a waggish courage,
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and
As quarrellous as the weazel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common kissing Titan; and forget
Your laborsome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

The Forest and Cave.

Enter Imogen in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I've tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd
thee,
Thou wast within a ken. O, Jove! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars
told me,
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes: no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in
fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones: now I think on
thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
[*Seeing the Cave.*
Here is a path to it:—'tis some savage hold;
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breed cowards: hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.

Labour.

———Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

Harmless Innocence.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I entered here, I call'd; and thought

To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd o' th' floor. Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth?

Arv. All good and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Braggart. [not I

To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth.

Fool-hardiness.

——Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of rearing terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear.

Inborn Royalty.

O, thou goddess,
Thou divine nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! they are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing, below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honor untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valor,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd!

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen as dead, bearing her in his Arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Guid. O, sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiest harbor in? Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I,
Thou dieds't, a most rare boy, of melancholy!
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see;
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right
Reposing on a cushion. [cheek

Guid. Where?

Arv. O' the floor: [put
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept; and
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose
Answer'd my steps too loud. [rudeness

Guid. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flow'r that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath; the ruddock would
With charitable bill (O bill sore shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furred moss besides, when flow'rs are
To winter-ground thy corse—— [none,

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Bel. Great griefs, I see, med'cine the less: for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty rotting
Together have one dust; yet reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Guid. Pray you fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Funereal Dirge.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Guid. Fear no more the lightning flash,

Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;

Guid. Fear not slander, censure rash;

Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.

Imogen awaking.

Yes, Sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?—
I thank you—by yond' bush? pray how far thither?
'Ods, pitikins!—can't it be six miles yet?
I have gone all night—'faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But soft! no bedfellow:—O gods and goddesses!
[*Seeing the body.*
These flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I dream;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which

Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes [Good faith,
Are sometimes like our judgements, blind.
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I awake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.

Routed Army.

No blame be to you, sir: for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Thro' a straight lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the straight pass was damm'd [living
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Death.

I, in mine own woe charm'd, [groan;
Could not find Death, where I did hear him
Nor feel him, where he struck: being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we,
That draw his knives i' the war.

§ 18. HAMLET. Shakspeare.

Prodigies.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell, [dead
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
Stars shone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell:
Disasters veil'd the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

Ghosts vanish at the crowing of the Cock: and the reverence paid to Christmas-time.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein,
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded at the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit walks abroad,
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath pow'r to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Morning.

But, look, the Morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Real Grief.

Seems, madam! nay, it is: I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

Immoderate Grief discommended.

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound,
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to Heaven;
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to Heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
This must be so.

Hamlet's Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage.

O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd [God!
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two.
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember?—why, she would hang on
As if increase of appetite had grown [him,
By what it fed on: and yet within a month—
Let me not think on't—frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month;—or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she—
O Heaven! a beast that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,

Than I to Hercules: within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married: O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.

A complete Man.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Cautions to young Ladies.

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute,
No more.

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Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue herself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd:
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

A Satire on ungracious Pastors.

I shall th' effects of this good lesson keep
As watchmen to my heart: but, good my bro-
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do, [ther,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puft and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.

A Father's Advice to his Son, going to travel.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Be-
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, [ware
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give ev'ry man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judg-
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, [ment.
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all, to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Hamlet on the appearance of his Father's Ghost.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from
hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements? why the sepulchre
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

The Mischief it might tempt him to.

What if it tempt you towards the flood, my
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff, [lord,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea;
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? Think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into ev'ry brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak,
I'll go no further.
Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor ghost!
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious
To what I shall unfold. [hearing
Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou
Ham. What? [shalt hear.
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am for-
To tell the secrets of my prison-house, [bid
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young
blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood: list, list, O list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—
Ham. O Heaven! [murder.
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural
Ham. Murder?
Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with
wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this? Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.
Ham. O my prophetic soul! my uncle?
Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
(O wicked wits and gifts, that have the pow'r
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Tho' lewdness court it in a shape of Heaven;
So lust, tho' to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air;—
Brief let me be: Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigor, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. *Exit.*
Ham. O, all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? O fie! hold, hold, my heart!
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up! Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor Ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by Heaven.
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark.
[*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, 'Adieu, adieu! Remember me.'

Ophelia's Description of Hamlet's mad Address to her.

My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors—he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.
Pol. What said he?
Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so;—
At last—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being. That done, he let me go;
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out of doors he went without their helps,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Old Age.

Beshrew my jealousy!
It seems, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion.

Happiness consists in Opinion.

Why, then, 'tis none to you;
For there is nothing either good or bad,
But thinking makes it so:
To me it is a prison.

Hamlet's Reflections on the Player and himself.

O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd?
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit; and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? what would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? he would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I—
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, speak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose, gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha! why, I should take it:—for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon 't! foh! About, my brains! Humph! I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, tho' it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath pow'r
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness and melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits)
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

Hypocrisy.

We are to blame in this—
'Tis too much prov'd—that, with devotion's visage
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself

King. O, 'tis too true! how smart
A lash that speech does give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word.

Life and Death weighed.

To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them: To die—to sleep—
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to;—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause:—there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
And make us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Calumny.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny.

A noble Mind disordered.

O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword:
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers! quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music-vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with extasy.

On Flattery, and an even-minded Man.

Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

No,

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me the man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core—ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

Midnight.

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother.
O heart, lose not thy nature: let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

The King's despairing Soliloquy, and Hamlet's Reflections on him.

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heav'n;
It hath the primal, eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder! Pray I cannot,
Though inclination be as sharp as 'twill;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves
But to confront the visage of offence? mercy,
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force;
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice:
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In its true nature; and we ourselves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limed soul! that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! help, angels, make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well! [*The King kneels.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do 't, and so he goes to heav'n:
And so am I reveng'd? that would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven!
Why this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad-blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands, who knows, save Heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: and am I then reveng'd
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?
No.
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black,
As hell whereto it goes.

Hamlet and his Mother.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st
In noise so rude against me? wag thy tongue
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul! and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words.
Queen. Ah me, what act? this,
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man; follows;
This *was* your husband. Look you now, what
Here *is* your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor?
Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more;
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

Queen.

Queen. Alas! he's mad. [chide,
Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O, say—
Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O step between her and her fighting soul!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works;
Speak to her, Hamlet.
Ham. How is it with you, lady?
Queen. Alas! how is it with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporeal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up and stands on end. O, gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him! on him! look you how pale he glares! [stones,
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then, what I have to do
Will want true color; tears, perchance, for
Queen. To whom do you speak this? [blood.
Ham. Do you see nothing there?
Pointing to the Ghost.
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.
Ham. Why, look you there! look how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal. *Exit Ghost.*
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.
Ham. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have utter'd; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word: which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen.—Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come.
Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed:
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster Custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy:
For use can almost change the stamp of nature;
And either curb the devil or throw him out
With wond'rous potency. Once more, good-night!
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you.
Queen. What shall I do?
Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do;
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out, [know.
That I essentially am not in madness, [him
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let
Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.
Ham. I must to England, you know that?
Queen. Alack, I had forgot;
'Tis so concluded on.
Ham. There's letters seal'd; and my two schoolfellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery: let it work;
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petard: and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon.
Hamlet's Reflections on his own Irresolution.
How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unus'd: now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,
(A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward), I do not know
Why yet I live to say, This thing's to do;
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me;
Witness, this army, of such mass, and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puft,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honor's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while to my shame I see
The imminent danger of twenty thousand men,
That, for a phantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon

Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain!—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

Sorrows rarely single.

O Gertrude! Gertrude!
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.

The Divinity of Kings.

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Act little of his will.

Description of Ophelia's Drowning.

There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element; but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

A spotless Virgin buried.

Lay her i'the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Melancholy.

This is mere madness:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When first her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Providence directs our Actions.

And that should teach us,
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

A Health.

Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth;
"Now the King drinks to Hamlet." [earth;

§ 19. THE FIRST PART OF HENRY IV.

SHAKSPEARE.

Peace after civil War.

So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty Erinnys of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: Those opposed eyes,
Which—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred—
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way: and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master.

King Henry's Character of Percy, and of his Son Prince Henry.

Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In envy, that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son:
A son, who is the theme of honor's tongue:
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonor stain the brow
Of my young Harry.

Prince Henry's Soliloquy.

I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humor of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world;
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may more be wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised;
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glitt'ring o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off,
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

Hotspur's Description of a finical Courtier.

But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress't,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new-reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest-home:
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again:—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there, [talk'd,
Took it in snuff.—And still he smil'd and
And, as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,

He

He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds, being
To be so pester'd with a popinjay, [cold,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answer'd neglectingly I know not what;
He should or he should not: for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark!);
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmacity, for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

Danger.

I'll read your matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and advent rous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Honor.

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright Honor from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned Honor by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without co-rival all her dignities.
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Lady Percy's pathetic Speech to her Husband.

O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is it takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks:
And giv'n my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, "Courage! to the field!" and thou hast talk'd
Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Prodigies ridiculed.

I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.
Hot. Why so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd--tho' yourself had ne'er been born.
\- - - - - - -
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholic pinch'd and vex'd,
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame Earth, and topples down
Steeples, and moss-grown towers.

On miserable Rhymers.

I had rather be a kitten and cry—mew,
Than one of these same metre-ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Punctuality in Bargain.

I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

A Husband sung to Sleep by a fair Wife.

She bids you
Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness:
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

King Henry the IVth to his Son.

Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession;
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark or likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wondered at: [he."
That men would tell their children; "This is
Others would say, "Where? which is Bolinbroke?"
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,

Ne'er

Ne'er seen but wondered at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast;
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burned: 'carded his state;
Mingled his royalty with capering fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoffed himself to popularity:
That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey; and began
To loath the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drows'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and rendered such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries; [full.
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and

Prince Henry's modest Defence of himself.

——God forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honor and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, th all-praised knight,
And your unthought of Harry chance to meet:
For ev'ry honor sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes: and on my head
My shames redoubled; for the time will come
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which, if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

A gallant Warrior.

I saw young Harry—with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd—
Rise from the ground, like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hotspur's Impatience for the Battle.

——Let them come:
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours: Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, not horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.
O, that Glendower were come!

Prince Henry's modest Challenge.

——Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy; by my hopes—
This present enterprise set off his head—
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant, young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so I hear he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's majesty—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

Prince Henry's pathetic Speech on the Death of Hotspur.

—Brave Percy:—fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—This earth that bears thee
Bears not alive, so stout a gentleman. [dead,
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so great a show of zeal:—
But let my favors hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself,
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

Life demands Action.

O, gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long.
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

§ 20. THE 2d PART OF HENRY IV.

SHAKSPEARE.

Prologue.—Rumor.

I, FROM the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my posthorse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;
The which in ev'ry language I pronounce;

Stuffing

Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumor, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence,
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war.
And no such matter? Rumor is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.

Contention.

——Contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Post-Messenger.

After him, came, spurring hard,
A gentleman almost forespent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse:
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me, that rebellion had ill luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel head; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

Messenger with ill News.

Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretels the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strond whereon th' imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation. [cheek
Thou tremblest: and the whiteness in thy
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was
burn'd:
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
The tongue offends not that reports his death:
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Greater griefs destroy the less.

As the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
Weakened with grief, being now enrag'd with
grief, [nice crutch;
Are thrice themselves: Hence therefore thou
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly
quoif;
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to
hit.
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
The rugged'st hour that time and spite dare bring
To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! Let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a ling'ring act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead.

The Fickleness of the Vulgar.

An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many; with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Boling-
broke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
And, being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.

On Sleep.

——O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids
And steep my senses in forgetfulness! [down,
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, [slumber;
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody;
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging
them
With deaf'ning clamors in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king?

The Character of King Henry V. by his Father.

He is gracious if he be observ'd;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congeal'd in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd.
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and scope:
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working.

On

On Fortune.

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food—
Such are the poor in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach—such the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

Dialogue between Prince Henry and his Father.

——Come hither to me, Harry:—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
P. H. I never thought to hear you speak again.
K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honors,
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little: for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that, which after some few hours
Were thine without offence; and, at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it,
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust
Give that which gave thee life, unto the worms,
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form,
Henry the Fifth is crown'd:—up, vanity!
Down, royal state! All you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From ev'ry region apes of idleness;
Now, neighbour-confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gild his treble guilt:
England shall give him office, honor, might:
For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in ev'ry innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. H. O pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
[*kneeling.*
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honor, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise
(Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth), this prostrate and exterior bending!
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die!
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were),
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it. "The care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou best of gold, art worst of gold:
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in med'cine potable:
But thou most fine, most honor'd, most renown'd,
[liege,
Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal
Accusing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it—as with an enemy
That had before my face murdered my father—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head:
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!
K. Hen. O my son!
Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it. [love,
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel [son,
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well,
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
But as an honor snatch'd with boisterous hand;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed.
Wounding supposed peace: All these bold fears,
Thou seest, with peril I have answered:
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument; and now my death

Changes

Changes the mode: for what in me was pur-
Falls upon thee in a much fairer sort: [chas'd,
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet tho' thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out.
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose pow'r I might well lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds [out,
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Reflections on a Crown.

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keeps the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night—sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggen bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O Majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armor worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety.

Gold.

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish, over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engross'd and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, culling from ev'ry flow'r
The virtuous sweets, [honey,
Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains.

The Chief Justice to King Henry V. whom he had imprisoned.

——If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case
Be now the father, and propose a son: [yours,
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, soft silencing your son.

§ 21. THE LIFE OF HENRY V.

SHAKSPEARE.

Prologue.

O, FOR a muse of fire, that would ascend,
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
Leasht in like hounds, should famine, sword,
Crouch for employment. [and fire,

Consideration.

Consideration, like an angel, came,
And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.

King Henry V. his Perfections.

Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of common-wealth affairs,
You would say, it hath been all-in-all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a chartered libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.

The Commonwealth of Bees.

So work the honey-bees:
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring
To the tent-royal of their emperor: [home
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

Warlike Spirit.

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armorers, and honor's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits expectation in the air;

And

And hides a sword, from hilt unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.

England.

O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart—
What mightst thou do, that honor would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills [out
With treach'rous crowns.

False Appearances.

O! how thou hast with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned? [mily?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble fa-
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment;
Not working with the eye, without the ear,
And, but in purged judgement, trusting neither?
Such, and so finely boulted, didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, and best endued,
With some suspicion.

King Henry's Character, by the Constable of France.

You are too much mistaken in this king:
Question your grace the late ambassadors—
With what great state he heard their embassy:
How well supplied with noble counsellors—
How modest in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in constant resolution—
And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent
Were but the out-side of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Description of a Fleet setting Sail.

Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton-pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning,
Play with your fancies: and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing:
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd
Breasting the lofty surge. [sea

Description of Night in a Camp.

From camp to camp, thro' the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs, [tents,
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the
The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll:
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice:
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned Eng-
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires [lish,
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band, [tent,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to
Let him cry—praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile;
And calls them—brothers, friends, and coun-
Upon his royal face there is no note [trymen.
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of color
Unto the wary and all-watched night:
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks;
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to ev'ry one,
Thawing cold fear.

The Miseries of Royalty.

O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subject to the breath of every fool, [ing!
Whose sense no more can feel his own wring-
What infinite heart's-ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy! [too,
And what have kings, that privates have not
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony!
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is the soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men,
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing? [sweet,
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great great-
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure. [ness,
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low-bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee, [dream
Command the health of it? No, thou proud
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial.
The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farsed title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp,

That beats upon the high shore of this world—
No, not all these, thrice gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse:
And follows to the ever-running year,
With profitable labor, to his grave;
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch, [sleep,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with
Hath the fore hand and 'vantage of a king.

A Description of the miserable State of the English Army.

Yon island carrions, desp'rate of their bones,
Ill-favor'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hands: and the poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips; [eyes,
The gum down-roping from their pale dead
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.

King Henry's Speech before the Battle of Agincourt.

He that out-lives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbour,
And say To-morrow is St. Crispian!
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars:
Old men forget; yet shall not all forget,
But they'll remember, with advantages,
What feats they did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths, as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.

Description of the Earl of York's Death.

He smil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my lord,
"Commend my service to my sovereign."
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

The Miseries of War.

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges even pleach'd,
Like prisoners, widely over-grown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemloc, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, withal uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, keckysies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.

§ 22. THE 1st PART OF HENRY VI.

Shakspeare.

Glory.

Glory is like a circle in the water;
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

Marriage.

For marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.
- - - - - - - -
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

§ 23. THE 2d PART OF HENRY VI.

Shakspeare.

A resolved ambitious Woman.

Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Glo'ster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks,
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.

The Lord ever to be remembered.

Let never day or night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Eleanor to the Duke of Glo'ster, when doing Penance.

For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fetch groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And, when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.

Silent Resentment deepest.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.

A guilty Countenance.

Upon the eye-balls murd'rous tyranny
Sits, in grim majesty, to fright the world.

Description of a murdered Person.

See how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,

Of

Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the laboring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy:
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man:
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look on the sheets: his hair, you see, is stick-[ing;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

A good Conscience.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just:
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Remorseless Hatred.

A plague upon 'em! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curs'd, as harsh, as horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words:
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end like one distract;
Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban;
And even now, my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste;
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings;
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss:
And boding scrich-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—
\- - - - - - - - - -
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow.

Parting Lovers.

And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me, even now be gone—
O, go not yet! even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.—
Yet, now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suff. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee!
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world!
And where thou art not, desolation.

Dying, with the Person beloved, preferable to parting.

If I depart from thee, I cannot live:
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap!
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips.

The Death-bed Horrors of a guilty Conscience.

Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? Where should he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
O! torture me no more, I will confess—
Alive again? Then show me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

Night.

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

Kent.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy.

Lord Say's Apology for himself.

Justice, with favor, have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks
Because my book preferr'd me to the king:
And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.

§ 24. THE THIRD PART OF HENRY VI.

SHAKSPEARE.

The Transports of a Crown.

—Do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

A hungry Lion.

So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That

That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks insulting o'er his prey;
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.

The Duke of York on the gallant Behaviour of his Sons.

My sons—God knows what hath bechane'd them: [selves
But this I know—they have demean'd them-
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried, "Courage, father! fight it out!"
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of ground!
And cried, "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
"A sceptre, or else an earthly sepulchre!"
With this we charg'd again: but out, alas!
We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labor swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

A Father's Passion on the Murder of a favorite Child.

O tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
- - - - - - - - -
That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable—
O, ten times more than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'st in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast falling tears,
And say, "Alas, it was a piteous deed!"

The Duke of York in Battle.

Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

The Morning.

See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!

The Morning's Dawn.

The battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.

The Blessings of a Shepherd's Life.

O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live:
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days, my ewes have been with young:
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many months, ere I shall sheer the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Mob.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind, when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of your common men.

A Simile on ambitious Thoughts.

Why, then, I do but dream on sov'reignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye!
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying—he'll lade it dry, to have his way.

Gloucester's Deformity.

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part:
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?

Gloucester's

Gloucester's Dissimulation.

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile:
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears;
And frame my face to all occasions:
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall:
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colors to the cameleon;
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?

Henry VI. on his own Lenity.

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allayed their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears.
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, tho' they much err'd.

The Earl of Warwick's dying Speech.

Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? My mangled body shows;
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart
That I must yield my body to the earth. [shows
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree, [wind.
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world.
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres; [blood,
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Ev'n now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length.

Queen Margaret's Speech before the Battle of Tewkesbury.

Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say,
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of my eyes. [reign,
Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sove-
Is prisoner to the foe, his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil:
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

Omens on the Birth of Richard III.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, a boding luckless tune;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pyes in dismal discord sung:
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's
To wit—an indigest, deformed lump, [hope.
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree. [born,
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast
To signify—thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st "into the world with thy legs forward."

§ 25. THE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.

SHAKSPEARE.

Anger.

—To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full-hot horse; who, being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.

Action to be carried on with Resolution.

——If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither
My faculties, nor person, yet will be [know
The chronicles of my doing—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here, where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

New Customs.

——New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

The Duke of Buckingham's Prayer for the King.

——May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever beloved, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Dependants not to be too much trusted by great Men.

This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels, [friends,
Be sure you be not loose: for those you make
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye.

A good Wife.

——A loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre:
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her

That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless a king.

The Blessings of a low Station.

——'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glitt'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Queen Catharine's Speech to her Husband.

——Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your count'nance; glad or sorry
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire, [friends
Or made it not mine too? Which of your
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice,
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years; and have been bless'd
With many children by you. If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honor aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice.

Queen Catharine's Speech to Cardinal Wolsey.

——You are meek, and humble mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favors, [mounted,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are
Where pow'rs are your retainers: and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honor, than
Your high profession spiritual.

King Henry's Character of Queen Catharine.

That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could but speak thee
The queen of earthly queens. [out)

On her own Merit.

Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affection
Still met the king? lov'd him next Heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well, lords,
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet I will add an honor—a great patience.

Queen Catharine compared to a Lilly.

Like the lilly, [rish'd,
That once was mistress of the field, and flou-
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Obedience to Princes.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it: but to stubborn spirits
They swell and grow as terrible as storms.

Horror, its outward Effects.

——Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

Firm Allegiance.

——Though perils did
Abound as thick as thought could make 'em,
Appear in forms as horrid; yet my duty, [and
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

Anger, its external Effects.

What sudden anger's this? How have I reap'd
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin [it?
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion [him;
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd
Then makes him nothing.

Falling Greatness.

——Nay, then farewell! [greatness;
I have touch'd the highest point of all my
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

The Vicissitudes of Life.

So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms, [him:
And bears his blushing honors thick upon
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he think, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride me,
At length broke under me; and now has left
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.

Vain

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
The sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have,
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Cardinal Wolsey's Speech to Cromwell.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention [thee;
Of me must more be heard, say, then, I taught
Say, Wolsey, that once rode the waves of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, tho' thy master miss'd it,
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me,
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
(Th' image of his Maker) hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And, pr'ythee, lead me in:——
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny: 'tis the king's: My robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all [well,
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Crom-
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

Applause.

Such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: Hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think) flew up; and, had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, "this is my wife," there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece. [

Cardinal Wolsey's Death.

At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the rev'rend abbot,
With all his convent, honorably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words: "O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Give him a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight (which he himself
Foretold should be his last), full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrow,
He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

His Vices and Virtues.

So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity—he was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes: one, that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he went to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty!
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.
Griff. Noble Madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honor. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely; ever witness for him,
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it:
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little.
And, to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Malicious Men.

——Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the best.——

A Church-Man.

——Love and meekness, Lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away.

Inhumanity.

——'Tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.——

Archbishop Cranmer's Prophecy.

——Let me speak, Sir,
For Heav'n now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth,
This royal infant (Heaven still move about her!)
Though in a cradle, yet now promises

Upon this land a thousand, thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this blest soul shall be. All princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this,
With all the virtues that attend the good, [her.
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her;
She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her.
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known: and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but, as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes now create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one
(When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honor,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame, as she was,
And so stand fix'd, Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honor and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar reach his branches,
To all the plains about him: our children's
Shall see this, and bless Heaven. [children

§ 26. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN. Shakspeare.

New Titles.

"Good-den, Sir Richard—God a' mercy fellow,"
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honor doth forget men's names:
'Tis too respective and too sociable
For your conversion. Now your traveller—
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess:
And when my nightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My pick'd man of countries:—My dear Sir,
(Thus leaning on mine elbow, I begin)
"I shall beseech you"—that is question now;
And then comes answer like an A B C book;
"O Sir," says answer, "at your best command,
"At your employment, at your service, Sir:"—
"No, Sir," says question, "I, sweet Sir, at yours."
And so, ere answer knows what question would,
(Saving in dialogue of compliment;
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po),
It draws towards supper in conclusion, so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mountain spirit, like myself:
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth nor smack of observation.

A Description of England.

That pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders;
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west,
Salute thee for her king.

Description of an English Army.

His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother queen,
An Até stirring him to blood and strife;
With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king deceas'd;
And all the unsettled humors of the land—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide
To do offence and scath in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand.

Courage.

By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion.

A Boaster.

What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

Description of Victory, by the French.

You men of Angiers, open wide your gates
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in;
Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground;
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolor'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors.

By the English.

Rejoice you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king, and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day!
Their armors that march'd hence, so silver bright,
Hither return all guilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That

That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes.

A complete Lady.

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If love, ambitious, sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?

On Commodity, or Self-Interest.

——Rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith:
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids——
Who having no external thing to lose [that;
But the word *maid*—cheats the poor maid of
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity—
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, which of itself is poised well
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent;
And this same bias, &c.

A Woman's Fears.

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And tho' thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.

Tokens of Grief.

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er its bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

A Mother's Fondness for a beautiful Child.

If thou, that bid'st me be content, were grim,
Ugly and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I would then be content;
For then I should not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose.

Grief.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud:
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.

Constance to Austria.

O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side;
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight,
But when her humorous ladyship is by,
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool! to brag, to stamp, and swear.
Upon my party! thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it, for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

The Horrors of a Conspiracy.

I had a thing to say—but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven; and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience. If the midnight-bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs:
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,
(Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot laughter keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes);
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue using conceit alone
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words:
Then in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts;
But, ah! I will not.

A Mother's Ravings.

I am not mad; this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Constance, I was Geffrey's wife:
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad—I would to Heaven I were!
For then 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:

I am

I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
The diff'rent plague of each calamity.

Apostrophe to Death.

O amiable, lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones:
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st
And buss thee as thy wife! misery's love,
O, come to me!

A Mother's Grief.

Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-child
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven.
I shall not know him: therefore, never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words;
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

Despondency.

There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

Departing Diseases.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.

Danger lays hold of any Support.

He that stands upon a slipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

Arthur's pathetic Speeches to Hubert.

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So were I out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long,
- - - - - - - -
Have you the heart? when your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, what lack you? and, where lies your grief?
Or, what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, and if you will;
If Heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?—
- - - - - - - -
Alas! what need you be so boist'rous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly: [you,
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive
Whatever torment you do put me to.——
Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O Heaven! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

To add to Perfection, superfluous and suspicious.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
- - - - - - - - -
In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinions sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Murderer's Look.

This is the man should do the bloody deed;
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast.

Struggling Conscience.

The color of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,

Like

Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

News-tellers on the Death of Arthur.

Old men and beldams, in the streets,
Do prophesy upon it dangerously: [months;
Young Arthur's death is common in their
And, when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whiles he that hears makes fearful action.
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes,
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth, swallowing a tailor's news;
Who with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet),
Told of many a thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

Kings' evil Purposes too servilely and hastily executed.

It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant
To break into the bloody house of life; [rant
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know a meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humor than advis'd respect.

A Villain's Look, and wicked Zeal.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off, [in me.
And those thy fears might have wrought fears

Hypocrisy.

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.

Despair.

If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam [thyself,
To hang thee on: or, wouldst thou drown
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.

A Man's Tears.

Let me wipe off this honorable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This show'r, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes
That never saw the giant-world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.

Drums.

Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our int'rest. - - - - -
- - - - - - Do but start
An echo with the clamor of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine:
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder.

The Approach of Death.

It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Madness occasioned by Poison.

Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room,
It would not out at windows, nor at doors,
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.
- - - - - - - - -
Poison'd—ill fare—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Thro' my burnt bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold.

England invincible, if unanimous.

England never did (nor never shall)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them:—Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

§ 27. JULIUS CÆSAR. Shakspeare.

Patriotism.

What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,
And

And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cassius, in Contempt of Cæsar.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We have both fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of [Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain;
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre; I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried—"Give me some drink, Titinius"—
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of this majestic world,
And bear the palm alone [*Shout—Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow [world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?

Cæsar's Dislike of Cassius.

Would he were fatter!—but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid,
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite thro' the deeds of men; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.

Spirit of Liberty.

I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat;
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Ambition, covered with specious Humility.

But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

Conspiracy dreadful till executed.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Conspiracy.

O, conspiracy! [night,
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none,
Hide it in smiles and affability; [conspiracy;
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Against Cruelty.

Gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds;
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them.

Sleep.

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou

Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men,
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Portia's Speech to Brutus.

You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across:
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience, [al,
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, with-
Hoping it was but an effect of humor,
Which sometime hath his hour with ev'ry man!
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Calphurnia to Cæsar, on the Prodigies seen the Night before his Death.

Cal. I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets; [dead:
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan:
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæsar. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen: [princes.
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of

Against the Fears of Death.

Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange, that men should
Seeing that death, a necessary end, [fear;
Will come, when it will come.

Danger.

Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible.

Envy.

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.

Antony to the Corpse of Cæsar.

O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well!

His Address to the Conspirators.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour! nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your words made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard, [smoke,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek, and
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Revenge.

Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry, "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war.

Antony's Funeral Oration.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I am come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him!
The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown, [tious?
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambi-
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgement, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose

To

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will;
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him, for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 Pleb. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony. [will.

All. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should—O, what would come of it!

4 Pleb. Read the will; we will hear it Antony;
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar—I do fear it.

4 Pleb. They were traitors:—honorable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 Pleb. Descend.

[*He comes down from the Pulpit.*

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made;—
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O ye Gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 Pleb. O piteous spectacle!

2 Pleb. We will be reveng'd: revenge!
About—seek—burn—fire—kill—slay! let not a traitor live.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That give me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, or utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths!
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In ev'ry wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Ceremony insincere.

———Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial.

Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,

That

That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honors,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman!
Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say, you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this? [heart break;
Bru. All this! ay, more: fret, till your proud
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Tho' it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish,
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true.
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me ev'ry way—you wrong me, Brutus:
I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say better?—
Bru. If you did, I care not. [mov'd me.
Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have
Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have
Cas. I durst not? [tempted him.
Bru. No.
Cas What! durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for. [for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions, [Cassius?
Which you denied me: was that done like
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not;—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius, [come,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast;—within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar: for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius. [him better
Bru. Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too. [*Embracing.*
Cas. O Brutus!
Bru. What is the matter? [me,
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with
When that rash humor, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Bru. O, Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia
Cas. Ha! Portia? [is dead.
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How 'scap'd I killing, when I cross'd
O, insupportable and touching loss!— [you so?
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence; [Antony
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark
Have made themselves so strong—for with her death
That tidings came—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
Cas. And died so?

Bru.

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

[*Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.*

Bru. Speak no more of her—Give me a bowl of wine:
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Opportunity to be seized on all Affairs.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

The Parting of Brutus and Cassius.

Bru. No, Cassius, no; think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March began:
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.

Melancholy the Parent of Error.

O, hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
ut kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Antony's Character of Brutus.

This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did, in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixt in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

§ 28. KING LEAR. Shakspeare.

An alienated Child.

Let it be so—thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be:
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

Bastardy.

Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound; wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom; and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me, [shines
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as gen'rous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed
Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?

A Father cursing his Child.

Hear, Nature, hear;
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honor her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!

Ingratitude in a Child.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!

Flattering Sycophants.

That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty! such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
Which are too intrince t'unloose: sooth ev'ry passion,
That in the nature of their lords rebels:
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods.
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With ev'ry gale and vary of their masters;
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.

Plain, blunt Men.

———This is some fellow, [affect
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain—he must speak truth,
And they will take it so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbor more craft, and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Description of Bedlam Beggars.

While I may scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,

That

That ever penury, in contempt of man, [filth;
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their num'd and mortified bare arm,
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bands, sometime with
Inforce their charity. [pray'rs,

The Fault of Infirmity pardonable.

Fiery? the fiery duke? tell the hot duke, that—
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office, [selves
Whereto our health is bound; we are not our-
When nature, being opprest, commands the
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear; [mind
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.

Unkindness.

Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp tooth'd unkindness like a vulture, here.
[*Points to his Heart.*

Offences mistaken.

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Rising Passion.

I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,
Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a bile,
A plague-sore, an imbossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood; but I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.

The Necessaries of Life few.

O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest things superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's.

Lear on the Ingratitude of his Daughters.

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
O let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnat'ral hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall———I will do such
things—
What they are, yet I know not: but they shall
be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or e'er I weep. O fool, I shall go mad.

Wilful Men.

O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters.

Description of Lear's Distress amidst the Storm.

Kent. Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease: tears his
white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strive in his little world of man to outscorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf [couch,
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Lear's passionates Exclamation amidst the Tempest.

Blow, wind! and crack your cheeks! rage!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout [blow!
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd
the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking
thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once
That make ingrateful man!
Rumble thy belly-full! spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription. Why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

\- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Kent. Alas, sir! are you here? Things that
love night,
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark, [man,
And make them keep their caves: since I was a
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature can-
not carry
The affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou
wretch,
Thou hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd-of justice: hide thee, thou bloody
hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue,
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life! Close pent-up
guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry

These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.
Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest.
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Lear Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't?—But I'll punish home.
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night,
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure.
In such a night as this!—O Regan, Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all——
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that——
Kent. Good my lord, enter here.
Lear. Prythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more—but I'll go in;
In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep—
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?—O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this!—Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel!
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Enter Edgar disguised like a Madman.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?
- - - - Didst thou give them all?
Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!
Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.
Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

The Justice of Providence.

That I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he does not feel, feel your pow'r quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.

Patience and Sorrow.

Patience and sorrow strove
Which should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sun-shine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like a better May: those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guest were in her eyes! which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Description of Lear distracted.

Alack, 'tis he! why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers:
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.

Description of Dover Cliff.

Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand still:—how fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low! [air,
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high: I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glo'ster's Farewell to the World.

O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce; and in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him!

On the Abuse of Power.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why dost thou lash that whore? strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the pow'r
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.

Cordelia.

Cordelia on the Ingratitude of her Sisters.

O, my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!
Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep, dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick cross lightning to watch (poor perdu!)
Within this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack! alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.

Scene between Lear and Cordelia.

Cord. How does my royal lord? how fares your majesty?
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave.
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.
Cord. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a spirit, I know; where did you die?
Cord. Still, still far wide!
Phys. He's scarce awake, let him alone awhile.
Lear. Where have I been? where am I?—Fair day-light! [pity
I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with
To see another thus.—I will not swear
These are my hands.
Cord. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:
No, Sir, you must not kneel.
Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward: and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
Cord. And so I am, I am.
Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.
Cord. No cause, no cause.
Lear. Am I in France?
Gent. In your own kingdom, Sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me.
Gent. Be comforted, good madam: the great age,
You see, is cur'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.
Cord. Will't please your highness walk?
Lear. You must bear with me.
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.

Lear to Cordelia, when taken Prisoners.

No, no, no, no! come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down.
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too—
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out—
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies; and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.
Edm. Take them away.
Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense.

The Justice of the Gods.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.

Edgar's Account of his discovering himself to his Father, &c.

List a brief tale:—
And, when 'tis told, O that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near (O our lives sweetness!
That with the pain of death would hourly die,
Rather than die at once!), taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father, with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide, [spair;
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from de-
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd.
Not sure, though hoping, of his good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and, from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.
Bast. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.
Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.
Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow: but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamor, came there in a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but, then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father:
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear receiv'd; which, in recounting,
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack:—twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.

Lear on the Death of Cordelia.

Howl, howl, howl, howl! O you are men of stones!
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack.—O, she is gone for ever!
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth: lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.
This feather stirs; she lives! If it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows,
That ever I have felt.
Kent. O, my good master!
Lear. Pr'ythee away.—
A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; but she's gone for ever!—
Cordelia! Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st!—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low.

Lear dying.

And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life.
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? O thou wilt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!

§ 29. MACBETH. Shakspeare.

Witches described.

——What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women;
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macbeth's Temper.

Yet do I fear thy nature:
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That would thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win.

Lady Macbeth, on the News of Duncan's approach.

The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep pace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances [night,
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor Heaven peep thro' the blanket of the dark,
To cry, "Hold! hold!"——

Macbeth's Irresolution.

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere
It were done quickly: if the assassination [well
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But, in these cases, [teach
We still have judgement here; that we but
Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice [chalice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye, [spur
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.

True Fortitude.

I dare do all that may become a man!
Who dares do more, is none.

The murdering Scene. Macbeth alone.

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand? Come, let me clutch thee—
I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which I now draw——

Thou

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest:—I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf, [pace,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy
With Tarquin's ravishing sides, tow'rds his design [earth,
Moves like a ghost—Thou sure and firm-set
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it—Whiles I threat, he lives— [*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold: [Hark! peace!
What hath quench'd them, hath giv'n me fire:—
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the stern'st good night.—He is about it:—
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed, [ready,
Confounds us!—hark!—I laid their daggers
He could not miss 'em.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had don't.——My husband? [hear a noise?

Macb. I have done the deed:—didst thou not

Lady. I heard the owls scream and the
Did not you speak? [crickets cry.

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark! who lies i' the second cham-

Lady. Donalbain. [ber?

Macb. This is a sorry sight!
[*Looks on his hands.*

Lady. A foolish thought! to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried "murder!"
That they did wake each other! I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd
Again to sleep. [them

Lady. There are two lodg'd together

Macb. One cried, "God bless us!" and "Amen!" the other; [hands,
As they had seen me, with these hangman's
Listening their fear. I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply. [Amen?

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep,
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second
Chief nourisher in life's feast." [course,

Lady. What do you mean? [the house:

Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor [more!"
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no

Lady. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy Thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things: go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand,
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. *Exit.*

Knocking within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking [*Starting.*
How is't with me, when ev'ry noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will
The multitudinous seas incarnardine [rather
Making the green one red.—

Re-enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your color; but I shame [*Knock.*
To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended—hark! more knocking: [*Knock.*
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers: be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed—'twere best not know myself.
Wake, Duncan, with this knocking! I would thou couldst!

Macbeth's guilty Conscience, and Fears of Banquo.

Enter Macbeth to his Lady.

Lady. How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy [done.
Should be without regard: what's done, is
Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it; [lice
She'll close, and be herself, whilst our poor ma-
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.—Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poi-
Malice domestic, foreign levy; nothing [son,
Can touch him farther!

- - - - - - - - - - - -

O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.
Lady. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be
A deed of dreadful note. [done
Lady. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, [night,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens; and
Makes wing to the rooky wood: [the crow
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

Scene, a Room of State. Banquet prepared. Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

[*The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.*

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May't please your highness sit?
Macb. Here had we now our country's honor roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Whom I may rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance.
Rosse. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?
Macb. The table's full! [*Starting.*
Len. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord.
What is't that moves your highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou can'st not say, I did it: never
Thy gory locks at me. [shake
Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
Lady. Sit, worthy friend:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep
The fit is momentary; upon a thought [seat;
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion!
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?
[*To Macb. aside.*
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on
Which might appal the devil. [that
Lady. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear: [*Aside.*
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O these flaws and starts
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? when all's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Pr'ythee see there!
Behold! look! lo! how say you?
[*Pointing to the Ghost.*
Why, what care I? if thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those, that we bury, back—our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*The Ghost vanishes.*
Lady. What! quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady. Fie, for shame! [olden time,
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the
Ere human statute purg'd the gen'ral weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear; the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die;
And there an end: but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more
Than such a murder is. [strange
Lady. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget:——
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to us all;
Then I'll sit down: give me some wine, fill full:
I drink

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss:
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
[*The Ghost rises again.*
Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with!
Lady. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble; or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! Why, so—being gone,
[*The Ghost vanishes.*
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.
[*The Lords rise.*
Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting
With most admir'd disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me
Even to the disposition that I owe, [strange
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.
Rosse. What sights, my lord?
Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good-night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!
Lady. A kind good night to all.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood: [speak;
Stones have been known to move, and trees to
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magpies, and choughs, and rooks, brought
The secret'st man of blood. [forth,

Witches, their Power.

I conjure you, by that which you profess
(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me;
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up: [down;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble altogether,
Even till destruction sickens, answer me
To what I ask you.

Malcolm's Character of himself.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them: but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting in many ways. Nay, had I pow'r I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!
Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak;
I am as I have spoken.
Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurst,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father [thee,
Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died ev'ry day she liv'd. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!
Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth,
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his pow'r; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight [ing
No less in truth than life; my first false-speak-
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command.

An oppressed Country.

Alas! poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air, [seems
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's
Expire before the flowers in their caps, [lives
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macduff on the Murder of his Wife and Children.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! but I have words,

That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?
Rosse. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; tho' the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humph! I guess at it.
Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful Heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence! my wife kill'd too?
Rosse. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children!—All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? what, all! O hell-kite! all?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did Heaven look on, and would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword; let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle Heaven,
Cut short all intermission: front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!
Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our pow'r is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave; Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day.
[*Exeunt.*

Despised Old Age.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have: but in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Diseases of the Mind incurable.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Reflections on Life.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale,
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

§ 30. OTHELLO. Shakspeare.

Preferment.

'Tis the curse of service;
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first.

In Dispraise of Honesty.

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and, when he is old, cashier'd:
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves:
And throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them; and when they have lin'd their coats,
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul,
And such a one do I profess myself.
For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
But when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,
For doves to peck at: I am not what I seem.

Love

Love the sole Motive of Othello's marrying.

For I know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine,
For the sea's worth.

Othello's Relation of his Courtship to the Senate.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blest with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal),
I won his daughter with. - - - - - -
Her father,
Lov'd me; oft invited me; still question'd me
The story of my life, from year to year;
The battles, sieges, fortunes, that I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it,
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence;
And portance in my travel's history.
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which, I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful—
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man:—she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.

Perfect Content.

O my soul's joy!
If after ev'ry tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death,
And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus high: and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

A Lover's Exclamation.

Excellent wretch! perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Othello's first Suspicion.

Think, my lord! by Heaven he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now—thou lik'st not that—
When Cassio left my wife; what didst not like?
And when I told thee—he was of my counsel,
In my whole course of wooing: thou cried'st "Indeed!"
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost;
And for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath—
Therefore, these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things in a false, disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,
They are close denotements working from the heart
That passion cannot rule.

Reputation.

Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Othello's Soliloquy after having been worked up to Jealousy by Iago.

This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings: if I prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;

And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have: or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years: yet that's not much—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses.

Jealousy.

Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ.

The Tortures of Jealousy.

Enter Othello.

Iago. Look where he comes! not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? to me? [that.

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of

Oth. Avaunt! begone! thou hast set me on the rack:
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord? [lust?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
[*Catching hold on him.*
Or by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this? [prove it,

Oth. Make me to see it; or, at the least, so
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse:
On horror's head horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O Heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?
God be wi' you: take mine office.—O wretched
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice! [fool,
O monstrous world! take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe!
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise: for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and I think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not:
I'll have some proof. My name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it!—Would I were satisfied!

Othello's Story of the Handkerchief.

That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people; she told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it, [hunt
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me when my state would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so; and take heed of't,
Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
To lose't or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could matter.——

——There's magic in the web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
And it was dyed in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

A Lover's Computation of Time.

What! keep a week away? seven days and nights? [hours,
Eight-score eight hours? and lovers' absent
More tedious than the dial eight-score times?
O weary reckoning!

Othello's Speech, after having received the Mandate when confirmed in his Suspicions.

Ay, you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep:
And she's obedient, as you say—obedient—
Very obedient—Proceed you in your tears.
Concerning this, sir—O well painted passion!
I am commanded home:—get you away;
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice—hence, avaunt!
[*Ex. Des.*

Cassio

Cassio shall have my place. And—Sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus—
Goats and monkies! [*Exit Othello.*

His pathetic Upbraiding of his Wife.

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not your words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it; damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore, be double damn'd;
Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows,
That thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord?
With whom? How am I false?

Oth. O, Desdemona, away! away! away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day! why do you weep?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kind of sores, and shames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience. But, alas! to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow, unmoving finger at—
O! O!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life:
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there!
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim;
Ay, there, look grim as hell! [nest.

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me ho-

Oth. O, ay; as summer-flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense akes at thee, 'would thou hadst ne'er been born! [mitted?

Des. Alas! what ignorant sin have I com-

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon! what, committed!
Committed! O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What, committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks:
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it: what committed!
Impudent strumpet!

Des. By Heaven, you do me wrong!

Oth. Are you not a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul, unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O Heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.

Desdemona's Faithfulness.

O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel—
[*Kneeling.*
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse, or thought, or actual deed:
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.

A Bed-chamber: Desdemona is discovered asleep in her Bed.

Enter Othello, with a Light and Sword.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
[*Lays down the Sword.*
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light!
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excellent nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume.
[*Sets down the Taper.*
When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs must wither: I'll smell it on the tree.
[*Kissing her.*
O balmy breath, thou dost almost persuade
Justice herself to break her sword! One more,
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after: one more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears; this sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love.

Othello's Confusion after having murdered his Wife.

Yes, 'tis Æmilia:—by and by—she's dead.
'Tis like, she comes to speak of Cassio's death:
The

The noise was high. Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? wer't good?
I think she stirs again:—no.—What's the best?
If she comes in, she'll sure speak to my wife:—
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
O insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted
Should yawn at alteration. [globe

His Love for her.

Had she been true,
If Heaven would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

His bitter Remorse.

Behold! I have a weapon:
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I've seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments [boast,
Than twenty times your stop.—But, O vain
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd.
Here is my journey's end, here's my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires: where should Othello go?
Now—how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt, [ven,
This look of thine will hurt my soul from hea-
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Ev'n like thy chastity— [girl?
O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?
Dead? O! O! O!

His last Speech.

Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am: nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medecinable gum. Set you down this:
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a Turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself.*

§ 31. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II. Shakspeare.

Reputation.

The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

Cowardice.

That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

Banishment; Consolation under it.

All places that the eye of Heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee;
But thou the king: woe doth the heavier sit
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say, I sent thee forth to purchase honor,
And not the king exil'd thee:—Or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:
Suppose the singing-birds musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd;
The flow'rs, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance:
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Thoughts ineffectual to moderate Affliction.

O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Popularity.

Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench;
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee:
With—"Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;"
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

England.

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;

This

This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands.
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of wat'ry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment-bonds;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

Grief.

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion; eyed awry;
Distinguish form.——

Hope deceitful.

I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

The Prognostics of War.

The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth;
And lean look'd prophets whisper fearful change:
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap.

Richard to England, on his Arrival.

As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favor with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense:
But let thy spiders that suck up thy venom,
And heavy gaited toads, lie in their way:
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flow'r,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sov'reign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

The Sun rising after a dark Night.

——Know'st thou not,
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?

On the Vanity of Power, and Misery of Kings.

No matter where; of comfort no man speak;
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's chose executors, and talk of wills;
And not yet so—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and covering to our bones.
For Heav'n's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court: and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit;
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable: and humor'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores thro' his castle walls, and, farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn rev'rence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty.
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?

Melancholy Stories.

In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire,
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woful ages long ago betid:
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

A Description of Bolingbroke's and Richard's Entry into London.

Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seemed to know—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course;
While all tongues cried, God save thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had said at once,
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespoke them thus—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while?

York. As in a theatre the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious: [eyes
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.

Violets.

Who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

King Richard's Soliloquy in Prison.

I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it—yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humors, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented——
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame—
That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one prison, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I a king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar;
And so I am: then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better than when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and, by and by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing.—But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.

§ 32. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD III. Shakspeare.

Richard, on his own Deformity.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings:
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now—instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glass:
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty;
To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them—
Why I, in this meek piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on my own deformity:
And therefore—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair, well-spoken days—
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

Richard's Love for Lady Anne.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops;
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear—
Not, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death;
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing words;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

On his own Person, after his successful Addresses.

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of taylors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I have crept in favor with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.

Queen Margaret's Execration.

The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st.
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be when some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!

Thou

Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honor, thou detested—

High Birth.

I was born so high,
Our aerie buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Richard's Hypocrisy.

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Clarence's Dream.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me. [Tower,

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,
And, in my company, my brother Glo'ster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches, [ing
Methought that Glo'ster stumbled; and in fall-
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in my ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea,
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes,
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death, To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O no, my dream was lengthen'd after life:
O, then began the tempest of my soul! [life:
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud—"What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud—
"Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!"
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Inviron'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd: and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell:
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done those things
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!

Sorrow.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.

Greatness, its Cares.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honor for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares;
So that, between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Duchess of York on the Misfortunes of her Family.

Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown,
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean overblown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self:—O preposterous
And frantic outrage! end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die to look on death no more.

Deceit.

Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous vizor hide deep vice!

Submission to Heaven, our Duty.

In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to pay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more, to be thus opposite with Heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

The Vanity of Trust in Man.

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God.
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Contemplation.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Description

Description of the Murder of the two young Princes in the Tower.

The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch-deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story. [babes!"
"O thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd my mind;
But, O the devil!"—there the villain stopp'd
When Dighton thus told on—"We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd."
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse:
They could not speak; and so I left them both
To bear these tidings to the bloody king.

Expedition.

Come, I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!

Queen Margaret's Exprobration.

I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
One heav'd ahigh to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of ev'ry dang'rous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breadth, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene. [thers?
Where is thy husband now? where be thy bro-
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says, God save the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art,
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time:
Having no more but thought of what thou wert.
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

His Mother's Character of King Richard.

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy:
Thy school-days frightful, desp'rate, wild, and furious! [turous,
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venThy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody.

Hope.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings: [kings.
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures

A fine Evening.

The weary sun hath made a golden set;
And by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

Day-break.

The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

Richmond's Prayer.

O thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy mistress of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee do I commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O defend me still!

Richard starting out of his Dream.

Give me another horse—bind up my wounds:
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft, I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou affliet me!
The lights burn blue—is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by.

Conscience.

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe.

Richard before the Battle.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! victory sits on our helms.

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. Richard. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Catesb. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse. [a cast,

K. Richard. Slave, I have set my life upon
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
[*Exeunt.*

§ 33. ROMEO AND JULIET.

Shakspeare.

Love.

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears;
What is't else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

On Dreams. [you.

O then, I see, queen Mab hath been with
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes

In

In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams:
Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night,
Thro' lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep,
And then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once entangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams:
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Ev'n now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

A Beauty described.

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear?
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellow shows.

The Courtship between Romeo and Juliet in the Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound—
But, soft! what light thro' yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

[*Juliet appears above at the Window*

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it: cast it off—
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame these stars,
As day-light doth a lamp; her eye, in heaven,
Would thro' the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks—
O speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo!—wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy—
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet:
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am;
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words [sound;
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague? [like.

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dis-

Jul. How cam'st thou hither? tell me, and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.
Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight.
And, but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandize.
Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell, compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say Ay,
And I will take thy word:—yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—
Jul. O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Rom. What shall I swear by?
Jul. Do not swear at all—
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
Rom. If my heart's dear love——
Jul. Well, do not swear: altho' I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, it lightens—sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flow'r when next we meet.
Good-night, good-night!—a sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!
Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within: dear love, adieu!
[*Nurse calls within.*
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*
Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
All this is but a dream I hear and see;
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.
Re-enter Juliet above.
Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.
[*Within:* Madam!]
I come anon——But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—[*Within:* Madam!] By and by I come——
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.
Rom. So thrive my soul.
Jul. A thousand times good-night! [*Exit.*
Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light.
Enter Juliet again.
Jul. Hist! Romeo! hist! O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this rassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. Madam.—
Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?
Rom. At the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, so would I;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good-night, good-night! Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night, till it be morrow.
[*Exit.*

Love's Heralds.

Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams
Driving back shadows over lowering hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Violent Delights not lasting.

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume.

Lovers light of Foot.

O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamers,
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

A Lover's Impatience.

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
To Phœbus' mansion, such a waggoner
As Phæton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That run-aways' eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!
Lovers can see to do their am'rous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.

Romeo, on his Banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say death:
For exile hath more terror in his look
Than death, much more: do not say banishment.
Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without Verona's walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished, is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death; then banishment
Is death misterm'd: calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honorable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
But Romeo may not, he is banished! [knife,
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me; banished?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin absolver, and my friend profest,
To mangle me with that word—banishment?
Fri. Thou fond madman, hear me but speak a word.
Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment!
Fri. I'll give thee armor to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.
Rom. Yet banished? hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not; talk no more.
Fri. O then I see that madmen have no ears.
Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet, thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Juliet's Chamber, looking to the Garden. Enter Romeo and Juliet above at a Window; a Ladder of Ropes set.

Jul. Wilt thou begone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it;
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.
Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;

Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay, than will to go.
Come death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Juliet's Resolution.

O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel house;
O'er cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud—
Things that to hear them told have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Juliet's Soliloquy on drinking the Potion.

Farewell—God knows when we shall meet again!
I have a faint cold fear runs thro' my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me.—
Nurse!—what should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone:
Come, phial—what if this mixture do not work at all?
Must I of force be married to the county?
No, no! this shall forbid it—lie thou there.

[*Pointing to a dagger.*

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd, to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonor'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is: and yet, methinks it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault, [in,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort—
Alack! alack! is it not like that I
So early waking—what with loathsome smells:
And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Invironed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?
O look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point!—Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herself on the Bed.*

Joy and Mirth turned to their contraries.

All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change:
Our bridal flow'rs serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Romeo's Description of, and Discourse with, the Apothecary.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:——O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.
I do remember an apothecary—
And hereabouts he dwells—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins,
Of ill shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
And if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holy-day, the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man—I see that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer,
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes;
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,

Doing

Doing more murders in this loathsome world
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none—
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.

Romeo and Paris.

Par. Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villain! I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.
Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man;
Fly hence and leave me—think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Heap not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. O, be gone!
By Heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself.
Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And do attach thee as a felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy. [*They fight, Paris falls.*
Par. O, I am slain! if thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*
Rom. In faith, I will:—let me peruse this face,
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris.
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!

Romeo's last Speech over Juliet in the Vault.

O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favor can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet!
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean, abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here, will I remain, [here
With worms that are thy chambermaids—O,
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct! come, unsav'ry guide!
Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick, weary bark!
Here's to my love! O true apothecary!
[*Drinks the Poison.*
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.
[*Dies.*

§ 34. TIMON OF ATHENS.

SHAKSPEARE.

Painting.

The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonor traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out.

The Grace of a Cynic Philosopher.

Immortal gods! I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping;
Or a keeper, with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen! Amen! so fall to't,
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

A faithful Steward.

So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine, when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

The Ingratitude of Timon's Friends.

They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honorable—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And, so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold moving nods,
They froze me into silence.
Tim. You gods reward them!—
Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: these old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

Against Duelling.

Your words have took such pains, as if they labor'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valor; which, indeed,
Is valor misbegot, and came into the world,
When sects and factions were but newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs [carelessly;
His outsides; to wear them, like his raiment,

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

Without the Walls of Athens.

Timon's Execrations on the Athenians.

Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law! Maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries, [men,
And yet confusion live!—Plagues incident to
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke!—Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners. Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy; breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!

A Friend forsaken.

As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.

On Gold.

What is here? [gods:
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold! No,
I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods? why this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hear leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spitalhouse and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.

Timon to Alcibiades.

Go on—here's gold—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honor'd age for his white beard;
He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk paps,
That thro' the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ;
But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe, [mercy.
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse. Swear against objects;
Put armor on thine ears and on thine eyes,
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! speak not, begone.

To the Courtezans.

Consumption sow [shins;
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoar the flamen
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the gen'ral weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald,
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you.

Timon's Reflections on the Earth.

That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou,
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puft,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven,
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root:
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb!
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!

Go

Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears,
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marble mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root—dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas,
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Timon's Discourse with Apemantus.

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected:
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatt'rers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatt'rer now, and seek to thrive
By that which hath undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome
To knaves, and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself,
A madman so long, now a fool: what, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moist trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out?—will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find——

Tim. Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favor never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak—have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare,
For every storm that blows:—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burthen.
Thy nature did commence in sufferance; time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse thy father, that poor rag
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she-beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! begone.
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

On Gold.

O thou sweet king killer, and dear divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels: and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire.

[*Looking on the gold.*

Timon to the Thieves.

Why should you want? behold, the earth hath roots!
Within this mile break forth an hundred springs;
The oaks bear masts, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous huswife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks, I must you con,
That you are thieves profest; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold: go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob; takes wealth and lives together:
Do villany; do, since you profess to do't,
Like workmen: I'll example you with thievery.
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From gen'ral excrement: each thing's a thief,
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough pow'r

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves, away; [threats;
Rob one another. There's more gold: cut
All that you meet are thieves: to Athens, go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it.

On his honest Steward.

Forgive my gen'ral and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man—mistake me not—but one;
No more, I pray—and he is a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks, thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck.

Wrong and Insolence.

No breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear, and horrid flight.

§ 35. TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Shakspeare.

Mercy.

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Thanks.

Thanks, to men
Of noble mind, is honorable meed.

An Invitation to Love.

The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit;
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once—
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
And after conflict—such as was suppos'd
The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber!
Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodi- [ous birds,
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Vale, a dark and melancholy one described.

A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, tho' summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful misseltoe.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

A Ring in a dark Pit.

Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole;
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit.

Young Lady playing on a Lute and singing.

Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands,
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them; [life;
He would not then have touch'd them for his
Or had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropt his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

A Lady's Tongue cut out.

O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

A person in Despair compared to one on a Rock, &c.

For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea; [wave,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

Tears compared to Dew on a Lily.

When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Reflections on killing a Fly.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly!
Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother!
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor harmless fly!
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him!

Revenge.

Lo, by thy side, where rape and murder stands;
Now give some surance that thou art revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe,
Provide thee two proper palfries, as black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea.

§ 36.

§ 36. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SHAKSPEARE.

Love in a brave young Soldier.

CALL here my varlet, I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

The Greeks are strong and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, she is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice:
Handlest in thy discourse—O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given
The knife that made it.

Success not equal to our Hopes.

The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

On Degree.

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, a universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce a universal prey,
And last eat up itself.

Conduct in War superior to Action.

The still and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands shall strike
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this bed-work, mapp'ry, closet war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Adversity the Trial of Man.

——Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And think them shames, which are indeed nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and pow'rful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself,
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Achilles described by Ulysses.

The great Achilles—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the fore-hand of our host—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: with him Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer! he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,
Such to be pitied and o'erwrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending: with terms unsquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropt,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his prest bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—"Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just!
Now play me Nestor—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being drest to some oration."
That's done—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles still cries—"Excellent!
'Tis Nestor right? Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night-alarm."
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
And, with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport
Sir

Sir Valor dies; cries—"O! enough, Patroclus,
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen." And, in this fashion
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Respect.

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus.

Doubt.

The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst.

Pleasure and Revenge.

Pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision.

The Subtlety of Ulysses, and Stupidity of Ajax.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: is it not strange?

Ulys. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Ulys. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar, and in self-admission.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulys. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only, [ness;
He makes important: possest he is with great-
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry, "No recovery."

Aga. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you, and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulys. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes,
When they go from Achilles: shall the proud lord
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is, by going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride,
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid!
And say in thunder "Achilles go to him."

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause! [*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him with my armed fist
I'll pash him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheese his pride: let me go to him.

Ulys. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nest. How he describes himself! [*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulys. The raven chides blackness. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I'll let his humors blood.

Aga. He'll be the physician that should be the patient. [*Aside.*

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind—

Ulys. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*

Ajax. He should not bear it so;
He should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 't would, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*

Ulys. He would have ten shares. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple. [him

Nest. He is not yet through warm; force
With praises; pour in; his ambition's dry. [*Aside.*

Ulys. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles. [him harm.

Ulys. Why, 'tis this naming of him does
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face—
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulys. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog! that shall palter thus with us!
Would he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now—

Ulys. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulys. Ay, or surly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulys. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure: [suck:
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and for thy vigor,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor,
Instructed by the antiquary times—
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;

But

But pardon, father Nestor; were your days,
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.
Ajax. Shall I call you father?
Ulys. Ay, my good son.
Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.
Ulys. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket: please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy; to-morrow, friends,
We must with all our main of pow'r stand fast,
And here's a lord; come knights from east to west,
And cull their flow'r, Ajax shall cope the best.
Aga. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep. [*Exeunt.*

An expecting Lover.

No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulders pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid'!
I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; what will it be,
When that the wat'ry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice reputed nectar? Death, I fear me,
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle potent, and too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers;
I fear it much; and I do fear besides
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying. - - -
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Constancy in Love protested.

Troilus. True swains in love shall in the world to come [rhymes,
Approve their truths by Troilus; when their
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes: truth tried with iteration—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus, shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.
Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said— as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son—
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid'.

Pride cures Pride.

Pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride: for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Greatness contemptible when it declines.

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer:
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honor; but honor for those honors
That are without him, as place, riches, and favor,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit; [vor,
Which when they fall, as being slipperystanders,
The love that lean'd on them is slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall.

Honor: continued Acts necessary to preserve its Lustre.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great siz'd monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honor bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail,
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way,
For honor travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue; if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost—
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on; when what they do in present, [yours,
Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top
For time is like a fashionable host, [hand:
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek [wit,
Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin— [gawds
That all with one consent praise new-born
Though they are made and moulded things of
And give to dust, that is a little gilt, [past;

More

More lust than guilt o'er dusted.
The present eye praises the present object.

Love shook off by a Soldier.

Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak, wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Lovers parting in the Morning.

Troil. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Troil. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,
As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love
With wings more momentary swift than thought.

Lovers' Farewell.

Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with salt of broken tears.

Troilus's Character of the Grecian Youths.

The Grecian youths are full of quality,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelty may move, and parts with person,
Alas! a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afeard.

A Trumpeter.

Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Outswell the cholic of puft Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes pour blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector.

Diomede's Manner of Walking.

'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Description of Cressida.

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirit looks out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thought
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game.

The Character of Troilus.

The youngest son of Priam, a true knight,
Not yet mature, yet matchless: firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shows:
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love.

Hector in Battle.

I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Laboring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youths: and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd:
That I have said to some my standers-by,
"Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling.

Achilles surveying Hector.

Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, there;
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!

Honor more dear than Life.

Mine honor keeps the weather of my fate;
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honor far more precious dear than life.

Pity to be discarded in War.

For the love of all the gods
Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mother;
And when we have our armors buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords!

Rash Vows.

The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

PATHETIC PIECES.

§ 37. *Sebastian and Dorax.* DRYDEN.

Re-enter Dorax, having taken off his Turban, and put on an European Habit.

Dor. NOW do you know me?
Seb. Thou shouldst be Alonzo.
Dor. So you should be Sebastian;
But when Sebastian ceas'd to be himself
I ceas'd to be Alonzo.
Seb. As in a dream
I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.
Dor. Is it so strange to find me where my wrongs,
And your inhuman tyranny, have sent me?
Think not you dream: or, if you did, my injuries
Shall call so loud, that lethargy should wake;
And death should give you back to answer me.
A thousand nights have brush'd their balmy wings
Over these eyes; but ever, when they clos'd,
Your tyrant image forc'd them ope again,
And dried the dews they brought.
The long expected hour is come at length,
By manly vengeance to redeem my fame:
And, that once clear'd, eternal sleep is welcome.
Seb. I have not yet forgot I am a king,
Whose royal office is redress of wrongs:
If I have wrong'd thee, charge me face to face;
I have not yet forgot I am a soldier.
Dor. 'Tis the first justice thou hast ever done me;
Then, tho' I loathe this woman's war of tongue,
Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear:
And, honor, be thou judge.
Seb. Honor befriend us both.
Beware! I warn thee yet to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming majesty to hear:
I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
Is insolent and haughty to superiors:
How often hast thou brav'd my peaceful court,
Fill'd it with noisy brawls, and windy boasts;
And with past service, nauseously repeated,
Reproach'd even me, thy prince!
Dor. And well I might, when you forgot re-
The part of Heaven in kings: for punishment
Is hangman's work, and drudgery for devils.
I must and will reproach thee with my service,
Tyrant! (it irks me so to call my prince),
But just resentment and hard usage coin'd
Th' unwilling word; and grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due.
Seb. How, tyrant!
Dor. Tyrant!
Seb. Traitor! that name thou canst not echo back;
That robe of infamy, that circumcision
Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaim thee traitor:
And, if a name
More foul than traitor be, 'tis renegade.
Dor. If I'm a traitor, think and blush, thou tyrant.
Whose injuries betray'd me into treason,
Effac'd my loyalty, unhing'd my faith,
And hurried me from hopes of heaven to hell.
All these, and all my yet unfinish'd crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the saints,
I charge on thee to make thy damning sure.
Seb. Thy old presumptuous arrogance again,
That bred my first dislike, and then my loathing,
Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy king.
Dor. Too well I know thee, but for king no more
This is not Lisbon, nor the circle this,
Where, like a statue, thou hast stood besieg'd
By sycophants and fools, the growth of courts;
Where thy gull'd eyes in all the gaudy round
Met nothing but a lie in every face;
And the gross flattery of a gaping crowd,
Envious who first should catch and first applaud
The stuff of royal nonsense: when I spoke,
My honest homely words were carp'd and censur'd
For want of courtly style: related actions,
Though modestly reported, pass'd for boasts:
Secure of merit, if I ask'd reward,
Thy hungry minions thought their rights invaded,
And the bread snatch'd from pimps and parasites.
Henriquez answer'd, with a ready lie,
To save his king's, the boon was begg'd before.
Seb. What say'st thou of Henriquez? Now, by Heaven,
Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul, unmanner'd, scurril taunts.
Dor. And therefore 'twas to gall thee that I nam'd him,
That thing, that nothing but a cringe and smile;
That woman, but more daub'd; or, if a man,
Corrupted to a woman; thy man-mistress.
Seb. All false as hell, or thou.
Dor. Yes; full as false
As that I serv'd thee fifteen hard campaigns,
And pitch'd thy standard in those foreign fields:
By me thy greatness grew, thy years grew with it.
But thy ingratitude outgrew them both.
Seb. I see to what thou tend'st; but tell me first,
If those great acts were done alone for me;
If love produc'd not some, and pride the rest?
Dor. Why, love does all that's noble here below.
But all th' advantage of that love was thine:
For, coming fraughted back, in either hand
With palm and olive, victory and peace,
I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own
(For Violante's vows were mine before):
Thy malice had prevention, ere I spoke;
And ask'd me Violante for Henriquez.
Seb. I meant thee a reward of greater worth.
Dor. Where justice wanted, could reward be hop'd?
Could the robb'd passenger expect a bounty
From those rapacious hands who stripp'd him first?
Seb. He had my promise ere I knew thy love.
Dor. My services deserv'd thou shouldst revoke it.

Seb.

Seb. Thy insolence hath cancell'd all thy ser-
To violate my laws, even in my court, [vice;
Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts;
Even to my face, and done in my despite,
Under the wing of awful majesty,
To strike the man I lov'd!
Dor. Ev'n in the face of heaven, a place more sacred,
Would I have struck the man who, prompt by pow'r,
Would seize my right, and rob me of my love.
But, for a blow provok'd by thy injustice,
The hasty product of a just despair,
When he refus'd to meet me in the field, [own!
That thou shouldst make a coward's cause thy
Seb. He durst: nay, more, desir'd and begg'd with tears
To meet thy challenge fairly; 'twas thy fault
To make it public: but my duty then
To interpose on pain of my displeasure,
Betwixt your swords.
Dor. On pain of infamy
He should have disobey'd. [me:
Seb. The indignity thou didst was meant to
Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me with scorn,
As who should say, the blow was there intended;
But that thou didst not dare to lift thy hands
Against anointed power: so was I forc'd
To do a sovereign justice to myself,
And spurn thee from my presence.
Dor. Thou hast dar'd
To tell me what I durst not tell myself:
I durst not think that I was spurn'd, and live;
And live to hear it boasted to my face;
All my long avarice of honor lost,
Heap'd up in youth, and hoarded up for age;
Has honor's fountain then suck'd back the stream?
He has; and hooting boys may dryshod pass,
And gather pebbles from the naked ford.
Give me my love, my honor; give them back:
Give me revenge while I have breath to ask it.
Seb. Now by this honor'd order which I wear, [it:
More gladly would I give than thou dar'st ask
Nor shall the sacred character of king
Be urg'd to shield me from thy bold appeal.
If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equal:
The wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee.
But thou hast charg'd me with ingratitude;
Hast thou not charg'd me? Speak.
Dor. Thou know'st I have:
If thou disown'st that imputation, draw,
And prove my charge a lie.
Seb. No; to disprove that lie I must not draw:
Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy soul
What thou hast done this day in my defence:
To fight thee after this, what were it else
Than owning that ingratitude thou urg'st?
That isthmus stands between two rushing seas;
Which mounting view each other from afar,
And strive in vain to meet.
Dor. I'll cut that isthmus:
Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy life,
But to retrieve it, for my own revenge
I sav'd thee out of honorable malice.
Now draw; I should be loathe to think thou
Beware of such another vile excuse. [dar'st not:
Seb. O, patience, Heaven!
Dor. Beware of patience too;
That's a suspicious word:—it had been proper,
Before thy foot had spurn'd me; now 'tis base:
Yet, to disarm thee of thy last defence,
I have thy oath for my security:
The only boon I begg'd was this fair combat:
Fight, or be perjur'd now; that's all thy choice.
Seb. Now can I thank thee as thou wouldst be thank'd: [*Drawing.*
Never was vow of honor better paid,
If my true sword but hold, than this shall be.
The sprightly bridegroom on his wedding-night
More gladly enters not the lists of love.
Why, 'tis enjoyment to be summon'd thus.
Go; bear my message to Henriquez' ghost,
And say his master and his friend reveng'd him.
Dor. His ghost! then is my hated rival dead?
Seb. The question is beside our present pur-
Thou seest me ready; we delay too long. [pose.
Dor. A minute is not much in either's life,
When there's but one betwixt us; throw it in
And give it him of us who is to fall.
Seb. He's dead: make haste, and thou mayst yet o'ertake him.
Dor. When I was hasty, thou delay'st me longer.
I pr'ythee let me hedge one moment more
Into thy promise: for thy life preserv'd,
Be kind: and tell me how that rival died,
Whose death next thine, I wish'd.
Seb. If it would please thee, thou shouldst never know,
But thou, like jealousy, inquir'st a truth,
Which found, will torture thee. He died in fight:
Fought next my person, as in concert fought;
Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;
Save when he heav'd his shield in my defence,
And on his naked side receiv'd my wound:
Then, when he could no more, he fell at once,
But roll'd his falling body cross their way,
And made a bulwark of it for his prince.
Dor. I never can forgive him such a death!
Seb. I prophesied thy proud soul could not bear it.
Now judge thyself who best deserv'd my love.
I knew you both; and (durst I say) as Heaven
Foreknew among the shining angel host
Who should stand firm, who fall.
Dor. Had he been tempted so, so had he fall'n;
And so, had I been favor'd, had I stood.
Seb. What had been, is unknown; what is,
Confess he justly was preferr'd to thee. [appears:
Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent stars,
My fortune had been his, and his been mine.
O, worse than hell! what glory have I lost,
And what has he acquir'd by such a death!
I should have fallen by Sebastian's side,
My corpse had been the bulwark of my king:
His glorious end was a patch'd work of fate,
Ill sorted with a soft effeminate life:
It suited better with my life than his
So to have died: mine had been of a piece,
Spent in your service, dying at your feet.

Sel.

Seb. The more effeminate and soft his life,
The more his fame, to struggle to the field,
And meet his glorious fate: confess, proud spirit
(For I will have it from thy very mouth),
That better he deserv'd my love than thou.
Dor. O, whither wouldst thou drive me? I must grant,
Yes, I must grant, but with a swelling soul,
Henriquez had your love with more desert:
For you he fought and died: I fought against you:
Through all the mazes of the bloody field
Hunted your sacred life; which that I miss'd
Was the propitious error of my fate,
Not of my soul; my soul 's a regicide.
Seb. Thou might'st have given it a more gentle name:
Thou meant'st to kill a tyrant, not a king.
Speak, didst thou not, Alonzo?
Dor. Can I speak?
Alas! I cannot answer to Alonzo:
No, Dorax cannot answer to Alonzo:
Alonzo was too kind a name for me. [arms,
Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your
In that blest age I was the man you nam'd:
Till rage and pride debas'd me into Dorax;
And lost, like Lucifer, my name above. [rax.
Seb. Yet twice this day I ow'd my life to Do-
Dor. I sav'd you but to kill you: there's my grief. [repent:
Seb. Nay, if thou canst be griev'd, thou canst
Thou couldst not be a villain, tho' thou wouldst: [err'd:
Thou own'st too much in owning thou hast
And I too little, who provok'd thy crime.
Dor. O, stop this headlong torrent of your
It comes too fast upon a feeble soul, [goodness;
Half drown'd in tears before; spare my confusion,
For pity spare, and say not, first you err'd.
For yet I have not dar'd, through guilt and shame,
To throw myself beneath your royal feet.
Now spurn this rebel, this proud renegade;
'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.
Seb. Indeed thou shouldst not ask forgiveness first,
But thou prevent'st me still in all that's noble.
Yes, I will raise thee up with better news:
Thy Violante's heart was ever thine;
Compell'd to wed, because she was my ward,
Her soul was absent when she gave her hand:
Nor could my threats, or his pursuing courtship,
Effect the consummation of his love:
So still indulging tears, she pines for thee,
A widow and a maid.
Dor. Have I been cursing Heaven, while Heaven bless'd me!
I shall run mad with ecstasy of joy:
What, in one moment to be reconcil'd
To Heaven, and to my king, and to my love:
But pity is my friend, and stops me short,
For my unhappy rival. Poor Henriquez!
Seb. Art thou so generous too, to pity him?
Nay, then I was unjust to love him better.
Here let me ever hold thee in my arms;
And all our quarrels be but such as these,
Who shall love best and closest shall embrace:
Be what Henriquez was—be my Alonzo.
Dor. What, My Alonzo, said you? my Alonzo!
Let my tears thank you, for I cannot speak;
And if I could, [as mine.
Words were not made to vent such thoughts
Seb. Thou canst not speak, and I can ne'er be silent.
Some strange reverse of fate must sure attend
This vast profusion, this extravagance
Of Heaven to bless me thus. 'Tis gold so pure,
It cannot bear the stamp without allay.
Be kind, ye pow'rs, and take but half away:
With ease the gifts of fortune I resign:
But let my love and friend be ever mine.

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§ 28. *Antony and Ventidius.* Dryden.

Ant. They tell me 'tis my birth-day; and I'll keep it
With double pomp of sadness. [breath.
'Tis what the day deserves which gave me
Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travell'd,
Till all my fires were spent, and then cast downwards
To be trod out by Cæsar?
Vent. [*Aside.*] On my soul
'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!
Ant. Count thy gains;
Now, Antony, wouldst thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
Hast starv'd thy wanting age.
Vent. [*Aside*] How sorrow shakes him!
So now the tempest tears him up by th' roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.
Ant. [*Having thrown himself down.*]
Lie there, thou shadow of an emperor;
The place thou pressest on thy mother earth
Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;
Some few days hence and then 'twill be too large,
When thou 'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold ashes: then Octavia
(For Cleopatra will not live to see it),
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæsar.
Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
To see his rival of the universe [on't.
Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more
Give me some music; look that it be sad;
I'll sooth my melancholy, till I swell
And burst myself with sighing——
'Tis somewhat to my humor. Stay, I fancy
I'm now turn'd wild, a commoner of nature
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene;
Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted oak,
I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
And look just of a piece as I grew from it:
My uncomb'd locks, matted like misletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary face; a murm'ring brook
Runs at my foot——
Vent. Methinks, I fancy
Myself there too.
Ant. The herd come jumping by me,
And fearless quench their thirst while I look on,
And

And take me for their fellow-citizen.
More of this image, more; it lulls my thoughts.
Vent. I must disturb him: I can hold no longer. [*Stands before him.*
Ant. [*Starting up.*] Art thou Ventidius?
Vent. Are you Antony?
I'm liker what I was, than you to him
When that I left you last.
Ant. I'm angry.
Vent. So am I.
Ant. I would be private: leave me.
Vent. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.
Ant. Will not leave me? [am I?
Where have you learnt that answer! Who
Vent. My emperor: the man I love next Heaven.
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:
You're all that's good and godlike.
Ant. All that's wretched.
You will not leave me then?
Vent. 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not: but I dare not leave you;
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.
Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?
For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough;
And, if a foe, too much.
Vent. Look, emperor, this is no common dew,
I have not wept these forty years; but now
My mother comes afresh into my eyes;
I cannot help her softness. [man! he weeps!
Ant. By Heaven he weeps, poor good old
The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius,
Or shall I blush to death; they set my shame,
That caus'd 'em, full before me.
Vent. I'll do my best. [friends;
Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine,—nay, father—
Vent. Emperor!
Ant. Emperor! why that's the style of victory.
The conqu'ring soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so: but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.
Vent. I warrant you.
Ant. Actium, Actium! O——
Vent. It sits too near you. [day;
Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by
And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams.
Vent. Out with it: give it vent.
Ant. Urge not my shame—
I lost a battle
Vent. So has Julius done. [thou think'st;
Ant. Thou favor'st me, and speak'st not half
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly:
But Antony——
Vent. Nay, stop not.
Ant. Antony—
(Well, thou wilt have it)—like a coward fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought; fled first, Ventidius.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou can'st prepar'd to rail.
Vent. I did.
Ant. I'll help thee—I have been a man, Ventidius.
Vent. Yes, and a brave one: but——
Ant. I know thy meaning.
But I have lost my reason, have disgrac'd
The name of soldier, with inglorious ease.
In the full vintage of my flowing honors
Sat still, and saw it prest by other hands.
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it,
And purple greatness met my ripen'd years.
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs;
The wish of nations, and the willing world
Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace.
I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains,
And work'd against my fortune, chid her from me,
And turn'd her loose: yet still she came again.
My careless days and my luxurious nights
At length have wearied her, and now she's gone;
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever! Help me, soldier,
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
Who labor'd to be wretched. Pr'ythee curse [me.
Vent. No.
Ant. Why?
Vent. You are too sensible already [ings,
Of what you've done, too conscious of your fail-
And like a scorpion, whipt by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distemper'd mind, and heal your
Ant. I know thou wouldst. [fortunes.
Vent. I will.
Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Vent. You laugh.
Ant. I do, to see officious love
Give cordials to the dead.
Vent. You would be lost then!
Ant. I am.
Vent. I say you are not. Try your fortune.
Ant. I have to th' utmost. Dost thou think me desperate
Without just cause? No, when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learnt to scorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.
Vent. Cæsar thinks not so:
He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd like Tully, would you? Do
Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.
Ant. No, I can kill myself; and so resolve.
Vent. I can die with you too, when time shall serve:
But fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.
Ant. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius. [hours
Vent. No, 'tis you dream; you sleep away your
In desperate sloth, miscall'd philosophy. [you,
Up, up, for honor's sake; twelve legions wait
And long to call you chief. By painful journeys
I led 'em, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile,
'Twill do you good to see their sun-burnt faces,
Their scarr'd cheeks, and chopt hands; there's virtue in 'em:

They'll

They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.
Ant. Where left you them?
Vent. I say, in Lower Syria.
Ant. Bring 'em hither;
There may be life in these.
Vent. They will not come.
Ant. Why didst thou mock my hopes with promis'd aids,
To double my despair? They're mutinous.
Vent. Most firm and loyal.
Ant. Yet they will not march
To succour me. O trifler!
Vent. They petition
You would make haste to head 'em.
Ant. I am besieg'd.
Vent. There's but one way shut up—how came I hither?
Ant. I will not stir.
Vent. They would perhaps desire
A better reason.
Ant. I have never us'd
My soldiers to demand a reason of
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?
Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Ant. What was't they said?
Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Why should they fight, indeed, to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave? to gain you kingdoms,
Which for a kiss, at your next midnight feast,
You'll sell to her?—Then she new names her jewels,
And calls this diamond such or such a tax;
Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.
Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence
On all my other faults; but on your life,
No word of Cleopatra: she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.
Vent. Behold, you pow'rs,
To whom you have entrusted human kind;
See Europe, Afric, Asia put in balance;
And all weigh'd down by one light worthless woman!
I think the gods are Antonies, and give,
Like prodigals, this nether world away
To none but wasteful hands.
Ant. You grow presumptuous.
Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.
Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain insolence!
Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious traitor;
Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
O that thou wert my equal, great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without stain to my honor!
Vent. You may kill me.
You have done more already; call'd me traitor.
Ant. Art thou not one?
Vent. For showing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done. But had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hinder'd me t'have led my conq'ring eagles
To fill Octavius' band? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious, happy traitor,
And not have been so call'd.
Ant. Forgive me, soldier;
I've been too passionate.
Vent. You thought me false;
Thought my old age betray'd you. Kill me, Sir;
Pray kill me; yet you need not, your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.
Ant. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage: pr'ythee forgive me.
Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not hear?
Vent. No prince but you
Could merit that sincerity I us'd,
Nor durst another man have ventur'd it:
But you, ere love misled your wand'ring eyes,
Were sure the chief and best of human race,
Fram'd in the very pride and boast of nature.
Ant. But Cleopatra——
Go on; for I can bear it now.
Vent. No more.
Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my passion; but thou may'st:
Thou only low'st; the rest have flatter'd me.
Vent. Heaven's blessing on your heart, for that kind word.
May I believe you love me? Speak again.
Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.
Thy praises were unjust; but I'll deserve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to victory, thou know'st the way.
Vent. And, will you leave this——
Ant. Pr'ythee do not curse her,
And I will leave her; tho' Heaven knows I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but honor;
But I will leave her.
Vent. That's my royal master.
And shall we fight?
Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier:
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron:
And, at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, Come, follow me!
Vent. O, now I hear my emperor! In that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day;
And, if I have ten years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for the exchange.
Ant. O, Cleopatra!
Vent. Again!
Ant. I've done. In that last sigh she went;
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.
Vent. Methinks you breathe
Another soul; your looks are more divine;
You speak a hero, and you move a god.
Ant. O, thou hast fir'd me! my soul's up in arms,
And mans each part about me. Once again
The noble eagerness of fight hath seiz'd me;
That eagerness, with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp. In vain the steepy hill
Oppos'd my way; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;

I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagg'd on the plain below.
Vent. Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another honor!
Ant. Come on, my soldier;
Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to 'em; mow 'em out a passage,
And, ent'ring where the utmost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field.

§ 30. *Theodosius and Marcian.*

LEE.

Theo. HA! what rash thing art thou, who sett'st so small
A value on thy life, thus to presume
Against the fatal orders I have given,
Thus to entrench on Cæsar's solitude,
And urge thy ruin?
Mar. Mighty Cæsar,
I have transgress'd; and for my pardon bow
To thee, as to the gods, when I offend:
Nor can I doubt your mercy, when you know
The nature of my crime. I am commission'd
From all the earth to give thee thanks and praises,
Thou darling of mankind! whose conqu'ring arms,
Already drown the glory of great Julius;
Whose deeper reach in laws and policy
Makes wise Augustus envy thee in heaven!
What mean the Fates by such prodigious virtue?
When scarce the manly down yet shades thy face,
With conquest thus to overrun the world,
And make barbarians tremble. O ye gods!
Should Destiny now end thee in the bloom,
Methinks I see thee mourn'd above the loss
Of lov'd Germanicus; thy funerals,
Like his, are solemniz'd with tears of blood.
Theo. How, Marcian!
Mar. Yes, the raging multitude,
Like torrents, set no bound to their mad grief;
Shave their wives' heads, and tear off their own hair;
With wild despair they bring their infants out,
To brawl their parents' sorrow in the streets:
Trade is no more, all courts of justice stopt;
With stones they dash the windows of their temples,
Pull down their altars, break their household gods,
And still the universal groan is this——
"Constantinople's lost, our empire's ruin'd;
Since he is gone that father of his country;
Since he is dead, O life, where is thy pleasure?
O Rome, O conquer'd world, where is thy glory?"
Theo. I know thee well, thy custom and thy manners:
Thou didst upbraid me; but no more of this,
Not for thy life——
Mar. What's life without my honor?
Could you transform yourself into a Gorgon,
Or make that beardless face like Jupiter's,
I would be heard in spite of all your thunder:
O pow'r of guilt! you fear to stand the test
Which virtue brings: like sores your vices shake
Before this Roman healer. But, by the gods,
Before I go, I'll rip the malady,
And let the venom flow before your eyes.
This is a debt to the great Theodosius,
The grandfather of your illustrious blood:
And then farewell for ever.
Theo. Presuming Marcian!
What canst thou urge against my innocence?
Thro' the whole course of all my harmless youth,
Ev'n to this hour, I cannot call to mind
One wicked act which I have done to shame me.
Mar. This may be true: yet if you give the sway
To other hands, and your poor subjects suffer,
Your negligence to them is as the cause.
O Theodosius, credit me, who know
The world, and hear how soldiers censure kings;
In after times, if thus you should go on,
Your memory by warriors will be scorn'd,
As much as Nero or Caligula loath'd:
They will despise your sloth, and backward ease,
More than they hate the others' cruelty.
And what a thing, ye gods, is scorn or pity!
Heap on me, Heaven, the hate of all mankind;
Load me with malice, envy, detestation;
Let me be horrid to all apprehension,
And the world shun me, so I 'scape but scorn.
Theo. Pr'ythee no more.
Mar. Nay, when the legions make comparisons,
And say, Thus cruel Nero once resolv'd,
On Galba's insurrection, for revenge
To give all France as plunder to the army;
To poison the whole senate at a feast;
To burn the city, turn the wild beasts out,
Bears, lions, tigers, on the multitude;
That, so obstructing those that quench'd the fire,
He might at once destroy rebellious Rome——
Theo. O cruelty! why tell'st thou me of this?
Am I of such a barb'rous bloody temper?
Mar. Yet some will say, This show'd he had a spirit,
However fierce, avenging, and pernicious,
That savor'd of a Roman: but for you,
What can your partial sycophants invent,
To make you room among the emperors?
Whose utmost is the smallest part of Nero;
A pretty player, one that can act a hero,
And never be one. O ye immortal gods!
Is this the old Cæsarean majesty?
Now in the name of our great Romulus,
Why sing you not, and fiddle too, as he did?
Why have you not, like Nero, a Phonascus,
One to take care of your celestial voice?
Lie on your back, my lord, and on your stomach
Lay a thin plate of lead, abstain from fruits;
And when the business of the stage is done,
Retire with your loose friends to costly banquets,
While the lean army groans upon the ground.
Theo. Leave me, I say, lest I chastise thee;
Hence, begone, I say——
Mar. Not till you have heard me out.
Build too, like him, a palace lin'd with gold,
As long and large as that of th' Esquiline:
Enclose a pool too in it, like the sea,
And at the empire's cost let navies meet;

Adorn

Adorn your starry chambers too with gems;
Contrive the plated ceilings to turn round,
With pipes to cast ambrosian oils upon you:
Consume with this prodigious vanity,
In mere perfumes and odorous distillations,
Of sesterces at once four hundred millions;
Let naked virgins wait you at your table,
And wanton Cupids dance and clap their wings.
No matter what becomes of the poor soldiers,
So they perform the drudgery they are fit for;
Why, let 'em starve for want of their arrears,
Drop as they go, and lie like dogs in ditches.

Theo. Come, you are a traitor!

Mar. Go to, you are a boy——
Or by the gods——

Theo. If arrogance like this,
And to the emperor's face should 'scape unpunished,
I'll write myself a coward; die, then, villain,
A death too glorious for so bad a man,
By Theodosius' hand.

Marcian disarms him, but is wounded.

Mar. Now, sir, where are you?
What, in the name of all our Roman spirits,
Now charms my hand from giving thee thy fate?
Has he not cut me off from all my honors?
Torn my commissions, sham'd me to the earth,
Banish'd the court, a vagabond for ever?
Do not the soldiers hourly ask it from me?
Sigh their own wrongs, and beg me to revenge 'em?
What hinders now, but that I mount the throne,
And make, besides, this purple youth my footstool?
The armies court me: and my country's cause,
The injuries of Rome and Greece, persuade me,
Show but this Roman blood which he has drawn,
They'll make me emperor whether I will or no:
Did not, for less than this, the latter Brutus,
Because he thought Rome wrong'd, in person head
Against his friend a black conspiracy,
And stab the majesty of all the world? [pow'r.

Theo. Act as you please: I am within your

Mar. Did not the former Brutus, for the crime
Of Sextus, drive old Tarquin from his kingdom?
And shall this prince too, by permitting others
To act their wicked wills, and lawless pleasures,
Ravish from the empire its dear health,
Well-being, happiness, and ancient glory?
Go on in this dishonorable rest?
Shall he, I say, dream on, while the starv'd troops
Lie cold and waking in the winter camp;
And like pin'd birds, for want of sustenance,
Feed on the haws and berries of the fields?
O temper, temper me, ye gracious gods!
Give to my hand forbearance, to my heart
Its constant loyalty! I would but shake him,
Rouse him a little from this death of honor,
And show him what he should be.

Theo. You accuse me,
As if I were some monster most unheard of!
First, as the ruin of the army; then
Of taking your commission: but by Heaven
I swear, O Marcian! this I never did,
Nor ne'er intended it; nor say I this
To alter thy stern usage; for with what
Thou'st said, and done, and brought to my remembrance,
I grow already weary of my life.

Mar. My lord, I take your word: you do not know
The wounds which rage within your country's bowels;
The horrid usage of the suffering soldier:
But why will not our Theodosius know?
If you intrust the government to others
That act these crimes, who but yourself's to blame?
Be witness, O ye gods! of my plain dealings,
Of Marcian's honesty, howe'er degraded.
I thank you for my banishment: but alas!
My loss is little to what soon will follow!
Reflect but on yourself and your own joys;
Let not this lethargy for ever hold you.
'Twas rumor'd thro' the city, that you lov'd;
That your espousals should be solemniz'd;
When on a sudden here you send your orders
That this bright favorite, the lov'd Eudosia,
Should lose her head.

Theo. O heaven and earth! What say'st thou
That I have seal'd the death of my Eudosia!

Mar. 'Tis your own hand and signet: yet I swear,
Tho' you have given to female hands your sway,
And therefore I, as well as the whole army,
For ever ought to curse all womankind;
Yet when the virgin came, as she was doom'd,
And on the scaffold, for that purpose rais'd
Without the walls, appear'd before the army—

Theo. What, on a scaffold! ha! before the army?

Mar. How quickly was the tide of fury turn'd
To soft compassion, and relenting tears!
But when the axe
Sever'd the brightest beauty of the earth
From that fair body—had you heard the groan,
Which, like a peal of distant thunder, ran
Through all the armed host, you would have thought,
By the immediate darkness that fell round us,
Whole nature was concern'd at such a suff'ring,
And all the gods were angry.

Theo. O Pulcheria!
Cruel, ambitious sister! this must be
Thy doing. O, support me, noble Marcian!
Now, now's the time, if thou dar'st strike: behold,
I offer thee my breast; with my last breath,
I'll thank thee too, if now thou draw'st my blood.
Were I to live, thy counsel should direct me;
But 'tis too late——

Mar. He faints! What, hoa, there! Lucius!
My lord the emperor! Eudosia lives;
She's here, or will be in a minute, moment!
Quick as the thought, she calls you to the temple.
O, Lucius, help?—I've gone too far; but see,
He breathes again.—Eudosia has awak'd him.

Theo. Did not you name Eudosia?

Mar. Yes, she lives:
I did but feign the story of her death,
To find how near you plac'd her to your heart:
And may the gods rain all their plagues upon me.
If ever I rebuke you thus again!

Yet 'tis most certain that you sign'd her death,
Not knowing what the wise Pulcheria offer'd,
Who left it in my hand to startle you:
But, by my life and fame, I did not think
It would have touch'd your life. O pardon me,
Dear prince, my lord, my emperor, royal master:
Droop not because I utter'd some rash words,
And was a madman. By the immortal gods
I love you as my soul: whate'er I said,
My thoughts were otherwise; believe these tears,
Which do not use to flow: all shall be well.
I swear that there are seeds in that sweet temper,
T' atone for all the crimes in this bad age.

Theo. I thank thee first for my Eudosia's life.
What but my love could have call'd back that life
Which thou hast made me hate? But, O, methought
'Twas hard, dear Marcian, very hard, from thee,
From him I ever reverenc'd as my father,
To hear so harsh a message! But no more;
We're friends: thy hand. Nay, if thou wilt not rise,
And let me fold my arms about thy neck,
I'll not believe thy love: in this forgive me.
First let me wed Eudosia, and we'll out;
We will, my general, and make amends
For all that's past: glory and arms, ye call,
And Marcian leads me on!

Mar. Let her not rest, then;
Espouse her straight: I'll strike you at a heat.
May this great humor get large growth within you;
And be encourag'd by the embold'ning gods:
O what a sight will this be to the soldier,
To see me bring you dress'd in shining armour,
To head the shouting squadrons! O ye gods!
Methinks I hear the echoing cries of joy,
The sounds of trumpets, and the beat of drums;
I see each starving soldier bound from earth,
As if a god by miracle had rais'd him;
And with beholding you, grow fat again!
Nothing but gazing eyes, and opening mouths,
Cheeks red with joy, and lifted hands about you;
Some wiping the glad tears that trickle down
With broken Io's, and with sobbing raptures;
Crying, To arms! he's come; our emperor's come
To win the world! Why, is not this far better
Than lolling in a lady's lap, and sleeping,
Fasting or praying? Come, come, you shall be merry:
And for Eudosia, she is yours already:
Marcian has said it, Sir; she shall be yours.

Theo. O Marcian! O my brother, father, all!
Thou best of friends! most faithful counsellor!
I'll find a match for thee too, ere I rest,
To make thee love me. For, when thou art with me,
I'm strong and well; but when thou'rt gone, I'm nothing.

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§ 40. *Gloster and Hastings.*

Rowe.

Glost. My lord, y'are well encounter'd; here has been
A fair petitioner this morning with us;
Believe me, she has won me much to pity her:
Alas, her gentle nature was not made
To buffet with adversity. I told her
How worthily her cause you had befriended;
How much for your good sake we meant to do;
That you had spoke, and all things should be well.

Hast. Your highness binds me ever to your service.

Glost. You know your friendship is most potent with us,
And shares our power. But of this enough,
For we have other matter for your ear:
The state is out of tune; distracting fears,
And jealous doubts, jar in our public counsels;
Amidst the wealthy city murmurs rise,
Lewd railings, and reproach on those that rule,
With open scorn of government; hence credit,
And public trust 'twixt man and man are broke,
The golden streams of commerce are withheld,
Which fed the wants of needy hinds and artisans,
Who therefore curse the great, and threat rebellion.

Hast. The resty knaves are overrun with ease,
As plenty ever is the nurse of faction;
If in good days, like these, the headstrong herd
Grow madly wanton, and repine, it is
Because the reins of pow'r are held too slack,
And reverend authority of late
Has worn a face of mercy more than justice.

Glost. Beshrew my heart! but you have well divin'd
The source of these disorders. Who can wonder
If riot and misrule o'erturn the realm,
When the crown sits upon a baby brow?
Plainly to speak—hence comes the gen'ral cry,
And sum of all complaint: 'twill ne'er be well
With England (thus they talk) while children govern. [of that?

Hast. 'Tis true the king is young; but what
We feel no want of Edward's riper years,
While Glo'ster's valor and most princely wisdom
So well supply our infant sovereign's place,
His youth's support, and guardian to his throne.

Glost. The council (much I'm bound to thank 'em for't)
Have plac'd a pageant sceptre in my hand,
Barren of pow'r, and subject to control;
Scorn'd by my foes, and useless to my friends.
O worthy lord! were mine the rule indeed,
I think I should not suffer rank offence
At large to lord it in the commonweal;
Nor would the realm be rent by discord thus,
Thus fear and doubt, betwixt disputed titles.

Hast. Of this I am to learn; as not supposing
A doubt like this——

Glost. Ay, marry, but there is;
And that of much concern. Have you not heard
How, on a late occasion, Doctor Shaw
Has mov'd the people much about the lawfulness
Of Edward's issue? by right grave authority
Of learning and religion plainly proving,
A bastard scion never should be grafted
Upon a royal stock; from thence, at full
Discoursing on my brother's former contract
To Lady Elizabeth Lucy, long before

His

His jolly match with that same buxom widow,
The queen he left behind him——
Hast. Ill befal
Such meddling priests, who kindle up confusion,
And vex the quiet world with their vain scruples!
By Heaven, 'tis done in perfect spite to peace.
Did not the king,
Our royal master, Edward, in concurrence
With his estates assembled, well determine
What course the sovereign rule should take henceforward?
When shall the deadly hate of faction cease,
When shall our long-divided land have rest,
If every peevish, moody malcontent
Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar,
Fright them with dangers, and perplex their brains,
Each day, with some fantastic giddy change?
Glost. What if some patriot, for the public good,
Should vary from your scheme, new-mould the state? [it!
Hast. Curse on the innovating hand attempts
Remember him, the villain, righteous Heaven,
In thy great day of vengeance! Blast the traitor,
And his pernicious counsels, who for wealth,
For pow'r, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars!
Glost. You go too far, my lord.
Hast. Your highness' pardon——
Have we so soon forgot those days of ruin,
When York and Lancaster drew forth the battles?
When, like a matron butcher'd by her sons,
And cast beside some common way, a spectacle
Of horror and affright to passers by,
Our groaning country bled at ev'ry vein;
When murders, rapes, and massacres prevail'd;
When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd;
When insolence and barbarism triumph'd,
And swept away distinction; peasants trod
Upon the necks of nobles; low were laid
The reverend crosier and the holy mitre,
And desolation cover'd all the land;
Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to sheath a dagger in his heart
Whose damn'd ambition would renew those horrors, [us?
And set once more that scene of blood before
Glost. How now! so hot!
Hast. So brave, and so resolv'd.
Glost. Is then our friendship of so little moment, [life?
That you could arm your hand against my
Hast. I hope your highness does not think I meant it; [person
No, Heaven forefend that e'er your princely
Should come within the scope of my resentment.
Glost. O noble Hastings! Nay, I must embrace you;
By holy Paul, y' are a right honest man;
The time is full of danger and distrust,
And warns us to be wary. Hold me not
Too apt for jealousy and light surmise,
If, when I mean to lodge you next my heart,
I put your truth to trial. Keep your loyalty,
And live, your king and country's best support.
For me, I ask no more than honour gives,
To think me yours, and rank me with your friends. [should pay.
Hast. Accept what thanks a grateful heart
O princely Gloster! judge me not ungentle,
Of manners rude, and insolent of speech,
If, when the public safety is in question,
My zeal flows warm and eager from my tongue.
Glost. Enough of this; to deal in wordy compliment
Is much against the plainness of my nature;
I judge you by myself, a clear true spirit;
And, as such, once more join you to my bosom.
Farewell, and be my friend. [*Exit.*
Hast. I am not read,
Nor skill'd and practis'd in the arts of greatness,
To kindle thus, and give a scope to passion.
The duke is surely noble; but he touch'd me
Ev'n on the tend'rest point, the master-string
That makes most harmony or discord to me.
I own the glorious subject fires my breast,
And my soul's darling passion stands confess'd;
Beyond or love's or friendship's sacred band,
Beyond myself, I prize my native land:
On this foundation would I build my fame,
And emulate the Greek and Roman name;
Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,
And die with pleasure for my country's good.

§ 41. *Gustavus and Dalecarlians.*

BROOKE.

1*st Dale.* Let us all see him!
2*d Dale.* Yes, and hear him too.
3*d Dale.* Let us be sure 'tis he himself.
4*th Dale.* Our general.
5*th Dale.* And we will fight while weapons can be found.
6*th Dale.* Or hands to wield them.
7*th Dale.* Get on the bank, Gustavus.
Anderson. Do, my lord.
Gus. My countrymen!——
1*st Dale.* Ho! hear him!
2*d Dale.* Peace!
3*d Dale.* Peace!
4*th Dale.* Peace! [hearts,
Gus. Amazement I perceive hath fill'd your
And joy for that your lost Gustavus 'scap'd
Thro' wounds, imprisonments, and chains, and deaths, [ye.
Thus sudden, thus unlook'd for, stands before
As one escap'd from cruel hands I come,
From hearts that ne'er knew pity, dark and vengeful;
Who quaff the tears of orphans, bathe in blood,
And know no music but the groans of Sweden.
Yet, not for that my sister's early innocence,
And mother's age, now grind beneath captivity;
Nor that one bloody one remorseless hour
Swept my great sire and kindred from my side,
For them Gustavus weeps not; tho' my eyes
Were far less dear, for them I will not weep.
But, O great parent, when I think on thee!
Thy numberless, thy nameless, shameful infamies,

My widow'd country! Sweden! when I think
Upon thy desolation, spite of rage—
And vengeance that would choke them—tears will flow.
And. O, they are villains, ev'ry Dane of them,
Practis'd to stab and smile, to stab the babe
That smiles upon them.
Arn. What accursed hours
Roll o'er those wretches who to fiends like these,
In their dear liberty, have barter'd more
Than worlds will rate for!
Gus. O Liberty, Heaven's choice prerogative!
True bond of law, thou social soul of property,
Thou breath of reason, life of life itself!
For thee the valiant bleed. O sacred Liberty!
Wing'd from the summer's snare, from flatt'ring ruin,
Like the bold stork you seek the wintry shore,
Leave courts, and pomps, and palaces to slaves,
Cleave to the cold and rest upon the storm.
Upborne by thee, my soul disdain'd the terms
Of empire offer'd at the hands of tyrants.
With thee I sought this fav'rite soil; with thee
These fav'rite sons I sought: thy sons, O Liberty!
For e'en amid the wilds of life you lead them,
Lift their low-rafted cottage to the clouds,
Smile o'er their heaths, and from their mountain tops
Beam glory to the nations.
All. Liberty! Liberty!
Gus. Are ye not mark'd, ye men of Dalecarlia,
Are ye not mark'd by all the circling world
As the great stake the last effort for liberty?
Say, is it not your wealth, the thirst, the food,
The scope and bright ambition of your souls?
Why else have you, and your renown'd forefathers, [thrones
From the proud summit of their glitt'ring
Cast down the mightiest of your lawful kings,
That dar'd the bold infringement? What but liberty, [years,
Thro' the fam'd course of thirteen hundred
Aloof hath held invasion from your hills,
And sanctified their shade?—And will ye, will ye
Shrink from the hopes of the expecting world;
Bid your high honors stoop to foreign insult;
And in one hour give up to infamy
The harvest of a thousand years of glory?
1st Dale. No.
2d Dale. Never, never.
3d Dale. Perish all first.
4th Dale. Die all!
Gus. Yes, die by piece-meal! [umph!
Leave not a limb o'er which a Dane may tri-
Now from my soul I joy, I joy, my friends,
To see ye fear'd; to see that e'en your foes
Do justice to your valors! There they be,
The pow'rs of kingdoms, summ'd in yonder host,
Yet kept aloof, yet trembling to assail ye.
And, O, when I look round and see you here,
Of number short, but prevalent in virtue,
My heart swells high, and burns for the encounter.
True courage but from opposition grows;
And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves,
Match'd to the sinew of a single arm
That strikes for liberty—that strikes to save
His fields from fire, his infants from the sword,
His couch from lust, his daughters from pollution,
And his large honors from eternal infamy?
What doubt we then? Shall we, shall we stand here,
Till motives that might warm an ague's frost,
And nerve the coward's arm, shall poorly serve
To wake us to resistance?—Let us on!
O, yes, I read your lovely fierce impatience;
You shall not be withheld; we will rush on them——
This is indeed to triumph, where we hold
Three kingdoms in our toil! is it not glorious,
Thus to appal the bold, meet force with fury,
And push yon torrent back, till every wave
Flee to its fountain? [more
3d Dale. On, lead us on, Gustavus; one word
Is but delay of conquest.
Gus. Take your wish.
He who wants arms may grapple with the foe,
And so be furnish'd. You, most noble Anderson,
Divide our pow'rs, and with the fam'd Olaus
Take the left route—You, Eric, great in arms!
With the renown'd Nederbi, hold the right,
And skirt the forest down: then wheel at once,
Confess'd to view, and close up all the vale:
Myself, and my most valiant cousin here,
Th' invincible Arvida, gallant Sivard,
Arnoldus, and these hundred hardy vet'rans,
Will pour directly on, and lead the onset.
Joy, joy, I see confess'd from ev'ry eye,
Your limbs tread vig'rous, and your breasts beat high!
Thin tho' our ranks, tho' scanty be our bands,
Bold are our hearts, and nervous are our hands.
With us, truth, justice, fame, and freedom close,
Each singly equal to an host of foes:
I feel, I feel them fill me out for fight!
They lift my limbs as feather'd Hermes light!
Or like the bird of glory, tow'ring high [eye!
Thunder within his grasp, and light'ning in his

§ 42. *Gustavus and Cristiern.*

Brooke.

Crist. Tell me, Gustavus, tell me why is this,
That, as a stream diverted from the banks
Of smooth obedience, thou hast drawn those men
Upon a dry unchannell'd enterprise,
To turn their inundation? Are the lives
Of my misguided people held so light, [buke
That thus thoud'st push them on the keen re-
Of guarded majesty; where justice waits,
All awful and resistless, to assert
Th' impervious rights, the sanctitude of kings,
And blast rebellion!
Gus. Justice, sanctitude.
And rights! O, patience! Rights! what rights, thou tyrant?
Yes, if perdition be the rule of pow'r, [chief,
If wrong give right, O then supreme in mis-
Thou wert the lord, the monarch of the world!

Too

Too narrow for thy claim. But if thou think'st
That crowns are vilely propertied, like coin,
To be the means, the speciality of lust,
And sensual attribution; if thou think'st
That empire is of titled birth or blood;
That nature, in the proud behalf of one,
Shall disenfranchise all her lordly race,
And bow her gen'ral issue to the yoke
Of private domination; then, thou proud one,
Here know me for thy king. Howe'er, be told,
Not claim hereditary, not the trust
Of frank election,
Not even the high anointing hand of Heaven,
Can authorize oppression, give a law
For lawless pow'r, wed faith to violation,
On reason build misrule, or justly bind
Allegiance to injustice. Tyranny
Absolves all faith; and who invades our rights,
Howe'er his own commence, can never be
But an usurper. But for thee, for thee
There is no name. Thou hast abjur'd mankind,
Dash'd safety from thy bleak, unsocial side,
And wag'd wild war with universal nature.

Crist. Licentious traitor! thou canst talk it largely.
Who made thee umpire of the rights of kings,
And pow'r, prime attribute—as on thy tongue
The poise of battle lay, and arms of force,
To throw defiance in the front of duty?
Look round, unruly boy! thy battle comes
Like raw, disjointed must'ring, feeble wrath,
A war of waters, borne against the rock
Of our firm continent, to fume, and chafe,
And shiver in the toil.

Gus. Mistaken man!
I come impower'd and strengthen'd in thy weakness;
For tho' the structure of a tyrant's throne
Rise on the necks of half the suff'ring world,
Fear trembles in the cement; pray'rs, and tears,
And secret curses, sap its mould'ring base,
And steal the pillars of allegiance from it:
Then let a single arm but dare the sway,
Headlong it turns, and drives upon destruction. [ven!

Trol. Profane, and alien to the love of Hea-
Art thou still harden'd to the wrath divine,
That hangs o'er thy rebellion? Know'st thou not
Thou art at enmity with grace, cast out,
Made an anathema, a curse enroll'd
Among the faithful, thou and thy adherents
Shorn from our holy church, and offer'd up
As sacred to damnation?

Gus. Yes, I know,
When such as thou, with sacrilegious hand,
Seize on the apostolic key of heaven,
It then becomes a tool for crafty knaves
To shut out virtue, and unfold those gates
That heaven itself had barr'd against the lusts
Of avarice and ambition. Soft and sweet,
As looks of charity, or voice of lambs
That bleat upon the mountain, are the words
Of Christian meekness! mission all divine!
The law of love sole mandate. But your gall,
Ye Swedish prelacy, your gall hath turn'd
The words of sweet, but indigested peace,
To wrath and bitterness. Ye hallow'd men,
In whom vice sanctifies, whose precepts teach
Zeal without truth, religion without virtue;
Who ne'er preach heaven but with a downward eye, [loose
That turns your souls to dross! who, shouting,
The dogs of hell upon us. Thefts and rapes,
Sack'd towns, and midnight howlings thro' the realm,
Receive your sanction. O, 'tis glorious mischief!
When vice turns holy, puts religion on,
Assumes the robe pontifical, the eye
Of saintly elevation, blesseth sin,
And makes the seal of sweet offended Heaven
A sign of blood, a label for decrees
That hell would shrink to own.

Crist. No more of this.
Gustavus, wouldst thou yet return to grace,
And hold thy motions in the sphere of duty,
Acceptance might be found.

Gus. Imperial spoiler!
Give me my father, give me back my kindred!
Give me the fathers of ten thousand orphans,
Give me the sons in whom thy ruthless sword
Has left our widows childless. Mine they were,
Both mine, and ev'ry Swede's, whose patriot breast
Bleeds in his country's woundings. O, thou canst not! [then
Thou hast outsinn'd all reck'ning! Give me
My all that's left, my gentle mother there,
And spare yon little trembler.

Crist. Yes, on terms
Of compact and submission.

Gus. Ha! with thee? [country,
Compact with thee? and mean'st thou for my
For Sweden? No, so hold my heart but firm,
Altho' it wring for't, tho' blood drop for tears,
And at the sight my straining eyes start forth—
They both shall perish first.

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§ 43. *Brutus and Titus.* Lee.

Brut. Well, Titus, speak; how is it with thee now?
I would attend awhile this mighty motion,
Wait till the tempest were quite overblown,
That I may take thee in the calm of nature,
With all thy gentler virtues brooding on thee;
So hush'd a stillness, as if all the gods [ing;
Look'd down, and listen'd to what we were say-
Speak then, and tell me, O my best belov'd,
My son, my Titus, is all well again? [thing:

Tit. So well, that saying how must make it no-
So well, that I could wish to die this moment,
For so my heart, with powerful throbs persuades me;
That were indeed to make you reparation,
That were, my lord, to thank you home, to die;
And that for Titus too would be most happy.

Brut. How's that, my son? Would death for thee be happy?

Tit. Most certain, Sir; for in my grave I 'scape
All those affronts which I in life must look for,
All those reproaches which the eyes, and fingers,
And tongues of Rome will daily cast upon me;

From whom, to a soul so sensible as mine,
Each single scorn would be far worse than dying:
Besides, I 'scape the stings of my own conscience,
Which will for ever rack me with remembrance,
Haunt me by day, and torture me by night,
Casting my blotted honor in the way
Where'er my melancholy thoughts shall guide me.

Brut. But is not death a very dreadful thing?

Tit. Not to a mind resolv'd. No, sir; to me
It seems as natural as to be born:
Groans, and convulsions, and discolor'd faces,
Friends weeping round us, blacks and obsequies,
Make it a dreadful thing; the pomp of death
Is far more terrible than death itself.
Yes, Sir, I call the pow'rs of heav'n to witness,
Titus dares die, if so you have decreed;
Nay, he shall die with joy to honor Brutus,
To make your justice famous thro' the world,
And fix the liberty of Rome for ever.
Not but I must confess my weakness too;
Yet it is great thus to resolve against it,
To have the frailty of a mortal man,
But the security of the immortal gods.

Brut. O Titus! O thou absolute young man!
Thou flatt'ring mirror of thy father's image,
Where I behold myself at such advantage!
Thou perfect glory of the Junian race!
Let me endear thee once more to my bosom,
Groan an eternal farewell to thy soul;
Instead of tears, weep blood, if possible,
Blood, the heart-blood of Brutus on his child:
For thou must die, my Titus, die my son;
I swear the gods have doom'd thee to the grave:
The violated genius of thy country
Rears his sad head, and passes sentence on thee:
This morning sun, that lights my sorrows on
To the tribunal of this horrid vengeance,
Shall never see thee more,

Tit. Alas, my lord!
Why are you mov'd thus? Why am I worth your sorrow?
Why should the god-like Brutus shake to doom me?
Why all these trappings for a traitor's hearse?
The gods will have it so.

Brut. They will, my Titus:
Nor heaven nor earth can have it otherwise.
Nay, Titus, mark: the deeper that I search,
My harass'd soul returns the more confirm'd;
Methinks I see the very hand of Jove
Moving the dreadful wheels of this affair,
That whirl thee, like a machine, to thy fate.
It seems as if the gods had pre-ordain'd it,
To fix the reeling spirits of the people,
And settle the loose liberty of Rome.
'Tis fix'd; O therefore, let not fancy fond thee:
So fix'd thy death, that it is not in the pow'r
Of gods or men to save thee from the axe.

Tit. The axe! O Heaven! then must I fall so basely?
What, shall I perish by the common hangman?

Brut. If thou deny me this, thou giv'st me nothing.
Yes, Titus, since the gods have so decreed
That I must lose thee, I will take th' advantage
Of thy important fate, cement Rome's flaws,
And heal her wounded freedom with thy blood.
I will ascend myself the sad tribunal,
And sit upon my sons; on thee, my Titus:
Behold thee suffer all the shame of death,
The lictor's lashes, bleed before the people;
Then with thy hopes, and all thy youth upon thee,
See thy head taken by the common axe,
Without a groan, without one pitying tear.
If that the gods can hold me to my purpose,
To make my justice quite transcend example.

Tit. Scourg'd like a bondman! ah! a beaten slave!
But I deserve it all; yet here I fail!
The image of this suff'ring quite unmans me;
Nor can I longer stop the gushing tears.
O, Sir! O, Brutus! must I call you father,
Yet have no token of your tenderness?
No sign of mercy? What, not bate me that!
Can you resolve, O all th' extremity
Of cruel rigor! to behold me too?
To sit unmov'd, and see me whipt to death!
Where are your bowels now? Is this a father?
Ah, Sir, why should you make my heart suspect
That all your late compassion was dissembled?
How can I think that you did ever love me?

Brut. Think that I love thee by my present passion.
By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here,
These sighs, that twitch the very strings of life:
Think that no other cause on earth can move me
To tremble thus, to sob, or shed a tear,
Nor shake my solid virtue from her point,
But Titus' death: O do not call it shameful,
That thus shall fix the glory of the world.
I own thy suff'rings ought t' unman me thus,
To make me throw my body on the ground,
To bellow like a beast, to gnaw the earth,
To tear my hair, to curse the cruel fates,
That force a father thus to drag his bowels.

Tit. O rise, thou violated majesty!
Rise from the earth, or I shall beg those fates
Which you would curse, to bolt me to the centre.
I now submit to all your threaten'd vengeance.
Come forth, you executioners of justice,
Nay, all you lictors, slaves, and common hangmen,
Come, strip me bare, unrobe me in his sight,
And lash me till I bleed, whip me like furies!
And when you've scourg'd me till I foam and fall,
For want of spirits, grovelling in the dust,
Then take my head, and give it his revenge;
By all the gods, I greedily resign it!

Brut. No more—farewell, eternally farewell!
If there be gods, they will reserve a room,
A throne for thee in heaven. One last embrace!
What is it makes thy eyes thus swim again?

Tit. I had forgot: be good to Teraminta
When I am in ashes.

Brut. Leave her to my care.
See her thou must not; for thou canst not bear it.
O for one more, this pull, this tug of heart-strings!
Farewell for ever!

Tit. O Brutus! O my father!

Brut. Canst thou not say farewell?

Tit.

Tit. Farewell for ever!
Brut. For ever then! but O, my tears run o'er;
Groans choak my words, and I can speak no more.

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§ 44. *Lady Randolph, Lord Randolph, and young Norval, not known at the time to be Lady Randolph's Son.* HOME.

Lady Ran. How fares my lord?
Lord Ran. That it fares well, thanks to this gallant youth,
Whose valor sav'd me from a wretched death.
As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,
At the cross way four armed men attacked me,
Rovers I judge from the licentious camp,
Who would have quickly laid Lord Randolph low,
Had not this brave and generous stranger come,
Like my good angel, in the hour of fate,
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.
They turn'd upon him: but his active arm
Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no more,
The fiercest two: the others fled amain,
And left him master of the bloody field.
Speak, Lady Randolph; upon beauty's tongue
Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold.
Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy lord.
Lady Ran. My lord, I cannot speak what now I feel.
My heart o'erflows with gratitude to Heaven,
And to this noble youth, who, all unknown
To you and yours, deliberated not,
Nor paus'd at peril—but, humanely brave,
Fought on your side against such fearful odds.
Have you yet learnt of him whom we should thank,
Whom call the saviour of Lord Randolph's life?
Lord Ran. I ask'd that question, and he answer'd not;
But I must know who my deliverer is.
[*To the Stranger.*
Norv. A low-born man, of parentage obscure,
Who nought can boast but his desire to be
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.
Lord Ran. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is ennobled
By the great King of kings: thou art ordain'd
And stamp'd a hero by the sovereign hand
Of nature! Blush not, flow'r of modesty
As well as valor, to declare thy birth.
Norv. My name is Norval: on the Grampian Hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles: and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord;
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon, which rose last night round as my shield,
Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians from the hills
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety, and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took: then hasted to my friends;
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had piere'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life: and having heard
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps:
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these tow'rs;
And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.
Lord Ran. He is as wise as brave: was ever tale
With such a gallant modesty rehears'd?
My brave deliv'rer! thou shalt enter now
A nobler list; and, in a monarch's sight,
Contend with princes for the prize of fame.
I will present thee to our Scottish king,
Whose valiant spirit ever valor lov'd,
Ha! my Matilda! wherefore starts that tear?
Lady Ran. I cannot say; for various affections,
And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell:
Yet each of them may well command a tear.
I joy that thou art safe; and I admire
Him, and his fortunes, who hath wrought thy safety;
Yea, as my mind predicts, with thine his own.
Obscure and friendless, he the army sought;
Bent upon peril, in the range of death
Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword
To gain distinction which his birth denied.
In this attempt unknown he might have perish'd.
And gain'd with all his valor but oblivion.
Now grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no more
Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope,
He stands conspicuous: fame and great renown
Are brought within the compass of his sword.
On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,
And bless'd the wonder-working hand of Heaven.
Lord Ran. Pious and grateful ever are thy thoughts!
My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the way.
Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,
In honor and command shall Norval be.
Norv. I know not how to thank you: rude I am
In speech and manners: never till this hour
Stood I in such a presence: yet, my lord,
There's something in my breast which makes me bold
To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favor.
Lady Ran. I will be sworn thou wilt not.
Thou shalt be

My

My knight; and ever, as thou didst to-day,
With happy valor guard the life of Randolph.
Lord Ran. Well hast thou spoke. Let me
forbid reply. [*To Norval.*
We are thy debtors still; thy high desert
O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,
As was at first intended, to the camp;
Some of my train, I see, are speeding hither,
Impatient doubtless of their lord's delay.
Go with me, Norval; and thine eyes shall see
The chosen warriors of thy native land,
Who languish for the fight, and beat the air
With brandish'd swords.
Norv. Let us begone, my lord.

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§ 45. *Young Norval informs Lord Randolph by what Means he acquired a Knowledge in the Art of War.* Home.

Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
And inaccessible by shepherds trod,
In a deep cave dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.
I went to see him; and my heart was touch'd
With reverence and with pity. Mild he spake,
And ent'ring on discourse, such stories told,
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
For he had been a soldier in his youth;
And fought in famous battles, when the peers
Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
Against th' usurping infidel display'd
The cross of Christ, and won the Holy Land.
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
His speech struck from me, the old man would
shake
His years away, and act his young encounters:
Then, having show'd his wounds, he'd sit him
down,
And all the live-long day discourse of war.
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts;
Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,
The square, the crescent, and phalanx firm;
For all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.
——— Unhappy man!
Returning homewards by Messina's port,
Loaded with wealth and honors bravely won,
A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea
Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought;
The stranger fell; and with his dying breath,
Declar'd his name and lineage. Mighty God!
The soldier cried, my brother! O my brother!
—— They exchang'd forgiveness:
And happy, in my mind, was he that died;
For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.
In the wild desert on a rock he sits,
Upon some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.
At times, alas! nor in his perfect mind,
Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost;
And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,
To make sad orisons for him he slew.

---

§ 46. *Douglas's Soliloquy in the Wood, waiting for Lady Randolph, after he was known to be her Son.* Home.

This is the place, the centre of the grove.
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood:
How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
Thro' skies, where I could count each little star.
The fanning west-wind scarcely stirs the leaves;
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in aught believ'd,
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Eventful day! how hast thou chang'd my state!
Once on the cold and winter-shaded side
Of a bleak hill mischance had rooted me,
Never to thrive, child of another soil;
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
Like the green thorn of May, my fortune flow'rs.
Ye glorious stars! high heaven's resplendent host!
To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
Hear, and record my soul's unalter'd wish!
Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd!
May Heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane
To give a bold defiance to our host!
Before he speaks it out, I will accept:
Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

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§ 47. CATO. Addison.

ACT I.

Enter Portius and Marcus.

Por. The dawn is overcast, the morning
low'rs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day;
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome—our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
Should he go farther, numbers would be want-
ing
To form new battles and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havoc does ambition make
Among your works!
Marc. Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
I'm tortur'd e'en to madness, when I think
On the proud victor: ev'ry time he's nam'd
Pharsalia rises to my view!—I see
Th' insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field,
Strew'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in
slaughter,
His horse's hoof's wet with patrician blood!
O Portius! is there not some chosen curse,

Some

Some hidden thunder in the stores of Heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?
Por. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envied.
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness!
His suff'rings shine, and spread a glory round him:
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honor, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
Oppression, tyranny, and pow'r usurp'd,
Drew all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em,
Marc. Who knows not this? But what can Cato do
Against a world, a base, degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar?
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatness;
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By Heav'n, such virtues, join'd with such success,
Distract my very soul: our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.
Por. Remember what our father oft has told us.
The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate:
Puzzled in mazes and perplex'd with errors,
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.
Marc. These are suggestions of a mind at ease;
O Portius, didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus coldly.
Passion unpitied, and successless love,
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind—
Por. Thou seest not that thy brother is thy rival;
But I must hide it, for I know thy temper. [*Aside.*
Now Marcus, now thy virtue's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmost strength, work ev'ry nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul.
To quell the tyrant love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son. [take,
Marc. Portius, the counsel which I cannot
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
Bid me for honor plunge into a war
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow
To follow glory, and confess his father.
Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition, or a thirst of greatness:
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
Warms ev'ry vein, and beats in ev'ry pulse:
I feel it here: my resolution melts.
Por. Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince,
With how much care he forms himself to glory.
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper,
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her:
His eyes, his looks, his actions, all betray it:
But still the smother'd fondness burns within him:
When most it swells, and labors for a vent,
The sense of honor and desire of fame
Drive the big passion back into his heart.
What! shall an African, shall Juba's heir,
Reproach great Cato's son, and show the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul?
Marc. Portius, no more! your words leave stings behind 'em.
Whene'er did Juba, or did Portius, show
A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honor?
Por. Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper well.
Fling but th' appearance of dishonor on it,
It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.
Marc. A brother's suff'rings claim a brother's pity.
Por. Heaven knows I pity thee. Behold my eyes
Ev'n whilst I speak—do they not swim in tears?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.
Marc. Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow?
Por. O Marcus! did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.
Marc. Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends!
Pardon a weak, distemper'd soul, that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions. But Sempronius comes:
He must not find this softness hanging on me.
[*Ex. Marc.*

Enter Sempronius.

Sem. Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
Than executed. What means Portius here?
I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart.
[*Aside.*
Good-morrow, Portius; let us once embrace,
Once more embrace, while yet we both are free.
To-morrow, should we thus express our friendship,
Each might receive a slave into his arms. [This sun, perhaps, this morning's sun's the last
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.
Por. My father has this morning call'd together
To this poor hall his little Roman senate,
The leavings of Pharsalia, to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome and all her gods before it,
Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.
Sem. Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence.
His virtues render our assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious fear,
And make e'en Cæsar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conquest. O my Portius,
Could I but call that wondrous man my father,
Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows, I might be blest indeed!

Por.

Por. Alas, Sempronius! wouldst thou talk of love
To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling vestal,
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.
Sem. The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my Portius;
The world has all its eyes on Cato's son;
Thy father's merits set thee up to view,
And show thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous.
Por. Well dost thou seem to check my lingering here
On this important hour—I'll straight away;
And while the fathers of the senate meet
In close debate, to weigh the events of war,
I'll animate the soldiers' drooping courage
With love of freedom, and contempt of life;
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that's Roman in 'em.
'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.
[*Exit.*
Sem. Curse on the stripling! how he apes his sire,
Ambitiously sententious!—But I wonder
Old Syphax comes not: his Numidian genius
Is well disposed to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurr'd,
And ev'ry moment quicken'd to the course.
Cato has us'd me ill: he has refus'd
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms, and ruin'd cause,
Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favor,
That show'rs down greatness on his friends, will raise me
To Rome's first honors. If I give up Cato,
I claim in my reward, his captive daughter.
But Syphax comes——

Enter Syphax.

Sy. Sempronius, all is ready.
I've sounded my Numidians, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.
Sem. Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste;
Ev'n whilst we speak, our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us ev'ry moment.
Alas! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war. In vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march:
The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him;
Thro' winds and waves, and storms, he works his way,
Impatient for the battle; one day more
Will set the victor thund'ring at our gates.
But tell me, has thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?
That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,
And challenge better terms.
Sy. Alas, he's lost!
He's lost, Sempronius! all his thoughts are full
Of Cato's virtues.—But I'll try once more
(For ev'ry instant I expect him here)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith and honor, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And struck the infection into all his soul.
Sem. Be sure to press upon him ev'ry motive
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone
Sy. But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate
Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious;
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.
Sem. Let me alone, good Syphax; I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion ('tis the surest way);
I'll bellow out for Rome and for my country,
And mouth at Cæsar, 'till I shake the senate.
Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn-out trick: wouldst thou be thought in earnest,
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, and fury!
Sy. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit.
Sem. Once more be sure to try thy skill on Juba:
Mean while I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their discontents, till they break out
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste:
O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots and their last fatal periods,
O, 'tis a dreadful interval of time
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on ev'ry word we speak,
On ev'ry thought; till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design.
[*Exit.*
Sy. I'll try if I can yet reduce to reason
This headstrong youth, and make him spurn at Cato.
The time is short, Cæsar comes rushing on us—
But hold! young Juba sees me, and approaches.

Enter Juba.

Jub. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone:
I have observ'd of late thy looks are fall'n,
O'er cast with gloomy cares and discontent.
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?
Sy. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart;
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.
Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous terms
Against the lords and sovereigns of the world!
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,

Amidst

Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?
Sy. Gods! where's the worth that sets these people up
Above her own Numidia's tawny sons?
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the jav'lin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattl'd elephant,
Laden with war? These, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.
Jub. These are all virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild, and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious savage,
With wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts,
Th' embellishments of life: virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.
Sy. Patience, kind Heavens! excuse an old man's warmth.
What are these wondrous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smoth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue:
In short, to change us into other creatures
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us.
Jub. To strike thee dumb—turn up thy eyes to Cato;
There mayst thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
While good and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.
Sy. Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues:
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase;
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst;
Toils all the day, and at the approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn;
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game;
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.
Jub. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense,
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heavens! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his suff'rings!
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him! [soul;
Sy. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of
I think the Romans call it Stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue and of Cato's cause,
He had not fall'n by a slave's hand inglorious;
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric's sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.
Jub. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.
Sy. O that you'd profit by your father's ills!
Jub. What wouldst thou have me do?
Sy. Abandon Cato.
Jub Syphax, I should be more than twice an orphan
By such a loss.
Sy. Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.
Jub. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.
Sy. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
Still must I cherish the dear sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul.
The good old king at parting wrung my hand
(His eyes brimful of tears); then sighing, cried,
Pry'thee be careful of my son!—His grief
Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.
Jub. Alas, thy story melts away my soul!
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him?
Sy. By laying up his counsels in your heart.
Jub. His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms;
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock
Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.
Sy. Alas, my prince! I'd guide you to your safety. [how.
Jub. I do believe thou wouldst; but tell me
Sy. Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's
Jub. My father scorn'd to do it. [foes.
Sy. And therefore died.
Jub. Better to die ten thousand deaths,
Than wound my honor.
Sy. Rather say, your love. [temper.
Jub. Syphax I've promised to preserve my
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

Sy

Sy. Believe me, prince, tho' hard to conquer love,
'Tis easier to divert and break its force.
Absence might cure it; or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms:
The sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and color in their cheeks;
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the North.

Jub. 'Tis not a set of features or complexion,
The tincture of a skin that I admire:
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex:
True, she is fair—O how divinely fair!
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners; Cato's soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigor of her father's virtue.

Sy. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!
But on my knees I beg you would consider——

Jub. Hah! Syphax, is't not she?—She moves this way:
And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
My heart beats thick—I pr'ythee, Syphax, leave me.

Sy. Ten thousand curses fasten on 'em both!
Now will this woman, with a single glance,
Undo what I've been lab'ring all this while.
[*Exit Syphax.*

Enter Marcia and Lucia.

Jub. Hail, charming maid! how does thy beauty smooth
The face of war, and make even horror smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes off it sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget the approach of Cæsar.

Mar. I should be griev'd, young prince, to think my presence [arms,
Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to
While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

Jub. O Marcia, let me hope thy kind concern
And gentle wishes follow me to battle!
The thought will give new vigor to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

Mar. My prayers and wishes always shall attend [virtue,
The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of
The men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

Jub. That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

Mar. My father never at a time like this
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

Jub. Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid! I'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,
And dreadful pomp; then will I think on thee,
O lovely maid! then will I think on thee;
And in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds should grace the man who hopes
For Marcia's love. *Exit Juba.*

Luc. Marcia, you're too severe:
How could you chide the young good-natur'd prince,
And drive him from you with so stern an air,
A prince that loves and dotes on you to death?

Mar. 'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chid him from me.
His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul,
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

Luc. Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
And steel your heart to such a world of charms?

Mar. How, Lucia! wouldst thou have me sink away
In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When ev'ry moment Cato's life's at stake!
Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head.
Should not the sad occasion swallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it?

Luc. Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force?
Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me even below my own weak sex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.

Mar. Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retir'd distress.
Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee.

Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

Mar. They both behold thee with their sister's eyes,
And often have reveal'd their passion to me.
But tell me whose address thou favor'st most:
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Luc. Which is it Marcia wishes for?

Mar. For neither,
And yet for both—The youths have equal share
In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister:
But tell me which of them is Lucia's choice?

Luc. Marcia, they both are high in my esteem:
But in my love—why wilt thou make me name him?
Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what.

Mar. O Lucia, I'm perplex'd; O tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy brother?

Luc. Suppose 't were Portius, could you blame my choice?
O Portius! thou hast stol'n away my soul!
With what a graceful tenderness he loves,

And

And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness,
Dwell ever on his tongue and smooth his thoughts.
Marcus is over warm: his fond complaints
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of horror,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.
Mar. Alas, poor youth! how canst thou throw him from thee?
Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears thee?
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
He sends out all his soul in ev'ry word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported.
Unhappy youth! How will thy coldness raise
Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!
I dread the consequence.
Luc. You seem to plead
Against your brother Portius.
Mar. Heaven forbid!
Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fall'n on him.
Luc. Was ever virgin love distrest like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success;
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor show which way it turns: so much he fears
The sad effects that it will have on Marcus.
Mar. He knows too well how easily he's fir'd,
And would not plunge his brother in despair,
But waits for happier times and kinder moments.
Luc. Alas! too late I find myself involv'd
In endless griefs and labyrinths of woe;
Born to afflict my Marcia's family,
And sow dissension in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought! it cuts into my soul.
Mar. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods submit the event of things.
Our lives discolor'd with our present woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours
So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and, as it runs, refines;
Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows;
And a new heaven in its fair bosom flows.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *the Senate.* *Lucius, Sempronius, and Senators.*

Sem. Rome still survives in this assembled senate!
Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.
Luc. Cato will soon be here, and open to us
Th' occasion of our meeting. Hark, he comes!
[*A sound of trumpets.*
May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

Enter Cato.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council;
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes;
Pharsalia gave him Rome, Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Libya's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: are they still fix'd
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
By time, and ill success, to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.
Sem. My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose—slav'ry or death?
No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate! The corps of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly; while we
Sit here delib'rating in cold debates,
If we should sacrifice our lives to honor,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us.
Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;
All else is tow'ring phrensy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
In Rome's defence entrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reason say,
We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius we next would know what's your opinion. [on peace.
Luc. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to sheathe the sword and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle
(Prompted

(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
And not to rest in Heaven's determination.
Already have we shown our love to Rome,
Now let us show submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no farther use. Our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably shed. What men could do,
Is done already: heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

Sem. This smooth discourse, and mild behaviour, oft
Conceal a traitor. Something whispers me
All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius.
[*Aside to Cato.*

Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident;
Immod'rate valor swells into a fault;
And fear admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desp'rate; we have bulwarks round us;
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric's heat, and season'd to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope do not distrust the gods;
But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No: let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last,
So shall we gain still one day's liberty:
And let me perish, but in Cato's judgement,
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter Marcus.

Mar. Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gate,
Lodg'd in my post, a herald is arriv'd
From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

Cato. By your permission, fathers—bid him enter. [*Exit Marcus.*
Decius was once my friend; but other prospects
Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.
His message may determine our resolves.

Enter Decius.

Dec. Cæsar sends health to Cato——

Cato. Could he send it
To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the senate?

Dec. My business is with Cato; Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Would he save Cato, bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this; and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life which he has pow'r to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her gen'rals and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs:
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urg'd, forbid it.

Dec. Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend:
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it.
Still may you stand high in your country's honors;
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar,
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

Cato. No more:
I must not think on life on such conditions.

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life.
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgement of a Roman senate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom——

Cato. Nay more—tho' Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favor,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman that is Cæsar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato. Let him consider that, who drives us hither;
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black

With

With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.
Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his gen'rous cares and proffer'd friendship?
Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r,
By shelt'ring men much better than himself.
Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man; you rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears. [*Exit Decius.*
Sem. Cato, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice; thy soul breathes liberty.
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.
Luc. The senate owns its gratitude to Cato,
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives while he neglects his own.
Sem. Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun:
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
O, could my dying hand but lodge a sword
In Cæsar's bosom, and revenge my country!
By heavens, I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony.
Luc. Others, perhaps,
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into such a rage.
Sem. This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm patriots.
Cato. Come; no more, Sempronius:
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker side
By our divisions.
Sem. Cato, my resentments
Are sacrific'd to Rome—I stand reprov'd.
Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.
Luc. Cato, we all go into your opinion:
Cæsar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.
Sem. We ought to hold it out till death; but, Cato,
My private voice is drown'd amidst the senate's.
Cato. Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
This little interval, this pause of life,
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That Heaven may say it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewell!—The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels. [*Exeunt Senators.*

Enter Juba.

Juba, the Roman senate has resolv'd,
Till time gives better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on Cæsar.
Jub. The resolution fits a Roman senate.
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when some days before his death
He order'd me to march for Utica,
(Alas, I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, press'd me in his aged arms.
And, as his griefs gave way, My son, said he,
Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,
Be Cato's friend; he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds; do but observe him well,
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.
Cato. Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But Heaven thought otherwise.
Jub. My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude that shines
Before my face in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.
Cato. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.
Jub. My father drew respect from foreign climes:
The kings of Afric sought him for their friend:
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
In distant worlds, on t'other side the sun;
Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.
Cato. I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.
Jub. I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point out new alliances to Cato.
Have we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
Th' assistance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know Cato, our remotest king
Would pour embattled multitudes about him:
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.
Cato. And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar?
Reduc'd, like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down
A vagabond in Afric?
Jub. Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious; but my forward cares
Would fain preserve a life of so much value:
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.
Cato. Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valor soars above

What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills; else would they never fall
On Heaven's first fav'rites, and the best of men.
The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues which shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.
Jub. I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st; I pant for virtue;
And all my soul endeavours at perfection.
Cato. Dost thou love watching, abstinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? Learn them from Cato:
Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.
Jub. The best good fortune that can fall on Juba,
The whole success at which my heart aspires,
Depends on Cato.
Cato. What does Juba say?
Thy words confound me.
Jub. I would fain retract them.
Give 'em me back again: they aim'd at nothing.
Cato. Tell me thy wish, young prince, make not my ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
Jub. O, they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.
Cato. What can Juba ask
That Cato will refuse?
Jub. I fear to name it:
Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.
Cato. What wouldst thou say?
Jub. Cato, thou hast a daughter.
Cato. Adieu, young prince. I would not hear a word
Should lessen thee in my esteem. Remember
The hand of fate is over us, and Heaven
Exacts severity from all our thoughts.
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conquest; liberty, or death.
[*Exit.*

Enter Syphax.

Sy. How's this, my prince? What, cover'd with confusion?
You look as if yon stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.
Jub. Syphax, I'm undone.
Sy. I know it well.
Jub. Cato thinks meanly of me.
Sy. And so will all mankind.
Jub. I've open'd to him
The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.
Sy. Cato's a proper person to intrust
A love-tale with!
Jub. O, I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart. Was ever wretch like Juba?
Sy. Alas, my prince, how are you chang'd of late!
I've known young Juba rise before the sun,
To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,
Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the color mount into your cheeks,
When first you rous'd him to the chase! I've seen you,
Ev'n in the Libyan dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and stooping from your horse,
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.
Jub. Prythee, no more.
Sy. How would the old king smile
To see you weigh the paws when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!
Jub. Syphax, this old man's talk, tho' honey flow'd
In ev'ry word, would now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia lost for ever.
Sy. Young prince, I yet could give you good advice,
Marcia might still be yours.
Jub. What say'st thou, Syphax?
By heavens, thou turn'st me all into attention.
Sy. Marcia might still be yours.
Jub. As how, dear Syphax?
Sy. Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds unus'd to the restraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleeter than the winds.
Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.
Jub. Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in man? Wouldst thou seduce my youth
To do an act that would destroy my honor?
Sy. Gods, I could tear my hair to hear you talk!
Honor's a fine imaginary notion
That draws in raw and unexperienc'd men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.
Jub. Wouldst thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian?
Sy. The boasted ancestors of these great men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under heaven, was founded on a rape;
Your Scipios, Cæsars, Pompeys, and your Catos
(The gods on earth), are all the spurious brood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.
Jub. Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.
Sy. Indeed, my prince, you want to know the world.
You have not read mankind; your youth admires
The throes and swellings of a Roman soul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.
Jub. If knowledge of the world makes men perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!
Sy. Go, go; you're young.
Jub. Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd? Thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.
Sy. I have gone too far. [*Aside.*
Jub. Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.
Sy. I must appease this storm, or perish in it.
[*Aside.*

Young

Young prince, behold these locks, that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.
Jub. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.
Sy. Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service!
—Curse on the boy, how steadily he hears me! [*Aside.*
Jub. Is it because the throne of my forefathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet whose head it shall enclose,
Thou thus presum'st to treat thy prince with scorn?
Sy. Why will you rive my heart with such expressions!
Does not old Syphax follow you to war?
What are his aims? Why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a casque
His wrinkled brows? What is it he aspires to?
Is it not this: to shed the slow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood in your defence?
Jub. Syphax, no more: I would not hear you talk.
Sy. Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to Juba,
My royal master's son, is call'd in question?
My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:
But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.
Jub. Thou know'st the way too well into my heart.
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.
Sy. What greater instance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an action which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any price.
Jub. Was this thy motive? I've been too hasty.
Sy. And 'tis for this my prince has call'd me traitor.
Jub. Sure thou mistak'st: I did not call thee so.
Sy. You did indeed, my prince, you call'd me traitor;
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.
Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato?
That Syphax loves you, and would sacrifice
His life, nay more, his honor, in your service?
Jub. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me; but indeed
Thy zeal for Juba carried thee too far.
Honor's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.
Sy. By heavens,
I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, tho' you chide me!
Alas! I've hitherto been us'd to think
A blind officious zeal to serve my king
The ruling principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a subject's heart.
Happy the people who preserve their honor
By the same duties that oblige their prince!
Jub. Syphax, thou now beginn'st to speak thyself.
Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations,
For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.
Sy. Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep,
To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.
Jub. Syphax, thy hand; we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age:
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.
If e'er the sceptre comes into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.
Sy. Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?
My joy grows burthensome, I shan't support it.
Jub. Syphax, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest occasion that may set me right
In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers. [*Exit.*
Sy. Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts:
Old age is slow in both—A false old traitor!—
These words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.
My heart has still some foolish fondness for thee:
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds:
Cæsar, I am wholly thine.

Enter Sempronius.

All hail, Sempronius!
Well, Cato's senate is resolv'd to wait
The fury of a siege before it yields.
Sem. Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate!
Lucius declar'd for peace, adn terms were offer'd
To Cato, by a messenger from Cæsar.
Should they submit ere our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck,
Lost in the gen'ral undistinguish'd ruin.
Sy. But how stands Cato?
Sem. Thou hast seen mount Atlas:
While storms and tempests thunder on brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height:
Such is that haughty man; his tow'ring soul,
Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar.
Sy. But what's this messenger?
Sem. I've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends;

But let me now examine in my turn:
Is Juba fix'd?
Sy. Yes——but it is to Cato:
I've tried the force of every reason on him,
Sooth'd and caress'd; been angry, sooth'd again;
Laid safety, life, and int'rest in his sight.
But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.
Sem. Come, 'tis no matter; we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.
Sy. May she be thine as fast as thou wouldst have her!
Sem. Syphax, I love that woman; tho' I curse
Her and myself, yet, spite of me, I love her.
Sy. Make Cato sure, and give up Utica,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?
Sem. All, all is ready.
The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers;
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,
Unusual fastings, and will bear no more
This medley of philosophy and war.
Within an hour they'll storm the senate-house.
Sy. Meanwhile I'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favor thee.
I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.
So where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Marcus and Portius.

Marc. Thanks to my stars, I have not rang'd about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend:
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her sacred force,
To love thy person ere I knew thy merit,
Till what was instinct grew up into friendship.
Por. Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft
Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.
Marc. Portius, thou know'st my soul in all its weakness,
Then pr'ythee spare me on its tender side.
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.
Por. When love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love.
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion
(I know 'twere vain), but to suppress its force.
Till better times may make it look more graceful.
Marc. Alas! thou talk'st like one who never felt
Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul
That pants and reaches after distant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time:
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone; while hope and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.
Por. What can thy Portius do to give thee help?
Marc. Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's presence;
Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heat of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his sleep, and loathes his food;
That youth, and health, and war, are joyless to him:
Describe his anxious days and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou seest me suffer.
Por. Marcus, I beg thee, give me not an office
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.
Marc. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes,
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?
Por. Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd refuse.
But here, believe me, I've a thousand reasons—
Marc. I know thou'lt say my passion's out of season,
That Cato's great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts.
But what's all this to one that loves like me?
O Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish
Thou didst but know thyself, what 'tis to love!
Then wouldst thou pity and assist thy brother.
Por. What should I do! if I disclose my passion,
Our friendship's at an end; if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend and brother. [*Aside.*
Marc. But see where Lucia, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
Enjoys

Enjoys the noon-day breeze! Observe her, Portius;
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heaven of beauty!
Observe her well and blame me if thou canst.
Por. She sees us, and advances——
Marc. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for awhile. Remember Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.
Enter Lucia. [*Exit.*
Luc. Did not I see your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place and shun my presence?
Por. O Lucia! language is too faint to show
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
His passions and his virtues lie confus'd,
And mixt together in so wild a tumult,
That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heavens! would one think 'twere possible for love
To make such ravages in a noble soul?
O Lucia! I'm distrest; my heart bleeds for him: [sence,
Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy pre-
A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, tho' thou smil'st upon me.
Luc. How wilt thou guard thy honor in the shock [Portius,
Of love and friendship? Think betimes, my
Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.
Por. Alas, poor youth! what dost thou think, my Lucia?
His gen'rous, open, undesigning heart
Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him:
Then do not strike him dead with a denial;
But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
With the faint glimm'ring of a doubtful hope:
Perhaps when we have passed those gloomy hours
And weather'd out the storm that beats about us——
Luc. No, Portius, no: I see thy sister's tears,
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves:
And, Portius, here I swear, to Heaven I swear,
To Heaven and all the powers that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While such a cloud of mischiefs hang about us,
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts as far—as I am able.
Por. What hast thou said? I'm thunderstruck—recall
Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.
Luc. Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?
The gods have heard it and 'tis seal'd in heaven.
May all the vengeance that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads o'erwhelm me if I break it!
Por. Fix'd in astonishment, I gaze upon thee,
Like one just blasted by a stroke from heaven,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks; a monument of wrath!
Luc. At length I've acted my severest part:
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart; my tears will flow.
But O! I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.
Por. Hard-hearted, cruel maid!
Luc. O stop those sounds, [upon me?
Those killing sounds! Why dost thou frown
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life itself goes out at thy displeasure.
The gods forbid us to indulge our loves;
But O! I cannot bear thy hate and live.
Por. Talk not of love, thou never knew'st its force.
I've been deluded, led into a dream [sounds
Of fancied bliss. O Lucia, cruel maid! [still
Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death,
In my stunn'd ears. What shall I say or do?
Quick let us part! Perdition's in thy presence,
And horror dwells about thee!—Ha! she faints!
Wretch that I am, what has my rashness done!
Lucia, thou injur'd innocence! thou best
And loveliest of my sex! awake my Lucia,
Or Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.
—Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They shut not out society in death—
But, ah! she moves, life wanders up and down
Through all her face, and lights up ev'ry charm.
Luc. O Portius, was this well—to frown on her
That lives upon thy smiles? to call in doubt
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd?
—What do I say? My half-recover'd sense
Forgets the vow in which my soul is bound.
Destruction stands betwixt us; we must part.
Por. Name not the word; my frighted thoughts run back,
And startle into madness at the sound.
Luc. What wouldst thou have me do? Consider well
The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
Think, Portius, think thou seest thy dying brother [blood,
Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with
Storming at Heaven and thee! Thy awful sire
Sternly demands the cause, th' accursed cause,
That robs him of his son: poor Marcia trembles,
Then tears her hair, and, frantic in her griefs,
Calls out on Lucia. What could Lucia answer,
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow?
Por. To my confusion, and eternal grief,
I must approve the sentence that destroys me.
The mist that hung about my mind clears up;
And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more
More amiable, and risest in thy charms. [fair,
Loveliest of women! Heaven is in thy soul;
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Brightening each other! thou art all divine.
Luc. Portius, no more; thy words shoot thro' my heart,
Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.
Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?
Why heaves thy heart? why swells thy soul with sorrow?
It softens me too much—farewell, my Portius:
Farewell, tho' death is in the word—for ever!

Por. Stay. Lucia, stay! What dost thou say? For ever? [cess

Luc. Have I not sworn? If, Portius, thy suc-
Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewell—
O, how shall I repeat the word, for ever!

Por. Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady flame
Hangs quivering on the point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loath to quit its hold. [thee,
—Thou must not go? my soul still hovers o'er
And can't let loose.

Luc. If the firm Portius shakes
To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers!

Por. 'Tis true, unruffled and serene, I've met
The common accidents of life; but here
Such an unlook'd-for storm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.
We must not part.

Luc. What dost thou say? not part!
Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made?
Are there not heavens, and gods, that thunder o'er us?
—But see, thy brother Marcus bends this way;
I sicken at the sight. Once more farewell;
Farewell, and know thou wrong'st me if thou think'st
Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine!
[*Exit Lucia.*

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Portius, what hopes? How stands she? Am I doom'd
To life or death?

Por. What wouldst thou have me say?

Marc. What means this pensive posture? Thou appear'st
Like one amaz'd and terrified.

Por. I've reason. [ordered thoughts

Marc. Thy down-cast looks, and thy dis-
Tell me my fate. I ask not the success
My cause has found.

Por. I'm griev'd I undertook it. [my heart,

Marc. What! does the barbarous maid insult
My aching heart, and triumph in my pains?
That I could cast her from my thoughts for ever! [griefs;

Por. Away, you're too suspicious in your
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

Marc. Compassionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compassion, when 'tis void of love?
Fool that I was to choose so cold a friend
To urge my cause!—Compassionates my pains!
Pr'ythee, what art, what rhet'ric didst thou use
To gain this mighty boon?—She pities me!
To one that asks the warm return of love,
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death—

Por. Marcus, no more; have I deserv'd this treatment?

Marc. What have I said? O Portius, O forgive me!
A soul exasperate in ills falls out
With ev'ry thing, its friend, itself—but, ha!
What means that shout, big with the sounds of war?
What new alarms? [us.

Por. A second, louder yet,
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon

Marc. O, for some glorious cause to fall in battle!
Lucia, thou hast undone me; thy disdain [ease.
Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me

Por. Quick, let us hence. Who knows if Cato's life [heart
Stands sure? O Marcus, I am warm'd, my
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sempronius with the Leaders of the Mutiny.

Sem. At length the winds are rais'd, the storm blows high:
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.
Meanwhile I'll herd among his friends, and seem
One of the number, that whate'er arrive,
My friends and fellow-soldiers may be safe.
[*Exit.*

1*st Leader.* We are all safe, Sempronius is our friend.
Sempronius is as brave a man as Cato.
But hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be sure you beat him down and bind him fast.
This day will end our toils and give us rest;
Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

Re-enter Sempronius, with Cato, Lucius, Portius, and Marcus.

Cato. Where are these bold intrepid sons of war [turn their backs upon the foe,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?

Sem. Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd. [*Aside.*

Cato. Perfidious men! And will you thus dishonor
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?
Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honor,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
Fir'd with such motives, you do well to join
With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.
Why did I 'scape th' envenom'd aspic's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
To see this day? Why could not Cato fall
Without your guilt? behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?
Painful pre-eminence!

Sem. By heavens they droop!
Confusion to the villains; all is lost. [*Aside.*

Cato. Have you forgotten Libya's burning waste,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?
Who was the first to explore th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in every step?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream

You

You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the last in all your host that thirsted?
Sem. If some penurious source by chance appear'd,
Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to Cato,
Did he not dash th' untasted moisture from him?
Did he not lead you through the mid-day sun,
And clouds of dust? Did not his temples glow,
In the same sultry winds, and scorching heats?
Cato. Hence, worthless men! hence! and complain to Cæsar,
You could not undergo the toil of war,
Nor bear the hardships that your leaders bore.
Luc. See, Cato, see the unhappy men; they weep!
Fear and remorse and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in ev'ry look, and plead for mercy.
Cato. Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders,
And pardon shall descend on all the rest.
Sem. Cato, commit these wretches to my care:
First let 'em each be broken on the rack:
Then with what life remains, impal'd, and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake;
There let 'em hang, and taint the southern wind. [ence,
The partners of their crime will learn obedi-
When they look up and see their fellow traitors
Stuck on a fork, and black'ning in the sun.
Luc. Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge
Of wretched men? [the fate
Sem. How! wouldst thou clear rebellion?
Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders
That would imbrue their hands in Cato's blood.
Cato. Forbear, Sempronius!—see they suffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men:
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degenerate age requires
Severity and justice in its rigor:
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay th' uplifted thunderbolt aside.
Sem. Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.
Cato. Meanwhile we'll sacrifice to liberty.
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The gen'rous plan of pow'r deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood:)
O let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.
[*Exeunt Cato, &c.*
1*st Leader.* Sempronius, you have acted like yourself.
One would have thought you had been half in earnest.
Sem. Villain, stand off! base grov'ling worthless wretches,
Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!
2*d. Lead.* Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius; [friends.
Throw off the mask, there are none here but
Sem. Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume
To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They're sure to die like dogs as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag 'em forth
To sudden death. [forth
1*st Lead.* Nay, since it comes to this——
Sem. Dispatch 'em quick! but first pluck out their tongues,
Lest with their dying breath they sow sedition.
[*Exeunt Guards, with the leaders.*
Enter Syphax.
Sy. Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive:
Still there remains an after-game to play:
My troops are mounted: their Numidian steeds
Snuff up the wind and long to scour the desert:
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard, [sage.
And hew down all that would oppose our pas-
A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.
Sem. Confusion! I have fail'd of half my purpose.
Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind!
Sy. How! will Sempronius turn a woman's slave? [soft
Sem. Think not thy friend can ever feel the
Unmanly warmth and tenderness of love.
Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:
When I have gone thus far I'd cast her off.
Sy. Well said! that's spoken like thyself Sempronius.
What hinders, then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?
Sem. But how to gain admission? For access
Is given to none but Juba, and her brothers.
Sy. Thou shalt have Juba's dress, and Juba's guards;
The doors will open when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.
Sem. Heavens, what a thought is there! Marcia's my own!
How will my bosom swell with anxious joy
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty and disorder'd charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast and vary in her face!
So Pluto, seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid,
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
Nor envied Jove his sunshine and his skies.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. Now tell me Marcia, tell me from thy soul,
If thou believ'st 'tis possible for Women

To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers?
Mar. O Lucia, Lucia! might my big-swoln heart
Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow,
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.
Luc. I know thou art doom'd alike to be belov'd
By Juba, and thy father's friend Sempronius.
But which of these has power to charm like Portius?
Mar. Still I must beg thee not to name Sempronius,
Lucia I like not that loud boist'rous man;
Juba to all the brav'ry of a hero [ness;
Adds softest love and more than female sweet-
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
Any of womankind, but Marcia, happy.
Luc. And why not Marcia? Come, you strive in vain [too well
To hide your thoughts from one who knows
The inward glowings of a heart in love.
Mar. While Cato lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.
Luc. But should this father give you to Sempronius?
Mar. I dare not think he will: but if he should—
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancied tortures?
I hear the sound of feet! they march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger:
When love once pleads admission to our hearts
(In spite of all the virtue we can boast)
The woman that deliberates is lost. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sempronius, dressed like Juba, with Numidian Guards.

Sem. The deer is lodg'd, I've track'd her to her covert.
Be sure you mind the word, and when I give it
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
—How will the young Numidian rave to see
His mistress lost! If aught could glad my soul,
Beyond the enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young gay barbarian.
But hark, what noise! Death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left—
He must be murder'd and a passage cut
Through those his guard—Hah, dastards, do you tremble!
Or act like men, or by yon azure heaven—

Enter Juba.

Jub. What do I see? Who's this, that dares usurp
The guards and habit of Numidia's prince?
Sem. One who was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth.
Jub. What can this mean, Sempronius?
Sem. My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart.
Jub. Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbarous man!
[*They fight, Sem. falls; his Guards surrender.*]
Sem. Curse on my stars! am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand, disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?
Gods, I'm distracted! this my close of life!
O, for a peal of thunder that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and heaven, and Cato tremble. [*Dies.*
Jub. With what a spring his furious soul broke loose, [ground!
And left the limbs still quivering on the
Hence let us carry off those slaves to Cato,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.
[*Exit Juba, with Prisoners, &c.*

Enter Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and aches at every sound.
O Marcia, should thy brothers for my sake!—
I die away with horror at the thought.
Mar. See, Lucia, see! here's blood! here's blood and murder!
Ha! a Numidian! Heaven preserve the prince!
The face lies muffled up within the garment,
But hah! death to my sight! a diadem,
And royal robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he;
Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd
A virgin's heart, Juba lies dead before us!
Luc. Now, Marcia, call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind,
Thou canst not put it to a greater trial.
Mar. Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience:
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted?
Luc. What can I think or say to give thee comfort?
Mar. Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills;
Behold a sight that strikes all comfort dead.

Enter Juba, listening.

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair;
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.
Jub. What do I hear? and was the false Sempronius
That best of men? O, had I fallen like him,
And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy.
Luc. Here will I stand companion in thy woes,
And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loss like thine, I shall forget my own.
Mar. 'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast.
This empty world, to me a joyless desert,
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.
Jub. I'm on the rack! was he so near her heart?
Mar. O, he was all made up of love and charms:
Whatever maid could wish or man admire:
Delight

Delight of every eye; when he appear'd.
A secret pleasure gladden'd all that saw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudest Roman blush'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.
Jub. I shall run mad!— [*Aside.*
Mar. O Juba! Juba! Juba!
Jub. What means that voice? did she not call on Juba?
Mar. Why do I think on what he was? he's dead! [him.
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
Amidst his agonies, remember'd Marcia,
And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel!
Alas! he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba!
Jub. Where am I? do I live? am I indeed
What Marcia thinks? All is Elysium round me! [*Aside.*
Mar. Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of men,
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbids
A last embrace, while thus——
Jub. See, Marcia, see [*Throwing himself before her.*
The happy Juba lives! He lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.
Mar. With pleasure and amaze I stand transported!
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?
Jub. A wretch,
Disguis'd like Juba, on a curst design.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out:
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee;
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am wrapt with joy to see my Marcia's tears.
Mar. I've been surpris'd in an unguarded hour,
But must not now go back; the love that lay
Half smother'd in my breast, has broke through all
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre.
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.
Jub. I am lost in ecstasy: and dost thou love,
Thou charming maid?——
Mar. And dost thou live to ask it?
Jub. This, this is life indeed! life worth preserving,
Such life as Juba never felt till now!
Mar. Believe me, prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myself how much I lov'd thee.
Jub. O fortunate mistake!
Mar. O happy Marcia!
Jub. My joy, my best belov'd, my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul!
Mar. Lucia, thy arm. O, let me rest upon it!
The vital blood that had forsook my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.—
O prince, I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honor.
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.
[*Exeunt Mar. and Luc.*
Jub. I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness; I absolve my stars.
What though Numidia add her conquer'd towns
And provinces to swell the victor's triumph,
Juba will never at his fate repine:
Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine.
A March at a distance. [*Exit.*
Enter Cato and Lucius.
Luc. I stand astonish'd! What, the bold Sempronius,
That still broke foremost through the crowd of patriots,
And with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous even to madness—
Cato. Trust me, Lucius,
Our civil discords have produc'd such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surpris'd at nothing.
—O Lucius, I am sick of this bad world!
The day-light and the sun grow painful to me.
Enter Portius.
But see where Portius comes: what means this haste?
Why are thy looks thus chang'd? [
Por. My heart is griev'd,
I bring such news as will afflict my father.
Cato. Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?
Por. Not so.
The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exercis'd his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse
To the south gate where Marcus holds the watch:
I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain:
He toss'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.
Cato. Perfidious man! But haste, my son, and see [*Exit Por.*
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part.
—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force; the conquer'd world
Is Cæsar's; Cato has no business in it.
Luc. While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her Cato's presence.
In pity to mankind submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.
Cato. Would Lucius have me live to swell the number
Of Cæsar's slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?
Luc. The victor never will impose on Cato
Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.
Cato. Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country.
Such popular humanity is treason——
But see young Juba; the good youth appears,
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects!
Luc. Alas! poor prince! his fate deserves compassion.

Enter

Enter Juba.

Jub. I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.

Cato. What's thy crime?

Jub. I'm a Numidian. [Roman soul.

Cato. And a brave one too. Thou hast a

Jub. Hast thou not heard of my false countrymen?

Cato. Alas, young prince!
Falsehood and fraud shoot up in ev'ry soil,
The product of all climes—Rome has its Cæsars.

Jub. 'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the distress'd. [deserv'd:

Cato. 'Tis just to give applause where 'tis
Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight. [heart

Jub. What shall I answer thee? My ravish'd
O'erflows with secret joy: I'd rather gain
Thy praise, O Cato, than Numidia's empire.

Enter Portius.

Por. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus——

Cato. Hah! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? Has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?

Por. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes,
Till, obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppress with multitudes he greatly fell.

Cato. I'm satisfied!

Por. Nor did he fall before
His sword had pierc'd through the false heart of Syphax.
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death and bite the ground.

Cato. Thanks to the gods, my boy has done his duty!
—Portius, when I am dead, be sure you place
His urn near mine.

Por. Long may they keep asunder!

Luc. O Cato, arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corpse of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

Cato, meeting the Corpse.

Cato. Welcome, my son! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse and count those glorious wounds.
—How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? What pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
—Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I should have blush'd if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.
—Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

Jub. Was ever man like this! [*Aside.*

Cato. Alas, my friends!
Why mourn you thus? Let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears;
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

Jub. Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
With tears that flow'd not o'er his own dead son. [*Aside.*

Cato. Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdu'd, [Cæsar's;
The sun's whole course, the day and year are
For him the self-devoted Decii died,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquer'd;
Even Pompey fought for Cæsar. O my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire, fallen! O curst ambition!
Fallen into Cæsar's hands? Our great fore-fathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

Jub. While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see
Mankind enslav'd, and be asham'd of empire.

Cato. Cæsar asham'd! has he not seen Pharsalia?

Luc. Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us

Cato. Lose not a thought on me, I'm out of danger,
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæsar shall never say he conquer'd Cato.
But, O my friends, your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts; a thousand secret terrors
Rise in my soul—How shall I save my friends?
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee.

Luc. Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.

Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.
And, if you please, that I request it of him,
That I myself, with tears, request it of him,
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror?

Jub. If I forsake thee
Whilst I have life, may Heaven abandon Juba!

Cato. Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one day make thee great; at Rome, hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
Portius, draw near: my son, thou oft hast seen
Thy sire engag'd in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou seest me
Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success?
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
Where the great Censor toil'd with his own hands,
And all our frugal ancestors were bless'd
In humble virtues, and a rural life;

There

There live retir'd, pray for the peace of Rome,
Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honor is a private station.
Por. I hope my father does not recommend
A life to Portius, that he scorns himself.
Cato. Farewell, my friends! if there be any of you
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know there are ships prepar'd by my command
(Their sails already op'ning to the winds)
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.
[*Pointing to his dead Son.*
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,
Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Tho' still by faction, vice, and fortune crost,
Shall find the gen'rous labor was not lost.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Cato solus, sitting in a thoughtful Posture; in his Hand Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul.

A drawn Sword on the Table by him

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man:
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Thro' what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me,
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above
(And that there is all nature cries aloud,
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when! or where—this world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.
[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*
Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps thro' all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favor her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An off'ring fit for heaven: Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of 'em,
Indiff'rent in his choice to sleep or die.

Enter Portius.

But ah! how's this, my son? Why this intrusion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I disobey'd?
Por. Alas, my father!
What means this sword, this instrument of death!
Let me convey it hence.
Cato. Rash youth, forbear!
Por. O, let the pray'rs, th' entreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you!
Cato. Wouldst thou betray me? Wouldst thou give me up,
A slave, a captive into Cæsar's hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know young man!—
Por. Look not thus sternly on me;
You know I'd rather die than disobey you.
Cato. 'Tis well! again I'm master of myself.
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue; thy gathering fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up ev'ry port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes—
Por. O Sir! forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him. O my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so? Be not displeas'd,
O, be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!
Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.
[*Embracing him.*
Weep not, my son, all will be well again:
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.
Por. Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.
Cato. Portius, thou mayst rely upon my conduct;
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; see them embark'd,
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.
[*Exit.*
Por. My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives.

Enter Marcia.

O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope!
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.

He

He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatch'd me hence
With orders that bespeak a mind compos'd,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers. [*Exit.*

Mar. O ye immortal powers that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues!
And show mankind that goodness is your care.

Enter Lucia.

Luc. Where is your father, Marcia, where is Cato!

Mar. Lucia, speak low, he is retir'd to rest.
Lucia, I feel a gentle dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.

Luc. Alas! I tremble when I think on Cato!
In every view, in every thought I tremble!
Cato is stern and awful as a god;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.

Mar. Tho' stern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild,
Compassionate and gentle to his friends.
Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,
The kindest father I have ever found him,
Easy and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

Luc. 'Tis his consent alone can make us bless'd.
Marcia, we are both equally involv'd
In the same intricate, perplex'd distress.
The cruel hand of fate, that has destroy'd
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament—

Mar. And ever shall lament, unhappy youth!

Luc. Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,
Or how he has determin'd of thyself?

Mar. Let him but live, commit the rest to Heaven.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father;
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fallen on him:
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams: as I drew near his couch,
He smil'd, and cried, Cæsar, thou canst not hurt me.

Mar. His mind still labors with some dreadful thought.

Luc. Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of sorrow?
Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are safe
While Cato lives—his presence will protect us.

Enter Juba.

Jub. Lucius, the horseman are return'd from viewing
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march;
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar; the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

Luc. Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy father.
Cæsar is still dispos'd to give us terms,
And waits at distance till he hears from Cato.

Enter Portius.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance,
What tidings dost thou bring? Methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thine eyes.

Por. As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the ling'ring winds, a sail arriv'd
From Pompey's son, who thro' the realms of Spain
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But, hark! what means that groan? O, give me way,
End let me fly into my father's presence. [*Exit.*

Luc. Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And in the wild disorder of his soul
Mourns o'er his country. Hah! a second groan!
Heaven guard us all!

Mar. Alas! 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps; 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound.—

Re-enter Portius.

Por. O sight of woe!
O Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fallen upon his sword.—

Luc. O, Portius,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.

Por. I've rais'd him up, [*faint.*
And plac'd him in his chair, where, pale and
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
Demands to see his friends. His servants weeping,
Obsequious to his order, bear him hither.

Mar. O Heaven assist me in this dreadful hour,
To pay the last sad duties to my father!

Jub. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæsar!

Luc. Now is Rome fallen indeed!

Cato brought in on a Chair.

Cato. Here set me down— [bark'd?
Portius, come near me—Are my friends em-
Can any thing be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.
—O Lucius, art thou here?—thou art too good—
Let this our friendship live between our children,
Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.
Alas! poor man, he weeps!—Marcia, my daughter—
O, bend me forward! Juba loves thee, Marcia:
A senator of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a king;
But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinction:

Whoe'er

Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a Roman—
—I'm sick to death—O, when shall I get loose
From this vain world, the abode of guilt and sorrow!
And yet, methinks, a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas! I fear
I've been too hasty. O ye pow'rs, that search
The heart of man and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not!——
The best may err, but you are good and—O!
[*Dies.*

Luc. There fled the greatest soul that ever warm'd
A Roman breast; O Cato! O my friend!
Thy will shall be religiously observ'd.
But let us bear this awful corse to Cæsar,
And lay it in his sight, that it may stand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, though dead, shall still protect his friends.
From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

§ 48. *The Happiness of a free Government.* S. Johnson.

If there be any land, as fame reports,
Where common laws restrain the prince and subject,
A happy land, where circulating pow'r
Flows through each member of th' embodied state;
Sure, not unconscious of the mighty blessing,
Her grateful sons shine bright with ev'ry virtue;
Untainted with the lust of innovation,
Sure all unite to hold her league of rule
Unbroken as the sacred chain of nature,
That links the jarring elements in peace.

§ 49. *The killing of a Boar.* Otway.

Forth from the thicket rush'd another boar,
So large, he seem'd the tyrant of the woods,
With all his dreadful bristles rais'd up high;
They seem'd a grove of spears upon his back:
Foaming he came at me, where I was posted,
Whetting his huge long tusks, and gaping wide,
As he already had me for his prey;
Till, brandishing my well-pois'd javelin high,
With this bold executing arm I struck
The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

§ 50. *Description of a populous City.* Young.

——This ancient city,
How wanton sits she amidst nature's smiles!
Nor from her highest turret has to view
But golden landscapes and luxuriant scenes,
A waste of wealth, the store-house of the world;
Here fruitful vales far stretching fly the sight;
There sails unnumber'd whiten all the stream;
While from the banks full twenty thousand cities
Survey their pride, and see their gilded towers
Float on the waves, and break against the shore.
——Various nations meet
As in the sea, yet not confin'd in space,
But streaming freely thro' the spacious streets,
Which send forth millions at each brazen gate;
Whene'er the trumpet calls, high over head
On the broad walls the chariots bound along.

§ 51. *Rural Courtship.* Dryden.

——He preferr'd me
Above the maidens of my age and rank;
Still shunn'd their company, and still sought mine.
I was not won by gifts, yet still he gave;
And all his gifts tho' small, yet spoke his love.
He pick'd the earliest strawberries in the woods,
The cluster'd filberts, and the purple grapes:
He taught a prating stare to speak my name;
And when he found a nest of nightingales,
Or callow linnets, he would show 'em me,
And let me take 'em out.

§ 52. *Description of a Person left on a desert Island.* Thomson.

Next night—a dreary night!
Cast on the wildest of the Cyclad Isles,
Where never human foot had mark'd the shore,
These ruffians left me.
Beneath a shade
I sat me down, more heavily oppress'd,
More desolate at heart than e'er I felt
Before; when Philomela o'er my head
Began to tune her melancholy strain,
As piteous of my woes: till, by degrees,
Composing sleep on wounded nature shed
A kind but short relief. At early morn,
Wak'd by the chant of birds, I look'd around
For usual objects: objects found I none,
Except before me stretch'd the toiling main,
And rocks and woods, in savage view, behind.

§ 53. *The first Feats of a young Eagle.* Rowe.

——So the Eagle,
That bears the thunder of our grandsire Jove,
With joy beholds his hardy youthful offspring
Forsake the nest, to try his tender pinions
In the wide untrack'd air; till, bolder grown,
Now, like a whirlwind on a shepherd's fold,
He darts precipitate, and gripes the prey;
Or fixing on some dragon's scaly hide,
Eager of combat, and his future feast,
Bears him aloft reluctant, and in vain
Wreathing his spiry tail.

§ 54. *The true End of Education.* Rowe.

And therefore wert thou bred to virtuous knowledge,
And wisdom early planted in thy soul,
That thou might'st know to rule thy fiery passions,
To bind their rage and stay their headlong course;
To

To bear with accidents, and every change
Of various life; to struggle with adversity;
To wait the leisure of the righteous gods,
Till they, in their own good appointed hour,
Shall bid their better days come forth at once,
A long and shining train; till thou, well pleas'd,
Shalt bow, and bless thy fate, and say the gods
are just.

§ 55. *Filial Piety.* Mallet.

E'er since reflection beam'd her light upon
me,
You, Sir, have been my study. I have plac'd
Before mine eyes, in every light of life,
The father and the king. What weight of duty
Lay on a son from such a parent sprung:
What virtuous toil to shine with his renown,
Has been my thought by day, my dream by
night:
- - - - - - - - - -
But first and ever nearest to my heart
Was this prime duty, so to frame my conduct
Tow'rd such a father, as were I father,
My soul would wish to meet with from a son.
And may reproach transmit my name abhorr'd
To latest time—if ever thought was mine
Unjust to filial reverence, filial love!

§ 56. *The same.* Thomson.

Have I then no tears for thee, my father?
Can I forget thy cares, from helpless years
Thy tenderness for me? an eye still beam'd
With love? A brow that never knew a frown?
Nor a harsh word thy tongue! Shall I for these
Repay thy stooping venerable age
With shame, disquiet, anguish, and dishonor?
It must not be!—thou first of angels! come,
Sweet filial piety! and firm my breast:
Yes! let one daughter to her fate submit,
Be nobly wretched—but her father happy.

§ 57. *Bad Fortune more easily borne than good.* Rowe.

With such unshaken temper of the soul
To bear the swelling tide of prosp'rous fortune,
Is to deserve that fortune.—In adversity
The mind grows tough by buffeting the tem-
pest;
But in success dissolving, sinks to ease,
And loses all her firmness.

§ 58. *Despair never to be indulged.* Philips.

Though plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,
Yet never let the noble mind despair:
When press'd by dangers, and beset by foes.
The gods their timely succour interpose;
And when our virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with
grief,
By unforeseen expedients bring relief.

§ 59. *A Friend to Freedom can never be a Traitor.* Thomson.

——He who contends for freedom,
Can ne'er be justly deem'd his sovereign's foe;
No! 'Tis the wretch who tempts him to sub-
vert it,
The soothing slave, the traitor in the bosom,
Who best deserves that name; he is a worm
That eats out all the happiness of kingdoms.

§ 60. *Description of a Hag.* Otway.

In a close lane, as I pursu'd my journey,
I spied a wither'd hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and
red,
Cold palsy shook her head, her hand seem'd
wither'd,
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd
The tatter'd remnants of an old strip'd hanging,
Which serv'd to keep her carcase from the cold:
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With different color'd rags, black, red, white,
yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.

§ 61. *Happiness the inseparable Companion of Virtue.* Rowe.

——To be good is to be happy; angels
Are happier than men, because they're better.
Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and stings: the blest know none
of this,
But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heaven is good-
ness.

§ 62. *Honor superior to Justice.*

Honor, my lord, is much too proud to catch
At every slender twig of nice distinctions.
These for the unfeeling vulgar may do well;
But those whose souls are by the nicer rule
Of virtuous delicacy only sway'd,
Stand at another bar than that of laws.

§ 63. *In what Manner Princes ought to be taught.* Mallet.

Let truth and virtue be their earliest teachers;
Keep from their ear the syren-voice of flattery,
Keep from their eye the harlot form of vice,
Who spread in every court their silken snares,
And charm but to betray. Betimes instruct
them,
Superior rank demands superior worth;
Pre-eminence of valor, justice, mercy:
But chief, that, though exalted o'er mankind,
They are themselves but men—frail suffering
dust;
From no one injury of human lot
Exempt;

Exempt; but fever'd by the same heat, chill'd
By the same cold, torn by the same disease,
That scorches, freezes, racks, and kills the beggar.

§ 64. *True End of Royalty.* Mallet.

——O witness, Heaven!
Whose eye the heart's profoundest depth explores.
That if not to perform my regal task;
To be the common father of my people,
Patron of honor, virtue, and religion;
If not to shelter useful worth, to guard
His well-earn'd portion from the sons of rapine,
And deal out justice with impartial hand;
If not to spread on all good men thy bounty,
The treasures trusted to me, not my own;
If not to raise anew our English name,
By peaceful arts, that grace the land they bless,
And generous war to humble proud oppressors:
Yet more, if not to build the public weal
On that firm base, which can alone resist
Both time and chance, fair liberty and law;
If I for these great ends am not ordain'd—
May I ne'er poorly fill the throne of England.

§ 65. *The real Duty of a King.* Rowe.

——'Tis true I am a king:
Honor and glory too have been my aim:
But tho' I dare face death and all the dangers
Which furious war wears in its bloody front,
Yet could I choose to fix my name by peace,
By justice, and by mercy; and to raise
My trophies on the blessings of mankind:
Nor would I buy the empire of the world
With ruin of the people whom I sway,
Or forfeit of my honor.

§ 66. *Character of a good King.* Thomson.

——Yes, we have lost a father!
The greatest blessing Heaven bestows on mortals,
And seldom found amidst these wilds of time.
A good, a worthy king!—Hear me, my Tancred!
And I will tell thee in a few plain words,
How he deserv'd that best, that glorious title.
'Tis nought complex, 'tis clear as truth and virtue.
He lov'd his people, deem'd them all his children,
The good exalted, and depress'd the bad:
He spurn'd the flattering crew, with scorn rejected
Their smooth advice, that only means themselves,
Their schemes to aggrandize him into baseness,
Well knowing that a people in their rights
And industry protected; living safe
Beneath the sacred shelter of the laws:
Encourag'd in their genius, arts and labors;
And happy each as he himself deserves,
Are ne'er ungrateful. With unsparing hand
They will for him provide: their filial love
And confidence are his unfailing treasury,
And every honest man his faithful guard.

§ 67. *The Guilt of bad Kings.* Mallet.

When those whom Heaven distinguishes o'er millions,
And show'rs profusely pow'r and splendor on them,
Whate'er th' expanded heart can wish: when
Accepting the reward, neglect the duty,
Or, worse, pervert those gifts to deeds of ruin,
Is there a wretch they rule so base as they?
Guilty, at once, of sacrilege to Heaven,
And of perfidious robbery to man!

§ 68. *The true End of Life.* Thomson.

Who, who would live, my Narva, just to breathe
This idle air, and indolently run,
Day after day, the still returning round
Of life's mean offices, and sickly joys?
But in the service of mankind to be
A guardian god below; still to employ
The mind's brave ardor in heroic arms,
Such as may raise us o'er the groveling herd,
And make us shine for ever—that is life.

§ 69. *The same.* S. Johnson.

Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds,
Are only varied modes of endless being.
Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone;
Nor for itself, but for a nobler end,
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
When inconsistent with a greater good,
Reason commands to cast the less away;
Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserv'd,
And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

§ 70. *A Lion overcome by a Man.* Lee.

The prince in a lone court was plac'd,
Unarm'd, all but his hands, on which he wore
A pair of gantlets.
At last, the door of an old lion's den
Being drawn up, the horrid beast appear'd:
The flames which from his eye shot glaring red,
Made the sun start, as the spectators thought,
And round them cast a day of blood and death.
The prince walk'd forward: the large beast decried
His prey; and with a roar that made us pale,
Flew fiercely on him: but Lysimachus,
Starting aside, avoided his first stroke
With a slight hurt, and, as the lion turn'd,
Thrust gantlet, arm and all, into his throat:
Then with Herculean force tore forth by the roots
The foaming, bloody tongue; and while the savage,
Faint with the loss, sunk to the blushing earth,
To plow it with his teeth, your conqu'ring soldier
Leap'd on his back, and dash'd his skull to pieces.

§ 71. *Character of an excellent Man.* Rowe.

——How could my tongue
Take pleasure, and be lavish in thy praise!

How

How could I speak thy nobleness of nature!
Thy open, manly heart, thy courage, constancy
And inborn truth, unknowing to dissemble!
Thou art the man in whom my soul delights,
In whom, next Heaven, I trust.

§ 72. *Virtue the only true Source of Nobility.* Thomson.

I tell thee, then, whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valor, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble
Of nature's own creating. Such have risen,
Sprung from the dust, or where had been our honors?
And such, in radiant bands, will rise again
In yon immortal city; that, when most
Deprest by fate, and near apparent ruin,
Returns, as with an energy divine,
On her astonish'd foes, and shakes them from her.

§ 73. *The happy Effects of Misfortune.* Thomson.

——If misfortune comes, she brings along
The bravest virtues. And so many great
Illustrious spirits have convers'd with woe,
Have in her school been taught, as are enough
To consecrate distress, and make ambition
Ev'n wish the frown beyond the smile of fortune.

§ 74. *A Description of the Morning.* Otway.

Wish'd morning's come; and now upon the plains,
And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day:
The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the field his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits:
The beasts, that under the warm hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up;
And, looking tow'rds the neighbouring pastures, raise
Their voice, and bid their fellow brutes good-morrow:
The cheerful birds too on the tops of trees
Assemble all in choirs; and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

§ 75. *Another.* Lee.

From amber shrouds I see the morning rise;
Her rosy hands begin to paint the skies;
And now the city emmets leave their hive,
And rousing hinds to cheerful labor drive;
High cliffs and rocks are pleasing objects now,
And nature smiles upon the mountain brow:
The joyful birds salute the sun's approach:
The sun too laughs, and mounts his gaudy coach;
While from the car his dropping gems distil,
And all the earth, and all the heavens, do smile.

§ 76. *The charming Notes of the Nightingale.* Lee.

Thus, in some poplar shade, the nightingale
With piercing moans does her lost young bewail:
Which the rough hind observing, as they lay
Warm in their downy nest had stolen away:
But she in mournful sounds does still complain,
Sings all the night, though all her songs are vain,
And still renews her miserable strain.

§ 77. *The same.* Rowe.

So when the spring renews the flow'ry field,
And warns the pregnant nightingale to build;
She seeks the safest shelter of the wood,
Where she may trust her little tuneful brood,
Where no rude swains her shady cell may know,
No serpents climb, nor blasting winds may blow:
Fond of the chosen place, she views it o'er,
Sits there, and wanders through the grove no more;
Warbling she charms it each returning night,
And loves it with a mother's dear delight.

§ 78. *A worthless Person can claim no Merit from the Virtues of his Ancestors.* Rowe.

Were honor to be scann'd by long descent
From ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt
A lineage of the greatest; and recount,
Among my fathers, names of ancient story,
Heroes and godlike patriots, who subdu'd
The world by arms and virtue,
But that be their own praise;
Nor will I borrow merit from the dead,
Myself an undeserver.

§ 79. *The Love of our Country the greatest Virtue.* Thomson.

His only plot was this: that, much provok'd,
He rais'd his vengeful arm against his country:
And lo! the righteous gods have now chastis'd him
Even by the hands of those for whom he fought.
Whatever private views and passions plead,
No cause can justify so black a deed:
These, when the angry tempest clouds the soul,
May darken reason and her course control;
But when the prospect clears, her startled eye
Must from the treach'rous gulf with horror fly,
On whose wide wave by stormy passions tost,
So many helpless wretches have been lost.

Then

Then be this truth the star by which we steer:
Above ourselves our country shall be dear.

§ 80. *The same.* W. Whitehead.

Learn hence, ye Romans! on how sure a base
The patriot builds his happiness; no stroke,
No keenest, deadliest shaft of adverse fate
Can make his generous bosom quite despair,
But that alone by which his country falls.
Grief may to grief in endless round succeed,
And nature suffer when our children bleed:
Yet still superior must that hero prove,
Whose first, best passion, is his country's love.

§ 81. *In what Philosophy really consists.* Thomson.

——Philosophy consists not
In airy schemes or idle speculations.
The rule and conduct of all social life
Is her great province. Not in lonely cells
Obscure she lurks, but holds her heavenly light
To senates and to kings, to guide their councils,
And teach them to reform and bless mankind.
All policy but hers is false and rotten;
All valor not conducted by her precepts
Is a destroying fury sent from hell,
To plague unhappy man, and ruin nations.

§ 82. *Scipio restoring the captive Princess to her Royal Lover.* Thomson.

——What with admiration
Struck every heart, was this: A noble virgin,
Conspicuous far o'er all the captive dames,
Was mark'd the gen'ral's prize. She wept and blush'd,
Young, fresh and blooming like the morn. An eye,
As when the blue sky trembles through a cloud
Of purest white. A secret charm combin'd
Her features, and infus'd enchantment through them:
Her shape was harmony.—But eloquence
Beneath her beauty fails; which seem'd on purpose
By nature lavish'd on her, that mankind
Might see the virtue of a hero tried
Almost beyond the stretch of human force.
Soft as she pass'd along, with downcast eyes,
Where gentle sorrows swell'd, and now and then
Dropp'd o'er her modest cheek a trickling tear,
The Roman legions languish'd, and hard war
Felt more than pity. Ev'n their chief himself,
As on his high tribunal rais'd he sat,
Turn'd from the dang'rous sight, and chiding ask'd
His officers, if by this gift they meant
To cloud his virtue in its very dawn?
- - - - - - - -
She question'd of her birth, in trembling accents,
With tears, and blushes broken, told her tale.
But when he found her royally descended,
Of her old captive parents the sole joy;
And that a hapless Celtiberian prince,
Her lover, and belov'd, forgot his chains,
His lost dominions, and for her alone
Wept out his tender soul; sudden the heart
Of this young, conqu'ring, loving, godlike Roman
Felt all the great divinity of virtue.
His wishing youth stood check'd, his tempting pow'r
Restrain'd by kind humanity.—At once
He for her parents and her lover call'd.
The various scene imagine; how his troops
Look'd dubious on, and wonder'd what he meant;
While stretch'd below the trembling suppliants lay
Rack'd by a thousand mingling passions, fear,
Hope, jealousy, disdain, submission, grief,
Anxiety, and love, in every shape;
To these as different sentiments succeeded,
As mix'd emotions: when the man divine
Thus the dread silence to the lover broke:
"We both are young, both charm'd. The right of war
Has put thy beauteous mistress in my pow'r,
With whom I could in the most sacred ties
Live out a happy life: but know that Romans
Their hearts, as well as enemies, can conquer.
Then take her to thy soul; and with her take
Thy liberty and kingdom. In return
I ask but this:—when you behold these eyes,
These charms, with transport, be a friend to Rome."

§ 83. *The Blessings of Peace.* Thomson.

——O Beauteous Peace!
Sweet union of a state! what else but thou
Gives safety, strength and glory to a people?
I bow, Lord Constable, beneath the snow
Of many years; yet in my breast revives
A youthful flame. Methinks I see again
Those gentle days renew'd, that bless'd our isle
Ere by this wasteful fury of division,
Worse than our Ætna's most destructive fires,
It desolated sunk. I see our plains
Unbounded waving with the gifts of harvest:
Our seas with commerce throng'd, our busy ports
With cheerful toil. Our Enna blooms afresh;
Afresh the sweets of thymy Hybla blow.
Our nymphs and shepherds, sporting in each vale,
Inspire new song, and wake the pastoral reed.

§ 84. *Providence.* Thomson.

——There is a Pow'r
Unseen, that rules th' illimitable world,
That guides its motions from the brightest star
To the least dust of this sin-tainted mould;
While man, who madly deems himself the lord
Of all, is nought but weakness and dependence.
This sacred truth, by sure experience taught,

Thou must have learnt when wandering all alone,
Each bird, each insect, flitting through the sky,
Was more sufficient for itself than thou.

§ 85. *Prudence.* Thomson.

——Let us
Act with cool prudence, and with manly temper,
As well as manly firmness.
'Tis godlike magnanimity to keep,
When most provok'd, our reason calm and clear,
And execute her will, from a strong sense
Of what is right, without the vulgar aid
Of heat and passion, which, tho' honest, bear us
Often too far.

§ 86. *Description of Ships appearing at a Distance, and approaching the Shore.* Dryden

Guiom. As far as I could cast my eyes
Upon the sea, something, methought, did rise
Like blueish mists, which still appearing more,
Took dreadful shapes, and thus mov'd tow'rds the shore:
The object I could first distinctly view,
Was tall, straight trees, which on the water flew:
Wings on their sides instead of leaves did grow,
Which gather'd all the breath the winds could blow;
And at their roots grew floating palaces,
Whose out-blow'd bellies cut the yielding seas.
Montezuma. What divine monsters, O ye gods! are these,
That float in air, and fly upon the seas?
Came they alive, or dead, upon the shore?
Guiom. Alas! they liv'd too sure: I heard them roar:
All turn'd their sides, and to each other spoke:
I saw their words break out in fire and smoke.
Sure 'tis their voice that thunders from on high,
And these the younger brothers of the sky:
Deaf with the noise, I took my hasty flight;
No mortal courage can support the fright.

§ 87. *Virtue preferable to Rank.* Rowe.

What tho' no gaudy titles grace my birth;
Titles, the servile courtier's lean reward!
Sometimes the pay of virtue, but more oft
The hire which greatness gives to slaves and sycophants:
Yet Heaven, that made me honest, made me more
Than e'er a king did when he made a lord.

§ 88. *Description of an ancient Cathedral.* Congreve.

——'Tis dreadful:
How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immoveable!
Looking tranquillity; it strikes an awe
And terror to my aching sight! The tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chilness to my trembling heart.

§ 89. *Description of a Triumph.* Lee.

——He comes, and with a port so proud,
As if he had subdu'd the spacious world:
And all Sinope's streets are fill'd with such
A glut of people, you would think some god
Had conquer'd in their cause, and them thus rank'd,
That he might make his entrance on their heads!
While from the scaffolds, windows, tops of houses,
Are cast such gaudy show'rs of garlands down,
That ev'n the crowd appear like conquerors,
And the whole city seems like one vast meadow
Set all with flow'rs, as a clear heaven with stars.
Nay, as I have heard, ere he the city enter'd,
Your subjects lin'd the way for many furlongs;
The very trees bore men: and as our God,
When from the portal of the east he dawns,
To welcome him with all their warbling throats
And prune their feathers in his golden beams;
So did your subjects, in their gaudy trim,
Upon the pendant branches speak his praise.
Mothers, who cover'd all the banks beneath,
Did rob the crying infants of the breast,
Pointing Ziphares out, to make them smile;
And climbing boys stood on their fathers' shoulders,
Answering their shouting sires with tender cries,
To make the concert up of general joy.

§ 90. *A Shepherd's Life happier than a King's.* Hill.

Th' unbusied shepherd, stretch'd beneath the hawthorn,
His careless limbs thrown out in wanton ease,
With thoughtless gaze perusing the arch'd heavens,
And idly whistling while his sheep feed round him,
Enjoys a sweeter shade than that of canopies
Hemm'd in with cares, and shook by storms of treason.

§ 91. *Virtue its own Reward.* Rowe.

Great minds, like Heav'n, are pleas'd with doing good,
Though the ungrateful subjects of their favors
Are barren in return. Virtue does still
With scorn the mercenary world regard,
Where abject souls do good, and hope reward.
Above the worthless trophies man can raise,
She seeks not honor, wealth, nor airy praise,
But with herself, herself the goddess pays.

§ 92. *No Difficulties insuperable to the Prudent and Brave.* Rowe.

The wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them: sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make th' impossibility they fear.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

POETICAL.

BOOK THE FOURTH:

SENTIMENTAL, LYRICAL, AND LUDICROUS.

CONSISTING OF

ODES, Sonnets, Classical Songs, Ancient and Modern Ballads, Comic-Tales, Epigrams, Epitaphs, various amusing little Poems, Prologues, and Epilogues.

§ 1. L'ALLEGRO. MILTON.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy;
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair;
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides:
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give the honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dapple dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,

And the milk-maid singing blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Tow'rs and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses:
And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead,
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,
And by the friar's lanthorn led;
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When, in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tow'red cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend:
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

§ 2. IL PENSEROSO. Milton.

Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly, without father bred,
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou Goddess sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight;
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem:
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended;
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain).
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove,
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;

There,

There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Ay round about Jove's altars sing:
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
But first and chiefest with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweet, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak;
Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song,
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will sit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may out-watch the Bear
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshy nook:
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes or Pelops' line,
Or else the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage,
But, O sad Virgin, that thy pow'r
Might raise Musæus from his bow'r,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canacé to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till silver-suited morn appear,
Nor trickt and frounc'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a show'r still
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax with heaved stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange, mysterious dream
Wave at his wings an airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of ev'ry star that heaven doth shew,
And ev'ry herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

§ 3. LYCIDAS. Milton.

Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more,
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year;
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due,
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhime.
He must not float upon his wat'ry bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favor my destin'd urn;
And, as she passes, turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Tow'rd heaven's descent had slop'd his west'ring wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damætis lov'd to hear our song.
But, O the heavy change! now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weaning herds that graze;
Or frost to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream:
Ah me, I fondly dream!
Had ye been there—for what could that have done!
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glist'ring foil,
Set off to th' world: nor in broad rumor lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove:
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honor'd flood,
Smooth sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd ev'ry gust of rugged winds
That blows from off each beaked promontory;
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippodates their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd,
It was that fatal and perfidious bark
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next Camus, reverend sire! went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flow'r inscrib'd with woe.
Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake:
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,

Enow

Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold [least
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What wreeks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw:
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said,
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smites no more.
Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past.
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowrets of a thousand hues.
Ye vallies low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied show'rs,
And purple all the ground with vernal flow'rs,
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white-pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flow'r that sad embroidery wears:
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid' lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ah me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks tow'rd Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead; [more,
Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head, [ore
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals grey,
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

§ 4. *Virtue, Wisdom, and Contemplation.* Milton.

Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

§ 5. *Meditation and Beauty.* Milton.

Musing Meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate-house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his grey hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch, with uninchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.

§ 6. *Chastity.* Milton.

She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
Where through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage, fierce bandite, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.

Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful pow'r o'er true virginity.
Do you believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th' woods.
What was the snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe?
So dear to Heaven is saintly Chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal: but when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,
Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

§ 7. *Philosophy.* Milton.

How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectur'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns!

§ 8. *True Liberty.* Milton.

——————True Liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reason in man obscur'd or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart passions catch the government
From reason, and to servitude reduce
Man, till then free.

§ 9. *Powers of Body and Mind.* Milton.

Oh how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men, long oppress'd,
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might,
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
The brute and boisterous force of violent men,
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous, and all such as honor truth!
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats;
With plain heroic magnitude of mind,
And celestial vigor arm'd,
Their armories and magazines contemns,
Renders them useless, while
With winged expedition,
Swift as the lightning glance, he executes
His errand on the wicked, who, surpris'd,
Lose their defence, distracted and amaz'd.

§ 10. *On Shakspeare.* Milton.

What needs my Shakspeare for his honor'd bones
The labor of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a starry-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory! great heir of fame!
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchred in such pomp doth lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

§ 11. *Song: on May Morning.* Milton.

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bountcous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

§ 12. *Virtue and Evil.* Milton.

Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not inthrall'd:
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory;
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last,
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change

Self-

Self fed, and self-consumed: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.

§ 13. *Patience.* Milton.

Many are the sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books inroll'd;
Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ [sought,
With studied argument, and much persuasion
Lenient of grief and anxious thought;
But with th' afflicted, in his pangs, their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his com- [plaint;
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold.

§ 14. *Sonnet: on his deceased Wife.* Milton.

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave, [faint
Rescued from death by force, though pale and
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed
Purification in the old law did save, [taint.
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But, oh! as to embrace me she inclin'd, [night.
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my

§ 15. *Spirits.* Milton.

——Spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure;
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.

§ 16. *Pain.* Milton.

——What avails [with Pain,
Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life, perhaps, and not repine;
But live content, which is the calmest life:
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils! and, excessive, overturns
All patience.

§ 17. *Hypocrisy.* Milton.

Neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will thro' heaven and earth:
And oft tho' Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity [ill
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no
Where no ill seems.

§ 18. *The Lady reproving Comus.* Milton.

I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance! she, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance:
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumber'd with her store,
And then the giver would be better thank'd,
His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted, base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad pow'r of Chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
Thou hast not ear, nor soul to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd;
Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all the magic structures, rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

§ 19. *Sonnet to the Nightingale.* Milton.

O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love; oh if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh,
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the muse or love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

§ 20.

§ 20. *Echo: A Song.* Milton.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph! that liv'st
Within thy airy shell, [unseen
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
Oh if thou have
Hide them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

VARIOUS DESCRIPTIONS FROM SPENSER.

§ 21. *Adonis's Garden.*

But were it not that Time their troubler is,
All that in this delightful garden grows
Should happy be, and have immortal bliss:
For here all plenty and all pleasure flowes,
And sweet love gentle fits emongst them throws,
Without fell rancour, or fond jealousie;
Frankly each paramour his leman knows,
Each bird his mate; ne any does envie
Their goodly merriment, and gay felicitie.

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Right in the middest of that paradise
There stood a stately mount, on whose round top
A gloomy grove of myrtle trees did rise,
Whose shadie boughs sharp steele did never lop,
Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop:
But, like a girlond compassed the hight,
And from their fruitfull sides sweet gumes did drop,
That all the ground with precious dew bedight,
Threw forth most dainty odours, and most sweet delight!

And, in the thickest covert in that shade,
There was a pleasant arbour, not by art,
But of the trees own inclination made,
Which knitting their ranke branches part to part,
With wanton ivie-twine entail'd athwart,
And eglantine and caprisfole emong,
Fashion'd above within her inmost part,
That neither Phœbus' beams could through them throng,
Nor Æolus' sharp blast could work them any wrong.

And all about grew every sort of flowre,
To which sad lovers were transform'd of yore;
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus' paramoure,
And dearest love;
Foolish Narcisse, that likes the wat'ry shore;
Sad Aramanthus, made a flowre but late;
Sad Aramanthus, in whose purple gore
Meseemes I see Amintas' wretched fate,
To whom sweet poets verse hath given endless date.

§ 22. *Affections.*

How great a toil to stem the raging flood,
When beauty stirs the mass of youthful blood!
When the swoln veins with circling torrents rise,
And softer passions speak thro' wishing eyes!
The voice of reason's drown'd; in vain it speaks,
When hasty anger dyes the gloomy cheeks;
And vengeful pride hurries the mortal on
To deeds unheard, and cruelties unknown.

Then 'gan the Palmer thus: Most wretched man,
That to affections does the bridle lend:
In their beginning they are weak and wan,
But soon, thro' suffrance, growe to fearfull end;
Whiles they are weak, betimes with them contend:
For when they once to perfect strength do growe,
Strong warres they make, and cruel batt'ry bend
'Gainst fort of reason, it to overthrowe:
Wrath, jealousy, grief, love, this 'squire have laid thus lowe.

Wrath, jealousy, grief, love, do thus expell:
Wrath is a fire, and jealousy a weed;
Grief is a flood, and love a monster fell;
The fire of sparke, the weed of little seed,
The flood of drops, the monster filth did breed:
But sparks, seed, drops, and filth do thus decay;
The sparks soon quench, the springing seed outweed,
The drops dry up, and filth wipe clean away;
So shall wrath, jealousy, grief, love, die and decay.

§ 23. *Ambition.*

A rout of people there assembled were,
Of every sort and nation under sky,
Which with great uprore preassed, to draw near
To th' upper part, where was advanced hie
A stately seat of soveraigne majestie,
And thereon sate a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly clad in robes of royaltie,
That never earthly prince in such array
His glory did enchaunce, and pompous pride display.

Her face right wondrous faire did seem to be,
That her broad beauties beam great brightness threw
Through the dim shade, that all men there might see:
Yet was not that same her own native hew,
But wrought by art; and counterfeited shew,
Thereby more lovers unto her to call;
Nath'less, more heavenly faire in deed and view
She by creation was, till she did fall;
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her crimes withall.

There, as in glist'ring glory she did sit,
She held a great gold chain ylinked well,
Whose upper end to highest heaven was knit,
And lower part did reach to lowest hell;
And all that prease did round about her swell,
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby

To

To climb aloft, and others to excell;
That was Ambition, rash desire to stie;
And ev'ry link thereof a step of dignitie.

Some thonght to raise themselves to high degree
By riches and unrighteous reward;
Some by close should'ring, some by flatteree;
Others through friends, others for base reward;
And all, by wrong ways, for themselves prepar'd.
Those that were up themselves, kept others lowe;
Those that were lowe themselves held others hard,
Ne suffer'd them to rise, or greater growe;
But every one did strive his fellow down to throwe.

O sacred hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent desire of men to raigne!
Who neither dread of God, that devils bindes,
Nor lawes of men that commonweals containe,
Nor bands of nature, that wild beasts restraine,
Can keep from outrage, and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdom to obtaine,
No faith so firm, no trust can be so strong,
No love so lasting then, that may enduren long.

§ 24. *Anguish.*

What equal torment to the griefe of minde,
And pyning anguish hid in gentle heart,
That inly feeds itself with thoughts unkinde,
And nourisheth her own consuming smart?
What medicine can any leache's art
Yield such a sore, that doth her grievance hide,
And will to none her maladie impart?

§ 25. *Arbour.*

And over him art striveing to compaire
With nature, did an arbour green dispred,
Framed with wanton ivie, flowering faire,
Thro' which the fragrant eglantine did spred
His pricking armes, entayl'd with roses red,
Which dainty odours round about him threw;
And all within with flowres was garnished,
That, when mild Zephyrus emongst them blew,
Did breathe out bounteous smells, and painted colors shew.

§ 26. *Avarice.*

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camel loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hung on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold,
And in his lap a heap of coin he told;
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell himself for money sold:
Accursed usury was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equall balance waide.

At last he came into a gloomy glade,
Cover'd with boughs and shrubs from heaven's light,
Whereas he sitting found, in secret shade,
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivill wight,
Of griesly hew, and foul ill-favour'd sight;
His face with smoake was tann'd, and eyes were blear'd;
His head and beard with soot were ill bedight,
His coale-black hands did seem to have been sear'd
In smithe's fire-speting forge, and nails like claws appear'd.

His iron coat, all overgrown with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold,
Whose glistring gloss, darkened with filthy dust,
Well it appeared to have been of old
A work of rich entaile, and curious mould,
Woven with anticks, and wild imagery;
And in his lap a mass of coine he told,
And turn'd upside down, to feed his eye,
And covetous desire, with his huge treasury.

And round about him lay, on every side,
Great heaps of gold, that never could be spent;
Of which, some were ore not purifide
Of Mulciber's devouring element;
Some others were new driven, and distent
Into great ingots, and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten monument;
But most were stampt, and in their metall bare
The antick shapes of kings and Cæsars strange and rare.

§ 27. *Bashfulness.*

The whiles the fairie knight did entertaine
Another damsel of that gentle crew
That was right faire, and modest of demaine,
But that too oft she chang'd her native hue.
Strange was her tire, and all her garments blue,
Close round about her tuckt, with many a plight:
Upon her fist, the bird that shunneth view,
And keeps in coverts close from living wight,
Did sit, as if asham'd how rude Dan did her dight.

So long as Guyon with her commun'd,
Unto the ground she cast her modest eye,
And ever and anone, with rosie red,
The bashfull blood her snowy cheeks did die,
And her became as polish'd ivorie,
Which cunning craftsman's hand hath overlaid
With fair vermillion, or pure lastery.
Great wonder had the knight to see the maid
So strangely passioned, and to her gently said;

Fair damsell, seemeth by your troubled cheare
That either me too bold yee weene, this wise
You to molest, or other ill to feare,
That in the secret of your heart close lyes,
From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, arise.
If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
But if ought else that I mote not devise,
I will (if please you it discrne) assay
To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.

She answer'd nought, but more abasht for shame,
Held down her head, the whiles her lovely face
The flushing blood with blushing did inflame,
And the strong passion marr'd her modest grace,
That

That Guyon marvail'd at her uncouth case:
Till Alma him bespake, Why wonder yee,
Fair sir, at that which you so much imbrace?
She is the fountaine of your modestee:
You shame-fac'd are, but Shame-fac'dness itself is shee.

Another.

And next to her sate goodly Shame-fac'dness;
Ne ever durst her eyes from ground up-reare,
Ne ever once did look up from her dress,
As if some blame of evil she did feare,
That in her cheek made roses oft appeare.

§ 28. *Beauty.*

Nought is there under heav'n's wide hollowness
That moves more dear compassion of mind,
Than beauty brought t' unworthy wretchedness
By envy's snares or fortune's freaks unkind:
I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pierc'd with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

Efisoons there stepped forth
A goodly lady, clad in hunter's weed,
That seem'd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance borne of heavenly birth.

Her face so fair, as flesh it seemed not,
But heavenly portraict of bright angels hiew,
Clear as the sky withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew,
And in her cheeks the vermill' red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosial odours from them threw,
And gazers sense with double pleasure fed,
Able to heal the sick, and to revive the dead.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above, at th' heavenly Maker's light,
And darted fiery beams out of the same,
So passing pearceant, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereav'd the rash beholders of their sight:
In them the blinded god his lustful fire
To kindle oft assay'd, but had no might;
For, with dread majesty, and awful ire,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desire.

Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure
The sense of man, and all his mind possess,
As beauty's love-bait, that doth procure
Great warriors of their rigour to repress,
And mighty hands forget their manliness,
Drawn with the pow'r of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tress,
That can with melting pleasance mollify
Their harden'd hearts, enur'd to blood and cruelty.

So whilome learn'd that mighty Jewish swain,
Each of whose locks did match a man of might,
To lay his spoils before his leman's train:
So also did the great Cetean knight,
For his love's sake, his lion's skin undight:
And so did warlike Antony neglect
The world's whole rule, for Cleopatra's sight.
Such wond'rous pow'r has women's fair aspect,
To captive men, and make them all the world reject.

§ 29. *Boar.*

And then two boars with rankling malice met,
Their goary sides, fresh bleeding, fiercely fret,
Till, breathless both, themselves aside retire,
Where foaming wroth their cruel turks they whet,
And trample th' earth the while they may respire:
Then back to fight again, new breathed and entire.

§ 30. *Bower of Bliss.*

Thence passing forth, they shortly do arrive
Whereat the Bower of Bliss was situate;
A place pick'd out by choice of best alive,
That nature's work by art can imitate;
In which whatever in this wordly state
Is sweet and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may daintiest fantasie aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentiful dispense,
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
As well their enter'd guests to keep within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weak and thin:
Nought fear'd their force that fortilage to win,
But wisdom's powre and temperance's might,
By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
And eke the gate was wrought of substance light,
Rather for pleasure than for battery or fight.

It framed was of precious yvory,
That seem'd a work of admirable wit;
And therein all the famous historie
Of Jason and Medæa was ywrit?
Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fit,
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falsed faith, and love to lightly flit,
The wondred Argo, which invent'rous peece
First through the Euxian seas bore all the flow'r of Greece.

Ye might have seen the frothy billowes fry
Under the ship, as thorough them she went,
That seemed waves were into yvory,
Or yvory into the waves were sent:
And other where the snowy substance sprent,
With vermill-like the boyes bloud therein shed,
A piteous spectacle did represent;
And otherwhiles with gold besprinkeled,
It seem'd th' enchanted flame which did Creüsa wed.

All this and more might in this goodly gate
Be read; that ever open stood to all

Which

Which thither came; but in the porch there sate
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblance pleasing more than natural,
That travellers to him seem'd to entice;
His looser garments to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heels in wanton wise,
Not fit for speedy pace or manly exercise.

The foe of life, that good envies to all,
That secretly doth us procure to fall,
Through guileful semblaunce which he makes us see,
He of this garden had the governall,
And Pleasure's porter was devis'd to be,
Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitie.

Thus being entred, they behold around
A large and spatious plaine on every side
Strow'd with pleasaunce, whose faire grassie ground
Mantled with green, and goodly beautifide
With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorne
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride,
Did deck her, and too lavishly adorne,
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early morne.

Thereto the heavens always joviall,
Lookt on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
Ne suffer'd stormie nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate,
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell;
But the mild air with season moderate
Gently attempred and disposed so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and wholesome smell.

More sweet and wholesome than the pleasant hill
Of Rhodopè, on which the nymph that bore
A giant-babe, herselfe for griefe did kill;
Or the Thessalian Tempè, where of yore
Faire Daphne Phœbus' heart with love did gore;
Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repaire,
When-ever they their heavenly bowres forlore;
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of muses faire;
Or Eden, if that aught with Eden mote compare.

Till that he came unto another gate,
No gate, but like one, beeing goodly dight
With boughes and branches, which did broad dilate,
Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings intricate.

So fashioned a porch with rare divise,
Archt over head with an embracing vine,
Whose bunches hanging downe, seem'd to entice
All passers by to taste their lushious wine,
And did themselves into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gathered:
Some deep empurpled as the hyacint,
Some as the rubine laughing, sweetly red,
Some like faire emeraudes not yet ripened.

And them amongst, some were of burnisht gold,
So made by art, to beautifie the rest,
Which did themselves amongst the leaves enfold,
As lurking from the view of covetous guest,
That the weak boughes, with so rich load opprest,
Did bow adown as over-burthened.

There the most dainty paradise on ground,
Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plentiously abound,
And none does others happiness envie:
The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hie,
The dales for shade, the hills for breathing place,
The trembling groves, the crystall running by;
And that which all fair works doth most aggrace,
The art which wrought it all appeared in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)
That Nature had for wantonness ensude
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So striveing each the other to undermine,
Each did the other's work more beautify;
So differing both in willes, agreed in fine:
So all agreed through sweet diversitie,
This garden to adorne with all varietie.

And in the midst of all, a fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might be,
So pure and shiny, that the silver flood
Through every channell running, one might see;
Most goodly it with pure imageree
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seem'd with lively jollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
While others did themselves embay in liquid joyes.

And over all, of purest gold, was spred
A trayle of ivie in his native hew:
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight that did not well advised view,
Would surely deem it to be ivie true:
Low his lascivious armes adowne did creep,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew,
Their fleecie flowres they tenderly did steepe,
Which drops of crystall seem'd for wantonness to weepe.

Infinite streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a little lake it seem'd to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height,
That through the waves one might the bottom see
All pav'd beneath with jaspers shining bright,
That seem'd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

And all the margent round about was set
With shady lawrell-trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames, which on the billows bet,
And those which therein bathed, mote offend.

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§ 31. *Bower of Proteus.*

His bowre is in the bottom of the maine,
Under a mighty rock, 'gainst which do rave
The roaring billows in their proud disdaine;

That

That with the angry working of the wave,
Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,
That seems rough mason's hand, with engine keen,
Had long while laboured it to engrave:
There was his wonne, ne living wight was seen,
Save an old nymph, hight Panope, to keep it clean.

§ 32. *Bull.*

As salvage bull, whom two fierce mastives bait,
When rancour doth with rage him once begore,
Forgets with warie ward them to await,
But with his dreadful horns them drives afore,
Or flings aloft, or treads down in the flore,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing out disdaine.
That all the forest quakes to hear him roar.

Another.

As two fierce bulls, that strive the rule to get
Of all the herd, meet with so hideous maine,
That both rebutted, tumble on the plaine:
So these two champions to the ground were feld.

Another.

Like a wild bull, that being at a bay,
Is baited of a mastiff and a hound,
And a curre-dog, that do him sharp assay
On every side, and beat about him round;
But most the curre, barking with bitter sound,
And creeping still behind, doth him incomber,
That in chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellows like the thunder.

§ 33. *Calumny.*

It is a monster bred of hellish race,
Then answer'd he, which often had annoy'd
Good knights and ladies true, and many else destroy'd.
Of Cerberus whylome he was begot,
And fell Chimæra in her darksome den,
Through foule commixture of his filthy blot,
Where he was fostred long in Stygian fen,
Till he to perfect ripeness grew, and then
Into this wicked world he forth was sent,
To be the plague and scourge of wretched men:
Whom with vile tongue and venemous intent
Ill sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

§ 34. *Cannon.*

As when the devilish iron engine wrought
In deepest hell, and fram'd by furies' skill,
With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
And ramm'd with bullet round ordain'd to kill,
Conceiveth fire, the heavens it doth fill
With thundering noise, and all the aire doth choke,
That none can breath, nor see, nor hear, at will,
Thro' smouldry cloud of duskish stinking smoke,
That th' only breath him daunts who hath escapt his stroke.

§ 35. *Charity.*

Sue was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bountie rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easy to compare;
Full of great love, but Cupid's wanton snare
As hell she hated, chast in work and will;
Her neck and breasts were ever open bare,
That aye thereof her babes might suck their fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arraied still.
A multitude of babes about her hang,
Plying their sports, that joy'd her to behold,
Whom still she fed, whilst they were weak and young,
But thrust them forth still, as they wexed old:
And on her head she wore a tire of gold,
Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous fair,
Whose passing price uneath was to be told;
And by her side there sate a gentle pair
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an ivory chaire.

§ 36. *Concord.*

But lovely concord, and most sacred peace,
Doth nourish virtue, and fast friendship breedes;
Weake she makes strong, and strong things does increase,
Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds.
Brave be her warres, as honourable deedes,
By which she triumphs over ire and pride,
And winnes an olive girlond for her meeds.

§ 37. *Contemplation.*

There they doe find that godly aged sire,
With snowy locks adown his shoulders shed,
As hoarie frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an oak half dead.
Each bone might through his body well be read,
And every sinew seen through his long fast:
For nought he car'd, his carcase long unfed;
His mind was full of spiritual repast,
And pyn'd his flesh to keep his body lowe and chaste.

§ 38. *Cupid.*

Like a Cupido on Idæan hill,
When having laid his cruel bowe away,
And mortal arrows, wherewith he doth fill
The world with wondrous spoils and bloodie prey:
With his faire mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly sisters, graces three;
The goddesse pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers herself through sleep beguil'd to be,
The whiles the other ladies mind their merry glee.
First, she him sought in court where most he used
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not;
But many there she found, which sore accused
His falsehood, and with foule infamous blot,
His cruel deeds and wicked wiles did spot:

Ladies

Ladies and lords she every-where mote hear
Complaining, how with his empoysned shot
Their woful hearts he wounded had whyleare,
And so had left them languishing 'twixt hope and feare.

She then the cities sought from gate to gate,
And every one did ask, did he him see;
And every one her answer'd, and too late
He had him seen, and felt the crueltie
Of his sharp darts, and hot artillerie;
And every one threw forth reproaches rife
Of his mischievous deeds, and said, that hee
Was the disturber of all civil life,
The enemie of peace, and author of all strife.

Then in the country she abroad him sought,
And in the rural cottages enquired:
Where also many plaints to her were brought,
How he their heedless hearts with love had fired,
And false venim thorough their veines inspired;
And eke the gentle shepheard swaines, which sate
Keeping their fleecy flocks, as they were hired,
She sweetly heard complaine, both how and what
Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did smile thereat.

And at the upper end of the faire towne,
There was an altar built of precious stone,
Of passing value, and of great renowne,
On which there stood an image all alone,
Of massie gold, which with his own light shone;
And wings it had with sundry colours dight,
More sundry colours than the proud pavone
Bears in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,
When her discolour'd bow she spreads through heaven bright.

Blindfold he was, and in his cruel fist
A mortal bow and arrowes keen did hold,
With which he shot at random when he list:
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold
(Ah, man! beware how thou those darts behold).
A wounded dragon under him did lie,
Whose hideous tayle his left foot did enfold,
And with a shaft was shot through eyther eye,
That no man forth could draw, ne no man remedy.

Next after her, the winged god himself
Came riding on a lyon ravenous,
Taught to obey the menage of that elfe,
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdueth to his kingdom tyrannous:
His blindfold eyes he had awhile unbind,
That his proud spoyle of that same dolorous
Fair dame he might behold in perfect kind;
Which seen he much rejoyceth in his cruel mind.

Of which full proud, himself up-rearing hye,
He looked round about with stern disdaine;
And did survey his goodly company;
And marshalling the evil ordered traine,
With that the darts which his right hand did straine,
Full dreadfully he shook, that all did quake,
And clapt on high his coloured wings twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make:
Though binding him againe, his way he forth did take.

§ 39. *Danger.*

With him went Danger, cloth'd in ragged weed,
Made of a beares skyn, that him more dreadful made:
Yet his own face was dreadful, ne did need
Strange horror, to deform his griesly shade;
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was: this mischiefe, that mishap;
With th' one his foes he threatened to invade,
With th' other he is friends meant to enwrap:
For, whom he could not kill, he practis'd to entrap.

Another.

But in the porch did ever more abide
An hideous giant, dredful to behold,
That stopt the entrance with his spacious stride;
And with the terror of his countenance bold,
Full many did affray, that else faine enter would.
His name was Danger, dreaded over all,
Who day and night did watch and duly ward,
From fearful cowards entrance to forstall,
And faint-heart fooles, whom show of perill hard
Could terrific from Fortune's faire award:
For, oftentimes, faint hearts at first espiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching scar'd;
Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
Excludes from faire hope, withouten further triall.

Yet many doughty heroes, often tride
In greater perils to be stout and bold,
Durst not the sterness of his look abide;
But soon as they his countenance behold,
Began to faint, and feel their courage cold.
Again, some other, that in hard assaies
Were cowards known, and little count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like waies,
Crept in by stooping lowe, or stealing of the kaies.

§ 40. *Day-break.*

By this, the northern waggoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast star,
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from far
To all, that in the wide deep wandering are:
And chearful Chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that Phœbus' fiery carre
In haste was climbing up the eastern hill;
Full envious that night so long his room did fill.

§ 41. *Death.*

And in his hand a bended bow was seene,
And many arrowes under his right side,
All deadly dangerous, all cruel keene,
Headed with flint, and feathers bloudie dide.

Such

Such as the Indians in their quivers hide:
Those could he well direct, and straite as line,
And bid them strike the marke which he had eyde:
Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,
That mote recure their wounds; so inly they did tine.

As pale and wan as ashes was his look,
His body lean and meagre as a rake,
And skin all withered as a dried rook,
Thereto as cold and drery as a snake,
That seem'd to tremble evermore, and quake;
All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twisted brake,
Upon his head he wore an helmet light,
Made of a dead man's skull, that seem'd a gastly sight.

§ 42. *Defamation.*

Him in a narrow place he overtook,
And fierce assailing fore't him turn againe;
Sternly he turn'd again, when he him strooke
With his sharp steele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that seemed to containe
A full good peck within the utmost brim,
All set with iron teeth with ranges twaine,
That terrified his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus, grisly grim.

And therein were a thousand tongues empight,
Of sundry kindes, and sundry quality;
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,
And some of cats, that wralling still did cry;
And some of bears, that groynd continually;
And some of tigers that did seem to gren
And snar at all that ever passed by:
But most of them were tongues of mortal men,
That spake reproachfully, not caring where nor when.

And then amongst were mingled here and there,
The tongues of serpents, with three forked stings,
That spat out poison, and bore bloudy gere
At all that came within his ravenings,
And spake licentious words, and hateful things,
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie;
Ne Cæsars spared he a whit, nor kings,
But either blotted them with infamy,
Or bit them with his baneful teeth of injury.

§ 43. *Desire.*

And him beside marcht amorous Desire,
Who seem'd of riper years than th' other swaine;
Yet was that other swaine the elder syre,
And gave him being, common to them twaine:
His garment was disguised very vaine,
And his embroidered bonet sate awry;
'Twixt both his hands flew sparks he close did strain,
Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
That soon they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames did fly.

§ 44. *Detraction.*

The other nothing better was than she;
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kind,
But in bad manner they did disagree;
For, what-so Envie good or bad did find,
She did conceale and murder her own mind;
But this, whatever evil she conceaved,
Did spread abroad, and throw in the open wind.
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
That all she sought was men's good names to have bereaved.

For whatsoever good by any said,
Or done, she heard, she would strait-waies invent
How to deprave, or slanderously upbraid,
Or to misconstrue of a man's intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment.
Therefore she used often to resort
To common haunts, and company's frequent,
To hark what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked sort.

And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it eke, and make it worse by telling,
And take great joy to publish it to many,
That every matter worse was for her melling:
Her name was hight Detraction, and her dwelling
Was near to Envy, even her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and Envy's self excelling
In mischiefe: for, herself she only vext:
But this same, both herself and others eke perplext.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
Foaming with poyson round about her gills,
In which her cursed tongue (full sharp and short)
Appear'd like aspis sting, that closely kills,
Or cruelly does wound whom-so she wills;
A distaff in her other hand she had,
Upon the which she little spinnes, but spils,
And faines to weave false tales and leasings bad,
To throw among the good, when others had disprad.

§ 45. *Discord.*

Firebrand of hell, first tin'd in Phlegeton,
By thousand furies, and from thence outthrown,
Into this world, to work confusion,
And sett it all on fire (by force unknown)
Is wicked Discord, whose small sparkles once blowne,
None but a god, or godlike man, can slake:
Such as was Orpheus, that when strife was grown
Amongst those famous impes of Greece, did take
His silver harp in hand, and shortly friends them make.

§ 46. *Discord's House.*

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is,
There whereas all plagues and harmes abound,
Which punish wicked men, that walk amiss,
It is a darksome delve farre under ground,
With thornes and barren brakes environd round.
That none the same way may out-win;
Yet many wayes to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in;
For discord harder is to end than to begin.

And all within the riven walles were hung
With ragged monuments of times fore-past,
Of which, the sad affects of discord sung;
There were rent robes, and broken scepters plac't,
Altars defil'd, and holy things defac't,
Dishevered spears, and shields ytorne in twaine.
Great cittys ransackt, and strong castles ras't,
Nations captived, and huge armies slaine:
Of all which ruines there some reliques did remaine.

There was the signe of antique Babylon,
Of fatal Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,
Of sacred Salem, and sad Ilion,
For memory of which, on high there hong
The golden apple (cause of all their wrong)
For which the three faire goddesses did strive:
There also was the name of Nimrod strong,
Of Alexander, and his princes five,
Which shar'd to them the spoiles which he had got alive.

And there the reliques of the drunken fray,
The which amongst the Lapithees befell,
And of the bloody feast, which sent away
So many centaures' drunken soules to hell,
That under great Alcides' furie fell:
And of the dreadful discord, which did drive
The noble Argonauts to outrage fell,
That each of life sought other to deprive,
All mindless of the golden-fleece which made them strive.

And eke of private persons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all;
Some of sworne friends, that did their faith forgoe;
Some of borne brethren, prov'd unnatural;
Some of deare lovers, foes perpetual;
Witness their broken bands there to be seen,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres dispoiled all;
The monuments whereof there byding been,
As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh and green.

Such was the house within; but all without
The barren ground was full of wicked weeds,
Which she herself had sowen all about,
Now growen great, at first of little seedes,
The seedes of evil words, and factious deedes;
Which when to ripeness due they growen are,
Bring forth an infinite increase, that breedes
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious jarre,
The which most often end in blood-shed and in warre.

And those same cursed seedes do also serve
To her for bread, and yield a living food:
For life it is to her, when others sterve
Thro' mischievous debate, and deadly feood,
That she may suck their life, and drink their blood,
With which she from her childhood had been fed,
For she at first was born of hellish brood,
And by infernal furies nourished,
That by her monstrous shape might easily be read.

Her face most foule and filthy was to see,
With squinting eyes contrary ways entended,
And loathly mouth, unmeet a mouth to be;
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked words that God and man offended:
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speak, and both contended,
And as her tongue, so was her heart decided,
That never thought one thing, but doubly still was guided.

Als as she double spake, so heard she double,
With matchles ears deformed and distort,
Fil'd with false rumors, and seditious trouble,
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
That still are led with every light report.
And as her eares, so eke her feet were odde,
And much unlike, th' one long, the other short,
And both misplac't; that when th' one forward gode,
The other back retired, and contrary trode.

Likewise unequal were her handes twaine;
That one did reach, the other pusht away;
The one did make, the other marr'd againe,
And sought to bring all things unto decay;
Whereby great riches, gather'd many a day,
She in short space did often bring to nought,
And their possessours often did dismay.
For all her study was, and all her thought,
How she might overthrowe the thing that concord wrought.

So much her mallice did her might surpass,
That even th' Almighty selfe she did maligne
Because to man so merciful he was,
And unto all his creatures so benigne,
Sith she her self was of his grace indigne:
For all this world's faire workmanship she tride
Unto his last confusion to bring.
And that great golden chain quite to divide,
With which it blessed concord hath together tide.

§ 47. *Dolphin.*

As when a dolphin and a sele are met,
In the wide champian of the ocean plaine,
With cruel chaufe their courages they whet,
The masterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadful battaile 'twixt them to darraine:
They snuff, they snort, they bounce, they rage, they rore,
That all the sea (disturbed with their traine)
Doth frie with some above the surges hore,
Such was betwixt these two the troublesome uprore.

§ 48. *Doubt.*

Next after him him went Doubt, yclad
In a discolour'd cote of strange disguise,
That at his back a brode cappuccio had,
And sleeves dependant Albanese wise:
He lookt askew with his mistrustful eyes,
And nicely trode, as thorns lay in his way,
Or that the flore to shrinke he did advise,
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrunke, when hard thereon he lay.

Another.

That was to weet, the porter of the place,
Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent:
His name was Doubt, he had a double face,
Th' one forward looking, and the other backward bent;
There in resemblyng Janus auncient,
Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare:
And evermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proved perill he did feare,
Or did misdoubt some ill, whose cause did not appeare.

§ 49. *Dungeon.*

Deep in the bottom of an huge great rocke
The dungeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barrs, nor brazen lock
Did need to guard from force, or secret theft
Of all her lovers, which would have her reft.
For wall'd it was with waves, which rag'd and roar'd
As they the clift in pieces would have cleft:
Besides, ten thousand monsters, foule abhor'd,
Did waite about it, gaping grisely, all begor'd.

§ 50. *Eagle.*

Like to an eagle in his kingly pride
Soaring through his wide empire,
To weather his broad sayles; by chance hath spide
A goshaulk, which hath seized for her share
Upon some fowle, that should her feast prepare:
With dreadful force he flies at her belive,
That with his souce, which none enduren dare,
Her from the quarrey he away doth drive,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth rive.

Another.

As when Jove's harness-bearing bird from high,
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdaine,
The stone-dead quarrey fals so forcibly,
That it rebounds against the lowlie plaine,
A second fall redoubling back againe.

§ 51. *Ease.*

Proceeding to the midst he still did stand,
As if in minde he somewhat had to say;
And to the vulgar beckning with his hand
In signe of silence, as to hear a play,
By lively action he began bewray
Some argument of matter passioned;
Which doen, he back retired soft away:
And passing by, his name discovered,
Ease on his robe in golden letters ciphered.

§ 52. *Envy.*

And next to him malicious Envie rode,
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venemous toad,
That all the poyson ran about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawed his own maw
At neighbours wealth, that made him ever sad,
For death it was, when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had:
But when he heard of harme, he wexed wondrous glad.

All in a kirtle of discolour'd say
He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes;
And in his bosom secretely there lay
An hateful snake, the which his tail up ties
In many folds, and mortal sting implies.
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth, to see
Those heaps of gold with griple covetise,
And grudg'd at the great felicity
Of proud Lucifera, and his own company.

He hated all good works and virtuous deeds,
And him no less, that any like did use;
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;
So every good to bad he doth abuse;
And eke the verse of famous poet's wit
He doth back-bite, and spiteful poison spues
From leprous mouth, on all that ever writ:
Such on vile Envy was, that first in rowe did sit.

Another.

The one of them, that elder did appear,
With her dull eyes, did seem to look askew,
That her mis-shape much helpt; and her foul haire
Hung loose and loathsomely: thereto her hew
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew,
And all her bones might thro' her cheeks be read;
Her lips were like raw leather, pale and blue:
And as she spake, therewith she slaver'd;
Yet spake she seldome, but thought more the less she said.

Her hands were fouke and dirty, never washt
In all her life, with long nailes over-raught,
Like puttocks claws, with the one of which she scratcht
Her cursed head, although it itched nought;
The other held a snake with venime fraught,
On which she fed and gnawed hungerly,
As that long she had not eaten ought;
That round about her jawes one might descry
The bloudy gore and poison dropping lothsomely.

Her name was Envie, knowen well thereby;
Whose nature is to grieve, and grudge at all
That ever she sees doen praise worthily:
Whose sight to her is greatest cross may fall,

And

And vexeth so, that makes her eat her gall.
For when she wanteth other things to eat,
She feeds on her own maw unnatural,
And of her own foul entrailes makes her meat;
Meat fit for such a monster's monstrous diat.
And if she hapt of any good to hear,
That had to any body happily betid,
Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and teare
Her flesh for felness, which she inward hid:
But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harm that any had, then would she make
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid;
And in another's loss great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby, and gained a great stake.

§ 53. *Error.*

This is a wandring wood, this Error's den;
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate.
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Half like a serpent horribly displaide.
But th' other half did woman's shape retaine,
Most lothsome, filthy, foul, and full of vile disdaine.
As she lay upon the dirtie grownd,
Her huge long taile her den all over-spread,
Yet was in knots and many boughs upwound,
Pointed with mortal sting. Of her there bred
A thousand young ones, and she daily fed,
Sucking upon her poisonous dugs, each one
Of sundry shape, yet all ill-favoured:
Soon as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

§ 54. *Excess.*

But young Perissa was of other mind,
Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
And quite contrary to her sister's kind;
No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleasure and delight;
In wine and meats she flow'd above the bank,
And in excess exceeded her own might;
In sumptuous tire she joy'd herself to prank;
But of her love to lavish, little have she thank.

Another.

Under that porch a comely dame did rest,
Clad in faire weedes, but foule disordered,
And garments loose, that seem'd unmeet for womanhood.
In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whoes sappy liquor with that fullness swell'd,
Into her cup she screws, with dainty breach
Of her fine fingers, without foule impeach,
That so faire wine-press made the wine more sweet;
Thereof she us'd to give to drink to each,
Whome passing by she happened to meet:
It was her guise, all strangers goodly so to greet.

§ 55. *Faith.*

Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her crystal face,
That could have daz'd the rash beholder's sight,
And round her head did shine like heaven's light
She was arraid all in lily white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fill'd up to the height,
In which a serpent did himself enfold,
That horror made to all that did behold:
But she no whit did change her constant mood;
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A book that was both sign'd and seal'd with blood,
Wherein dark things were writ, hard to be understood.

§ 56. *Falcon.*

——As a falcon faire
That once has fail'd of her souse full neare,
Remounts again into the open aire,
And unto better fortune doth herself prepare.

Another.

As when a falcon hath with nimble flight
Flown at a flush of ducks, foreby he broke,
The trembling brood dismaid with dreadful sight
Of death, the which them almost overtook,
Doe hide themselves from her astonying look,
Amongst the flags and coverts round about.

Another.

As when a cast of falcons make their flight
At an herneshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whiles they strike at him with heedless might,
The warie fowl his bill doth backward wring;
On which she first, whoes force her first doth bring,
Herself quite through the body doth engore,
And falleth down to ground like senseless thing
But the other not so swift as she before,
Fails of her souse, and passing by doth hurt no more.

§ 57. *Fancy.*

Emongst them all sate he which wonned there,
That hight Phantastes by his nature trew;
A man in yeares, yet fresh as mote appeare,
Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hue,
That him full of melancholy did shew;
Bent hollow beetle browes, sharp staring eyes
That mad or foolish seem'd: one by his view
Mote deem him borne with ill-disposed skyes,
When oblique Saturne sate in the house of agonies.

Another.

The first was Fancy, like a lovely boy,
Of rare aspect, and beauty without peare;
Matchable eyther to that impe of Troy,
Whom Jove did love, and chose his cup to beare,

O the same daintie lad that was so deare
To great Alcides, that when as he did hide,
He wailed woman-like with many a teare,
And every wood and every valley wide
He fill'd with Hylas' name, the nymphes eke Hylas eride.

His garment neither was of silk nor say,
But painted plumes in goodly order dight,
Like as the sun-burnt Indians do array
Their tawny bodies in their proudest plight:
As those same plumes, so seem'd he vain and light,
That by his gate might easily appeare:
For still he far'd as dancing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the idle aire he mov'd still here and there.

§ 58. *Fear.*

Next him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toé,
Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby,
But fear'd each shadow moving to and fro;
And his own armes when glitt'ring he did spy,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hue, and wingy-heel'd;
And evermore on danger fixt his eye,
'Gainst whom he always bent a brazen shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearfully did wield.

§ 59. *Ship.*

As when a ship that flies fair under saile,
And hidden rock escap'd hath unawares,
That lay in wait her wrack to bewaile,
The mariner yet half amazed stares
At peril past, and yet it doubt ne dares
To joy at his fool-happy over-sight.

Another.

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
Whome raging winds, threating to make the prey
Of the rough rocks, do diversly disease,
Meets two contrary billows by the way,
That her on either side do sore assay,
And boast to swallow her in greedy grave;
She, scorning both their spights, does make wide way,
And with her breast breaking the foamy wave,
Does ride on both their backs, and faire herself doth save.

§ 60. *Feeling.*

But the fift troupe most horrible of hue,
And fierce of force, was dreadful to reporte:
For some like snails, some did like spiders shew,
And some like ugly urchins, thick and short;
They cruelly assailed that fift fort,
Armed with darts of sensuall delight,
With stings of carnall lust, and strong effort
Of feeling pleasure, with which day and night
Against that same fift bulwark they continued fight.

§ 61. *Fire.*

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave
Hath long been under kept and down suppresst,
With murmurous disdain doth inly rave,
And grudge in so streight prison to be prest,
At last breakes forth with furious unrest,
And strives to mount unto his native seat;
All that earst it hinder and molest,
It now devours with flames and scorching heat,
And carries into smoake with rage and horror great.

§ 62. *First Age.*

The antique world, in his first flowing youth,
Found no defect in his Creator's grace;
But with glad thanks, and unreproved truth,
The gifts of soveraigne bounty did embrace:
Like angel's life was then man's happy case;
But later ages pride (like corn-fed steede)
Abus'd her plenty, and fat-swoln encrease,
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
The measure of her meane, and natural first need.

Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great grandmother with steele to wound,
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe
With sacrilege to dig. Therein he found
Fountaines of gold and silver to abound,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride eftsoones he did compound,
Then avarice gan through his veines to inspire
His greedy flames, and kendle life-devouring fire.

§ 63. *Flood.*

As he that strives to stop a sudden flood,
And in strong bankes his violence enclose,
Forceth his swell above his wonted mood,
And largely overflowe the fruitful plaine,
That all the country seems to be a maine,
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne,
The woful husbandman doth loud complaine
To see his whole yeare's labour lost so soon,
For which to God he made so many an idle boon.

§ 64. *Fury.*

But Fury was full ill apparelled
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghastfull looks and dreadfull drery head,
For from her back her garments she did teare,
And from her head oft rent her snarled haire:
In her right-hand a fire-brand she did tosse
About her head, still roaming here and there;
As a dismayed deere in chace embosst,
Forgetful of his safety hath his right way lost.

§ 65. *Giant.*

——His monstrous enemy.
With sturdy steps came stalking in his sight,
An hideous giant horrible and hie,

That

That with his tallness seem'd to threat the sky;
The ground eke groned under him for dreed;
His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst behold; his stature did exceed
The height of three the tallest sons of mortal seed.

§ 66. *Gluttony.*

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthy swine,
His belly was up-blown with luxury,
And eke with fatness swollen were his eyne:
And like a crane his neck was long and fine,
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poor people oft did pine;
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spewed up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

In green vine leaves he was right fitly clad,
For other clothes he could not wear for heat,
And on his head an ivy girlond had,
From under which fast trickled down the sweat:
Still as he rode he somewhat did eat,
And in his hand did bear a bouzing cann,
On which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His drunken corse he scarce upholden can,
In shape and life more like a monster than a man.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unable once to stirre or go;
Not meet to be a councel to a king, [so:
Whose minde in meat and drink was drowned
Full of disease was his carcasse blue,
And a dry dropsy thro' his flesh did flow,
Which by misdiet daily greater grew:
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

§ 67. *Greediness.*

That is the Gulfe of Greediness, they say,
That deep engorgeth all this world's prey:
Which having swallow'd up excessively,
He soon in vomit up again doth lay,
And belcheth forth his superfluitie.
That all the seas for fear doe seem away to fly.

§ 68. *Grief.*

Next him went Grief and Fury matcht yfere;
Griefe, all in sable sorrow fully clad,
Down-hanging his dull head with heavy cheere,
Yet inly being more than seemly sad: [cheere,
A pair of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinced people to the heart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they had,
In wilful languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolour's dart.

§ 69. *Griffon.*

As when a Griffon seized on his prey,
A dragon fierce encountereth in his flight:
Thro' wildest ayre making his idle way,
That would his rightful ravine rend away;
With hideous horrour, both together smight,
And souce so sore, that they the heavens affray.
The wise southsayer seeing so sad a sight,
The amazed vulgar tells of warres and mortal fight.

§ 70. *Grove.*

Into that forest farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling in a pleasant glade
With mountains round about environed,
And mighty woods, which did the valley shade,
And like a stately theatre it made,
Spreading itself into a spatious plaine,
And in the midst a little river plaid [plaine
Emongst the pumystones which seem'd to
With gentle murmur that his course they did restraine.

Enfore't to seek some covert nigh at hand,
A shady grove not farre away they spide,
That promis't ayde the tempest to withstand:
Whoes lofty trees yclad with summer's pride,
Did spread so broad that heaven's light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starre:
And all within were paths and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre: [entred are.
Faire harboure, that them seemes; so in they

§ 71. *Harmony.*

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a dainty eare,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard was it for wight that did it heare,
To read what manner musick that mote be:
For all that pleasing is to living eare,
Was there consorted in one harmonie,
Birds, voices, instruments, windes, waters,—all agree.

The joyous birds shrouded in chearful shade,
Their notes unto the voyce attempred sweet;
The angel call soft trembling voyces made
To the instruments divine respondence meet:
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall:
The waters fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call,
The gentle warbling wind lowe answering to all.

§ 72. *Hearing.*

The second bulwarke was the hearing sense,
Gainst which the second troupe assignment makes;
Deformed creatures, in strange difference,
Some having heads like harts; some like to snakes,
Some like wild bores late rous'd out of the breakes,

Slandrous reproches, and foule infamies,
Leasings, backbitings, and vain glorious crakes,
Bad counsels, prayses, and false flatteries,
All those against that fort did build their batteries.

§ 73. *Hermitage.*

A little lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale hard by a forest side,
Farre from resort of people that did pass
In travell to and fro: a little wide
There was an holy chapell edified,
Wherein the hermit duly went to say
His holy things each morn and evening tide:
Thereby a crystal streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain welled forth away.

He thence led me into this hermitage,
Letting his steeds to graze upon the green;
Small was his house, and like a little cage,
For his own turne, yet inly neat and clean,
Deckt with green boughes, and flowers gay be seene;
Therein he them full faire did entertaine,
Not with such forged showes, as fitter beene
For courting fools that courtisies would faine,
But with entire affection, and appearance plaine.

§ 74. *Hippolitus.*

Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was,
That wont in charot chase the foaming boar,
He all his peers in beauty did surpass,
But lady's love, as loss of time, forebore:
His wanton step-dame loved him the more.
But when she saw her offer'd sweet refus'd,
Her love she turn'd to hate, and him before
His father fierce, of treason false accus'd,
And with her jealous terms his open ears abus'd.

Who all in rage his sea-god sire besought
Some cursed vengeance on his son to cast;
From surging gulph two monsters straight were brought,
With dread whereof his chasing steeds aghast
Both charot swift and huntsman overcast;
His goodly corps on ragged cliffs yrent
Was quite dismembred, and his members chast
Scattred on every mountaine, as he went,
That of Hippolytus was left no monument.

§ 75. *Honor.*

Whoso in pompe of proud estate (quoth she)
Does swim, and bathes himself in courtly bliss,
Does wast his daies in darke obscurity
And in oblivion ever buried is;
Where ease abounds, it's easie to doe amiss;
But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
Behaves with cares, cannot so easie miss.

Abroad in arms, at home in studious kind,
Who seekes with painefull toile, shall honour soonest find.

In woods, in waves, in wars she wonts to dwell,
And will be found with perill and with paine;
Ne can the man that moulds in idle cell,
Unto her happy mansion attain:
Before her gate high God did sweat ordaine,
And wakeful watches ever to abide;
But easie is the way, and passage plaine
To pleasure's palace; it may soon be spide,
And day and night her doors to all stand open wide.

§ 76. *Hope.*

With him went Hope in rank, a handsome mayd,
Of chearful look, and lovely to behold;
In silken samile she was light arraid,
And her faire locks were woven up in gold;
She always smil'd, and in her hand did hold
An holy water sprinkle dipt in deawe,
In which she sprinkled favours manyfold,
On whom she list, and did great liking shewe;
Great liking unto many, but true love to fewe.

Another.

Her youngest sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blue, that her beseemed well,
Not all so chearful seemed she of sight,
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguish in her heart, is hard to tell:
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell:
And ever up to Heaven as she did pray,
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

§ 77. *Hydra.*

Or like the hell-born Hydra, which they faine,
That great Alcides whylome overthrew,
After that he had labour'd long in vaine,
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
Forth budded, and in great numbers grew.

Another.

Such own it was, as that renowned snake
Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
Long foster'd in the filth of Lerna lake,
Whose many heads out-budding ever new,
Did breed him endless labour to subdue.

§ 78. *Hypocrite.*

At length they chanc't to meet upon the way
An aged sire, in long black weeds yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoary graie,
And

And by his belt his book he hanging had;
Soher he seem'd, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shewe, and void of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his breast, as one that did repent.

§ 79. *Idleness.*

Of which the first, that all the rest did guide,
Was sluggish Idleness, the nurse of sin;
Upon a slothful ass he chose to ride,
Arraid in habit black, and amis thin,
Like to an holy monk the servis to begin.

And in his hand a portesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little red;
For of devotion he had little care.
Still drown'd in sleep, and most of his days dead,
Scarce could he once uphold his heavy head
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seem the waine was very evil led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not whether right he went, or else astray.

From worldly cares himself he did esloine,
And greatly shunned manly exercise
For every work he challenged effoine,
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,
His life he led in lawless riotise:
By which he grew to grievous maladie;
For in his lustless limbs through evil guise
A shaking feaver raign'd continually:
Such one was Idleness, first of this company.

§ 80. *Ignorance.*

At last, with creeping crooked pace, forth came
An old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guide his weary steps both to and fro;
For his eye-sight him fail'd long ago;
And on his arme a bunch of keys he bore,
The which, unus'd, rust did overgrowe:
Those were the keys of every inward dore:
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

But very uncouth sight was to behold
How he did fashion his untoward pace:
For as he forward mov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turn'd his wrinkled face;
Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead;
This was the ancient keeper of that place,
And foster father of the giant dead,
His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.

§ 81. *Inconstancy.*

For those same islands, seeing now and then,
Are not firme land, or any certein wonne,
But straggling plots: which to and fro do ronne
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight
The Wandring Islands: therefore do them shonne;
For they have oft drawn many a wandring wight
Into most deadly danger and distressed plight.

Yet well they seem to him, that farre doth view,
Both faire and fruitful, and the ground dispred
With grassie green of delectable hew,
And the tall trees with leaves unparalled,
Are deckt with blossoms dyed in white and red,
That mote the passengers there to allure:
But whosoever once hath fastened
His foot thereon, may never yet recure,
But wandreth evermore uncertain and unsure.

§ 82. *Incontinence.*

The wanton lady with her lover rose,
Whoes sleepy head she in her lap did soft dispose.
Upon a bed of roses she was laid,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,
And was arraid, or rather disarraid,
All in a veil of silk and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alabaster skin,
But rather showed more white, if more might be:
More subtile web Arachne cannot spin,
Nor the fine nets which oft we woven see
Of scorched dew, do not in th' air more lightly flee.

§ 83. *Lechery.*

And next to him rode lustfull Lechery,
Upon a bearded goat, whoes rugged haire,
And whaley eyes (the signe of jealousie)
Was like the person self whom he did beare;
Who rough and black, and filthy did appeare,
Unseemly man to please fair lady's eye;
Yet he of ladys oft was loved dear,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O! who does know the bent of woman's fantasie?

In a green gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthiness,
And in his hand a burning heart did bare,
Full of vaine follies, and new fangleness,
For he was false, and fraught with fickleness,
And learned had to love with secrett lookes,
And well could dance and sing with ruefulness,
And fortunes tell, and read in loveing bookes,
And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshly hooks.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love,
Ne would his looser life be tied to law,
But joy'd weak women's hearts to tempt and prove,
If from their loyal loves he might them move;
Which lewdness fill'd him with reproachful paine
Of that foul evill which all men reprove:
That rots the marrow and consumes the braine:
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

§ 84. *Life.*

O why doe wretched men so much desire
To draw their days unto the utmost date,
And doe not rather wish them soon expire,
Knowing the misery of their estate,
And thousand perils which them still awaite,
Tossing themselves like a boat amid the maine
That every hour they knock at deathes gate?
And he that happy seemes, and least in paine,
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth plaine.
The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay;
Ah see, who so faire thing dost faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day;
All see thy virgin rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peep forth with bashful modestie,
Thus fairer seems, the less you see her may;
Lo, see soon after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosom she doth broad display;
Lo, see soon after, how she fades and falls away.
So passeth in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life the leafe, the bud, the flowre,
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre
Of many a lady, and many a paramoure:
Gather the rose of love, whilst yet is time,
Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equal crime.

§ 85. *Lion.*

Like as a lion that by chaunce doth fall
Into the hunter's toil, doth rage and roare,
In royal heart disdaining to be thrall:
But all in vaine; for what might one do more?
They have him taken captive, tho' it grieve him sore.

Another.

Like as a lion, whoes imperial powre
A proud rebellious unicorn defies,
T' avoid the rash assault and wrathful stowre
Of his fierce foe, him to a tree applies,
And when him running in full course he spies,
He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
His precious horne sought of his enemies,
Strikes in the stock, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

§ 86. *Love.*

O sacred fire that burnest mightily
In living brests, ykindled first above,
Emongst th' eternal spheres and lamping sky,
And thence pour'd into men, which men call love;
Not that same which doth base affections move
In brutish mindes, and filthy lust inflame;
But that sweet fit, that does true beauty love,
And choseth vertue for his dearest dame,
Whence spring all noble deeds, and never-dying fame.
Well did antiquitie a god thee deeme,
That ever mortal minds has so great might,
To order them as best to thee doth seeme,
And all their actions to direct aright;
The fatal purpose of divine foresight
Thou dost effect in destined descents,
Through deep impression of thy secret might;
And stirredst up the heroes high intents,
Which the late world admires for wondrous monuments.

Wondrous it is to see in diverse mindes,
How diversely Love doth his pageants play,
And shews his power in variable kinds:
The baser wit, whose idle thoughts alway,
Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
It stirreth up to sensual desire,
And in lewd sloth to wast its careless day;
But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.
Ne suffereth uncomely idleness
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest;
Ne suffereth it thought of ungentleness,
Ever to creep into his noble brest;
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth it up, that else would lowly fall:
It lets not fall, it lets it not to rest:
It lets not scarce this prince to breath at all,
But to his first pursuit him forward still doth call.

§ 87. *Madness.*

With hundred iron chains he did him bind,
An hundred knotts that did him sore constraine:
Yet his great iron teeth he still did grinde,
And grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine:
His burning eyn, whom bloudy strakes did staine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparks of fire;
And more for ranke despight, then for great paine,
Shak't his long locks, colour'd like copper wire,
And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging ire.

§ 88. *Mastiff.*

Like as a mastiffe, having at a bay
A salvage bull, whoes cruel hornes do threat
Desperate danger, if he them assay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
To spy where he may some advantage get;
The whilst the beast doth rage and loudly roar.

§ 89. *Mediocrity.*

Of second sister, who did far excel
The other two; Medina was her name,
A sober, sad, and comely courteous dame;
Who rich array'd, and yet in modest guize,
In goodly garments, that her well became,
Faire marching forth in honourable wise,
Him at the threshold met, and well did enterprize.

She

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modestie,
Ne in her speech, ne in her haviour,
Was lightness seen, or looser vanitie,
But gratious womanhood, and gravitie,
Above the reason of her youthful yéars:
Her golden locks she roundly did uptie
In braided trammells, that no looser hares.
Did out of order stray about her dainty eares

Betwixt them both the fair Medina sate,
With sober grace, and goodly carriage:
With equall measure she doth moderate
The strong extremities of their outrage:
That forward pair she ever would asswage,
When they would strive due reason to exceed;
But that same froward twaine would accourage,
And of her plenty adde unto their need:
So kept she them in order, and herself in heed.

§ 90. *Mercy.*

They, passing by, were guided by degree
Unto the pressance of that gratious queen:
Who sate on high, that she might all men see,
And might of all men royally be seene,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheene;
Adorned all with gemmes of endless price,
As either might for wealth have gotten been,
Or could be fram'd by workman's rare device;
And all embost with lyons and with flowre delice.

And over all her cloth of state was spred,
Not of rich tissew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else that may be richest red,
But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
That her broad spreading wings did wide unfold;
Whose skirts were bordered with bright sunny beames,
Glistring like gold, amongst the plights enrold,
And here and there shooting forth silver streames,
'Mongst which crept the little angels through the glittering gleames.

Seemed those little angels did uphold
The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings
Did bear the pendants, thro' their nimbless bold,
Besides a thousand more of such, as sings
Hymnes to high God, and carols heavenly things,
Encompassed the throne, on which she sate:
She angel-like, the heir of ancient kings
And mighty conquerors, in royal state,
Whilst kings and Cæsars at her feet did them prostrate.

Thus she did sit in sovereign majestie,
Holding a sceptre in her royal hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had blest her happy land,
Maugre so many foes which did withstand.
But at her feet her sword was likewise layd,
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand,
Yet when as foes enforc't, or friends sought ayde,
She could it sternly draw, that all the world dismaide.

And round about before her feet there sate
A beautie of faire virgins clad in white,
That goodly seem'd t' adorne her royal state,
All lovely daughters of high Jove, that hight
Litæ, by him begot in love's delight,
Upon the righteous Themis: those they say
Upon Jove's judgment-seat waite day and night,
And when in wrath he threats the world's decay,
They do his anger calme, and cruel vengeance stay.

They also doe, by his divine permission,
Upon the thrones of mortal princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants through frailtie which offend;
Those did upon Marcillæ's throne attend:
Just Dice, wise Eunomie, mild Eirene;
And them amongst, her glory to commend,
Sate goodly Temperance, in garments clene,
And sacred Reverance, yborne of heavenly strene.

Some clerks doe doubt in their devíceful art,
Whether this heavenly thing, whereof I treat,
To weeten, mercy, be of justice part,
Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate.
This will I wote; that sure she is as great,
And meriteth to have as high a place,
Sith in th' Almightie's everlasting seat
She first was bred, and borne of heavenly race;
From thence pour'd down on men, by influence of grace.

For if that virtue be of that great might,
Which from just verdict will for nothing start,
But to preserve inviolated right,
Oft spoils the principal to save the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art,
That seekes to save the subject of her skill,
Yet never doth for doom of right depart:
As it is greater praise to save, than spill;
And better to reforme, than to cut off the ill.

§ 91. *Minerva.*

Like as Minerva, being late return'd
From slaughter of the giants conquered:
Where proud Encelade, whose wide nosetrils burn'd
With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,
Transfixed with his spear, down tumbled dead
From top of Hemus, by him heaped hie,
Hath loos'd her helmet from her lofty head,
And her Gorgonian shield gins to untie
From her left arme, to rest in glorious victorie.

§ 92. *Morning.*

At last fair Hesperus, in his highest sky
Had spent his lamp, and brought forth dawning light,
Then up he rose, and clad him hastily;
The dwarfe him brought his steed: so both away did fly.

Another.

Now when the rosy-finger'd morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithon's saffron bed,

Had

Had spred her purple robe through deawy aire,
And the high hills Titan discovered,
The royal virgin shook her drowsy head.

Another.

At last the golden oriental gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open faire,
And Phœbus fresh, as bridegrome to his mate,
Came dancing forth, shaking his deawy-heare:
And hurles his glistering beams thro' gloomy aire.

Another.

Soon as the fiery streakes with purple beames
Disperse the shadowes of the misty night,
And Titan playing on the easterne streames,
Gan cleare the deawy aire with springing light:
So soon as day, forth dawning from the east,
Night's humid curtaine from the heavens withdrew,
And early calling forth both man and beast,
Commanded them their daily workes renew.

§ 93. *Mountain.*

It was an hill plac'd in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchless height, that seem'd th' earth to disdaine,
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in summer bud,
Spreading pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in the lowly branches sung aloud,
And in their tops the soaring haulke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles in majesty and powre.

And at the foot thereof, a gentle flood
His silver waves did softly tumble down,
Unmarr'd with ragged moss or filthy mud;
Ne mote wild beasts, ne mote the ruder clowne
There to approach, ne filth mote therein drowne:
But nymphs and faeries by the bankes did sit,
In the wood shade, which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noisome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

And on the top thereof a spatious plaine
Did spread itself, to serve to all delight,
Either to dance, when they to dance would faine,
Or else to course about their bases light:
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale:
So pleasantly the hill, with equal height,
Did seem to overlook the lowly vale,
Therefore it rightly cleeped was Mount Acidale.

§ 94. *Mutability.*

Such is the weakness of all mortall hope;
So fickle is the state of earthly things,
That ere they come into their aimed scope,
They fall so short of our fraile reckonings,
And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings,
Instead of comfort which we should embrace:
This is the state of Cæsars and of kings.
Let none therefore that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case.

§ 95. *Night.*

Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phœbus' chearfull face durst never view,
And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,
She finds forth comeing from her darksome mew
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the door her iron charot stood,
Already harnessed for journey new;
And cole-black steeds yborne of hellish brood,
That on their nasty bits did champ, as they were wood.

By this, eternall lamps, where-with high Jove
Did light the world, were half yspent,
And the moist daughters of huge Atlas shove
Into the ocean deep to drive their wearied rove,
Now when as all the world in silence deep
Yshrowded was, and every mortal wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleep.

Night, thou foule mother of annoyance sad,
Sister of heavy death, and nurse of woe,
Which was begot in heaven, but for thy bad
And brutish shape, thrust downe to hell below,
Where, by the grim floud of Cocytus slowe,
That dwelling is Herebus' black hous,
(Black Herebus, thy husband, is the foe
Of all the Gods) where thou ungracious,
Half of thy days doest lead in horrour hedeous.

What had th' Eternal Maker need of thee,
The world in his continual course to keep,
That doest all things deface, ne lettest see
The beauties of his work? Indeed in sleep
The slothful body doth love to steep
His lustless limbs, and drowne his baser mind.
Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian deep,
Calls thee his goddess, in his errour blind,
And great dame Nature's hand-maid chearing every kind.

But well I wote, that to an heavy heart
Thou art the root and nurse of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old smart;
Instead of rest, thou lendest rayling tears,
And dreadful visions, in the which alive,
The dreary image of sad death appears:
So from the warie spirite thou dost drive
Desired rest, and men of happiness deprive.

Under thy mantle black there hidden lye,
Light-shunning theft, and trayterous intent,
Abhorred bloudshed, and vile felony,
Shamefull deceipt, and danger iminent:
Foule horror, and eke hellish dreriment:
All these (I wote) in thy protection bee,
And light doe shunne, for fear being shent:
For, light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,
And all that lewdness love, doe hate the light to see.

For

For day discovers all dishonest wayes,
And sheweth each thing as it is indeed;
The prayses of high God he fair displayes,
And his large bounty righuly doth areed,
Days blessed children be the blessed seed,
Which darkness shall subdue, and heaven win:
Truth is his daughter, he her first did breed,
Most sacred virgin, without spot or sin:
Our life is day; but death with darkness doth begin.

Now gan the humid vapour shed the ground
With pearly dew, and the earth's gloomy shade
Did dim the brightness of the welkin round,
That every bird and beast awarned made
To shrowd themselves, while sleep their senses did invade.

§ 96. *Occasion.*

And him behind, a wicked hagg did stalke,
In ragged robes, and filthy disarray;
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walk,
But on a staff her feeble steps did stay;
Her locks, that loathly were, and hoary grey,
Grew all afore, and loosely hung unroll'd;
But all behind was bald, and worn away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold,
And eke her face ill-favour'd, full of wrinkles old.

And ever as she went, her tongue did walk
In foul reproach, and terms of foul despight,
Provoking him, by her outrageous talk,
To heap more vengeance on that wretched wight.
Sometimes she raught him stones, wherewith to smite,
Sometimes her staff, tho' it her own leg were,
Withouten which she could not go upright;
No evil means she did forbear,
That might him move to wrath, and indignation reare.

§ 97. *Palace of Sleep.*

To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire:
Amid the bowels of the earth full steep
And lowe, where dawning day doth never peep,
His dwelling is; there Thetys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steep
In silver dew his ever drouping head,
Whiles sad night over him her mantle black doth spread.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one fair fram'd with burnish'd ivory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakefull dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleep.
By them the spright doth pass in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deep,
In drowsie fit he finds of nothing he takes keep.

And more to lull him in his slumbers soft,
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down,
And ever drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the sound
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoone:
No other noise, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t' annoy the walled town,
Might there be heard: but carelesse quiet lies,
Wrapt in eternal silence, farre from enemies.

§ 89. *Tyger.*

As when two tygers, pinch'd with hunger's rage,
Have by good fortune found some beast's fresh spoyle,
On which they ween their famin to asswage,
And gaine a feastful guerdon of their toyle,
Both falling out, do stir up strife-full broyle,
And cruel battell 'twixt themselves do make,
Whiles neither lets the other touch the spoyle,
But either 'sdeignes with other to partake.

Another.

As when a tyger and a lyoness
Are met a spoyling of some hungry prey,
Both challenge it with equal greediness:
But first the tyger clawes thereon did lay;
And therefore, loth to loos her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stond,
To which the lyon strongly doth gainsay,
That she to hunt the beast first took in hond;
And therefore ought it have, wherever she it found.

§ 99. *Winds.*

——Like as a boist'rous wind,
Which in th' earth's hollow caves hath long been hid,
And shut up fast within her prisons blind,
Makes the huge element against her kind
To move, and tremble as it were aghast,
Until that it an issue forth may find,
Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast
Confounds both land and seas, and sky doth overcast.

§ 100. *Sun.*

As when two Suns appear in th' azure sky,
Mounted in Phœbus' chariot fierie bright:
Both darting forth faire beames to each man's eye,
And both adorn'd with lamps of flaming light,
All that behold such strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing nature's work, nor what to weene,
Are wrapt with wonder and with rare affright.

§ 101. *Phaeton.*

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus' fairest childe,
That did presume his father's fierie waine,
And flaming mouthes of steeds unwonted wild,
Thro' highest heaven with weaker hand to raine,
Proud of such glory and advancement vaine,
While

While flashing beams doe daze his feeble eyen,
He leeves the wilkin way most beaten plaine,
And wrapt with whirling wheels enflame the skyen
With fire not made to burn, but fairly for to shine.

§ 102. *Sight.*

The first troupe was a monstrous rabblement
Of fowle mishapen wights, of which some were
Headed like owles, with beakes uncomely bent,
Others like dogs, others like gryphons dreare,
And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare,
And every one of them had lynces eyes,
And every one did bowe and arrowes beare.
All those were lawless lusts, corrupt envies,
And covetous aspects, all cruel enemies.

Those same against the bulwarke of the fight
Did lay strong siege, and battailous assault,
Ne once did yield it respit day nor night,
But soon as Titan gan his head exault,
And soon again as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engines they against it bent:
That is, each thing by which the eyes may fault;
But two than all more huge and violent,
Beauty and money, they that bulwark sorely rent.

§ 103. *Slander.*

So when that forest they had passed well,
A little cottage farre away they spide,
To which they drew, ere night upon them fell:
And entering in, found none therein abide,
But an old woman sitting there beside,
Upon the ground, in ragged rude attire,
With filthy locks about her scatter'd wide,
Gnawing her nayles for felness and for ire,
And thereout sucking venom to her parts intire.

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no less:
For shee was stuft with rancour and despight
Up to the throat; that oft with bitterness
It forth would break, and gush with great excess,
Pouring out streams of poyson and of gall,
Gainst all that truth or virtue doe professe;
Whome she with lessings lewdly did miscall
And wickedly back-bite: her name men Slander call.

Her nature is, all goodness to abuse,
And causeless crimes continually to frame;
With which she guiltless persons may accuse,
And steale away the crowne of their good name:
Ne ever night so bold, ne ever dame
So chast and loyall liv'd, but she would strive
With forged cause them falsely to defame:
Ne ever thing was done so well alive,
But she with blame would blot, and of due praise deprive.

Her words were not as common words are ment,
T' express the meaning of the inward minde;
But noisome breath, and poysonous spirit sent,
From inward parts, with cancar'd malice lin'd,
And breathed forth with blast of bitter winde;
Which passing thro' the eares, would pierce the heart,
And wound the soul itself with grief unkind:
For, like the stings of aspes, that kill with smart,
Her sprightful words did prick and wound the inner part.

§ 104. *Storm.*

Hee cryde, as rageing seas are wont to rore,
When wintry storme his wrathfull wreck does threat,
The rolling billows beat the rugged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat,
And greedy gulph does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the blustring breathren boldly threat,
To move the world from off his steadfast henge,
And boystrous battell make, each other to avenge.

Another.

Like to a storm that hovers under skie
Long here and there, and round about doth flie,
At length breaks down in raine, and haile and sleet,
First from one coast, till nought thereof be dry:
And then another, till that likewise fleet:
And so from side to side, till all the world be weet.

§ 105. *Superstition.*

Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beades devoutly penitent;
Nine hundred Pater-nosters every day,
And thrice nine hundred Aves she was wont to say,
And to augment her paineful penance more,
Thrice every week in ashes she did sit,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
And thrice three times did fast from any bite.

Upon the image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he stroke;
And the third time, out of an hidden shade,
There forth issued from under the altar smoake
A dreadful fiend, with foul deformed look,
That stretcht itself, as it had long lain still,
That her long taile and feathers strongly shook,
That all the temple did with terror fill;
Yet him nought terrified, that feared nothing ill.

An huge great beast it was, when it in length
Was stretched forth, that nigh fill'd all the place, And

And seem'd to be of infinite great strength;
Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
Borne of the brooding of Echidna base,
Or other like infernal furies kind:
For of a maide she had the outward face,
To hide the horrour which did lurk behind,
The better to beguile whom she so fond did find.

Thereto the body of a dog she had,
Full of fell ravin and fierce greediness;
A lyon's clawes with power and rigour clad,
To rend and teare what so she can oppress;
And dragon's taile, whoes sting without redress
Full deadly wounds, when so it is empight;
An eagles' wings for scope, and speediness.
That nothing might escape her ravening might,
Whereto she ever list to make her hardy flight.

Much like in foulness and deformitie
Unto that monster, whom the Theban knight
The father of that fatal progeny,
Made kill herself for very heart's despight,
That he had red her riddle, which no wight
Could ever loose, but suffred deadly doole:
So also did this monster use like slight
To many a one, which came into her schoole,
Whom she did put to death, deceived like a fool.

§ 106. *Suspicion*

But he was foule, ill-favoured, and grim,
Under his eye-brows looking still asquint;
And ever as dissemblance laught on him,
He lower'd on her with dangerous eye-glance,
Shewing his nature in his countenance;
His rolling eyes did never rest in place,
But walkt each way for fear of hid mischance,
Holding a lattice still before his face,
Thro' which he still did peep as forward he did pass.

§ 107. *Venus.*

Right in the midst the goddesse self did stand,
Upon an altar of some costly masse,
Whose substance was uneath to understand:
For neither precious stones, nor durefull brasse,
Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
But yet more rare and precious to esteeme,
Pure in aspect, and like to chrystall glass;
Yet glass was not, if one did rightly deem;
But being faire and brittle, likest glass did seeme.

But it in shape and beauty did excell
All other idols which the heathen adore;
Farre passing that, which by surpassing skill
Phidias did make in Paphos isle of yore,
With which that wretched Greeke that life forlore
Did fall in love: yet this much fairer shined,
But covered with slender veil afore,
And both her feet and legs together twined
Were with a snake, whose head and taile were fast combined.

The cause why she was cover'd with a veile,
Was hard to know, for that her priests the same
From people's knowledge labour'd to conceale;
But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
Nor any blemish which the worke mote blame;
But for (they say) she hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both under one name:
She sire and mother is herself alone;
Begets, and eke conceives, he needeth other none.

And all about her neck and shoulders flew
A flock of little loves, and sports and joyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whoes shapes seem'd not like to terrestrial boyes,
But like to angels playing heavenly toyes;
The whilst their elder brother was away,
Cupid, their elder brother; he enjoys
The wide kingdome of love with lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

And all about her altar scatter'd lay
Great sorts of lovers piteously complaining,
Some of their loss, some of their love's delay,
Some of their pride, some paragons disdaining,
Some fearing fraude, some fraudulently fayning,
As ever one had cause of good or ill.

§ 108. *Temple of Venus.*

The temple of great Venus, that is hight
The queen of beauty, and of love the mother,
There worshipped of every living wight:
Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other
That ever were on earth, all were they set together.
Not that same famous temple of Diane,
Whose height all Ephesus did oversee,
And which all Asia sought with vows profane,
One of the world's seven wonders said to be,
Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that, which that wise king of Jurie framed,
With endless cost to be the Almighty's see;
Nor all that else thro' all the world is named
To all the heathen gods, might like to this be clamed.

I, much admiring that so goodly frame,
Unto the porch approacht, which open stood,
But therein sat an amiable dame,
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
And in her semblant show'd great womanhood:
Strange was her tire; for on her head a crown
She wore, much like unto a Danish hood,
Poudred with pearl and stone; and all her gowne
Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low adowne.

On either side of her two young men stood,
Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another,
Yet were they brethren both of half the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrary natures each to other:
The one of them hight Love, the other Hate,
Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother;
Yet

Yet was the younger stronger in his state,
Than th' elder, and him mastred still in all debate.
Nath'less that dame so well them tempred both
That she them forced hand to join in hand,
Albe that Hatred was thereof full loth,
And turn'd his face away as he did stand,
Unwilling to behold that lovely band.
Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
That her commandment he could not withstand,
But bit his lips for felonous despight,
And gnasht his iron tusks at that displeasing sight.

Concord she cleeped was in common reed,
Mother of blessed Peace, and Friendship true;
They both her twins, both born of heavenly seed,
And she herself likewise divinely grew;
The which right well her works divine did shew:
For strength, and wealth, and happiness, she lends,
And strife, and war, and anger, does subdue:
Of little, much, of foes she maketh friends,
And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet sends.

By her the heaven is in his course contained,
And all the world in state unmoved stands,
As their Almighty Maker first ordained,
And bound them with inviolable bands;
Else would the waters overflow the lands,
And fire devour the aire, and hell them quite,
But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
She is the nurse of pleasure and delight,
And unto Venus grace the gate doth open right.

Into the inmost temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with frankencense I found,
And odours rising from the altars flame:
Upon an hundred marble pillers round,
The roof up high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crowns, and chains, and girlonds gay,
A thousand precious gifts worth many a pound,
The which sad lovers for their vowes did pay;
And all the ground was strew'd with flowers as fresh as May.

An hundred altars round about were set,
All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
That with the steme thereof the temple swet,
Which roul'd in cloudes, to heaven did aspire,
And in them bore true lovers' vows entire:
And eke an hundred brazen cauldrons bright
To bathe in joy and amorous desire,
Every which was to a damzell hight;
For all the priests were damzells, in soft linnen dight.

§ 109. *Wrath.*

After that varlet's sight, it was not long
Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guion spide,
One in bright armis embattailed full strong,
That as the sunny beams doe glance and glide
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seemed him to enflame on every side:
His steed was bloody red, and foamed ire,
When with the maist'ring spur he did him roughly stire.

Approaching nigh he never staid to greet,
Ne chaffer words, proud courage to provoke,
But prickt so fierce, that underneath his feet
The smoldring dust did round about him smoke,
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
And fairly couching his steel-headed spear,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke.

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
Upon a lyon, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his head;
His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,
And stared stern on all that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hue, and seeming dead;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling thro' hasty rage, when choler in him swell'd.

His ruffin raiment all was stain'd in blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rage yrent,
Thro' unadvised rashness woxen wood;
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for bloud in his avengement;
But when the furious fit was overpast,
His cruel facts he often would repent,
Yet, wilful man, he never would forecast,
How many mischiefs should ensue his heedless hast!

Full many mischiefs follow cruel Wrath;
Abhorred bloudshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murther, and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despight, with rancour's rusty knife,
And fretting grief, the enemy of life.
And these and many evils more haunt ire,
The swelling splene, and phrenzy raging rife,
The shaking palsey, and St. Francis' fire,
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

§ 110. *Duessa weeping over her Enemy, compared to a Crocodile; and a Description of Night.*

As when a weary traveller, that strays
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
Unweeting of the perilous wandering ways,
Doth meet a cruel crafty crocodile,
Which in false grief hiding his harmless guile
Doth weep full sore, and sheddeth tender tears:
The foolish man, that pities all this while
His mournful plight, is swallow'd up unawares,
Forgetful of his own, that minds another's cares.

So wept Duessa until even tide,
That shining lamps in Jove's high house were light;

Then

Then forth she rose, ne longer would abide,
But comes unto the place where th' heathen knight
In slumb'ring swoon nigh void of vital spright,
Lay cover'd with enchanted cloud all day;
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight
To wail his woful case, she would not stay,
But to the eastern coast of heaven makes speedy way,
Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phœbus cheerful face durst never view,
And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,
She finds forth-coming from her darksome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hue:
Before the door her iron chariot stood,
Already harnessed for journey new;
And cole-black steeds yborn of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ as they were wood.

\- - - - - - - - - -

And all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay,
As giving warning of th' unusual sound,
With which her iron wheels did them affray,
And her dark griesly look them much dismay.
The messenger of death, the ghastly owl,
With dreary shrieks did also her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howl
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so foul.

\- - - - - - - - - -

——On every side them stood
The trembling ghost with sad amazed mood
Chattering their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stony eyes; and all the hellish brood
Of fiends infernal flock'd on every side,
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durst ride.

§ 111. *Description of Lucifer's Palace.*

A stately palace built of squared brick,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose walls were high, but nothing strong nor thick,
And golden foil all over them display'd;
That purest sky with brightness they dismay'd:
High lifted up were many lofty tow'rs,
And goodly galleries far over-laid,
Full of fair windows, and delightful bow'rs;
And on the top a dial told the timely hours.

It was a goodly heap for to behold,
And spake the praises of the workman's wit;
But full great pity, that so fair a mould
Did on so weak foundation ever sit;
For on a sandy hill, that still did flit
And fall away, it mounted was full high,
That every breath of heaven shaked it;
And all the hinder parts, that few could spy,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

§ 112. *Lucifera ascending her Coach.*

Sudden upriseth from her stately place
The royal dame, and for her coach doth call!
All hurlen forth, and she with princely pace,
As fair Aurora in her purple pall,
Out of the East the dawning day doth call.
So forth she comes: her brightness broad doth blaze,
The heaps of people thronging in the hall
Do ride each other, upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glittering light doth all men's eyes amaze.

So forth she comes, and to her coach does climb
Adorned all with gold, and garlands gay,
That seem'd as fresh as Flora in her prime;
And strove to match, in royal rich array,
Great Juno's golden chair, the which they say
The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To Jove's high house thro' heaven's brass-paved way,
Drawn of fair peacocks that excel in pride,
And full of Argus' eyes their tails dispredden wide.

§ 113. *Description of Prince Arthur in his Habiliments of War.*

Upon the top of all his lofty crest,
A bunch of hairs, discolour'd diversly
With sprinkled pearl, and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seem'd to dance for jollity,
Like to an almond tree ymounted high
On top of green Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At every little blast that under heaven is blown.

§ 114. *Description of Diana with her Nymphs, returned from the Chase, and preparing to bathe.*

Shortly under the wasteful woods she came,
Whereat she found the goddess and her crew,
After late chace of their embrued game
Sitting beside a fountain in a rew,
Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From off their dainty limbs the dusty sweat,
And soil, which did deform their lively hue;
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat;
The rest upon her person gave attendance great.

She having hong upon a bough on high
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlac'd
Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her lank loins ungirt, and breasts unbrac'd,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste;
Her golden locks that late in tresses bright
Embreeded were for hindering of her haste,
Now loose about her shoulders long undight,
And were with sweet ambrosia all besprinkled light.

Soon as she Venus saw behind her back,
She was asham'd to be so loose surpris'd;
And wox half wroth against her damsels slack,
That had not her thereof before advis'd,
But suffer'd her so carelessly disguis'd
Be overtaken. Soon her garments loosen
Upgathering in her bosom she compris'd,

Well,

Well, as she might, and then the goddess rose:
Whilst all her nymphs did like a girlond her enclose.

§ 115. *Description of a Garden.*

Eftsoons they heard a most delicious sound
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear;
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To read what manner music that mote be,
For all that pleasing is to living ear
Was there consorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attemper'd sweet;
Th' angelical, soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet:
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the waters fall;
The waters fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

§ 116. *Description of the Garden of Adonis.*

There is continual spring and harvest there,
Continual, both meeting at one time;
For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear,
And with fresh colours deck the wanton prime,
And eke at once the heavy trees they climb,
Which seem to labour under their fruits load:
The whiles the joyous birds make their pastime
Emongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their true loves without suspicion tell abroad.

§ 117. *Devastation which Time makes in this Garden.*

Great enemy to it and all the rest
That in the garden of Adonis springs,
Is wicked Time, who, with his scythe addrest,
Does mow the flow'ring herbs and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground down flings.
Where they do wither, and are foully marr'd:
He flies about, and with his flaggy wings
Beats down both leaves and buds without regard,
Ne ever pity may relent his malice hard.

§ 118. *Description of Jupiter.*

So having said he ceas'd, and with his brow,
His black eye-brow, whose doomful dreaded beck
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
And even the highest pow'rs of heaven to check,
Made sign to them in their degrees to speak.
\- - - - - - - - -
——With that he shook
His nectar-dewed locks, with which the skies,
And all the world beneath, for terror quook,
And eft his burning leven-brond in hand he took.

§ 119. *Guyon conducted by Mammon through a Cave under Ground, to see his Treasure.*

At length they came into a larger space
That stretch'd itself into an ample plain,
Through which a beaten broad highway did trace,
That straight did lead to Pluto's griesly reign
By that way's side there sat infernal Pain,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife;
The one in hand an iron whip did strain,
The other brandished a bloody knife,
And both did knash their teeth, and both did threaten life.

On the other side in one consort there sate
Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Despite,
Disloyal Treason, and heart-burning Hate;
But gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite:
And trembling Fear still to and fro did fly,
And found no place where safe he shroud him might.
Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lie,
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

And over them sad Horror, with grim hue,
Did always soar, beating his iron wings;
And after him owls and night-ravens flew,
The hateful messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolour telling sad tidings;
Whilst sad Celeno, sitting on a cliff,
A song of bale and bitter sorrows sings,
That heart of flint asunder would have rift;
Which having ended, after him she flieth swift.

§ 120. *Description of Despair, and her Speech.*

Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliff ypight,
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carion carcasses doth crave:
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owl,
Shrieking his baneful note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other cheerful fowl:
And all about it wand'ring ghosts did wail and howl.

And, all about, old stocks and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leaf was ever seen,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hanged been,
Whose carcasses were scatter'd on the green,
And thrown about the cliffs. Arrived there
That bare-head knight, for dread and doleful teen,
Would fain have fled, ne durst approachen near:
But th' other forc'd him stay, and comforted in fear.

The

The darksome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind;
His greasy locks, long growing and unbound,
Disordered hung about his shoulders round,
And hid his face: thro' which his hollow eyne
Look'd deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheeks, through penury and pine,
Were shrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thorns together pinn'd and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapp'd abouts:
And him beside there lay upon the grass
A dreary corse, whose life away did pass,
All wallow'd in his own yet lukewarm blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Which piteous spectacle, approving true
The woful tale that Trevisan had told,
When as the gentle Red Cross knight did view,
With fiery zeal he burnt in courage bold,
Him to avenge before his blood were cold;
And to the villain said: Thou damned wight!
The author of this fact, we here behold,
What justice can but judge against thee right,
With thine own blood to price his blood, here shed in sight.

What frantic fit (quoth he) hath thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doom to give?
What justice ever other judgement taught,
But he should die, who merits not to live?
None else to death this man despairing drive
But his own guilty mind deserving death.
Is then unjust to each his due to give?
Or let him die, that loatheth living breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath?

Who travels by the weary wand'ring way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meets a flood that doth his passage stay,
Is not great grace to help him over-past,
Or free his feet, that in the mire stick fast?
Most envious man! that grieves at neighbour's good:
And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast;
Why wilt not let him pass, that long hath stood
Upon the bank, yet wilt thyself not pass the flood?

He there does now enjoy eternal rest,
And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little pain the passage have,
That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave?
Is not short pain well borne, that brings long ease,
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life, does greatly please.

The knight much wonder'd at his sudden wit,
And said: The term of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong or shorten it:
The soldier may not move from watchful sted,
Nor leave his stand until his captain bed.
Who life did limit by almighty doom
(Quoth he) knows best the terms established:
And he that 'points the centinel in his room,
Doth licence him depart at sound of morning droom.

Is not his deed, whatever thing is done,
In heaven and earth? Did not he all create
To die again? All ends that was begun;
Their times in his eternal book of fate
Are written sure, and have their certain date,
Who then can strive with strong necessity,
That holds the world in his still changing state,
Or shun the death ordain'd by destiny?
When hour of death is come, let none ask whence, nor why.

The longer life, I wote the greater sin,
The greater sin, the greater punishment;
All those great battles which thou boasts to win,
Thro' strife, and bloodshed, and avengement,
Now prais'd, hereafter dear thou shalt repent.
For life must life, and blood must blood repay.
Is not enough thy evil life forespent?
For he that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth go, the further he doth stray.

Then do no further go, no further stray,
But here lie down, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensuen may:
For what hath life, that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
Fear, sickness, age, loss, labour, sorrow, strife,
Pain, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to quake;
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife,
All which, and thousands more, do make a loathsome life.

Thou, wretched man, of death hath greatest need,
If in true balance thou wilt weigh thy state;
For never knight that dared warlike deed
More luckless disadventures did amate:
Witness the dungeon deep, wherein of late
Thy life shut up, for death so oft did call:
And tho' good luck prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall.
Into the which hereafter thou mayst happen [fall.

Why then dost thou, O man of sin, desire
To draw thy days forth to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinful hire
High heaped up with huge iniquity,
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this lady mild
Thou falsed hast thy face with perjury,
And sold thyself to serve Duessa vile,
With whom in all abuse thou hast thyself defil'd?

Is not he just that all this doth behold
From highest heaven, and bears an equal eye?
Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thine impiety?

Is not his law, Let every sinner die?
Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be done,
Is it not better to do willingly,
Than linger till the glass be all out-run? Death is the end of woes. Die soon, O Fairy's son.

The knight was much enmoved with this speech,
That as a sword's point through his heart did pierce,
And in his conscience made a secret breach,
Well knowing true all that he did rehearse,
And to his fresh remembrance did reverse
The ugly view of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly pow'rs it did disperse,
As he were charmed with inchaunted rhimes,
That oftentimes he quak'd, and fainted oftentimes.

In which amazement when the miscreant
Perceived him to waver weak and frail,
With trembling horror did his conscience dant,
And hellish anguish did his soul assail:
To drive him to despair and quite to quail,
He shew'd him painted in a table plain,
The damned ghosts, that do in torments wail,
And thousand fiends that do them endless pain,
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remain.

The sight whereof so throughly him dismay'd,
That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
And ever-burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almighty's law:
Then 'gan the villain him to over-craw,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bade him choose what death he would desire:
For death was due to him that had provok'd God's ire.

But when as none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharp and keen,
And gave it in his hand; his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leaf of aspin green,
And troubled blood thro' his pale face was seen
To come and go; with tidings from the heart,
As it a running messenger had been:
At last resolv'd to work his final smart,
He lifted up his hand, that back again did start.

Which when as Una saw, through every vein
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swoon: but soon reliev'd again,
Out of his hand she snatch'd the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said; Fie, fie, faint hearted knight!
What meanest thou by this reproachful strife?
Is this the battle which thou vaunt'st to fight
With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible and bright?

Come, come away, frail, silly, fleshy wight,
Ne let vain words bewitch thy manly heart,
Ne devilish thoughts dismay thy constant spright:
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why shouldst thou then despair, that chosen art?
Where justice grows, there grows eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
And that accurs'd hand-writing doth deface:
Arise, sir knight, arise, and leave this cursed place.

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight;
Which when the earl beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtle sleight,
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hung himself, unbid, unblest.
But death he could not work himself thereby;
For thousand times he so himself had dress'd,
Yet natheless it could not do him die,
Till he should die his last, that is eternally.

FAIRFAX's TASSO.

§ 121. *Description of the Vision conjured up by Alecto.*

A murder'd body huge beside him stood,
Of head and right-hand both but lately spoil'd;
The left hand bore the head, whose visage good
Both pale and wan, with dust and gore defil'd,
Yet spake, tho' dead; with those sad words the blood
Forth at his lips in huge abundance boil'd—
Fly, Argillan, from this false camp fly far,
Whose guide a traitor, captains murd'rers are.

§ 122. *Image of Armida and Attendants, enraged at Rinaldo's hewing down the Myrtle to dissolve the Charm.*

He * lift his brand; nor car'd, though oft she pray'd,
And she her form to other shape did change;
Such monsters huge, when men in dreams are laid,
Oft in their idle fancies roam and range:
Her body swell'd, her face obscure was made;
Vanish'd her garments rich, and vestures strange;
A giantess before him high she stands,
Arm'd, like Briareus, with an hundred hands:

With fifty swords, and fifty targets bright,
She threaten'd death, she roar'd, she cried, and fought:
Each other nymph, in armour likewise dight,
A Cyclops great became; he fear'd them nought,
But on the myrtle smote with all his might,
Which groan'd, like living souls to death nigh brought; The sky seem'd Pluto's court, the air seem'd hell,
Therein such monsters roar, such spirits yell.

Lighten'd the heaven above, the earth below
Roared aloud: that thunder'd, and this shook!
Bluster'd the tempests strong: the whirl-winds blow:
The bitter storm drove hail-stones in his look:

* Rinaldo.

But

But yet his arm grew neither weak nor slow,
Till low to earth the wounded tree down bended:
Nor of that fury heed or care he took,
Then fled the spirits all, the charms all ended.

§ 123. *Description of Armida's wonderful Parrot.*

With party-colour'd plumes, and purple bill,
A wondrous bird among the rest there flew,
That in plain speech sung love-lays loud and shrill;
Here Leden was like human language true;
So much she talk'd, and with such wit and skill,
That strange it seemed how much good she knew:
Her feather'd fellows all stood hush to hear;
Dumb was the wind, the waters silent were.

The gentle budding rose, quoth she, behold,
That first scant peeping forth with virgin beams,
Half ope, half shut, her beauties doth unfold
In its fair leaves, and, less seen, fairer seems,
And after spreads them forth more broad and bold,
Then languisheth, and dies in last extremes;
Nor seems the same that decked bed and bow'r
Of many a lady late and paramour.

So in the passing of a day, doth pass
The bud and blossom of the life of man,
Nor e'er doth flourish more; but, like the grass
Cut down, becometh wither'd, pale, and wan:
Oh, gather then the rose, while time thou hast!
Short is the day, done when it scant began;
Gather the rose of Love, while yet thou mayst,
Loving be lov'd, embracing be embrac'd.

She ceas'd; and, as approving all she spoke,
The choir of birds their heavenly tune renew;
The turtles sigh'd and sighs with kisses broke;
The fowls to shades unseed by pairs withdrew:
It seem'd, the laurel chaste, and stubborn oak,
And all the gentle trees on earth that grew,
It seem'd the land, the sea, and heaven above,
All breath'd out fancy sweet, and sigh'd out love.

GLOVER's LEONIDAS.

§ 124. *Leonidas's Address to his Countrymen.*

——He alone
Remains unshaken. Rising he displays
His godlike presence. Dignity and grace
Adorn his frame, and manly beauty, join'd
With strength Herculean. On his aspect shines
Sublimest virtue, and desire of fame,
Where justice gives the laurel; in his eye
The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The souls of patriots; while his brow supports
Undaunted valor, and contempt of death.
Serene he rose, and thus address'd the throng:
Why this astonishment on every face,
Ye men of Sparta? Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder? O my friends!
Why do we labor through the arduous paths
Which lead to virtue? Fruitless were the toil,
Above the reach of human feet were plac'd
The distant summit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our passage. But in vain
His blackest frowns and terrors he assumes
To shake the firmness of the mind, which knows
That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe;
That, wanting liberty, ev'n virtue mourns,
And looks around for happiness in vain.
Then speak, O Sparta, and demand my life;
My heart exulting, answers to thy call,
And smiles on glorious fate. To live with fame
The gods allow to many! but to die
With equal lustre, is a blessing Heaven
Selects from all the choicest boons of fate,
And with a sparing hand on few bestows.

§ 125. *Leonidas's Answer to the Persian Ambassador.*

Return to Xerxes; tell him on this rock
The Grecians, faithful to their post, await
His chosen myriads; tell him, thou hast seen
How far the lust of empire is below
A free-born mind: and tell him, to behold
A tyrant humbled, and by virtuous death
To seal my country's freedom, is a good
Surpassing all his boasted pow'r can give.

§ 126. *Pathetic Farewell of Leonidas to his Wife and Family.*

I see, I feel thy anguish, nor my soul
Has ever known the prevalence of love,
E'er prov'd a father's fondness, as this hour;
Nor, when most ardent to assert my fame,
Was once my heart insensible to thee.
How had it stain'd the honors of my name
To hesitate a moment, and suspend
My country's fate, till shameful life preferr'd
By my inglorious colleague left no choice,
But what in me were infamy to shun,
Not virtue to accept! Then deem no more
That, of my love regardless, or thy tears,
I haste uncall'd to death. The voice of fate,
The gods, my fame, my country, bid me bleed.
O thou dear mourner! wherefore streams afresh
That flood of woe? Why heaves with sighs renew'd
That tender breast? Leonidas must fall.
Alas! far heavier misery impends
O'er thee and these, if soften'd by thy tears
I shamefully refuse to yield that breath,
Which justice, glory, liberty, and Heaven
Claim for my country, for my sons, and thee.
Think on my long unalter'd love. Reflect
On my paternal fondness. Has my heart
E'er known a pause of love, or pious care?
Now shall that care, that tenderness, be prov'd
Most warm and faithful. When thy husband dies
For Lacedæmon's safety, thou wilt share,
Thou and thy children, the diffusive good.

Should I, thus singled from the rest of men;
Alone intrusted by th' immortal gods
With pow'r to save a people; should my soul
Desert that sacred cause, thee too I yield
To sorrow and to shame: for thou must weep
With Lacedæmon, must with her sustain
Thy painful portion of oppression's weight.
Thy sons behold now worthy of their names,
And Spartan birth. Their growing bloom must pine
In shame and bondage, and their youthful hearts
Beat at the sound of liberty no more.
On their own virtue and their father's fame
When he the Spartan freedom hath confirm'd,
Before the world illustrious shall they rise,
Their country's bulwark and their mother's joy.
Here paus'd the patriot. With religious awe
Grief heard the voice of virtue. No complaint
The solemn silence broke. Tears ceas'd to flow:
Ceas'd for a moment; soon again to stream.
For now in arms before the palace rang'd,
His brave companions of the war demand
Their leader's presence; then her griefs renew'd,
Too great for utt'rance, intercept her sighs,
And freeze each accent on her falt'ring tongue.
In speechless anguish on the hero's breast
She sinks. On ev'ry side his children press,
Hang on his knees, and kiss his honor'd hand.
His soul no longer struggles to confine
Its strong compunction. Down the hero's cheek,
Down flows the manly sorrow. Great in woe,
Amid his children, who enclose him round,
He stands indulging tenderness and love
In graceful tears, when thus, with lifted eyes,
Address'd to Heaven: Thou ever-living Pow'r,
Look down propitious, sire of gods and men!
And to this faithful woman, whose desert
May claim thy favor, grant the hours of peace.
And thou, my great forefather, son of Jove,
O Hercules, neglect not these thy race!
But since that spirit I from thee derive,
Now bears me from them to resistless fate,
Do thou support their virtue! Be they taught,
Like thee, with glorious labor life to grace,
And from their father let them learn to die!

§ 127. *Characters of Teribazus and Ariana.*

Amid the van of Persia was a youth
Nam'd Teribazus, not for golden stores,
Not for wide pastures travers'd o'er with herds,
With bleating thousands, or with bounding steeds,
Nor yet for pow'r, nor splendid honors fam'd.
Rich was his mind in ev'ry art divine,
And through the paths of science had he walk'd
The votary of wisdom. In the years
When tender down invests the ruddy cheek,
He with the Magi turn'd the hallow'd page
Of Zoroaster; then his tow'ring soul
High on the plumes of contemplation soar'd,
And from the lofty Babylonian fane
With learn'd Chaldeans trac'd the mystic sphere,
There number'd o'er the vivid fires that gleam
Upon the dusky bosom of the night.
Nor on the sands of Ganges were unheard
The Indian sages from sequester'd bow'rs,
While, as attention wonder'd, they disclos'd
The pow'rs of nature; whether in the woods,
The fruitful glebe or flow'r, or healing plant,
The limpid waters, or the ambient air,
Or in the purer element of fire.
The fertile plains where great Sesostris reign'd,
Mysterious Egypt, next the youth survey'd,
From Elephantis, where impetuous Nile
Precipitates his waters to the sea,
Which far below receives the sevenfold stream.
Thence o'er th' Ionic coast he stray'd: nor pass'd
Miletus by, which once enraptur'd heard
The tongue of Thales; nor Priene's walls,
Where wisdom dwelt with Bias; nor the seat
Of Pittacus, along the Lesbian shore.
Here too melodious numbers charm'd his ears,
Which flow'd from Orpheus, and Musæus old,
And thee, O father of immortal verse:
Mæonides, whose strains through every age
Time with his own eternal lips shall sing.
Back to his native Susa then he turn'd
His wand'ring steps. His merit soon was dear
To Hyperanthes, generous and good;
And Ariana, from Darius sprung
With Hyperanthes, of th' imperial race
Which rul'd th' extent of Asia, in disdain
Of all her greatness, oft an humble ear
To him would bend, and listen to his voice.
Her charms, her mind, her virtue he explor'd
Admiring. Soon was admiration chang'd
To love, nor lov'd he sooner than despair'd.
But unreveal'd and silent was his pain;
Nor yet in solitary shades he roam'd,
Nor shunn'd resort; but o'er his sorrows cast
A sickly dawn of gladness, and in smiles
Conceal'd his anguish; while the secret flame
Rag'd in his bosom, and his peace consum'd.

§ 128. *Ariana and Polydorus come by Night into the Persian Camp.*

In sable pomp, with all her starry train,
The night resum'd her throne. Recall'd from war,
Her long protracted labors Greece forgets,
Dissolv'd in silent slumber; all but those,
Who watch'd th' uncertain perils of the dark,
An hundred warriors: Agis was their chief.
High on the wall intent the hero sat,
As o'er the surface of the tranquil main
Along its undulating breast the wind
The various din of Asia's host convey'd,
In one deep murmur swelling in his ear:
When, by the sound of footsteps down the pass
Alarm'd, he calls aloud: What feet are those,
Which beat the echoing pavement of the rock?
With speed reply, nor tempt your instant fate.
He said: and thus return'd a voice unknown.
Not

Not with the feet of enemies we come,
But crave admittance with a friendly tongue.
The Spartan answers: Thro' the midnight shade [broad?
What purpose draws your wand'ring steps a-
To whom the stranger. We are friends to Greece,
And to the presence of the Spartan king
Admission we implore. The cautious chief
Of Lacedæmon hesitates again:
When thus, with accents musically sweet,
A tender voice his wond'ring ear allur'd:
O gen'rous Grecian, listen to the pray'r
Of one distress'd! whom grief alone hath led
In this dark hour to these victorious tents,
A wretched woman, innocent of fraud.
The Greek descending thro' th' unfolded gates
Upheld a flaming brand. One first appear'd
In servile garb attir'd; but near his side
A woman graceful and majestic stood;
Not with an aspect rivalling the pow'r
Of fatal Helen, or the wanton charms
Of love's soft queen; but such as far excell'd
Whate'er the lily blending with the rose
Paints on the cheek of beauty, soon to fade:
Such as express'd a mind which wisdom rul'd,
And sweetness temper'd, virtue's purest light
Illumining the countenance divine;
Yet could not sooth remorseless fate, nor teach
Malignant fortune to revere the good;
Which oft with anguish rends the spotless heart,
And oft associates wisdom with despair.
In courteous phrase began the chief humane:
Exalted fair, who thus adorn'st the night,
Forbear to blame the vigilance of war,
And to the laws of rigid Mars impute
That I thus long unwilling have delay'd
Before the great Leonidas to place
This your apparent dignity and worth.
He spake; and gently to the lofty tent
Of Sparta's king the lovely stranger guides.
At Agis' summons, with a mantle broad
His mighty limbs Leonidas infolds,
And quits his couch. In wonder he surveys
Th' illustrious virgin, whom his presence aw'd:
Her eye submissive to the ground inclin'd
With veneration of the god-like man.
But soon his voice her anxious dread dispell'd,
Benevolent and hospitable thus:
Thy form alone, thus amiable and great,
Thy mind delineates, and from all commands
Supreme regard. Relate, thou noble dame,
By what relentless destiny compell'd,
Thy tender feet the paths of darkness tread:
Rehearse th' afflictions whence thy virtue mourns.
On her wan cheek a sudden blush arose,
Like day's first dawn upon the twilight pale,
And, wrapt in grief, these words a passage broke:
If to be most unhappy, and to know
That hope is irrecoverably fled;
If to be great and wretched, may deserve
Commiseration from the good, behold,
Thou glorious leader of unconquer'd bands,
Behold, descended from Darius' loins,
Th' afflicted Ariana, and my pray'r
Accept with pity, nor my tears disdain!
First, that I lov'd the best of human race,
By nature's hand with ev'ry virtue form'd,
Heroic, wise, adorn'd with ev'ry art,
Of shame unconscious does my heart reveal.
This day in Grecian arms conspicuous clad
He fought, he fell! A passion long conceal'd
For me, alas! within my brother's arms
His dying breath resigning, he disclos'd.
——Oh I will stay my sorrows! will forbid
My eyes to stream before thee, and my heart,
Thus full of anguish, will from sighs restrain!
For why should thy humanity be griev'd
With my distress, and learn from me to mourn
The lot of nature, doom'd to care and pain!
Hear then, O king, and grant my sole request,
To seek his body in the heaps of slain.
Thus to the Spartan sued the regal maid,
Resembling Ceres in majestic woe,
When suppliant at Jove's resplendent throne,
From dreary Pluto, and th' infernal gloom,
Her lov'd and lost Proserpina she sought.
Fix'd on the weeping queen with steadfast eyes,
Laconia's chief these tender thoughts recall'd:
Such are thy sorrows, O for ever dear!
Who now at Lacedæmon dost deplore
My everlasting absence!—then inclin'd
His head, and sigh'd; nor yet forgot to charge
His friend, the gentle Agis, through the straits
The Persian princess to attend and aid.
With careful steps they seek her lover's corse.
The Greeks remember'd, where by fate repress'd
His arm first ceas'd to mow their legions down:
And from beneath a mass of Persian slain
Soon drew the hero, by his armor known.
To Agis' high pavilion they resort.
Now, Ariana, what transcending pangs
Thy soul involv'd! what horror clasp'd thy heart!
But love grew mightiest; and her beauteous limbs
On the cold breast of Teribazus, threw
The grief-distracted maid. The clotted gore
Deform'd her snowy bosom. O'er his wounds
Loose flow'd her hair, and bubbling from her eyes
Impetuous sorrow lav'd the purple clay,
When forth in groans her lamentations broke:
O torn for ever from my weeping eyes!
Thou, who despairing to obtain her heart,
Who then most lov'd thee, didst untimely yield
Thy life to fate's inevitable dart
For her who now in agony unfolds
Her tender bosom, and repeats her vows
To thy deaf ear, who fondly to her own
Now clasps thy breast insensible and cold.
Alas! do those unmoving ghastly orbs
Perceive my gushing anguish? Does that heart,
Which death's inanimating hand hath chill'd,

Share in my suff'rings, and return my sighs?
——O bitter unsurmountable distress!
Lo! on thy breast is Ariana bow'd,
Hangs o'er thy face, unites her cheek to thine,
Not now to listen with enchanted ears
To thy persuasive eloquence, no more
Charm'd with the wisdom of thy copious mind!
She could no more: invincible despair
Suppress'd her utt'rance. As a marble form
Fix'd on the solemn sepulchre, unmov'd,
O'er some dead hero, whom his country lov'd,
Bends down the head with imitated woe;
So paus'd the princess o'er the breathless clay,
Intranc'd in sorrow. On the dreary wound,
Where Dithyrambus' sword was deepest plung'd,
Mute for a space and motionless she gaz'd;
Then with a look unchang'd, nor trembling hand,
Drew forth a poniard, with her garment veil'd,
And, sheathing in her heart th' abhorred steel,
On her slain lover silent sinks in death.

§ 129. *The History of Porsenna, King of Russia.* Lisle.

In Russia's frozen clime, some ages since,
There dwelt, historians say, a worthy prince,
Who to his people's good confin'd his care,
And fix'd the basis of his empire there;
Enlarg'd their trade, the liberal arts improv'd,
Made nations happy and himself belov'd;
To all the neighbouring states a terror grown,
The dear delight, and glory of his own.
Not like those kings who vainly seek renown
From countries ruin'd, and from battles won;
Those mighty Nimrods, who mean laws despise,
Call murder but a princely exercise;
And if one bloodless sun should steal away,
Cry out with Titus they have lost a day.
Who to be more than men, themselves debase
Beneath the brute, their Maker's form deface,
Raising their titles by their God's disgrace.
Like fame to bold Erostratus we give,
Who scorn'd by less than sacrilege to live;
On holy ruins rais'd a lasting name,
And in the temple's fire diffus'd his shame.
Far different praise, and a brighter fame,
The virtues of the young Porsenna claim;
For by that name the Russian king was known,
And sure a nobler ne'er adorn'd a throne:
In war he knew the deathful sword to wield,
And sought the thickest dangers of the field;
A bold commander, but the storm o'erflown,
He seem'd as he were made for peace alone;
Then was the golden age again restor'd,
Nor less his justice honor'd than his sword.
All needless pomp, and outward grandeur spar'd,
The deeds that grac'd him were his only guard.
No private views beneath a borrow'd name,
His and the public interest were the same.
In wealth and pleasure let the subject live,
But virtue is the king's prerogative.

Porsenna there without a rival stood,
And would maintain his right of doing good.
Nor did his person less attraction wear,
Such majesty and sweetness mingled there;
Heaven with uncommon art the clay refin'd,
A proper mansion for so fair a mind;
Each look, each action, bore peculiar grace,
And love itself was painted on his face.
In peaceful time he suffer'd not his mind
To rust in sloth, tho' much to peace inclin'd;
Nor wanton in the lap of pleasure lay,
And lost to glory loiter'd life away;
But active rising ere the prime of day,
Thro' woods and lonely deserts lov'd to stray;
With hounds and horns to wake the furious bear,
Or rouse the tawny lion from his laire;
To rid the forest of the savage brood,
And whet his courage for his country's good.
One day, as he pursu'd the dangerous sport,
Attended by the nobles of his court,
It chanc'd a beast of more than common speed
Sprang from the brake, and thro' the forest fled.
The ardent prince impetuous as the wind
Rush'd on, and left his lagging train behind:
Fir'd with the chace, and full of youthful blood,
O'er plains and vales, and woodland wilds he rode,
Urging his courser's speed, nor thought the day
Now wasted, nor how intricate the way;
Nor till the night in dusky clouds came on,
Restrain'd his pace, or found himself alone.
Missing his train, he strove to measure back,
The road he came, but could not find the track;
Still turning to the place he left before,
And only lab'ring to be lost the more,
The bugle-horn, which o'er his shoulders hung,
So loud he winded, that the forest rung;
In vain, no voice but echo from the ground,
And vocal woods made mock'ry of the sound.
And now the gath'ring clouds began to spread
O'er the dun face of night a deeper shade,
And the hoarse thunder growling from afar,
With herald voice proclaim'd th' approaching war;
Silence a while ensued,—then by degrees
A hollow wind came mutt'ring thro' the trees.
Sudden the full fraught sky discharg'd its store
Of rain and rattling hail a mingled shower;
The active lightning ran along the ground,
The fiery bolts by fits were hurl'd around,
And the wide forests trembled at the sound.
Amazement seized the prince, where could he fly,
No guide to lead, no friendly cottage nigh?
Pensive and unresolv'd a while he stood,
Beneath the scanty covert of the wood;
But drove from hence, soon sallied forth again
As chance directed on the dreary plain;
Constrain'd his melancholy way to take
Thro' many a loathsome bog, and thorny brake,
Caught in the thicket, flound'ring in the lake.
Wet with the storm, and wearied with the way,
By hunger pinch'd, himself to beasts a prey;

Nor

Nor wine to cheer his heart, nor fire to burn,
Nor place to rest, nor prospect to return;
Drooping and spiritless, at life's despair,
He bade it pass, not worth his farther care;
When suddenly he spied a distant light,
That faintly twinkled thro' the gloom of night,
And his heart leapt for joy, and bless'd the welcome sight,
Oft times he doubted, it appear'd so far,
And hung so high, 'twas nothing but a star,
Or kindling vapor wand'ring through the sky;
But still press'd on his steed, still kept it in his eye;
Till much fatigue and many dangers past,
At a huge mountain he arriv'd at last.
There lighting from his horse, on hands and knees
Grop'd out the darksome road by slow degrees,
Crawling or clamb'ring o'er the rugged way,
The thunder rolls above, the flames around him play.
Joyful at length he gain'd the steepy height,
And found the rift whence sprang the friendly light;
And here he stopp'd to rest his wearied feet,
And weigh the perils he had still to meet;
Unsheath'd his trusty sword, and dealt his eyes
With caution round him, to prevent surprise;
Then summon'd all the forces of his mind,
And ent'ring boldly cast his fears behind:
Resolv'd to push his way, whate'er withstood,
Or bravely perish as a monarch should.
While he the wonders of the place survey'd,
And through the various cells at random stray'd,
In a dark corner of the cave he view'd
Somewhat that in the shape of woman stood;
But more deform'd, than dreams can represent
The midnight hag, or poet's fancy paint
The Lapland witch, when she her broom bestrides,
And scatters storms and tempests as she rides.
She look'd as nature made her to disgrace
Her kind, and cast a blot on all the race;
Her shrivel'd skin with yellow spots besmear'd
Like mouldy records seem'd, her eyes were blear'd;
Her feeble limbs with age and palsy shook,
Bent was her body, haggard was her look.
From the dark nook outcrept the filthy crone,
And propt upon her crutch, came tott'ring on.
The prince in civil guise approach'd the dame,
Told her his piteous case, and whence he came,
And till Aurora should the shades expel,
Implor'd a lodging in her friendly cell.
Mortal, whoe'er thou art, the fiend began,
And as she spake a deadly horror ran
Thro' all his frame; his cheeks the blood forsook,
Chatter'd his teeth, his knees together shook:
Whoe'er thou art, that with presumption rude
Dar'st on our sacred privacy intrude,
And without licence in our court appear,
Know, thou'rt the first that ever enter'd here.
But since thou plead'st excuse, thou'rt hither brought
More by thy fortune than thy own default;
Thy crime, tho' great, an easy pardon finds,
For mercy ever dwells in royal minds.
And would you learn from whose indulgent hand
You live, and in whose awful presence stand;
Know farther, thro' yon wide extended plains,
Great Eolus, the king of tempests, reigns,
And in this lofty palace makes abode,
Well suited to his state, and worthy of the God.
The various elements his empire own,
And pay their humble homage at his throne;
And hither all the storms and clouds resort,
Proud to increase the splendor of his court.
His queen am I, from whom the beauteous race
Of Winds arose, sweet fruit of our embrace!
She scarce had ended, when with wild uproar,
And horrid din, her sons impetuous pour
Around the cave; came rushing in amain,
Lybs, Eurus, Boreas, all the boist'rous train;
And close behind them on a whirlwind rode
In clouded majesty the blust'ring God.
Their locks a thousand ways were blown about,
Their cheeks, like full-blown bladders, strutted out;
Their boasting talk was of the feats th' had done,
Of trees uprooted, and of towns o'erthrown;
And when they kindly turn'd them to accost
The prince, they almost pierc'd him with their frost.
The gaping hag in fix'd attention stood,
And at the close of every tale cried—Good!
Blessing, with outstretch'd arms, each darling son,
In due proportion to the mischief done.
And where, says she, does little Zephyr stray?
Know ye, my sons, your brother's route to day;
In what bold deeds does he his hours employ?
Grant heaven no evil has befall'n my boy;
Ne'er was he known to linger thus before.
Scarce had she spoke, when at the cavern door
Came lightly tripping, in a form more fair
Than the young poet's fond ideas are,
When, fir'd with love, he tries his utmost art
To paint the beauteous tyrant of his heart.
A satin vest his slender shape confin'd,
Embroider'd o'er with flowers of every kind,
Flora's own work, when first the goddess strove
To win the little wanderer to her love.
Of burnish'd silver were his sandals made,
Silver his buskins, and with gems o'erlaid;
A saffron-color'd robe behind him flow'd,
And added grace and grandeur as he trod,
His wings than lilies whiter to behold,
Sprinkled with azure spots, and streak'd with gold;
So thin their form, and of so light a kind,
That they for ever danc'd, and flutter'd in the wind.
Around his temples, with becoming air,
In wanton ringlets curl'd his auburn hair,
And o'er his shoulders negligently spread,
A wreath of fragrant roses crown'd his head.
Such his attire, but O! no pen can trace,
No words can show the beauties of his face;
So kind! so winning! so divinely fair,
Eternal youth and pleasure flourish there;

There all the little loves and graces meet,
And every thing that's soft, and every thing that's sweet.
Thou vagrant, cried the dame, in angry tone,
Where could'st thou loiter thus, so long alone?
Little thou car'st what anxious thoughts molest,
What pangs are laboring in a mother's breast;
Well do you show your duty by your haste,
For thou of all my sons art always last.
A child less fondled would have fled more fast.
Sure 'tis a curse on mothers, doom'd to mourn,
Where best they love, the least and worst return.
My dear mamma, the gentle youth reply'd,
And made a low obeisance, cease to chide;
Nor wound me with your words, for well you know
Your Zephyr bears a part in all your woe.
How great must be his sorrow then to learn
That he himself's the cause of your concern!
Nor had I loiter'd thus, had I been free,
But the fair Princess of Felicity
Entreated me to make some short delay,
And ask'd by her, could I refuse to stay?
Surrounded by the damsels of her court,
She sought the shady grove, her lov'd resort;
Fresh rose the grass, the flowers were mix'd between
Like rich embroidery on a ground of green;
And in the midst, protected by the shade,
A crystal stream in wild meanders play'd;
While in its banks, the trembling leaves among,
A thousand little birds in concert sung:
Close by a mount with fragrant shrubs o'ergrown,
On a cool mossy couch she laid her down;
Her air, her posture, all conspir'd to please,
Her head upon her snowy arm at ease
Reclin'd, a studied carelessness express'd;
Loose lay her robe, and naked heav'd her breast.
Eager I flew to that delightful place,
And pour'd a shower of kisses on her face;
Now hover'd o'er her neck, her breast, her arms,
Like bees o'er flowers, and tasted all their charms:
And then her lips, and then her cheeks I tried,
And fann'd, and wanton'd round on every side.
O Zephyr! cried the fair, thou charming boy,
Thy presence only can create me joy;
To me thou art beyond expression dear,
Nor can I quit the place while thou art here.
Excuse my weakness, madam, when I swear
Such gentle words, join'd with so soft an air,
Pronounc'd so sweetly from a mouth so fair,
Quite ravish'd all my sense, nor did I know
How long I stay'd, or when, or where to go.
Meanwhile the damsels, debonair and gay,
Prattled around, and laugh'd the time away:
These in soft notes address'd the ravish'd ear,
And warbled out so sweet 'twas heaven to hear;
And those in rings, beneath the green-wood shade,
Danc'd to the melody their fellows made;
Some, studious of themselves, employ'd their care
In weaving flowery wreaths to deck their hair;
While others to some fav'rite plant convey'd
Refreshing show'rs, and cheer'd its drooping head:
A joy so general, spread through all the place,
Such satisfaction dwelt on every face,
The nymphs so kind, so lovely look'd the queen,
That never eye beheld a sweeter scene.
Porsenna like a statue fix'd appear'd,
And wrapt in silent wonder, gaz'd and heard.
Much he admir'd the speech, the speaker more,
And dwelt on every word, and griev'd to find it o'er.
O gentle youth, he cried, proceed to tell
In what fair country does this princess dwell;
What regions unexplor'd, what hidden coast,
Can so much goodness, so much beauty boast?
To whom the winged god, with gracious look,
Numberless sweets diffusing while he spoke,
Thus answer'd kind: These happy gardens lie
Far hence remov'd, beneath a milder sky;
Their name—the Kingdom of Felicity.
Sweet scenes of endless bliss, enchanted ground,
A soil for ever sought, but seldom found;
Though in the search all human kind in vain
Weary their wits, and waste their lives in pain;
In different parties, different paths they tread,
As reason guides them, or as follies lead;
These wrangling for the place they ne'er shall see,
Debating those, if such a place there be;
But not the wisest or the best can say
Where lies the point, or mark the certain way.
Some few, by Fortune favor'd, for her sport,
Have sail'd in sight of this delightful port;
In thought already seiz'd the bless'd abodes,
And in their fond delirium rank'd with gods.
Fruitless attempt! all avenues are kept
By dreadful foes, sentry that never slept.
Here fell Detraction darts her pois'nous breath,
Fraught with a thousand stings, and scatters death;
Short-sighted Envy there maintains her post,
And shakes her flaming brand, and stalks around the coast:
These on the helpless crowd their fury pour,
Plunge in the waves, or dash against the shore,
Teach wretched mortals they were doom'd to mourn,
And ne'er must rest but in the silent urn.
But say, young monarch; for what name you bear,
Your mien, your dress, your person all declare,
And though I seldom fan the frozen north,
Yet have I heard of brave Porsenna's worth;
My brother Boreas thro' the world has flown,
Swelling his breath to spread forth your renown;
Say, would you choose to visit this retreat,
And view the world where all these wonders meet?
Wish you some friend o'er the tempestuous sea
To bear you safe? behold that friend in me.
My active wings shall all their force employ,
And nimbly waft you to the realms of joy;
As once, to gratify the god of love,
I bore fair Psyche to the Cyprian grove;

Or

Or as Jove's bird, descending from on high,
Snatch'd the young Trojan trembling to the sky;
There perfect bliss thou may'st for ever share,
'Scap'd from the busy world, and all its care;
There in the lovely princess thou wilt find
A mistress ever blooming, ever kind.
All ecstasy, on air Porsenna trod,
And to his bosom strain'd the little god:
With grateful sentiments his heart o'erflow'd,
And in the warmest words, millions of thanks bestow'd.
When Eolus in surly humor broke
Their strict embrace, and thus abruptly spoke:
Enough of compliment, I hate the sport
Of meanless words: this is no human court;
Where plain and honest are discarded quite;
For the more modish title of polite;
Where in soft speeches hypocrites impart
The venom'd ills that lurk beneath the heart;
In friendship's holy guise their guilt improve,
And kindly kill with specious show of love.
For us—my subjects are not us'd to wait,
And waste their hours to hear a mortal prate;
They must abroad before the rising sun,
And hie 'em to the seas: there's mischief to be done.
Excuse my plainness, sir, but business stands,
And we have storms and shipwrecks on our hands.
He ended frowning, and the noisy rout
Each to his several cell went passing out;
But Zephyr, far more courteous than the rest,
To his own bower convey'd the royal guest;
There on a bed of roses neatly laid,
Beneath the fragrance of a myrtle shade,
His limbs to needful rest the prince applied,
His sweet companion slumb'ring by his side.

Book II.

No sooner in her silver chariot rose
The ruddy Morn, than, sated with repose,
The prince address'd his host; the god awoke,
And leaping from his couch, thus kindly spoke:
This early call, my lord, that chides my stay,
Requires my thanks, and I with joy obey;
Like you I long to reach the blissful coast,
Hate the slow night, and mourn the moments lost.
The bright Rosinda, loveliest of the fair
That crowd the princess' court, demands my care,
E'en now with fears and jealousies o'erborn,
Upbraids and call me cruel and forsworn;
What sweet rewards on all my toils attend,
Serving at once my mistress and my friend!
Just to my love and to my duty too,
Well paid in her, well pleas'd in pleasing you.
This said, he led him to the cavern gate,
And clasp'd him in his arms, and pois'd his weight:
Then balancing his body here and there,
Stretch'd forth his agile wings, and launch'd in air;
Swift as the fiery meteor from on high
Shoots to its goal, and gleams athwart the sky.
Here with quick fan his lab'ring pinions play,
There glide at ease along the liquid way;
Now lightly skim the plain with even flight,
Now proudly soar above the mountain's height.
Spiteful Detraction, whose envenom'd hate
Sports with the sufferings of the good and great,
Spares not our prince, but with opprobrious sneer
Arraigns him of the heinous sin of fear;
That he, so tried in arms, whose very name
Infus'd a secret panic where it came;
Ev'n he, as high above the clouds he flew,
And spied the mountain less'ning to the view;
Nought round him but the wide expanded air,
Helpless, abandon'd to a stripling's care;
Struck with the rapid whirl, and dreadful height,
Confess'd some faint alarm, some little fright.
The friendly god, who instantly divin'd
The terrors that possess'd his fellow's mind,
To calm his troubled thoughts, and cheat the way,
Describ'd the nations that beneath them lay;
The name, the climate, and the soil's increase,
Their arms in war, their government in peace;
Show'd their domestic arts, their foreign trade,
What int'rest they pursu'd, what leagues they made.
The sweet discourse so charm'd Porsenna's ear,
That, lost in joy, he had no time for fear.
From Scandinavia's cold inclement waste,
O'er wide Germania's various realms they past;
And now on Albion's fields suspend their toil,
And hover for a while, and bless the soil.
O'er the gay scene the prince delighted hung,
And gaz'd in rapture, and forgot his tongue;
Till bursting forth at length, Behold, cried he,
The promis'd isle, the land I long'd to see;
Those plains, those vales, and fruitful hills declare
My queen, my charmer must inhabit there.
Thus rav'd the monarch, and the gentle guide,
Pleas'd with his error, thus in smiles replied:
I must applaud, my lord, the lucky thought,
Ev'n I, who know th' original, am caught,
And doubt my senses, when I view the draught.
The slow ascending hill, the lofty wood
That mantles o'er its brow; the silver flood,
Wand'ring in mazes thro' the flow'ry mead;
The herd that in the plenteous pasures feed;
And every object, every scene excites
Fresh wonder in my soul, and fills with new delights:
Dwells chearful Plenty there, and learned Ease,
And art with nature seems at strife to please,
There Liberty, delightful goddess, reigns,
Gladdens each heart, and gilds the fertile plains;
There firmly seated may she ever smile,
And show'r her blessings o'er her fav'rite isle.
But see, the rising sun reproves our stay,
He said, and to the ocean wing'd his way;
Stretching his course to climates then unknown,
Nations that swelter in the burning zone;

There

There in Peruvian vales a moment staid,
And smooth'd his wings beneath the citron shade.
Then swift his oary pinions plied again,
Cross'd the new world, and sought the southern main;
Where many a wet and weary league o'erpast,
The wish-for paradise appear'd at last.
With force abated, now they gently sweep
O'er the smooth surface of the shining deep;
The Dryads hail'd them from the distant shore,
The Nereids play'd around, the Tritons swam before;
While soft Favonius their arrival greets,
And breathes his welcome in a thousand sweets.
Nor pale Disease, nor health-consuming Care,
Nor Wrath, nor foul Revenge, can enter there:
No vapor's foggy gloom imbrowns the sky,
No tempests rage, no angry lightnings fly;
But dews and soft refreshing airs are found,
And pure etherial azure shines around.
Whate'er the sweet Sabæan Isle can boast,
Or Mecca's plains, or India's spicy coast;
What Hybla hills, or rich Œbalia's fields,
Or flow'ry vale of fam'd Hymettus yields;
Or what of old th' Hesperian orchard grac'd,
All that was e'er delicious to the taste,
Sweet to the smell, or lovely to the view,
Collected there, with added beauty grew.
High-tow'ring to the heavens, the trees are seen,
Their bulk immense, their leaf for ever green;
So closely interwove, the tell-tale sun
Can ne'er descry the deeds beneath them done,
But where by fits the sportive gales divide
Their tender tops, and fan the leaves aside.
Like a smooth carpet at their feet lies spread
The matted grass, by bubbling fountains fed;
And on each bough the feather'd choir employ
Their melting notes, and nought is heard but joy.
The painted flow'rs exhale a rich perfume,
The fruits are mingled with eternal bloom;
And Spring and Autumn hand in hand appear,
Lead on the merry months, and join to cloath the year.
Here, o'er the mountain's shaggy summits pour'd,
From rock to rock the tumbling torrent roar'd;
While beauteous Iris, in the vale below,
Paints on the rising fumes her radiant bow:
Now thro' the meads the mazy current stray'd,
Now hid its wand'rings in the myrtle shade;
Or in a thousand veins divides its store,
Visits each plant, refreshes every flow'r;
O'er gems and golden sands in murmurs flows,
And sweetly sooths the soul, and lulls to soft repose.
If hunger call, no sooner can the mind
Express her will to needful food inclin'd,
But in some cool recess, or op'ning glade,
The seats are plac'd, the tables neatly laid,
And instantly convey'd by magic hand,
In comely rows the costly dishes stand;
Meats of all kinds that nature can impart,
Prepar'd in all the nicest forms of art.
A troop of sprightly nymphs array'd in green,
With flow'ry chaplets crown'd, come scudding in.
With fragrant blossoms these adorn the breast,
Those with officious zeal attend the guest;
Beneath his feet the silken carpet spread,
Or sprinkle liquid odors o'er his head.
Others in ruby cups, with roses bound
Delightful! deal the sparkling nectar round;
Or weave the dance, or tune the vocal lay;
The lyres resound, the merry minstrels play:
Gay health, and youthful joys o'erspread the place,
And swell each heart, and triumph in each face.
So when embolden'd by the vernal air,
The busy bees to blooming fields repair;
For various use employ their chymic pow'r;
One culls the snowy pounce, one sucks the flow'r:
Again to diff'rent works returning home,
Some steeve the honey, some erect the comb;
All for the general good in concert strive,
And every soul's in motion, every limb's alive.
And now descending from his flight, the god
On the green turf releas'd his precious load;
There, after mutual salutations past,
And endless friendship vow'd, they part in haste;
Zephyr impatient to behold his love,
The prince in raptures wand'ring thro' the grove,
Now skipping on, and singing as he went,
Now stopping short, to give his transports vent,
With sudden gusts of happiness oppress'd,
Or stands intranc'd, or raves like one possess'd;
His mind afloat, his wand'ring senses quite
O'ercome with charms, and frantic with delight;
From scene to scene by random steps convey'd,
Admires the distant views, explores the secret shade,
Dwells on each spot, with eager eye devours
The woods, the lawns, the buildings, and the bow'rs;
New sweets, new joys at ev'ry glance arise,
And every turn creates a fresh surprise.
Close by the borders of a rising wood,
In a green vale a crystal grotto stood,
And o'er its sides, beneath a beachen shade,
In broken falls a silver fountain play'd.
Hither, attracted by the murmuring stream.
And cool recess, the pleas'd Porsenna came,
And on the tender grass reclining chose
To wave his joys a while, and take a short repose.
The scene invites him, and the wanton breeze
That whispers thro' the vale, the dancing trees,
The warbling birds, and rills that gently creep,
All join their music to prolong his sleep.
The princess to her morning walk prepar'd;
The female troops attend, a beauteous guard.
Array'd in all her charms appear'd the fair.
Tall was her stature, unconfin'd her air;
Proportion deck'd her limbs, and in her face
Lay love enshrin'd, lay sweet attractive grace,
Temp'ring the awful beams her eyes convey'd,
And like a lambent flame around her play'd.
No foreign aids, by mortal ladies worn,
From shells and rocks her artless charms adorn;
For grant that beauty were by gems increas'd,
'Tis render'd more suspected at the least;

And

And foul defects, that would escape the sight,
Start from the piece, and take a stronger light.
Her chesnut hair in careless rings around
Her temples wav'd, with pinks and jes'mine crown'd,
And gather'd in a silken cord behind,
Curl'd to the waist, and floated in the wind;
O'er these a veil of yellow gauze she wore,
With emeralds and gold embroider'd o'er.
Her snowy neck half naked to the view
Gracefully fell; a robe of purple hue
Hung loosely o'er her slender shape, and tried
To shade those beauties, that it could not hide.
The damsels of her train with mirth and song
Frolic behind, and laugh and sport along.
The birds proclaim their queen from every tree,
The beasts run frisking thro' the groves to see;
The loves, the pleasures, and the graces meet
In antic rounds, and dance before her feet.
By whatever fancy led, it chanc'd that day
They thro' the secret valley took their way,
And to the crystal grot advancing, spied
The prince extended by the fountain's side.
He look'd as by some skilful hand express'd
Apollo's youthful form retir'd to rest,
When with the chase fatigu'd he quits the wood
For Pindus' vale, and Aganippe's flood;
There sleeps secure, his careless limbs display'd
At ease, encircled by the laurel shade;
Beneath his head his sheaf of arrows lie,
His bow unbent, hangs negligently by:
The slumb'ring prince might boast an equal grace,
So turn'd his limbs, so beautiful his face.
Waking he started from the ground in haste,
And saw the beauteous choir around him plac'd;
Then summoning his senses, ran to meet
The queen, and laid him humbly at her feet.
Deign, lovely princess, to behold, said he,
One who has travell'd all the world to see
Those charms, and worship thy divinity;
Accept thy slave, and with a gracious smile,
Excuse his rashness, and reward his toil.
Stood motionless the fair, with mute surprise,
And read him over with admiring eyes;
And while she gaz'd, a pleasing smart
Ran thrilling thro' her veins and reach'd her heart.
Each limb she scann'd, consider'd every grace,
And sagely judg'd him of the phœnix race.
An animal like this she ne'er had known,
And thence concluded there could be but one;
The creature too had all the phœnix air,
None but the phœnix could appear so fair.
The more she look'd, the more she thought it true,
And call'd him by that name, to show she knew.
O handsome phœnix, for that such you are
We know; your beauty does your breed declare;
And I with sorrow own thro' all my coast
No other bird can such perfection boast;
For nature form'd you single and alone;
Alas! what pity 'tis there is but one!
Were there a queen so fortunate to show
An aviary of charming birds like you,
What envy would her happiness create
In all who saw the glories of her state!
The prince laugh'd inwardly, surpris'd to find
So strange a speech, so innocent a mind.
The compliment indeed did some offence
To reason, and a little wrong'd her sense;
He could not let it pass, but told his name,
And what he was, and whence, and why he came,
And hinted other things of high concern
For him to mention, and for her to learn;
And she'd a piercing wit, of wond'rous reach
To comprehend whatever he could teach.
Thus hand in hand they to the palace walk,
Pleas'd and instructed with each other's talk.
Here should I tell the furniture's expense,
And all the structure's vast magnificence,
Describe the walls of shining sapphire made,
With emeralds and pearl the floors inlaid,
And how the vaunted canopies unfold
A mimic heaven, and flame with gems and gold;
Or how Felicity regales her guest,
The wit, the mirth, the music, and the feast;
And on each part bestow the praises due,
'Twould tire the writer, and the reader too.
My amorous tale a softer path pursues;
Love and the happy pair demand my muse.
O cou'd her art in equal terms express
The lives they lead, the pleasures they possess!
Fortune had ne'er so plenteously before
Bestow'd her gifts, nor can she lavish more.
'Tis heaven itself, 'tis ecstasy of bliss,
Uninterrupted joy, untir'd excess!
Mirth following mirth, the moments dance away!
Love claims the night, and Friendship rules the day.
Their tender care no cold indifference knows;
No jealousies disturb their sweet repose;
No sickness, no decay; but youthful grace
And constant beauty shines in either face.
Benumbing age may mortal charms invade,
Flow'rs of a day that do but bloom and fade;
Far different here, on them it only blows
The lily's white, and spreads the blushing rose.
No conquest o'er those radiant eyes can boast,
They, like the stars, shine brighter in its frost;
Nor fear its rigor, nor its rule obey;
All seasons are the same, and ev'ry month is May.
Alas! how vain is happiness below!
Man soon or late must have his share of woe:
Slight are his joys, and fleeting as the wind;
His griefs wound home, and leaves a sting behind;
His lot distinguish'd from the brute appears
Less certain by his laughter than his tears;
For ignorance too oft our pleasure breeds,
But sorrow from the reasoning soul proceeds.
If man on earth in endless bliss could be,
The boon, young prince, had been bestow'd on thee;
Bright shone thy stars, thy fortune flourish'd fair,
And seem'd secure beyond the reach of care;

And

And so might still have been, but anxious thought
Has dash'd thy cup, and thou must taste the draught.
It so befel, as on a certain day
This happy couple toy'd their time away,
He ask'd how many charming hours had flown
Since on her slave her heaven of beauty shone.
Should I consult my heart, cried he, the rate
Were small, a week would be the utmost date:
But when my mind reflects on actions past,
And counts its joys, time must have fled more fast.
Perhaps I might have said three months are gone.
Three months! replied the fair, three months alone?
Know that three hundred years have roll'd away,
Since at my feet the lovely phœnix lay.
Three hundred years! re-echo'd back the prince,
A whole three hundred years completed since
I landed here! O! whither then are flown
My dearest friends, my subjects, and my throne?
How strange, alas! how alter'd shall I find
Each earthly thing, each scene I left behind!
Who knows me now? on whom shall I depend?
To gain my rights, where shall I find a friend?
My crown perhaps may grace a foreign line,
A race of kings that know not me or mine;
Who reigns may wish my death, his subjects treat
My claims with scorn, and call their prince a cheat.
O had my life been ended as begun!
My destin'd stage, my race of glory run,
I should have died well pleas'd, my honor'd name
Had liv'd, had flourish'd in the list of fame.
Reflecting now, my mind with horror sees
The sad survey, a scene of shameful ease,
The odious blot, the scandal of my race
Scarce known, and only mention'd with disgrace.
The fair beheld him with impatient eye,
And red with anger made this warm reply—
Ungrateful man! is this the kind return
My love deserves? and can you thus with scorn
Reject what once you priz'd; what once you swore
Surpass'd all charms, and made e'en glory poor?
What gifts have I bestow'd, what favors shown!
Made you partaker of my bed and throne;
Three centuries preserv'd in youthful prime,
Safe from the rage of death, and injuries of time:
Weak arguments! for glory reigns above
The feeble ties of gratitude and love.
I urge them not, nor would request your stay,
The phantom glory calls, and I obey;
All other virtues are regardless quite,
Sunk and absorb'd in that superior light.
Go then, barbarian, to thy realms return;
And show thyself unworthy my concern;
Go tell the world, your tender heart could give
Death to the princess by whose care you live.
At this a deadly pale her cheeks o'erspread,
Cold trembling seiz'd her limbs, her spirits fled;
She sunk into his arms: the prince was mov'd,
Felt all her griefs, for still he greatly lov'd.
He sigh'd, he wish'd he could forget his throne,
Confine his thoughts, and live for her alone;
But glory shot him deep, the venom'd dart
Was fix'd within, and rankled at his heart;
He could not hide his wounds, but pin'd away
Like a sick flow'r, and languish'd in decay.
Felicity was griev'd, and could not bear
A scene so chang'd, a sight of so much care.
She told him with a look of cold disdain,
And seeming ease, as women well can feign,
He might depart at will: a milder air
Would mend his health; he was no pris'ner there;
She kept him not, and wish'd he ne'er might find
Cause to regret the place he left behind;
Which once he lov'd, and where he still must own
He had at least some little pleasure known,
If these prophetic words a while destroy
His peace, the former balance is in joy.
He thank'd her for her kind concern, but chose
To quit the place, the rest let heav'n dispose.
For fate, on mischiefs bent, perverts the will,
And first infatuates whom it means to kill.
Aurora now, not as she wont to rise,
In gay attire, ting'd with a thousand dyes,
But sober-sad, in solemn state appears,
Clad in a dusky veil, bedew'd with tears.
Thick mantling clouds beneath her chariot spread,
A faded wreath hangs drooping from her head.
The sick'ning sun emits a feeble ray,
Half drown'd in fogs, and struggling into day.
Some black event the threat'ning skies foretell:
Porsenna rose to take his last farewell.
A curious vest the mournful princess brought,
An armour by the Lemnian artist wrought,
A shining lance with secret virtue stor'd,
And of resistless force a magic sword;
Caparisons and gems of wond'rous price,
And loaded him with gifts and good advice;
But chief she gave, and what he most would need
The fleetest of her stud, a flying steed.
The swift Grifippo, said th' afflicted fair,
(Such was the courser's name) with speed shall bear,
And place you safely in your native air,
Assist against the foe with matchless might,
Ravage the field, and turn the doubtful fight;
With care protect you till the danger cease,
Your trust in war, your ornament in peace.
But this, I warn, beware, whate'er shall lay
To intercept your course, or tempt your stay,
Quit not your saddle, nor your speed abate,
Till safely landed at your palace gate.
On this alone depends your weal or woe;
Such is the will of fate, and so the gods foreshow.
He in the softest terms repaid her love,
And vow'd nor age nor absence should remove
His constant faith, and sure she should not blame
A short divorce due to his in'ur'd fame.

The

The debt discharg'd, then should her soldier come [home;
Gay from the field, and flush'd with conquest,
With equal ardor her affection meet,
And lay his laurels at his mistress' feet.
He ceas'd, and sighing took a kind adieu;
Then urg'd his steed; the fierce Grifippo flew
With rapid force, outstripp'd the lagging wind,
And left the blissful shores, and weeping fair behind;
Now o'er the seas pursu'd his airy flight,
Now scour'd the plains, and climb'd the mountain's height. [run
Thus driving on at speed, the prince had
Near half his course, when, with the setting sun
As through a lonely lane he chanc'd to ride,
With rocks and bushes fenc'd on either side,
He spied a waggon full of wings, that lay
Broke and o'erturn'd across the narrow way:
The helpless driver on the dirty road
Lay struggling crush'd beneath th' incumbent load.
Never in human shape was seen before [weak,
A wight so pale, so feeble, and so poor,
Comparisons of age would do him wrong,
For Nestor's self if plac'd by him were young.
His limbs were naked all, and worn so thin,
The bones seem'd starting through the parchment skin. [eyes
His eyes half drown'd in rheum, his accents
Bald was his head, and furrow'd was his cheek.
The conscious steed stopt short in deadly fright,
And back recoiling stretch'd his wings for flight;
While thus the wretch with supplicating tone,
And rueful face, began his piteous moan;
And, as he spake, the tears ran trickling down:
O gentle youth, if pity e'er inclin'd
Thy soul to generous deed, if e'er thy mind
Was touch'd with soft distress, extend thy care
To save an old man's life, and ease the load I bear.
So may propitious heaven your journey speed,
Prolong your days, and all your vows succeed.
Mov'd with the pray'r the kind Porsenna staid,
Too nobly minded to refuse his aid;
And, prudence yielding to superior grief,
Leapt from his steed, and ran to his relief;
Remov'd the weight, and gave the pris'ner breath,
Just choak'd and gasping on the verge of death,
Then reach'd his hand, when lightly with a bound
The grizly spectre, vaulting from the ground,
Seiz'd him with sudden gripe; th' astonish'd prince,
Stood horror-struck, and thoughtless of defence.
O King of Russia! with a thund'ring sound
Bellow'd the gastly fiend, at length thou'rt found;
Receive the ruler of mankind, and know,
My name is Time, thy ever dreaded foe. [see
These feet are founder'd and the wings you
Worn to the pinions in pursuit of thee;
Through all the world in vain for ages sought,
But fate has doom'd thee now, and thou art caught.
Then round his neck his arms he nimbly cast,
And seiz'd him by the throat, and grasp'd him fast;
Till forc'd at length the soul forsook its seat,
And the pale breathless corse fell bleeding at his feet.
Scarce had the cursed spoiler left his prey,
When, so it chanc'd, young Zephyr pass'd that way;
Too late his presence to assist his friend,
A sad, but helpless witness of his end.
He chafes, and fans, and strives in vain to cure
His streaming wounds; the work was done too sure.
Now lightly with a solt embrace uprears
The lifeless load, and bathes it in his tears;
Then to the blissful seats with speed conveys,
And graceful on the mossy carpet lays,
With decent care, close by the fountain's side
Where first the princess had her phœnix spied.
There with sweet flowers his lovely limbs he strew'd,
And gave a parting kiss, and sighs and tears bestow'd.
To that sad solitude the weeping dame,
Wild with her loss, and swoln with sorrow, came;
There was she wont to vent her griefs and mourn
Those dear delights that must no more return.
Thither that morn with more than usual care
She sped, but O, what joy to find him there!
As just arriv'd, and weary with the way,
Retir'd to soft repose her hero lay.
Now near approaching she began to creep
With careful steps, loath to disturb his sleep:
Till quite o'ercome with tenderness she flew
And round his neck her arms in transport threw.
But when she found him dead, no tongue can tell
The pangs she felt; she shriek'd, and swooning fell.
Waking, with loud laments she pierc'd the skies,
And fill'd th' affrighted forest with her cries.
That fatal hour the palace gates she barr'd,
And fix'd around the coast a stronger guard;
Now rare appearing, and at distance seen,
With crowds of black misfortunes plac'd between,
Mischiefs of every kind, corroding care,
And fears, and jealousies, and dark despair:
And since that day (the wretched world must own [known)
These mournful truths by sad experience
No mortal e'er enjoy'd that happy clime,
And every thing on earth submits to Time.

SONNETS, by SMITH.

§ 130. *To the Moon.*

Queen of the silver bow! by thy pale beam,
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.

And

And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;
And oft I think, fair planet of the night!
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest;
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
Releas'd by death, to thy benignant sphere;
And the sad children of despair and woe
Forget, in thee, their cup of sorrow here.
O! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
Poor wearied pilgrim—in this toiling scene!

§ 131. *On the Departure of the Nightingale.*

Sweet poet of the woods—a long adieu!
Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year!
Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
And pour thy music on the 'night's dull ear.'
Whether on spring thy wandering flights await,
Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
The pensive muse shall own thee for her mate,
And still protect the song she loves so well.
With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall glide [nest,
Thro' the lone brake that shades thy mossy
And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall hide
The gentle bird, who sings of pity best:
For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow and to love!

§ 132. *Written at the Close of Spring.*

The garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
Each simple flow'r which she had nurs'd in dew,
Anemonies, that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and hare-bell mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.—
Ah! poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion and corrosive care
Bid all thy fairy colours fade away!
Another May new buds and flow'rs shall bring;
Ah! why has happiness—no second Spring?

§ 133. *Should the lone Wanderer.*

Should the lone wanderer, fainting on his way,
Rest for a moment of the sultry hours,
And tho' his path thro' thorns and roughness lay,
Pluck the wild rose, or woodbine's gadding flow'rs;
Weaving gay wreaths, beneath some sheltering tree,
The sense of sorrow, he a while may lose;
So have I sought thy flow'rs, fair Poesy!
So charm'd my way with Friendship and the Muse.
But darker grows life's unhappy day,
Dark with new clouds of evil yet to come:
Her pencil sickening Fancy throws away,
And weary Hope reclines upon the tomb;
And points my wishes to that tranquil shore,
Where the pale spectre Care pursues no more.

§ 134. *To Night.*

I love thee, mournful sober-suited night,
When the faint moon, yet lingering in her wane,
And veil'd in clouds, with pale uncertain light
Hangs o'er the waters of the restless main.
In deep depression sunk, th' enfeebled mind
Will to the deaf, cold elements complain,
And tell th' embosom'd grief, however vain,
To sullen surges and the viewless wind:
Tho' no repose on thy dark breast I find,
I still enjoy thee, cheerless as thou art;
For in thy quiet gloom th' exhasted heart
Is calm, tho' wretched; hopeless, yet resign'd:
While to the winds and waves its sorrows given,
May reach—though lost on earth—the ear of Heaven!

§ 135. *To Tranquillity.*

In this tumultuous sphere, for thee unfit,
How seldom art thou found—Tranquillity!
Unless 'tis when with mild and downcast eye
By the low cradles thou delight'st to sit
Of sleeping infants, watching the soft breath,
And bidding the sweet slumberers easy lie,
Or sometimes hanging o'er the bed of death,
Where the poor languid sufferer hopes to die.
O beauteous sister of the halcyon peace!
I sure shall find thee in that heavenly scene
Where care and anguish shall their power resign; [cease;
Where hope alike and vain regret shall
And Memory, lost in happiness serene,
Repeat no more—that misery has been mine!

§ 136. *Written in the Churchyard at Middleton in Sussex.*

Press'd by the Moon, mute arbitress of tides,
While the loud equinox its power combines,
The sea no more its swelling surge confines,
But o'er the shrinking land sublimely rides.
The wild blast, rising from the western cave,
Drives the huge billows from their heaving bed;
Tears from their grassy tombs the village dead,
And breaks the silent sabbath of the grave!
With shells and sea-weed mingled, on the shore,
Lo! their bones whiten in the frequent wave;
But vain to them the winds and waters rave;
They hear the warring elements no more:
While I am doom'd, by life's long storm oppress,
To gaze with envy on their gloomy rest.

§ 137. *Written at Penthurst, in Autumn*, 1788.

Ye tow'rs sublime, deserted now and drear,
Ye woods, deep sighing to the hollow blast,
The musing wanderer loves to linger near,
While history points to all your glories past:

And

And startling from their haunts the timid deer,
To trace the walks obscur'd by matted fern,
Which Waller's soothing lyre were wont to hear,
But where now clamors the discordant hern!
The spoiling hand of time may overturn
These lofty battlements, and quite deface
The fading canvass whence we love to learn
Sydney's keen look, and Sacharissa's grace;
But fame and beauty still defy decay,
Sav'd by th' historic page, the poet's tender lay!

§ 138. *Elegy.*

'Dark gathering clouds involve the threatening skies,
The sea heaves conscious of th' inpending gloom,
Deep hollow murmurs from the cliffs arise;
They come—the spirits of the tempest come!
O! may such terrors mark th' approaching night
As reign'd on that these streaming eyes deplore!
Flash, ye red fires of heaven, with fatal light,
And with conflicting winds, ye waters, roar!
Loud and more loud, ye foaming billows, burst!
Ye warring elements more fiercely rave!
Till the wide waves o'erwhelm the spot accurst
Where ruthless Avarice finds a quiet grave!'
Thus with clasp'd hands, wild looks, and streaming hair,
While shrieks of horror broke her trembling speech,
A wretched maid, the victim of despair,
Survey'd the threatening storm and desert beach.

Then to the tomb where now the father slept
Whose rugged nature bad her sorrows flow,
Frantic she turn'd—and beat her breast and wept.
Invoking vengeance on the dust below.

'Lo! rising there above each humble heap,
Yon cypher'd stones *his* name and wealth relate,
Who gave his son, remorseless, to the deep,
While I, his living victim, curse my fate.

O my lost love! no tomb is plac'd for thee,
That may to strangers' eyes thy worth impart!
Thou hast no grave but in the stormy sea,
And no memorial but this breaking heart.

Forth to the world a widow'd wanderer driven,
I pour to winds and waves th' unheeded tear;
Try with vain effort to submit to heaven,
And fruitless call on him "who cannot hear."

O might I fondly clasp him once again,
While o'er my head th' infuriate billows pour,
Forget in death this agonizing pain,
And feel his father's cruelty no more!

Part, raging waters! part, and show beneath,
In your dread caves his pale and mangled form;
Now, while the demons of despair and death
Ride on the blast, and urge the howling storm!

Lo! by the lightning's momentary blaze,
I see him rise the whitening waves above,
No longer such as when in happier days
He gave th' enchanted hours—to me and love:
Such as when daring the enchafed sea,
And courting dangerous toil, he often said,
That every peril, one soft smile from me,
One sigh of speechless tenderness, o'erpaid:
But dead, disfigured, while between the roar
Of the loud waves his accents pierce mine ear,
And seem to say—Ah, wretch! delay no more,
But come, unhappy mourner—meet me here.

Yet, powerful fancy, bid the phantom stay,
Still let me hear him!—'Tis already past;
Along the waves his shadow glides away,
I lose his voice amid the deafening blast.

Ah! wild illusion, born of frantic pain!
He hears not, comes not from his watery bed;
My tears, my anguish, my despair are vain,
Th' insatiate ocean gives not up its dead.

'Tis not his voice! Hark! the deep thunders roll!
Upheaves the ground; the rocky barriers fail;
Approach, ye horrors that delight my soul,
Despair, and Death, and Desolation, hail!'

The ocean hears—th' embodied waters come,
Rise o'er the land, and with resistless sweep
Tear from its base the proud aggressor's tomb,
And bear the injur'd to eternal sleep!

§ 139. *Elegy to Pity.* Anon.

Hail, lovely Pow'r! whose bosom heaves the sigh,
When Fancy paints the scene of deep distress;
Whose tears spontaneous crystallize the eye,
When rigid Fate denies the pow'r to bless.

Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
From flow'ry meads, can with that sigh compare:
Not dew-drops glittering in the morning ray,
Seem near so beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play;
Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies;
No blood-stain'd traces mark thy blameless way,
Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.

Come, lovely nymph! and range the mead with me,
To spring the partridge from the guileful foe,
From secret snares the struggling bird to free,
And stop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
And nature droops beneath the conquering gleam,
Let us, slow wandering where the current flows,
Save sinking flies that float along the stream.

Or

Or turn to nobler, greater tasks thy care,
To me thy sympathetic gifts impart;
Teach me in Friendship's griefs to bear a share,
And justly boast the generous feeling heart.

Teach me to sooth the helpless orphan's grief,
With timely aid the widow's woe assuage,
To Misery's moving cry to yield relief,
And be the sure resource of drooping age.

So when the genial spring of life shall fade,
And sinking nature owns the dread decay,
Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,
And gild the close of life's eventful day.

§ 140. *Extract from a Poem on his own approaching Death, by* Michael Bruce.

Now spring returns; but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known:
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the silent moments as they pass:

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate;
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true:
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu!

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
Where Melancholy with still Silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the close of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the laborer's eyes,
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten, in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes,
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

§ 141. *Sonnet to Twilight.*
Miss Williams.

Meek Twilight! haste to shroud the solar ray,
And bring the hour my pensive spirit loves;
When o'er the hill is shed a paler day,
That gives to stillness, and to night, the groves.

Ah! let the gay the roseate morning hail,
When, in the various blooms of light array'd,
She bids fresh beauty live along the vale,
And rapture tremble in the vocal shade:
Sweet is the lucid morning's op'ning flow'r,
Her coral melodies benignly rise;
Yet dearer to my soul the shadowy hour,
At which her blossoms close, her music dies:
For then mild nature, while she droops her head,
Wakes the soft tear 'tis luxury to shed.

§ 142. *Sonnet to Expression.*
Miss Williams.

Expression, child of soul! I love to trace
Thy strong enchantments, when the poet's lyre,
The painter's pencil, catch the vivid fire,
And beauty wakes for thee each touching grace!
But from my frighted gaze thy form avert,
When horror chills thy tear, thy ardent sigh,
When phrensy rolls in thy impassion'd eye,
Or guilt lives fearful at thy troubled heart;
Nor ever let my shudd'ring fancy hear
The wasting groan, or view the pallid look
Of him the Muses lov'd *, when hope forsook
His spirit, vainly to the Muses dear—
For charm'd with heavenly song, this bleeding breast
Mourns it could sharpen ill, and gives despair no rest!

§ 143. *Sonnet to Hope.*
Miss Williams.

O, ever skill'd to wear the form we love!
To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart,
Come, gentle Hope! with one gay smile remove
The lasting sadness of an aching heart;
Thy voice, benign enchantress! let me hear;
Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom!
That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear,
Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom.—
But come not glowing in the dazzling ray
Which once with dear illusions charm'd my eye!
O strew no more, sweet flatterer! on my way
The flow'rs I fondly thought too bright to die.
Visions less fair will sooth my pensive breast,
That asks not happiness, but longs for rest!

§ 144. *Sonnet to the Moon.*
Miss Williams.

The glittering colours of the day are fled—
Come, melancholy orb! that dwell'st with night
Come! and o'er earth thy wand'ring lustre shed,
Thy deepest shadow and thy softest light.
To me congenial is the gloomy grove,
When with faint rays the sloping uplands shine;
That gloom, those pensive rays, alike I love,
Whose sadness seems in sympathy with mine!

* Chatterton.

But

But most for this, pale orb! thy light is dear,
For this, benignant orb! I hail thee most,
That while I pour the unavailing tear,
And mourn that hope to me, in youth is lost!
Thy light can visionary thoughts impart,
And lead the Muse to sooth a suff'ring heart.

§ 145. *On the Recovery of a Lady of Quality from the Small-Pox.* Savage.

Long a lov'd fair had bless'd her consort's sight
With amorous pride, and undisturb'd delight;
Till Death, grown envious, with repugnant aim
Frown'd at their joys, and urg'd a tyrant's claim.
He summons each disease!—the noxious crew,
Writhing in dire distortions, strike his view!
From various plagues, which various natures know,
Forth rushes beauty's fear'd and fervent foe.
Fierce to the fair the missile mischief flies,
The sanguine streams in raging ferments rise!
It drives, ignipotent, through every vein,
Hangs on the heart, and burns around the brain!
Now a chill damp the charmer's lustre dims:
Sad o'er her eyes the livid languor swims!
Her eyes, that with a glance could joy inspire,
Like setting stars, scarce shoot a glimmering fire.
Here stands her consort, sore with anguish press'd,
Grief in his eye, and terror in his breast.
The Paphian Graces, smit with anxious care,
In silent sorrow weep the waning fair.
Eight suns, successive, roll their fire away,
And eight slow nights see their deep shades decay.
While these resolve, though mute each Muse appears,
Each speaking eye drops eloquence in tears.
On the ninth noon great Phœbus listening bends,
On the ninth noon each voice in prayer ascends—
Great God of light, of song, and physic's art,
Restore the languid fair, new soul impart!
Her beauty, wit, and virtue claim thy care,
And thine own bounty's almost rivall'd there.
Each paus'd: the god assents. Would death advance?
Phœbus unseen arrests that threatening lance!
Down from his orb a vivid influence streams,
And quickening earth imbibes salubrious beams;
Each balmy plant increase of virtue knows,
And art inspir'd with all her patron glows.
The charmer's opening eye kind hope reveals,
Kind hope her consort's breast enlivening feels;
Each grace revives, each Muse resumes the lyre,
Each beauty brightens with relumin'd fire:
As health's auspicious pow'rs gay life display,
Death, sullen at the sight, stalks slow away.

§ 146. *Ode to Pity.* Collins.

O thou, the friend of man assign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe;
When first Distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,
His wild unsated foe!

By Pella's Bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light!

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side,
Deserted stream, and mute?
Wild Arun * too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, 'midst my native plains,
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head:
To him thy cell was shown:
And while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
The turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, by fancy's aid,
Ev'n now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride design:
Its southern site, its truth complete
Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat,
In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toil shall well relate
How chance or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliss prevail:
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender hand,
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a British shell!

§ 147. *Ode to Fear.* Collins.

Thou, to whom the world unknown
With all its shadowy shapes is shown;
Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah, Fear! ah, frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near.
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly:
For, lo, what monsters in thy train appear!
Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, a hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the rigid steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep;
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurst the mind:
And those, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preside;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait:
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

* A river in Sussex.

EPODE.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full Muse address'd her infant tongue,
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.
Yet he, the Bard * who first invok'd thy name,
Disdain'd in Marathon its pow'r to feel:
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.
But who is he, whom later garlands grace,
Who left awhile o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
Where thousand furies shar'd the baleful grove?
Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' incestuous Queen†
Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,
When once alone it broke the silent scene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.
O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart,
Thy withering pow'r inspir'd each mournful line;
Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou, who such weary length hast past,
Where wilt thou rest, mad nymph, at last?
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or in some hollow'd seat,
'Gainst which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought!
Dark pow'r, with shuddering meek submitted thought,
Be mine, to read the visions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told,
And, lest thou meet my blasted view
Hold each strange tale devoutly true.
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'eraw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad;
When ghosts, as cottage maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!
O thou, whose spirit most possess'd
The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotion spoke!
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel;
His cypress wreath my meed decree:
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

§ 148. *Ode to Simplicity.* COLLINS.

O thou, by Nature taught,
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong:
Who first on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe and Pleasure's nurs'd the pow'rs of song!
Thou, who with hermit heart
Disdain'st the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall:
But com'st a decent maid,
In attic robe array'd,
O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee I call!
By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her whose love-lorn woe.
In evening musings slow,
Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear:
By old Cephisus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep
In warbled wand'rings round thy green retreat,
On whose enamell'd side,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.
O sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!
The flow'rs that sweetest breathe,
Though beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.
While Rome could none esteem,
But virtue's patriot theme,
You lov'd her hills, and led her laureate band;
But staid to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.
No more, in hall or bow'r,
The passions own thy pow'r.
Love, only Love her forceless numbers mean;
For thou hast left her shrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.
Though taste, though genius bless
To some divine excess,
Faint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul!
Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task,
I only seek to find thy temperate vale;
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.

§ 149. *Ode on the Poetical Character.* COLLINS.

As one, if, not with light regard,
I read aright that gifted Bard,
(Him whose school above the rest
His loveliest Elfin queen has bless'd),
One, only one unrivall'd fair ‡
May hope the magic girdle wear,
At solemn tournay hung on high,
The wish of each love-darting eye:
Lo! to each other nymph in turn applied,
As if, in air unseen, some hovering hand,
Some chaste and angel-friend to virgin fame,

* Æschylus. † Jocasta. ‡ Florimel. See Spenser, Leg. 4.

With

With whisper'd spell had burst the starting band,
It left unblest her loath'd dishonor'd side:
Happy, her hopeless fair, if never
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied!
Young Fancy thus, to me divinest name,
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,
The cest of amplest pow'r is given,
To few the godlike gift assigns,
To gird their blest prophetic loins,
And gaze her vision wild, and feel unmix'd her flame.
The band, as fairy legends say,
Was wove on that creating day
When he, who call'd with thought to birth
Yon tented sky, this laughing earth,
And dress'd with springs, and forests tall,
And pour'd the main engirting all,
Long by the lov'd enthusiast woo'd,
Himself in some diviner mood.
Retiring, sate with her alone,
And plac'd her on his sapphire throne,
The whiles, the vaulted shrine around,
Seraphic wires were heard to sound,
Now sublimest triumph swelling,
Now on love and mercy dwelling;
And she from out the veiling cloud
Breath'd her magic notes aloud:
And thou, thou rich hair'd youth of morn,
And all thy subject life was born.
The dangerous passions kept aloof,
Far from the sainted growing woof:
But near it sat ecstatic Wonder,
Listening the deep applauding thunder:
And Truth, in sunny vest array'd,
By whose the Tarsol's eyes were made;
All the shadowy tribes of mind,
In braided dance their murmurs join'd,
And all the bright uncounted pow'rs,
Who feed on heaven's ambrosial flow'rs.
Where is the Bard whose soul can now
Its high presuming hopes avow?
Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
This hallow'd work for him design'd?
High on some cliff to heaven up-pil'd,
Of rude access, of prospect wild,
Where tangled round the jealous steep,
Strange shades o'erbrow the vallies deep,
And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock;
While on its rich ambitious head
An Eden, like his own, lies spread,
I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which a Milton lay; his evening ear,
From many a cloud that droop'd ethereal dew,
Nigh spher'd in heaven its native strains could hear:
On which that ancient trump he reach'd was hung:
Thither oft his glory greeting,
From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue;
In vain—such bliss to one alone
Of all the sons of soul was known,
And Heaven and Fancy, kindred pow'rs,
Have now o'erturn'd th' inspiring bow'rs,
Or curtain'd close such scene from every future view.

---

§ 150. *Ode. Written in the year* 1746.

COLLINS.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

---

§ 151. *Ode to Mercy.* COLLINS.

STROPHE.

O THOU, who sitt'st a smiling bride
By Valor's arm'd and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd:
Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
Winn'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword!
Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who sinks to ground:
See, Mercy, see, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
And decks thy altar still, though pierc'd with many a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,
The fiend of Nature, join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.
I see recoil'd his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds;
Thy tender melting eyes they own,
O Maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where Justice bars her iron tow'r,
To thee we build a roseate bow'r,
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our monarch's throne.

---

§ 152. *Ode to Liberty.* COLLINS.

STROPHE.

WHO shall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in solemn sounds to life

The youths whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,
Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view!
What new Alceus, fancy-blest,
Shall sing the sword in myrtles drest,
At Wisdom's shrine awhile its flame concealing,
(What place so fit to seal a deed renown'd?)
Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound!
O goddess, in that feeling hour,
When most its sounds would court thy ears,
Let not my shell's misguided pow'r
E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.
No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,
How Rome, before thy face,
With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell,
Push'd by a wild and artless race,
From off its wide ambitious base,
When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
And all the blended work of strength and grace,
With many a rude repeated stroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments broke.

EPODE.

Yet, ev'n where'er the least appear'd,
Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd;
Still, 'midst the scatter'd states around,
Some remnants of her strength were found:
They saw, by what escap'd the storm,
How wond'rous rose her perfect form;
How in the great, the labor'd whole,
Each mighty master pour'd his soul;
For sunny Florence, seat of art,
Beneath her vines preserv'd a part,
Till they whom science lov'd to name
(O who could fear it?) quench'd her flame;
And, lo, an humbler relic laid
In jealous Pisa's olive shade!
See small Marino joins the theme,
Though least, not last in thy esteem.
Strike, louder strike, th' ennobling strings
To those whose merchant sons were kings;
To him who, deck'd with pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride:
Hail, port of glory, wealth, and pleasure,
Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure;
Nor e'er her former pride relate
To sad Liguria's bleeding state.
Ah, no! more pleas'd thy haunts I seek
On wild Helvetia's mountains bleak,
(Where when the favor'd of thy choice,
The daring archer, heard thy voice;
Forth from his eyrie rous'd in dread,
The ravening eagle northward fled:)
Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
With those * to whom thy stork is dear;
Those whom the rod of Alva bruis'd;
Whose crown a British queen refus'd!
The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,
One holier name alone remains:
The perfect spell shall then avail,
Hail, Nymph, ador'd by Britain, hail!

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,
The works the wizard time has wrought,
The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,
Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse strand †,
No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,
He pass'd with unwet feet through all our land.
To the blown Baltic then, they say,
The wild waves found another way,
Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains rounding;
Till all the banded west at once 'gan rise,
A wide wild storm ev'n nature's self confounding,
Withering her giant sons, with strange uncouth surprise,
This pillar'd earth, so firm and wide,
By winds and inward labors torn,
In thunders dread was push'd aside,
And down the shouldering billows borne
And see like gems her laughing train,
The little isles on every side—
Mona ‡, once hid from those who search'd the main,
Where thousand elfin shapes abide,
And Wight, who checks the western tide—
For thee consenting heaven has each bestow'd,
A fair attendant on her sovereign pride;
To thee this blest divorce she ow'd,
For thou hast made her vales thy lov'd, thy last abode.

* The Dutch: among whom there are very severe penalties for those who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almost all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are said to entertain a superstitious sentiment, that if the whole species of them should become extinct, they should lose their liberties.'

† This tradition is mentioned by several of our old historians. Some naturalists too have endeavoured to support the probability of the fact, by arguments drawn from the correspondent disposition of the two opposite coasts. I do not remember that any poetical use has been hitherto made of it.

‡ There is a tradition in the Isle of Man, that a Mermaid becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took the opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the shore, and opened her passion to him, but was received with a coldness, occasioned by his horror and surprise at her appearance. This, however, was so misconstrued by the sea-lady, that, in revenge for his treatment of her, she punished the whole island, by covering it with a mist, so that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the sea, or were on a sudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

SECOND

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis said, an hoary pile,
'Midst the green navel of our isle,
Thy shrine in some religious wood,
O soul-enforcing Goddess, stood!
There oft the painted natives' feet
Were wont thy form celestial meet:
Though now with hopeless toil we trace
Time's backward-rolls, to find its place,
Whether the fiery-tressy Dane,
Or Roman's self o'erturn'd the fane,
Or in what heaven-left age it fell,
'Twere hard for modern song to tell.
Yet still, if truth those beams infuse,
Which guide at once and charm the Muse,
Beyond yon braided cloud that lie,
Paving the light embroider'd sky,
Amidst the light pavilion'd plains,
The beauteous model still remains.
There happier than in islands blest,
Or bowers by Spring or Hebe drest,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,
Hear their consorted Druids sing
Their triumphs to th' immortal string.
How may the poet now unfold
What never tongue or numbers told?
How learn, delighted and amaz'd,
What hands unknown that fabric rais'd?
Ev'n now, before his favour'd eyes,
In Gothic pride it seems to rise!
Yet Grecia's graceful orders join,
Majestic, through the mix'd design;
The secret builder knew to choose
Each sphere-found gem of richest hues:
Whate'er heaven's purer mould contains,
When nearer suns emblaze its veins;
There on the wall the Patriot's sight
May ever hang with fresh delight,
And grav'd with some prophetic rage
Read Albion's fame through every age.
Ye forms divine, ye laureate band,
That near her inmost altar stand!
Now soothe her, to her blissful train
Blithe Concord's social form to gain.
Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep
Ev'n Anger's blood-shot eyes in sleep:
Before whose breathing bosom's balm
Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm.
Her let our sires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's ravag'd shore:
Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair;
Till, in one loud applauding sound,
The nations shout to her around—
O how supremely art thou blest!
Thou, Lady, thou shalt rule the west.

---

§ 153. *Ode to a Lady on the Death of Colonel Charles Ross, in the Action at Fontenoy. Written in May*, 1745. COLLINS.

While lost to all his former mirth,
Britannia's Genius bends to earth,
And mourns the fatal day;
While stain'd with blood he strives to tear
Unseemly from his sea-green hair
The wreaths of cheerful May;

The thoughts which musing pity pays,
And fond remembrance loves to raise,
Your faithful hours attend:
Still Fancy, to herself unkind,
Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

By rapid Scheld's descending wave,
His country's vows shall bless the grave,
Where'er the youth is laid:
That sacred spot the village hind
With every sweetest turf shall bind,
And Peace protect the shade.

O'er him, whose doom thy virtues grieve,
Aërial forms shall sit at eve,
And bend the pensive head;
And, fallen to save his injur'd land,
Imperial Honor's awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed!

The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave the sainted rest;
And, half-reclining on his spear,
Each wond'ring chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming guest.

Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Cressy's laurel'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight:
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steal,
And with the avenging fight.

But, lo! where sunk in deep despair,
Her garments torn, her bosom bare,
Impatient Freedom lies!
Her matted tresses madly spread,
To every sod which wraps the dead
She turns her joyless eyes.

Ne'er shall she leave that lowly ground,
Till notes of triumph bursting round
Proclaim her reign restor'd:
Till William seek the sad retreat,
And bleeding at her sacred feet
Present the sated sword.

If, weak to soothe so soft an heart,
These pictur'd glories nought impart
To dry thy constant tear;
If yet, in Sorrow's distant eye,
Expos'd and pale thou see'st him lie,
Wild war insulting near:

Where'er from time thou court'st relief,
The Muse shall still, with social grief,
Her gentlest promise keep:
Ev'n humble Harting's cottage vale
Shall learn the sad repeated tale,
And bid her shepherds weep.

§ 154. *Ode to Evening.* Collins.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to sooth thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat [wing,
With short shrill shriek flies by on leathern
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp,
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew; and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and healthy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favorite name!

§ 155. *Ode to Peace.* Collins.

O thou, who bad'st thy turtles bear
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
And sought'st thy native skies:
When war, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his storms arise!

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic sway,
Our youth shall fix some festive day,
His sullen shrines to burn:
But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy blest return!

O Peace, thy injur'd robes unbind!
O rise, and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train:
The British lion, goddess sweet,
Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
But come to grace thy western isle,
By warlike Honor led!
And while around her ports rejoice,
While all her sons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed!

---

§ 156. *The Manners. An Ode.* Collins.

Farewell, for clearer ken design'd,
The dim-discover'd tracts of mind;
Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,
My silent search in vain requir'd!
No more my sail that deep explores,
No more I search those magic shores,
What regions part the world of soul,
Or whence thy streams, Opinion, roll:
If e'er I round such fairy field,
Some pow'r impart the spear and shield,
At which the wizard passions fly,
By which the giant follies die!
Farewell the porch, whose roof is seen
Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green.
Where Science, prank'd in tissued vest,
By Reason, Pride, and Fancy drest,
Comes like a bride, so trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade!
Youth of the quick uncheated sight,
Thy walks, Observance, more invite;
O thou! who lov'st that ampler range
Where life's wide prospects round thee change,
And with her mingled sons allied,
Throw'st the prattling page aside:
To me in converse sweet impart
To read in man the native heart;
To learn where Science sure is found,
From nature as she lives around;
And gazing oft her mirror true,
By turns each shifting image view!
Till meddling Art's officious lore
Reverse the lessons taught before,
Alluring from a safer rule,
To dream in her enchanted school;
Thou, Heaven, whate'er of great we boast,
Had bless'd this social science most.

Retiring

Retiring hence to thoughtless cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent spell,
Not vain she finds the cheerful task:
In pageant quaint, in motley mask
Behold, before her musing eyes,
The countless manners round her rise,
While, ever varying as they pass,
To some Contempt applies her glass:
With these the white-rob'd maids combine,
And those the laughing satyrs join!
But who is he whom now she views,
In robe of wild contending hues?
Thou by the passions nurs'd, I greet
The comic sock that binds thy feet!
O Humor, thou whose name is known
To Britain's favor'd isle alone,
Me too amidst thy band admit,
There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,
(Whose jewels in his crisped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to share,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd attends thy side.
By old Miletus * who so long
Has ceas'd his love-inwoven song;
By all you taught the Tuscan maids,
In chang'd Italia's modern shades;
By him † whose knight's distinguish'd name
Refin'd a nation's lust of fame;
Whose tales e'en now, with echoes sweet,
Castilia's Moorish hills repeat;
Or him‡, whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
In watchet weeds on Gallia's shore;
Who drew the sad Sicilian maid
By virtues in her sire betray'd:
O Nature boon, from whom proceed
Each forceful thought, each prompted deed;
If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy seal!
Let some retreating Cynic find
Those off-turn'd scrolls I leave behind,
The Sports and I this hour agree
To rove thy sceneful world with thee!

---

§ 157. *The Passions. An Ode for Music.* Collins.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muses painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound:
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for Madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive pow'r.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret strings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hands the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair,
Low sullen sounds, his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose:
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat:
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien;
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd:
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

* Alluding to the Milesian Tales, some of the earliest romances. † Cervantes.

‡ Monsieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1746.

But, O how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder slung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an aspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoice to hear,
And Sport leap'd up and seiz'd his beechen spear.
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd,
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round;
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.
O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess, why to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bow'r
You learn'd an all-commanding pow'r;
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd!
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Ev'n all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O, bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state,
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

§ 158 *The Pauper's Funeral.* Crabbe.

Now once again the gloomy scene explore,
Less gloomy now, the bitter hour is o'er;
The man of many sorrows sighs no more.
Up yonder hill behold how sadly slow
The bier moves winding from the vale below!
There lies the happy dead, from trouble free,
And the glad parish pays the frugal fee.
No more, O death! thy victim starts to hear
Church-wardens stern, or kingly overseer:
No more the farmer claims his humble bow;
Thou art his lord, the best of tyrants thou!
Now to the church behold the mourners come,
Sedately torpid, and devoutly dumb:
The village children now their games suspend,
To see the bier that bears their ancient friend;
For he was one in all their idle sport,
And like a monarch rul'd their little court;
The pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball,
The bat, the wicket, were his labors all;
Him now they follow to his grave, and stand
Silent and sad, and gazing, hand in hand;
While bending low, their eager eyes explore
The mingled relics of the parish poor:
The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round,
Fear marks the flight and magnifies the sound;
The busy priest, detain'd by weightier care,
Defers his duty till the day of prayer,
And waiting long, the crowd retire distrest,
To think a poor man's bones should lie unblest*.

§ 159. *The Village Foundling.* Crabbe.

To name an infant met our village sires,
Assembled all, as such event requires;
Frequent and full the rural sages sate,
And speakers many urg'd the long debate.
Some hardened knaves who rov'd the country round
Had left a babe within the parish-bound.
First of the fact they question'd—Was it true
The child was brought?—What then remain'd to do?
Was't dead, or living?—this was fairly proved;
'Twas pinched—it roared, and every doubt removed.
Then by what name th' unwelcome guest to call
Was long a question, and it pass'd them all;
For he who lent a name to babe unknown,
Censorious men might take it for his own.
They look'd about, they ask'd the name of all,
And not one *Richard* answer'd to the call;
Next they inquir'd the day when, passing by,
Th' *unlucky* peasant heard the stranger's cry:
This known, how food and raiment they might give
Was next debated, for the rogue would live.
At last with all their words and work content,
Back to their homes the prudent vestry went,
And *Richard Monday* to the work-house sent.
There he was pinch'd, and pitied, thump'd, and fed,
And duly took his beatings and his bread;
Patient in all control, in all abuse,
He found contempt and kicking have their use.
Sad, silent, supple; bending to the blow,
A slave of slaves, the lowest of the low;
His pliant soul gave way to all things base,
He knew no shame he dreaded no disgrace:
It seem'd, so well his passions he suppress'd,
No feeling stirr'd his ever torpid breast:

* Some apology is due for the insertion of a circumstance by no means common: that it has been a subject for complaint in any place is a sufficient reason for its being reckoned among the evils which may happen to the poor, and which must happen to them exclusively; nevertheless, it is just to remark, that such neglect is very rare in any part of the kingdom, and in many parts totally unknown.

Him

Him might the meanest panper bruise and cheat;
He was a foot-stool for the beggar's feet;
His were the legs that run at all commands,
They used on all occasions *Richard's* hands:
His very soul was not his own; he stole
As others order'd, and without a dole:
In all disputes, on either part he lied,
And freely pledg'd his oath on either side:
In all rebellions *Richard* join'd the rest,
In all detections *Richard* first confess'd:
Yet though disgrac'd, he watch'd his time so well,
He rose in favor, when in fame he fell:
Base was his usage, vile his whole employ,
And all despis'd and fed the pliant boy.
At length 'tis time he should abroad be sent,
Was whispered near him—and abroad he went;
One morn they called him—*Richard* answered not;
They doom'd him hanging—and in time forgot;
Yet miss'd him long, as each throughout the clan
Found he had "better spared a better man."

Now *Richard's* talents for the world were fit,
He'd no small cunning and had some small wit;
Had that calm look which seem'd to all assent,
And that complacent speech which nothing meant.
He'd but one care, and that he strove to hide,
How best for *Richard Monday* to provide.
Steel through opposing plate the magnet draws,
And steelly atoms culls from dust and straws;
And thus our hero, to his int'rest true,
Gold through all bars and from each trifle drew.
But still more surely round the world to go,
This fortune's child had neither friend nor foe.

Long lost to us at last our man we trace,
Sir *Richard Monday* died at *Monday Place*;
His lady's worth, his daughter's we peruse,
And find his grandsons all as rich as Jews:
He gave reforming charities a sum,
And bought the blessings of the blind and dumb;
Bequeath'd to missions money from the stocks,
And Bibles issued from his private box:
But to his native place severely just,
He left a pittance bound in rigid trust;
Two paltry pounds on every quarter's day,
At church produc'd for forty loaves should pay,
A stinted gift that to the parish shows,
He kept in mind their bounty and their blows.

§ 160. *The Village Infidel.* Crabbe.

His a lone house by dead man's dyke way stood,
And his a nightly haunt in lonely wood:
Each village inn has heard the ruffian boast,
That "he believ'd in neither God nor ghost;
That when the sod upon the sinner press'd,
He like the saint, had everlasting rest;
That never priest believ'd his doctrines true,
But would, for profit, own himself a Jew,
Or worship wood and stone, as honest heathen do;
That fools alone on future worlds rely,
And all who die for faith, deserve to die."
These maxims, part, th' attorney's clerk profess'd;
His own transcendant genius found the rest.
Our pious matrons heard, and much amaz'd,
Gaz'd on the man, and trembled as they gaz'd;
And now his face explor'd, and now his feet,
Man's dreaded foe in this bad man to meet:
But him our drunkards as their champion rais'd,
Their bishop call'd, and as their hero prais'd;
Though most when sober, and the rest, when sick,
Had little question whence his bishopric.

But he, triumphant spirit, all things dar'd,
He poach'd the wood, and on the warren snar'd;
'Twas his at cards each novice to trepan,
And call the wants of rogues the rights of man;
Wild as the winds he let his offspring rove,
And deem'd the marriage bond the bane of love.

What age and sickness for a man so bold
Had done we know not; none beheld him old:
By night as business urg'd, he sought the wood,
The ditch was deep, the rain had caus'd a flood,
The foot-bridge fail'd, he plung'd beneath the deep,
And slept, if truth were his, th' eternal sleep.

§ 161. *Funeral of the Lady of the Manor.* Crabbe.

Next died the lady who yon hall possess'd,
And here they brought her noble bones to rest.
In town she dwelt; forsaken stood the hall,
Worms eat the floors, the tap'stry fled the wall;
No fire the kitchen's cheerless grate display'd;
No cheerful light the long-clos'd sash convey'd!
The crawling worm that turns a summer-fly
Here spun his shroud, and laid him up to die
The winter-death, upon the bed of state;
The bat shrill shrieking woo'd his flickering mate:
To empty rooms the curious came no more,
From empty cellars turn'd the angry boor,
And surly beggars curs'd the ever-bolted door.
To one small room the steward found his way,
Where tenants followed to complain and pay;
Yet no complaint before the *lady* came,
The feeling servant spar'd the feeble dame,
Who saw her farms with his observing eyes,
And answer'd all requests with his replies:
She came not down her falling groves to view;
Why should she know what one so faithful knew?
Why come from many clamorous tongues to hear
What one so just might whisper in her ear?
Her oaks or acres, why with care explore,
Why learn the wants, the sufferings of the poor,
When one so knowing all their worth could trace,
And one so piteous govern'd in her place?

Lo! now, what dismal sons of darkness come
To bear this daughter of indulgence home,
Tragedians all, and well arrang'd in black!
Who nature, feeling, force, expression lack;
Who cause no tear, but gloomily pass by,
And shake the sables in the wearied eye,
That turns disgusted from the pompous scene,
Proud without grandeur, with profession mean.
The tear for kindness past affection owes,
For worth deceas'd the sigh from reason flows;
E'en well-feign'd passions for our sorrows call,
And real tears for mimic miseries fall;

But

But this poor farce has neither truth nor art
To please the fancy, or to touch the heart;
Unlike the darkness of the sky, that pours
On the dry ground its fertilizing showers;
Unlike to that which strikes the soul with dread,
When thunders roar, and forky fires are shed:
Dark but not aweful, dismal but yet mean,
With anxious bustle moves the cumbrous scene;
Presents no objects, tender or profound,
But spreads its cold unmeaning gloom around.
When woes are feign'd, how ill such forms appear,
And oh! how needless when the woe's sincere!
Slow to the vault they come with heavy tread,
Bending beneath the *lady* and her lead;
A case of elm surrounds that ponderous chest,
Close on that case the crimson velvet's press'd;
Ungen'rous this, that to the worm denies
With niggard caution his appointed prize;
For now, e'er yet he works his tedious way
Through cloth, and wood, and metal, to his prey,
That prey dissolving shall a mass remain
That fancy loathes, and worms themselves disdain.
But see, the master-mourner makes his way
To end his office for the coffin'd clay,
Pleas'd that our rustic men and minds behold
His plate like silver, and his studs like gold;
As they approach to spell the age, the name,
And all the titles of th' illustrious dame:—
This as (my duty done) some scholar read,
A village father look'd disdain, and said,—
"Away, my friends! why take such pains to know
What some brave marble soon in church shall show?
Where not alone her gracious name shall stand,
But how she liv'd the blessing of the land;
How much we all deplor'd the noble dead,
What groans we utter'd, and what tears we shed;
Tears true as those which in the sleepy eyes
Of weeping cherubs on the stone shall rise;
Tears true as those, which, ere she found her grave,
The noble *lady* to our sorrows gave."

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§ 162. *Funeral of an ancient Maiden.* Crabbe.

Down by the church-way-walk, and where the brook
Winds round the chancel like a shepherd's crook,
In that small house, with those great pales before,
Where Jasmine trails on either side the door,
Where those dark shrubs that now grow wild at will,
Were clipt in form, and tantaliz'd with skill;
Where cockles blanch'd, and pebbles neatly spread,
Form'd shining borders for the larkspur bed;
There liv'd a *lady* wise, austere, and nice,
Who showed her virtue by her scorn of vice:
In the dear fashions of her youth, she dress'd,
A pea-green joseph was her fav'rite vest,
Erect she stood, she walk'd with stately mein,
Tight was her length of stays, and she was tall and lean.
There long she liv'd in maiden state immur'd
From looks of love, and treacherous man secur'd;
Though evil fame (but that was long before),
Had blown her dubious blast at Catharine's door.
A captain Huther, rich from India came,
And though a cousin call'd, it touch'd her fame;
Her annual stipend rose from his behest,
And all the long-priz'd treasures she possess'd:
If aught like joy awhile appear'd to stay,
In that stern face, and chase those frowns away;
'Twas when her treasures she dispos'd for view,
And heard the praises to their splendor due;
Silks beyond price, as rich they'd stand alone,
And diamonds blazing on the buckled zone;
Rows of rare pearls by curious workmen set,
And bracelets fair, in box of glossy jet:
Bright polish'd amber, precious from its size
Or forms, the fairest fancy could devise;
Her drawers of cedar, shut with secret springs,
Conceal'd the watch of gold and rubied rings;
Letters, long proofs of love, and verses fine,
Round the pink'd rims of Crispin valentine.
Her China closet, cause of daily care,
For woman's wonder held her pencill'd ware;
That pictur'd wealth of *China* and *Japan*,
Like its cold mistress, shunn'd the eye of man.
Her neat small room, adorn'd with maiden taste,
A clipt French puppy, first of fav'rites, grac'd;
A parrot next, but dead and stuff'd with art
(For Poll, when living, lost his lady's heart,
And then his life; for he was heard to speak
Such frightful words as ting'd his lady's cheek);
Unhappy bird! who had no power to prove,
Save by such speech, his gratitude and love;
A grey old cat his whiskers lick'd beside,
A type of sadness in the house of pride;
The polish'd surface of an India chest,
A glassy globe in frame of ivory prest,
Where swam two finny creatures, one of gold,
Of silver one, both beauteous to behold:
All these were form'd the guiding taste to suit,
The beasts well-manner'd, and the fishes mute.
A widow'd aunt was there, compell'd by need
The nymph to flatter, and her tribe to feed;
Who, veiling well her scorn, endur'd the clog
Mute as the fish, and fawning as the dog.
As years increas'd these treasures her delight,
Arose in value in their owner's sight:
A miser knows that, view it as he will,
A guinea kept, is but a guinea still;
And so he puts it to its proper use,
That something more this guinea may produce:
But silks and rings in the possessor's eyes
The oftener seen, the more in value rise,
And thus are wisely hoarded to bestow
On pride that governs, pleasure that will grow
But what avail'd their worth, if worth had they,
In the sad summer of her slow decay?
Then we beheld her turn an anxious look
From trunks and chests and fix it on her book,
A rich-bound book of prayer the captain gave
(Some princess had it, or was said to have),
And then once more on all her stores look round
And draw a sigh so piteous and profound,
That told, "Alas! how hard from thee to part,
And for new hopes and habits form the heart:
What shall I do (she cried), my peace of mind
To gain in dying, and to die resign'd?"

Here

Here we returned—"These baubles cast aside,
Nor give thy God a rival in thy pride;
Thy closet shut, and ope thy kitchen door,
There own thy failings—*here* invite the poor;
A friend of mammon let thy bounty make,
For widows' prayers thy vanities forsake,
And let the hungry of thy pride partake;
Then shall thy inward eye with joy survey
The angel *Mercy* tempering *death's* delay."
Alas! 'twas hard; the treasures still had charms,
Hope still its flattery, sickness its alarms;
Still was the same unsettled cloudy view,
And the some plaintive cry "What shall I do?"
Nor change appear'd: for when her race was run,
Doubtful we all exclaim'd, "What has been done?"
Apart she liv'd, and still she lies alone;
Yon earthly heap awaits the flatt'ring stone,
On which invention shall be long employ'd
To show the various worth of *Catharine Lloyd*.

§ 163. *Funeral of Isaac Ashford, a virtuous Peasant.* CRABBE.

NOBLE he was, condemning all things mean,
His truth unquestion'd, and his soul serene;
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
At no man's question Isaac look'd dismay'd:
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace,
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face;
Yet while the serious thought his soul approv'd,
Cheerful he seem'd, and gentleness he lov'd:
To bliss domestic he his heart resign'd,
And with the firmest had the fondest mind.
Were others joyful, he look'd smiling on,
And gave allowance when he needed none;
Good he refus'd with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caus'd reflection's sigh;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distress'd;
Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind
To miss one favor which their neighbours find.
Yet far was he from stoic pride remov'd,
He felt humanely, and he warmly lov'd:
I mark'd his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbour for offence was tried;
The still tears stealing down that furrow'd cheek
Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride;
Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although he knew,
None his superior, and his equals few:
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gain'd,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labors train'd;
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defy'd;
In fact, a noble passion, misnam'd *pride*.
He had no party's rage, no sect'ry's whim,
Christian and country was *all* with him:
True to his church he came, no Sunday shower
Kept him at home in that important hour,
Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect,
By the strong glare of their new-light direct;
On hope in mine own sober light I gaze,
But should be blind and lose it in your blaze.
In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
Felt it his pride, his comfort, to complain;
Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,
And feel in *that* his comfort and his pride.
At length he found, when seventy years were run,
His strength departed, and his labor done;
When, save his honest fame, he kept no more,
But lost his wife, and saw his children poor:
'Twas then a spark of—(say not discontent),
Struck on his mind, and thus he gave it vent:
"Kind are your laws, 'tis not to be deny'd,
That in yon house for ruin'd age provide;
And they are just; when young we give you all,
And then for comforts in our weakness call;
Why then this proud reluctance to be fed,
To join your poor, and eat the parish bread?
But yet I linger, loathe with him to feed,
Who gains his plenty by the sons of need;
He who by contract all your paupers took
And gauges stomachs with an anxious look:
On some old master I could well depend;
See him with joy, and thank him as a friend;
But ill on him who doles the day's supply,
And counts our chances who at night may die.
Yet help me Heaven! and let me not complain
Of what befalls me, but the fate sustain."
Such were his thoughts, and so resign'd he grew,
Daily he plac'd the work-house in his view;
But came not there, for sudden was his fate,
He dropp'd, expiring at his cottage gate.
I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for *Isaac* there:
I see no more those white locks thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honor'd head;
No more that aweful glance on playful wight
Compell'd to kneel, and tremble at the sight,
To fold his fingers all in dread the while,
Till Mister *Ashford* soften'd to a smile;
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith, to give it force, are there:
But he is blest, and I lament no more
A wise good man, contented to be poor.

§ 164. *An Epistle addressed to Sir Thomas Hanmer, on his Edition of Shakspeare's Works.* COLLINS.

WHILE, born to bring the Muse's happier days,
A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays;
While nurs'd by you, she sees her myrtles bloom,
Green and unwith'r'd, o'er his honor'd tomb:
Excuse her doubts, if yet she fears to tell
What secret transports in her bosom swell;
With conscious awe she hears the critic's fame,
And blushing, hides her wreath at Shakspeare's name.
Hard was the lot those injur'd strains endur'd,
Unown'd by science, and by years obscur'd.

Fair

Fair Fancy wept; and echoing sighs confess'd
A fix'd despair in every tuneful breast.
Not with more grief th' afflicted swains appear,
When wintry winds deform the plenteous year;
When lingering frosts the ruin'd seats invade
Where Peace resorted, and the Graces play'd.
Each rising art by just gradation moves,
Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves:
The Muse alone unequal dealt her rage,
And grac'd with noblest pomp her earliest stage.
Preserv'd through time, the speaking scenes impart
Each changeful wish of Phædra's tortur'd heart:
Or paint the curse that mark'd the Theban's reign*;
A bed incestuous, and a father slain:
With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
Trace the sad tale, and own another's woe.
To Rome remov'd, with wit secure to please,
The comic sisters keep their native ease.
With jealous fear declining Greece beheld
Her own Menander's art almost excell'd!
But every Muse essay'd to raise in vain
Some labor'd rival of her tragic strain;
Ilissus' laurels, though transferr'd with toil,
Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew th' unfriendly soil.
As arts expir'd, resistless Dulness rose;
Goths, priests, or Vandals—all were learning's foes,
Till † Julius first recall'd each exil'd maid,
And Cosmo own'd them in th' Etrurian shade.
Then, deeply skill'd in love's engaging theme,
The soft Provencal pass'd to Arno's stream:
With graceful ease the wanton lyre he strung,
Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he sung.
The gay description could not fail to move;
For, led by nature, all are friends to love.
But heaven, still various in its works, decreed
The perfect boast of time should last succeed.
The beauteous union must appear at length
Of Tuscan fancy and Athenian strength;
One greater Muse Eliza's reign adorn,
And e'en a Shakspeare to her fame be born!
Yet ah! so bright her morning's opening ray,
In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day!
No second growth the western isle could bear,
At once exhausted with too rich a year.
Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part;
Nature in him was almost lost in art.
Of softer mold the gentle Fletcher came,
The next in order, as the next in name:
With pleas'd attention 'midst his scenes we find
Each glowing thought that warms the female mind;
Each melting sigh, and every tender tear,
The lover's wishes, and the virgin's fear.
His ‡ every strain the Smiles and Graces own:
But stronger Shakspeare felt for man alone:
Drawn by his pen, our ruder passions stand
Th' unrivall'd picture of his early hand.
With§ gradual steps, and slow, exacter France
Saw Art's fair empire o'er her shores advance;
By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
Correctly bold and just in all she drew.
Till late Corneille, with Lucan's || spirit fir'd,
Breath'd the free strain, as Rome and he inspir'd;
And classic judgement gain'd to sweet Racine
The temperate strength of Maro's chaster line.
But wilder far the British laurel spread,
And wreaths less artful crown our poet's head.
Yet he alone to every scene could give
Th' historian's truth, and bid the manners live.
Wak'd at his call, I view with glad surprise
Majestic forms of mighty monarchs rise.
There Henry's trumpets spread their loud alarms,
And laurell'd conquest waits her hero's arms.
Here gentler Edward claims a pitying sigh,
Scarce born to honors, and so soon to die!
Yet shall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring
No beam of comfort to the guilty king:
The time shall come when Glo'ster's heart shall bleed,
In life's last hours, with horror of the deed:
When dreary visions shall at last present
Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent;
Thy hand unseen the secret death shall bear,
Blunt the weak sword, and break th' oppressive spear.
Where'er we turn, by fancy charm'd, we find
Some sweet illusion of the cheated mind.
Oft wild of wing, she calls the soul to rove
With humbler nature, in the rural grove;
Where swains contented own the quiet scene:
And twilight fairies tread the circled green,
Dress'd by her hand, the woods and vallies smile,
And spring diffusive decks th'enchanted isle.
O, more than all in powerful genius blest,
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breast!
Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart shall feel,
Thy songs support me, and thy morals heal!
There every thought the poet's warmth may raise,
There native music dwells in all the lays.
O, might some verse with happiest skill persuade
Expressive picture to adopt thine aid,
What wond'rous draughts might rise from every page!
What other Raphaels charm a distant age;
Methinks e'en now I view some free design,
Where breathing nature lives in every line:
Chaste and subdu'd the modest lights decay,
Steal into shades, and mildly melt away.

* The Œdipus of Sophocles. † Julius II. the immediate predecessor of Leo X.
‡ The characters are thus distinguished by Mr. Dryden.
§ About the time of Shakspeare, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, six hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themselves in general to the correct improvement of the stage, which was almost totally disregarded by those of our own country, Jonson excepted.
|| The favorite author of the elder Corneille.

—And

—And see, where Antony *, in tears approv'd,
Guards the pale relics of the chief he lov'd:
O'er the cold corse the warrior seems to bend,
Deep sunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend!
Still as they press, he calls on all around,
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.
But who is he † whose brows exalted bear
A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air?
Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,
On his own Rome he turns th' avenging steel.
Yet shall not war's insatiate fury fall
(So Heaven ordains it) on the destin'd wall.
See the fond mother, 'midst the plaintive train,
Hang on his knees, and prostrate on the plain!
Touch'd on the soul, in vain he strives to hide
The son's affection in the Roman's pride:
O'er all the man conflicting passions rise,
Rage grasps the sword, while pity melts the eyes.
Thus, generous Critic, as thy bard inspires,
The sister Arts shall nurse their drooping fires;
Each from his scenes her stores alternate bring,
Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal string:
Those Sybil-leaves, the sport of every wind,
(For poets ever were a careless kind)
By thee dispos'd, no farther toil demand,
But, just to nature, own thy forming hand.
So spread o'er Greece, the harmonious whole unknown,
Ev'n Homer's numbers charmed by parts alone;
Their own Ulysses scarce had wander'd more,
By winds and waters, cast on every shore:
When, rais'd by fate, some former Hanmer join'd
Each beauteous image of the boundless mind;
And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
A fond alliance with the Poet's name.

§ 165. *Dirge in Cymbeline, sung by Guiderus and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to be dead.* Collins.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft at evening hour
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flow'r,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake thy sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell;

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more:
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

§ 166. *Ode on the Death of Mr. Thomson.* Collins.

The Scene of the following Stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave:
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp § shall now be laid;
That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening || spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep:

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail!
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy desert the blooming year!

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun night has veil'd the solemn view:
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads assign'd to bless
Thy life ¶, shall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

* See the tragedy of Julius Cæsar. † Coriolanus. ‡ See Mr. Spence's Dialogue on the Odyssey.
§ The Harp of Æolus, of which see a description in the Castle of Indolence.
|| Mr. Thomson was buried in Richmond church.
¶ Mr. Thomson resided in the neighbourhood of Richmond some time before his death.

Long,

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
O vales and wild woods, shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

§ 167. *Verses written on a Paper which contained a Piece of Bride Cake.*
Collins.

Ye curious hands, that, hid from vulgar eyes,
By search profane shall find this hallow'd cake,
With virtue's awe forbear the sacred prize,
Nor dare a theft for love and pity's sake!

This precious relic, form'd by magic pow'r,
Beneath the shepherd's haunted pillow laid,
Was meant by love to charm the silent hour,
The secret present of a matchless maid.

The Cyprian queen, at Hymen's fond request,
Each nice ingredient chose with happiest art;
Fears, sighs, and wishes of th' enamour'd breast,
And pains that please, are mix'd in every part.

With rosy hand the spicy fruit she brought,
From Paphian hills, and fair Cytherea's isle;
And temper'd sweet with these the melting thought,
The kiss ambrosial, and the yielding smile;

Ambiguous looks, that scorn and yet relent;
Denials mild, and firm unalter'd truth;
Reluctant pride, and amorous faint consent,
And meeting ardours, and exulting youth.

Sleep, wayward god, hath sworn, while these remain,
With flattering dreams to dry his nightly tear;
And cheerful Hope, so oft invok'd in vain,
With fairy songs shall soothe his pensive ear.

If, bound by vows to friendship's gentle side,
And fond of soul, thou hop'st an equal grace,
If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,
O much entreated leave this fatal place.

Sweet Peace, who long hath shunn'd my plaintive day,
Consents at length to bring me short delight;
Thy careless steps may scare her doves away,
And Grief with raven note usurp the night.

§ 168. *To a Mouse, on turning her up in her Nest with the Plough, November,* 1785.
Burns.

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a pannic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start away sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring *pattle!*

I'm truly sorry man's dominion,
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' *fellow-mortal.*

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve:
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A *diamen-icker* in a *thrave*
'S a sma' request;
I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,
An' never miss't!

Thy wee bit *housie*, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the wins are strewing:
An' naething, now, to big a new ane
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's wind ensuing,
Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the field laid bare and waste,
An' weary winter coming fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel *coulter* past,
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o'leaves an' stibble!
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
Baith house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving *foresight* may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' *me!*
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward, though I canna *see*,
I *guess* an' *fear.*

§ 169. *To a Mountain Daisy, on turning one down with the Plough, in April,* 1786.
Burns.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem!

Alas! its no thy neebor sweet,
The bonie *lark*, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upwards springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter biting-north
Upon thy early humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods an' wa's maun shield;

But

But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie *stibble field*,
Unseen, alane.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the *share* up tears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet *flowret* of the rural shade,
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guiltless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of *prudent lore*,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to *suffering Worth* is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To Mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heaven,
He ruin'd sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date:
Stern ruin's *plough-share* drives elate,
Full on thy bloom;
Till, crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

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§ 170. *An Essay upon unnatural Flights in Poetry.* LANDSDOWNE.

As when some image of a charming face,
In living paint, an artist tries to trace,
He carefully consults each beauteous line,
Adjusting to his object his design;
We praise the piece, and give the painter fame,
But as the bright resemblance speaks the dame:
Poets are limners of another kind,
To copy out ideas in the mind;
Words are the paint by which their thoughts are shown,
And Nature is their object to be drawn:
The written picture we applaud or blame
But as the just proportions are the same.
Who, driven with ungovernable fire,
Or void of art, beyond these bounds aspire,
Gigantic forms and monstrous births alone
Produce, which Nature shock'd disdains to own.
By true reflection I would see my face,
Why brings the fool a magnifying glass?
"But poetry in fiction takes delight,
And mounting in bold figures out of sight,
Leaves truth behind in her audacious flight:
Fables and metaphors that always lie,
And rash hyperboles that soar so high,
And every ornament of verse must die."
Mistake me not: no figures I exclude,
And but forbid intemperance, not food.
Who would with care some happy fiction frame,
So mimics truth, it looks the very same;
Not rais'd to force, or feign'd in Nature's scorn,
But meant to grace, illustrate, and adorn.
Important truths still let your fables hold,
And moral mysteries with art unfold:
Ladies and beaux to please is all the task;
But the sharp critic will instruction ask.
As veils transparent cover, but not hide,
Such metaphors appear, when right applied;
When thro' the phrase we plainly see the sense,
Truth with such obvious meanings will dispense.
The reader what in reason's due believes,
Nor can we call that false which not deceives:
Hyperboles, so daring and so bold,
Disdaining bounds, are yet by rules control'd;
Above the clouds, but yet within our sight,
They mount with Truth, and make a tow'ring flight;
Presenting things impossible to view,
They wander through incredible to true.
Falsehoods thus mix'd like metals are refin'd;
And Truth, like silver, leaves the dross behind.
Thus Poetry has ample space to soar,
Nor needs forbidden regions to explore;
Such vaunts as his, who can with patience read,
Who thus describes his hero when he's dead—
"In heat of action slain, yet scorns to fall,
But still maintains the war, and fights at—All?"
The noisy culverin, o'ercharg'd, lets fly,
And bursts, unaiming, in the rended sky;
Such frantic flights are like a madman's dream,
And nature suffers in the wild extreme.
The captive cannibal, opprest with chains,
Yet braves his foes, reviles, provokes, disdains;
Of nature fierce, untameable, and proud,
He bids defiance to the gaping crowd;
And spent at last, and speechless, as he lies,
With fiery glances mocks their rage, and dies.
This is the utmost stretch that nature can,
And all beyond is fulsome, false and vain.
The Roman wit, who impiously divides
His hero and his gods to different sides,
I would condemn, but that in spite of sense,
The admiring world still stands in his defence:
The gods permitting traitors to succeed,
Become not parties in an impious deed;
And by the tyrant's murder, we may find
That Cato and the gods were of a mind.
Thus forcing truth with such preposterous praise,
Our characters we lessen when we'd raise:
Like castles built by magic art in air,
That vanish at approach, such thoughts appear;
But, rais'd on truth by some judicious hand,
As on a rock they shall for ages stand.
Our king return'd, and banish'd peace restor'd,
The Muse ran mad to see her exil'd lord;
On the crack'd stage the Bedlam heroes roar'd,
And scarce could speak one reasonable word:
Dryden himself, to please a frantic age,
Was forc'd to let his judgement stoop to rage:
To a wild audience he conform'd his voice.
Complied to custom, but not err'd thro' choice,

Deem

Deem then the people's, not the writer's sin,
Almansor's rage, and rants of Maximin;
That fury spent in each elaborate piece,
He vies for fame with ancient Rome and Greece.
Roscommon first, then Mulgrave rose, like light.
To clear our darkness, and to guide our flight:
With steady judgement, and in lofty sounds,
They gave us patterns, and they set us bounds.
The Stagyrite and Horace laid aside:
Inform'd by them, we need no foreign guide.
Who seek from poetry a lasting name,
May from their lessons learn the road to fame;
But let the bold adventurer be sure
That every line the test of truth endure;
On this foundation may the fabric rise,
Firm and unshaken, till it touch the skies.
From pulpits banish'd, from the court, from love,
Abandon'd Truth seeks shelter in the grove:
Cherish, ye Muses, the forsaken fair,
And take into your train this beauteous wanderer.

§ 171. *To Mr. Spence, prefixed to the Essay on Pope's Odyssey.* Pitt.

'Tis done—restor'd by thy immortal pen,
The critic's noble name revives again:
Once more that great, that injur'd name we see
Shine forth alike in Addison and thee.
Like curs, our critics haunt the poet's feast,
And feed on scraps refus'd by every guest;
From the old Thracian * dog they learn'd the way
To snarl in want, and grumble o'er their prey:
As though they grudg'd themselves the joys they feel,
Vex'd to be charm'd, and pleas'd against their will.
Such their inverted taste, that we expect
For faults their thanks, for beauties their neglect.
So the fell snake rejects the fragrant flow'rs,
And every poison of the field devours.
Like bold Longinus of immortal fame,
You read your poet with a poet's flame;
With his, your gen'rous raptures still aspire;
The critic kindles when the bard's on fire.
But when some lame, some limping line demands
The friendly succour of your healing hands;
The feather of your pen drops balm around,
And plays and tickles, while it cures the wound.
While Pope's immortal labor we survey,
We stand all dazzled with excess of day;
Blind with the glorious blaze—to vulgar sight
'Twas one bright mass of undistinguish'd light;
But, like the tow'ring eagle, you alone
Discern'd the spots and splendors of the sun.
To point our faults yet never to offend;
To play the critic, yet preserve the friend:
A life well spent, that never lost a day;
An easy spirit, innocently gay;
A strict integrity, devoid of art;
The sweetest manners, and sincerest heart;
A soul, where depth of sense and fancy meet;
A judgement brighten'd by the beams of wit—
Were ever yours: be what you were before,
Be still yourself; the world can ask no more.

§ 172. *The Inquiry. Written in the last Century.*

Amongst the myrtles as I walk'd,
Love and my sighs thus intertalk'd:
"Tell me," said I, in deep distress,
"Where may I find my shepherdess?"
"Thou fool," said Love, "know'st thou not this?
In every thing that's good, she is;
In yonder tulip go and seek,
There thou may'st find her lip, her cheek;
In yon enamell'd pansy by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye;
In bloom of peach, in rosy bud,
There wave the streamers of her blood;
In brightest lillies that there stand,
The emblems of her whiter hand;
In yonder rising hill there smell
Such sweets as in her bosom dwell:
'Tis true," said he. And thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts an union;
But on a sudden all was gone.
With that I stopp'd. Said Love, "These be,
Fond man resemblances of thee;
And as these flow'rs thy joy shall die,
E'en in the twinkling of an eye;
And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
Like these short sweets that knit together."

§ 173. *The Diverting History of John Gilpin; showing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again.* Cowper.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair,

My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride
On horseback after we.

* Zoilus, so called by the ancients

He

He soon replied, I do admire
Of woman kind but one;
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the callender
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mistress Gilpin, That's well said;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish'd with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
O'erjoy'd was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane;
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again:

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When turning round his head, he saw
Two customers come in

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it griev'd him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind;
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

Good lack! quoth he—yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.

Now Mistress Gilpin, careful soul!
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she lov'd,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true;

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, fair and softly, John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all:
And ev'ry soul cried out, Well done!
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he;
His fame soon spread around—
He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound.

And still as fast as he drew near
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle brac'd;
For all might see the bottles' necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild-goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From balcony espied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house—
They all at once did cry:
The dinner waits, and we are tir'd:
Said Gilpin—So am I.

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there;
For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend's the callender's
His horse at last stood still.

The callender amaz'd to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

What news! what news! your tidings tell,
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all!

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And lov'd a timely joke;
And thus unto the callender
In merry guise he spoke:

I came because your horse would come
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road.

The callender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in.

When straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus show'd his ready wit:
My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.

Said John, It is my wedding day;
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.

So turning to his horse, he said,
I am in haste to dine:
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear:

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar;
And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half a crown:

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain,
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
They rais'd the hue and cry:

Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town,
Nor stopp'd till where he first got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

§ 174. *An Evening Contemplation in a College; in imitation of Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard.* Duncombe.

The curfew tolls the hour of closing gates;
With jarring sounds the porter turns the key;
Then in his dreary mansion slumb'ring waits,
And slowly, sternly, quits it though for me.

Now shine the spires beneath the paly moon,
And through the cloisters peace and silence reign;
Save where some fidler scrapes a drowsy tune,
Or copious bowls inspire a jovial strain;

Save that in yonder cobweb-mantled room,
Where sleeps a student in profound repose,
Oppress'd with ale, wide echoes thro' the gloom
The droning music of his vocal nose.

Within those walls, where through the glimmering shade
Appear the pamphlets in a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow bed till morning laid,
The peaceful fellows of the college sleep.

The tinkling bell proclaiming early pray'rs,
The noisy servants rattling o'er their head,
The calls of business, and domestic cares,
Ne'er rouse these sleepers from their downy bed.

No chattering females crowd their social fire,
No dread have they of discord and of strife;
Unknown the names of husband and of sire,
Unfelt the plagues of matrimonial life.

Oft have they bask'd beneath the sunny walls,
Oft have the benches bow'd beneath their weight,
How jocund are their looks when dinner calls!
How smoke the cutlets on their crowded plate!

O! let not temperance, too disdainful, hear
How long their feasts, how long their dinners last:
Nor let the fair, with a contemptuous sneer,
On these unmarried men reflections cast!

The splendid fortune and the beauteous face
(Themselves confess it, and their sires bemoan)
Too soon are caught by scarlet and by lace;
These sons of science shine in black alone.

Forgive, ye fair, th' involuntary fault,
If these no feats of gaiety display,
Where through proud Ranelagh's wide-echoing vault
Melodious Frasi trills her quavering lay.

Say, is the sword well suited to the band?
Does broider'd coat agree with sable gown?
Can Mechlin laces shade a churchman's hand?
Or learning's votaries ape the beaus of town?

Perhaps in these time-tottering walls reside
Some who were once the darling of the fair,
Some who of old could tastes and fashions guide,
Control the manager, and awe the player.

But Science now has fill'd their vacant mind
With Rome's rich spoils and truth's exalted views,
Fir'd them with transports of a nobler kind,
And bade them slight all females—but the muse.

Full many a lark, high towering to the sky,
Unheard, unheeded, greets, th' approach of light;
Full many a star, unseen by mortal eye,
With twinkling lustre, glimmers through the night.

Some future Herring, who, with dauntless breast,
Rebellion's torrent shall like him oppose;
Some mute, unconscious Hardwicke here may rest,
Some Pelham, dreadful to his country's foes.

From prince and people to command applause,
'Midst ermin'd peers to guide the high debate,
To shield Britannia's and Religion's laws,
And steer with steady course the helm of state—

Fate yet forbids; nor circumscribes alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confines;
Forbids in Freedom's veil t'insult the throne;
Beneath her mask to hide the worst designs;

To fill the madding crowd's perverted mind
With "pensions, taxes, marriages, and Jews;"
Or shut the gates of heaven on lost mankind,
And wrest their darling hopes, their future views.

Far from the giddy town's tumultuous strife,
Their wishes yet have never learn'd to stray;
Content and happy in a single life,
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

Ev'n now their books from cobwebs to protect,
Enclos'd by doors of glass in Doric style,
On polish'd pillars rais'd with bronzes deck'd,
They claim the passing tribute of a smile.

Oft are the authors' names, tho' richly bound,
Mis-spelt by blundering binders' want of care:
And many a catalogue is strew'd around,
To tell the admiring guest what books are there.

For who, to thoughtless ignorance a prey,
Neglects to hold short dalliance with a book?
Who there but wishes to prolong his stay,
And on those cases casts a lingering look?

Reports attract the lawyer's parting eyes?
Novels Lord Foplingand Sir Plume require;
For songs and plays the voice of Beauty cries,
And Sense and Nature Grandison desire:

For thee, who, mindful of thy lov'd compeers,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, with prying search, in future years,
Some antiquarian should inquire thy fate;

Haply some friend may shake his hoary head
And say, "Each morn unchill'd by frosts he ran,
With hose ungarter'd, o'er yon turfy bed,
To reach the chapel ere the psalms began;
"There, in the arms of that lethargic chair,
Which rears its old moth-eaten back so high,
At noon he quaff'd three glasses to the fair,
And por'd upon the news with curious eye.
"Now by the fire engag'd in serious talk,
Or mirthful converse, would he loitering stand,
Then in the garden chose a sunny walk,
Or launch'd the polish'd bowl with steady hand.
"One morn we miss'd him at the hour of prayer,
Nor in the hall, nor on his favorite green:
Another came, nor yet within the chair,
Nor yet at bowls or chapel was he seen.
"The next we heard that in a neighbouring shire,
That day to church he led a blushing bride,
A nymph whose snowy vest and maiden fear.
Improv'd her beauty while the knot was tied.
"Now, by his patron's bounteous care remov'd,
He roves enraptur'd thro' the fields of Kent;
Yet, ever mindful of the place he lov'd,
Read here the letter which he lately sent."

The Letter.

In rural innocence secure I dwell,
Alike to fortune and to fame unknown:
Approving conscience cheers my humble cell,
And social quiet marks me for her own.
Next to the blessings of religious truth,
Two gifts my endless gratitude engage—
A wife, the joy and transport of my youth;
Now with a son, the comfort of my age.
Seek not to draw me from this kind retreat,
In loftier spheres unfit, untaught to move;
Content with calm domestic life, where meet
The sweets of friendship, and the smiles of love.

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§ 175. *The Three Warnings. A Tale. By Mrs.* Thrale.

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground:
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increas'd with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.
When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,
Death call'd aside the jocund groom
With him into another room;
And looking grave—'You must,' says he,
'Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.'
'With you? and quit my Susan's side?
With you?' the hapless husband cried:
'Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd:
My thoughts on other matters go;
This is my wedding night, you know.'
What more he urg'd I have not heard,
His reason could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spar'd,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
'Neighbour,' he said, 'farewell: no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:
And farther, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summon'd to the grave:
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But when I call again this way,
Well pleas'd the world will leave.'
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.
What next the hero of our tale befel,
How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursu'd his course,
And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,
The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He pass'd his hours in peace:
But while he view'd his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncall'd unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
And all alone, he sate,
Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.
Half kill'd with anger and surprise,
'So soon return'd!' old Dobson cries.
'So soon, d'ye call it!' Death replies;
'Surely my friend, you're but in jest;
Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore.'
'So much the worse,' the clown rejoin'd;
'To spare the aged would be kind:
However, see your search be legal;
And your authority—is't regal?
Else you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.
Besides, you promis'd me three warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings;
But for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages'.

'I know,'

'I know,' cries Death, 'that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend at least:
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable;
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!'
'Hold,' says the farmer, 'not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past.'
'And no great wonder,' Death replies:
'However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends.'
'Perhaps,' says Dobson, 'so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight.'
'This is a shocking story, faith;
Yet there's some comfort still,' says Death:
Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news.'
'There's none,' cries he; 'and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear.'
'Nay, then!' the spectre stern rejoin'd,
'These are unjustifiable yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You have had your three sufficient warnings.
So come along, no more we'll part:'
He said, and touch'd him with his dart;
And now old Dobson turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

§ 176. *The Cit's Country Box.* Lloyd.

Vos sapere, et solos aio bene vivere, quorum
Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis. Hor.

The wealthy cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair
Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare:
While wedg'd in closely by his side,
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
With Jacky on a stool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
'How all the country seems to smile!'
And as they slowly jog together,
The cit commends the road and weather:
While Madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry house she sees;
Admires its views, its situation,
And thus she opens her oration:
'What signifies the loads of wealth,
Without that richest jewel, health?
Excuse the fondness of a wife,
Who dotes upon your precious life!
Such ceasless toil, such constant care,
Is more than human strength can bear:
One may observe it in your face—
Indeed, my dear, you break apace;
And nothing can your health repair,
But exercise and country air.
Sir Traffic has a house, you know,
About a mile from Cheney-row:
He's a good man, indeed, 'tis true;
But not so warm, my dear, as you:
And folks are always apt to sneer—
One would not be outdone, my dear!'
Sir Traffic's name, so well applied,
Awak'd his brother-merchant's pride;
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmost def'rence to his wife,
Confess'd her arguments had reason;
And by th' approaching summer season
Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
And purchases his country box.
Some three or four miles out of town
(An hour's ride will bring you down)
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road;
And so convenient does it lay,
The stages pass it every day;
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
To have a house so near the city!
Take but your places at the Boar,
You're set down at the very door.
Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
White washing, painting, scrubbing past.
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
With all the fuss of moving over;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred,
And wanton in my lady's head.
'Well! to be sure, it must be own'd,
It is a charming spot of ground:
So sweet a distance for a ride,
And all about so countryfied;
'Twould come but to trifling price,
To make it quite a paradise!
I cannot bear those nasty rails,
Those ugly, broken, mouldy pales:
Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
We build a railing all Chinese;
Although one hates to be expos'd,
'Tis dismal to be thus enclos'd;
One hardly any object sees—
I wish you'd fell these odious trees,
Objects continually passing by,
Were something to amuse the eye;
But to be pent within the walls,
One might as well be at St. Paul's.
Our house beholders would adore,
Was there a level lawn before,
Nothing its views to incommode,
But quite laid open to the road;
While every traveller in amaze,
Should on our little mansion gaze;
And, pointing to the choice retreat,
Cry, "That's Sir Thrifty's country-seat!"
No doubt her arguments prevail,
For Madam's TASTE can never fail.
Blest age! when all men may procure
The title of a connoisseur;
When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a single word;
Though, like the royal German dames,
It bears an hundred Christian names,
As Genius, Fancy, Judgement, Gout,
Whim, Caprice, Je ne scais quoi, Virtù;
Which appellations all describe
TASTE, and the modern tasteful tribe.
Now bricklayers, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chinese artists and designers,
Produce their schemes of alteration,
To work this wondrous reformation.

The useful dome, which secret stood,
Embosom'd in the yew tree's wood,
The traveller with amazement sees
A temple Gothic or Chinese,
With many a bell and tawdry rag on,
And crested with a sprawling dragon;
A wooden arch is bent astride
A ditch of water, four feet wide,
With angles, curves, and zig-zag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact designs;
In front a level lawn is seen,
Without a shrub upon the green;
Where taste would want its first great law,
But for the skulking sly ha-ha;
By whose miraculous assistance
You gain a prospect two fields' distance.
And now from Hyde-park Corner come
The gods of Athens and of Rome.
Here squabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus, and the clumsy Graces;
Apollo there, with aim so clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever,
And there, without the power to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.
The villa thus completely grac'd,
All own that Thrifty has a taste;
And Madam's female friends and cousins,
With common-council men by dozens,
Flock every Sunday to the seat,
To stare about them and to eat.

§ 177. *Report of an adjudged Case, not to be found in any of the Books.* Cowper.

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose;
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argu'd the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of laws,
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the learning;
So fam'd for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happen'd and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would or who could wear spectacles then?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then shifting his side, as the lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were the arguments few people know,
For the world did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By day-light or candle-light—Eyes should be shut.

§ 178. *On the Birth Day of Shakspeare. A Canto. Taken from his Works.* Berenger.

Natura lapsa valere, et mentis viribus excitari, et quasi quodam divino spiritu afflari.

——Peace to this meeting!
Joy and fair time, health and good wishes:
Now, worthy friends, the cause why we are met,
Is in celebration of the day that gave
Immortal Shakspeare to this favor'd isle,
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
Which from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.
O thou divinest Nature! how thyself thou blazon'st
In this thy son! form'd in thy prodigality,
To hold thy mirror up, and give the time
Its very form and pressure! When he speaks
Each aged ear plays truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished,
So voluble is his discourse—gentle
As Zephyr blowing beneath the violet,
Not wagging its sweet head—yet as rough
(His noble blood enchaf'd) as the rude wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine
And make him stoop to th' vale—'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame him
To loyalty, unlearn'd; honour, untaught;
Civility, not seen in others; knowledge
That wildly grows in him, but yields a crop
As if it had been sown. What a piece of work!
How noble in faculty! infinite in reason!
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal!
Heaven has him now—yet let our idolatrous fancy
Still sanctify his relics; and this day
Stand aye distinguish'd in the kalendar
To the last syllable of recorded time:
For, if we take him but for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

§ 179. *On the Invention of Letters.*

Tell me what Genius did the art invent,
The lively image of the voice to paint;
Who first the secret how to colour sound,
And to give shape to reason, wisely found;

With

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught;
And how to draw the picture of a thought:
Who taught the hand to speak, the eye to hear
A silent language roving far and near;
Whose softest noise outstrips loud thunder's sound,
And spreads her accents through the world's vast round;
A voice heard by the deaf, spoke by the dumb,
Whose echo reaches long, long time to come;
Which dead men speak, as well as those alive—
Tell me what Genius did this art contrive.

§ 180. *The Answer.*

The noble art to Cadmus owes its rise
Of painting words, and speaking to the eyes;
He first in wond'rous magic fetters bound
The airy voice, and stopp'd the flying sound;
The various figures, by his pencil wrought,
Gave color, form, and body to the thought.

§ 181. *On a Spider.*

Artist, who underneath my table
Thy curious texture hast display'd!
Who, if we may believe the fable,
Wert once a lovely blooming maid!

Insidious, restless, watchful spider,
Fear no officious damsel's broom;
Extend thy artful fabric wider,
And spread thy banners round my room.

Swept from the rich man's costly ceiling,
Thou'rt welcome to my homely roof;
Here may'st thou find a peaceful dwelling,
And undisturb'd attend thy woof:

Whilst I thy wond'rous fabric stare at,
And think on hapless poet's fate;
Like thee confin'd to lonely garret,
And rudely banish'd rooms of state.

And as from out thy tortur'd body
Thou draw'st thy slender string with pain;
So does he labor, like a noddy,
To spin materials from his brain:

He for some fluttering tawdry creature,
That spreads her charms before his eye;
And that's a conquest little better
Than thine o'er captive butterfly.

Thus far 'tis plain we both agree,
Perhaps our deaths may better show it—
'Tis ten to one but penury
Ends both the spider and the poet.

§ 182. *The Extent of Cookery.* Shenstone.

——Aliusque et idem.

When Tom to Cambridge first was sent,
A plain brown *bob* he wore,
Read much, and look'd as though he meant
To be a fop no more.

See him to Lincoln's Inn repair,
His resolution flag;
He cherishes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a bag.

Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
But gets into the house;
And soon a judge's rank rewards
His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu ye *bobs!* ye *bags*, give place!
Full-bottoms come instead!
Good lord! to see the various ways
Of dressing—a *calf's-head.*

§ 183. *Slender's Ghost.* Shenstone.

Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.

Beneath a church-yard yew,
Decay'd and worn with age,
At dusk of eve, methought I spied
Poor Slender's ghost, that whimpering cried,
O sweet! O sweet Ann Page!

Ye gentle bards, give ear!
Who talk of amorous rage,
Who spoil the lily, rob the rose;
Come learn of me to weep your woes!
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

Why should such labour'd strains
Your formal Muse engage?
I never dreamt of flame or dart,
That fir'd my breast, or pierc'd my heart,
But sigh'd, O sweet Anne Page!

And you, whose love-sick minds
No medicine can assuage,
Accuse the leeche's art no more,
But learn of Slender to deplore,
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

And you, whose souls are held
Like linnets in a cage,
Who talk of fetters, links, and chains,
Attend, and imitate my strains:
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

And you, who *boast* or *grieve*,
What horrid wars ye wage,
Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye;
Yet mean as I do when I sigh,
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

Hence every fond conceit
Of shepherd, or of sage!
'Tis Slender's voice, 'tis Slender's way,
Expresses all you have to say—
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

§ 184. *Hamlet's Soliloquy imitated.* Jago.

To *print*, or not to *print*—that is the question.
Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury
The quirks and crotchets of outrageous fancy,
Or send a well-wrote copy to the press,
And, by disclosing, end them. To print, to doubt
No more; and by one act to say we end
The head-ache, and a thousand natural shocks
Of scribbling phrensy—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To print—to beam
From the same shelf with Pope, in calf well bound:
To sleep, perchance, with Quarles—Ay, there's the rub—

For to what class a writer may be doom'd,
When he hath shuffled off some paltry stuff,
Must give us pause. There's the respect that makes
Th' unwilling poet keep his piece nine years.
For who would bear the impatient thirst of fame,
The pride of conscious merit, and, 'bove all,
The tedious importunity of friends,
When as himself might his quietus make
With a bare inkhorn? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a load of wit,
But that the tread of steep Parnassus' hill
(That undiscover'd country, with whose bays
Few travellers return) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear to live unknown,
Than run the hazard to be known and damn'd?
Thus criticks do make cowards of us all;
And thus the healthful face of many a poem
Is sicklied o'er with a pale manuscript;
And enterprises of great fire and spirit
With this regard from Dodsley turn away,
And lose the name of Authors.

§ 185. *To the Memory of George Lewis Langton, Esq. who died on his Travels to Rome.* Shipley.

Langton, dear partner of my soul,
Accept what pious passion meditates
To grace thy fate. Sad memory,
And grateful love and impotent regret,
Shall wake to paint thy gentle mind,
The wise good-nature, friendship delicate;
In secret converse, native mirth
And sprightly fancy, sweet artificer
Of social pleasure; nor forgot
The noble thirst of knowledge and fair fame
That led thee far through foreign climes
Inquisitive, but chief the pleasant banks
Of Tiber, ever-honor'd stream,
Detain'd thee visiting the last remains
Of ancient art; fair forms exact
In sculpture, columns, and the mould'ring bulk
Of theatres. In deep thought wrapp'd
Of old renown, thy mind survey'd the scenes
Delighted where the first of men
Once dwelt, familiar: Scipio, virtuous chief,
Stern Cato, and the patriot mind
Of faithful Brutus, best philosopher.
Well did the gen'rous search employ
Thy blooming years by virtue crown'd, though death
Unseen oppress'd thee, far from home,
A helpless stranger. No familiar voice,
No pitying eye cheer'd thy last pangs.
O worthy longest days! for thee shall flow
The pious solitary tear,
And thoughtful friendship sadden o'er thine urn.

§ 186. *The Brewer's Coachman* Taylor.

Honest William, an easy and good-natur'd fellow,
Would a little too oft get a little too mellow.
Body coachman was he to an eminent brewer—
No better e'er sat on a box to be sure.
His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or nurses
Took that care of their babes that he took of his horses.
He had these—aye, and fifty good qualities more,
But the business of *tippling* could ne'er be got o'er.
So his master effectually mended the matter,
By hiring a man who drank nothing but water.
Now, William, says he, you see the plain case;
Had you drank as he does, you had kept a good place.
Drink water! quoth William—had all men done so,
You'd never have wanted a coachman, I trow.
They're soakers, like me, whom you load with reproaches,
That enable you brewers to ride in your coaches.

§ 187. *Ode on the Death of Matzel, a favorite Bullfinch. Addressed to Philip Stanhope, Esq. (natural Son of the Earl of Chesterfield) to whom the Auhor had given the Reversion of it when he left Dresden.* Williams.

Try not, my Stanhope, 'tis in vain,
To stop your tears, or hide your pain,
Or check your honest rage:
Give sorrow and revenge their scope,
My present joy, your future hope,
Lies murder'd in his cage.

Matzel's no more! Ye graces, loves,
Ye linnets, nightingales, and doves,
Attend th' untimely bier;
Let every sorrow be express'd,
Beat with your wings each mournful breast,
And drop the nat'ral tear.

In height of song, in beauty's pride,
By fell Grimalkin's claws he died—
But vengeance shall have way;
On pains and tortures I'll rèfine;
Yet, Matzel, that one death of thine
His nine will ill repay.

For thee, my bird, the sacred Nine,
Who lov'd thy tuneful notes, shall join
In thy funereal verse:
My painful task shall be to write
Th' eternal dirge which they indite,
And hang it on thy hearse.

In vain I lov'd, in vain I mourn
My bird, who never to return
Is fled to happier shades,
Where Lesbia shall for him prepare
The place most charming and most fair,
Of all th' Elysian glades.

There shall thy notes in cypress grove
Sooth wretched ghosts that died for love;
There shall thy plaintive strain
Lull impious Phædra's endless grief,
To Procris yield some short relief,
And soften Dido's pain:

'Till Proserpine by chance shall hear
Thy notes, and make thee all her care,
And love thee with my love;
While each attendant soul shall praise
The matchless Matzel's tuneful lays,
And all his songs approve.

§ 188.

§ 188. *To-morrow.* Cotton.

Pereunt et imputantur.

To-morrow, didst thou say?
Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.
Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow!
'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises,
The currency of idiots—injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor!—To-morrow!
It is a period no where to be found
In all the hoary registers of Time,
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and as baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.
But soft, my friend—arrest the present moment;
For be assur'd they all are arrant tell-tales;
And though their flight be silent, and their path
Trackless, as the wing'd couriers of the air,
They post to heaven, and there record thy folly.
Because, though station'd on th' important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
And know, for that thou slumb'rest on the guard
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive; and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-wink'd Justice, who shall tell thy audit?
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio,
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.
O! let it not elude thy grasp; but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

§ 189. *On Lord Cobham's Gardens.* Cotton

It puzzles much the sages' brains,
Where Eden stood of yore:
Some place it in Arabia's plains;
Some say, it is no more.
But Cobham can these tales confute,
As all the curious know;
For he has prov'd beyond dispute
That Paradise is Stowe.

§ 190. *To a Child five Years old.* Cotton.

Fairest flow'r, all flow'rs excelling
Which in Eden's garden grew,
Flow'rs of Eve's embowered dwelling
Are, my fair one, types of you.
Mark, my Polly, how the roses
Emulate thy damask cheek;
How the bud its sweets discloses;
Buds thy opening bloom bespeak.
Lilies are, by plain direction,
Emblems of a double kind;
Emblems of thy fair complexion,
Emblems of thy fairer mind.
But, dear girl, both flow'rs and beauty,
Blossom, fade, and die away:
Then pursue good sense and duty,
Evergreens that ne'er decay.

§ 191. *To Miss Lucy Fortescue.* Lyttelton.

Once by the Muse alone inspir'd,
I sung my am'rous strains:
No serious love my bosom fir'd;
Yet every tender maid, deceiv'd,
The idly mournful tale believ'd,
And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus now, to punish me,
For having feign'd so well,
Has made my heart so fond of thee,
That not the whole Aonian quire
Can accents soft enough inspire
Its real name to tell.

§ 192. *To Mr. West*, at Wickham†.* 1740 Lyttelton.

Fair Nature's sweet simplicity,
With elegance refin'd,
Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
But better in thy mind.

To both from courts and all their state
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and love.

§ 193. *The Temple of the Muses. To the Countess Temple.*

The Muses and Graces to Phœbus complain'd,
That no more on the earth a Sappho remain'd:
That their empire of wit was now at an end,
And on beauty alone the sex must depend:
To the men he had given all his fancy and fire,
Art of healing to Armstrong‡, as well as his lyre:
When Apollo replied, "To make you amends,
In one Fair you shall see wit and virtue, good friends;
The Grecian's high-spirit and sweetness I'll join
With a true Roman virtue, to make it divine:
Your pride and my boast, thus form'd, would you know,
You must visit the earthly Elysium of Stowe."

§ 194. *To a Lady who sung in too low a Voice.*

When beauteous Laura's gentle voice
Divides the yielding air,
Fix'd on her lips, the fault'ring sounds
Excess of joy declare.

* Gilbert West, Esq. the author's cousin. † Near Croydon.
‡ Dr. John Armstrong, author of the Art of Preserving Health, &c.

There,

There, lingering round the rosy gate,
They view their fragrant cell;
Unwilling to depart that mouth
Where all the Graces dwell.

Some tuneful accents strike the sense
With soft imperfect sound;
While thousand others die within,
In their own honey drown'd.

Yet through this cloud, distinct and clear,
Sweet sense directs its dart;
And, while it seems to shun the ear,
Strikes full upon the heart.

§ 195. *To Miss Wilkes, on her Birth-day, Aug. 16th, 1767. Written in France.*
WILKES.

Again I tune the vocal lay
On dear Maria's natal day.
This happy day I'll not deplore
My exile from my native shore.
No tear of mine to-day shall flow
For injur'd England's cruel woe,
For impious wounds to Freedom given,
The first, most sacred gift of Heaven.
The Muse with joy shall prune her wing;
Maria's ripen'd graces sing:
And, at seventeen, with truth shall own
The bud of beauty's fairly blown.
Softness and sweetest innocence
Here shed their gentle influence;
Fair modesty comes in their train,
To grace her sister virtue's reign.
Then, to give spirit, taste, and ease,
The sov'reign art, the art to please;
Good-humour'd wit, and fancy gay,
To-morrow cheerful as to-day,
The sun-shine of a mind serene,
Where all is peace within, are seen.
What can the grateful Muse ask more?
The gods have lavish'd all their store.
Maria shines their darling care;
Still, keep her, Heaven, from every snare:
May still unspotted be her fame,
May she remain through life the same,
Unchang'd in all—except in name!

§ 196. *To Miss Wilkes, on her Birth-day, Aug. 16th. 1768. Written in Prison.*
WILKES.

How shall the Muse in prison sing,
How prune her drooping ruffled wing?
Maria is the potent spell,
Ev'n in these walls, all grief to quell;
To cheer the heart, rapture inspire,
And wake to notes of joy the lyre,
The tribute verse again to pay
On this auspicious festive day.
When doom'd to quit the patriot band,
And exil'd from my native land,
Maria was my sure relief;
Her presence banish'd every grief.
Pleasure came smiling in her train,
And chas'd the family of Pain.
Let lovers every charm admire,
The easy shape, the heav'nly fire
That from those modest beaming eyes
The captive heart at once surprise.
A father's is another part;
I praise the virtues of the heart,
And wit so elegant and free,
Attemper'd sweet with modesty.
And may kind Heaven a lover send
Of sense, of honor, and a friend,
Those virtues always to protect,
Those beauties—never to neglect!

§ 197. *An Ode in imitation of Alcæus.*
SIR WILLIAM JONES.

What constitutes a state?
Not high-rais'd battlements or labor'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crown'd;
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No—men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endu'd
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude:
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a state;
And Sovereign Law, that State's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill:
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend Discretion * like a vapour sinks,
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heaven-lov'd isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
No more shall freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

§ 198. *The Choice of a Wife by Cheese.*
CAPTAIN THOMPSON

There liv'd in York, an age ago,
A man whose name was Pimlico:
He lov'd three sisters passing well,
But which the best he could not tell.
These sisters three, divinely fair,
Show'd Pimlico their tenderest care:
For each was elegantly bred,
And all were much inclin'd to wed;

* *Discretionary* or arbitrary power.

And

And all made Pimlico their choice,
And prais'd him with their sweetest voice.
Young Pim, the gallant and the gay,
Like ass divided 'tween the hay,
At last resolv'd to gain his ease,
And choose his wife by eating cheese.
He wrote his card, he seal'd it up,
And said with them that night he'd sup;
Desir'd that there might only be
Good Cheshire cheese, and but them three;
He was resolv'd to crown his life,
And by that means to fix his wife.
The girls were pleas'd at his conceit;
Each dress'd herself divinely neat;
With faces full of peace and plenty,
Blooming with roses under twenty.
For surely Nancy, Betsy, Sally,
Were sweet as lilies of the valley:
But singly surely buxom Bet
Was like new hay and mignionet;
But each surpass'd a poet's fancy,
For that, of truth, was said of Nancy:
And as for Sal, she was a Donna,
As fair as those of old Cretona,*
Who to Apelles lent their faces
To make up madam Helen's graces.
To those the gay divided Pim
Came elegantly smart and trim:
When ev'ry smiling maiden, certain,
Cut of the cheese to try her fortune.
Nancy, at once, not fearing—caring
To show her saving ate the paring;
And Bet, to show her gen'rous mind,
Cut, and then threw away the rind;
While prudent Sarah, sure to please,
Like a clean maiden, scrap'd the cheese.
This done, young Pimlico replied,
"Sally I now declare my bride:
With Nan I can't my welfare put,
For she has prov'd a dirty slut:
And Betsy, who has par'd the rind,
Would give my fortune to the wind.
Sally the happy medium chose,
And I with Sally will repose;
She's prudent, cleanly; and the man
Who fixes on a nuptial plan
Can never err, if he will choose
A wife by cheese—before he ties the noose."

§ 199. *The Choice.* POMFRET.

If Heaven the grateful liberty would give,
That I might choose my method how to live,
And all those hours propitious fate should lend,
In blissful ease and satisfaction spend:
Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great:
Better, if on a rising ground it stood;
On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
It should within no other things contain,
But what are useful, necessary, plain:
Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I'll ne'er endure
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden, grateful to the eye,
Where a cool rivulet runs murmuring by;
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes, or sycamores, should grow.
At th' end of which a silent study plac'd
Should be with all the noblest authors grac'd:
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit, and solid learning shines;
Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew.
He that with judgement reads his charming lines,
In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
Must grant his fancy does the best excel,
His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well:
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteem'd for learning and for eloquence.
In some of these, as fancy should advise,
I'd always take my morning exercise:
For sure no minutes bring us more content,
Than those in pleasing useful studies spent.
I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great:
As much as I could moderately spend,
A little more sometimes t' oblige a friend.
Nor should the sons of poverty repine
Too much at fortune, they should taste of mine.
And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could spare:
For that our Maker has too largely given,
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heaven.
A frugal plenty should my table spread;
My friends with no luxurious dishes fed:
Enough to satisfy, and something more
To feed the stranger and the neighbouring poor.
Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.
But what's sufficient to make nature strong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long;
I'd freely take; and, as I did possess,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.
I'd have a little vault, but always stor'd
With the best wine each vintage could afford.
Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse:
By making all our spirits debonair,
Throws off the lees, the sediment of care.
But as the greatest blessing Heaven lends
May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble ends;
So, but too oft, the grape's refreshing juice
Does many mischievous effects produce:
My house should no such rude disorders know,
As from high drinking consequently flow;
Nor would I use what was so kindly given,
To the dishonor of indulgent Heaven.
If any neighbour came, he should be free,
Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be,
In my retreat, or to himself or me.
What freedom, prudence, and right reason give,
All men may, with impunity, receive:
But the least swerving from their rule's too much;
For what's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.
That life may be more comfortable yet,
And all my joys refin'd, sincere, and great;

* Apelles, from five beautiful virgins of Cretona, drew the beautiful Helen.

I'd

I'd choose two friends, whose company would be
A great advance to my felicity:
Well-born, of humors suited to my own,
Discreet, and men as well as books have known:
Brave, generous, witty, and exactly free
From loose behaviour, or formality:
Airy and prudent; merry, but not light;
Quick in discerning, and in judging right:
Secret they should be, faithful to their trust;
In reasoning cool, strong, temperate, and just:
Obliging, open, without huffing, brave,
Brisk in gay talking, and in sober, grave:
Close in dispute, but not tenacious; try'd
By solid reason, and let that decide:
Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate;
Nor busy meddlers with intrigues of state:
Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spite;
Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight:
Loyal, and pious; friends to Cæsar, true
As dying martyrs to their Maker too.
In their society I could not miss
A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss.
I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
Whate'er assistance I had power to bring,
T' oblige my country, or to serve my king,
Whene'er they call, I'd readily afford
My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword.
Law-suits I'd shun with as much studious care
As I would dens where hungry lions are;
And rather put up injuries, than be
A plague to him, who'd be a plague to me.
I value quiet at a price too great,
To give for my revenge so dear a rate:
For what do we by all our bustle gain,
But counterfeit delight for real pain!
If Heaven a date of many years would give,
Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live.
And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly care,
Whilst I did for a better state prepare.
Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,
Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd;
But, by a silent and a peaceful death,
Without a sigh resign my aged breath,
And when committed to the dust, I'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropt into my grave;
Then would my exit so propitious be,
All men would wish to live and die like me.

§ 200. *To my Candle.* Peter Pindar.

Thou lone companion of the spectred night,
I wake amid thy friendly-watchful light,
To steal a precious hour from lifeless sleep—
Hark, the wild uproar of the winds! and hark,
Hell's genius roams the regions of the dark,
And swells the thund'ring horrors of the deep.
From cloud to cloud the pale moon hurrying flies;
Now blacken'd, and now flashing through her skies,
But all is silence here—beneath thy beam.
I own I labor for the voice of praise—
For who would sink in dull oblivion's stream?
Who would not live in songs of distant days?
Thus while I wond'ring pause o'er Shakspeare's page,
I mark, in visions of delight, the Sage,
High o'er the wrecks of man, who stands sublime;
A column in the melancholy waste
(Its cities humbled, and its glories past),
Majestic, 'mid the solitude of time.
Yet now to sadness let me yield the hour—
Yes, let the tears of purest friendship show'r.

I view, alas! what ne'er should die—
A form that wakes my deepest sigh;
A form that feels of death the leaden sleep—
Descending to the realms of shade,
I view a pale-ey'd, panting maid,
I see the Virtues o'er their fav'rite weep.

Ah! could the Muse's simple pray'r
Command the envied trump of fame,
Oblivion should Eliza spare:
A world should echo with her name.
Art thou departing too, my trembling friend?
Ah! draws thy little lustre to its end?
Yes, on thy frame Fate too shall fix her seal—
O let me, pensive, watch thy pale decay;
How fast that frame, so tender, wears away;
How fast thy life the restless minutes steal!

How slender now, alas! thy thread of fire!
Ah! falling, falling, ready to expire!
In vain thy struggles—all will soon be o'er.
At life thou snatchest with an eager leap:
Now round I see thy flame so feeble creep,
Faint, less'ning, quiv'ring, glimm'ring—now no more!
Thus shall the sons of science sink away,
And thus of beauty fade the fairest flow'r—
For where's the giant who to Time shall say,
"Destructive tyrant, I arrest thy pow'r?"

§ 201. *Presented together with a Knife by the Rev.* Samuel Bishop, *Head Master of Merchant Taylors' School, to his Wife on her Wedding Day, which happened to be her Birth Day and New Year's Day.*

A knife, dear girl, cuts love, they say—
Mere modish love perhaps it may;
For any tool of any kind
Can sep'rate what was never join'd.
The knife that cuts our love in two
Will have much tougher work to do:
Must cut your softness, worth, and spirit
Down to the vulgar size of merit;
To level yours with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste;
And from your single beauty's store,
Clip what would dizen out a score.

The

The self-same blade from me must sever
Sensation, judgement, sight for ever!
All memr'y of endearments past,
All hope of comforts long to last,
All that makes fourteen years with you
A summer—and a short one too:
All that affection feels and fears,
When hours, without you, seem like years.—
Till that be done (and I'd as soon
Believe this knife will clip the moon)
Accept my present undeterr'd,
And leave their proverbs to the herd.
If in a kiss—delicious treat!
Your lips acknowledge the receipt;
Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—'cut and come again.'

§ 202. *By the same, with a Ring.*

'THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed,'
So sixteen years ago I said—
Behold another ring! 'For what?'
To wed thee o'er again—why not?
With the first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth:
Taste long admir'd, sense long rever'd:
And all my Molly then appear'd.
If she, by merit since disclos'd,
Prov'd twice the woman I suppos'd,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.
Here then to-day (with faith as sure,
With ardour as intense and pure,
As when amidst the rites divine
I took thy troth, and plighted mine)
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring,
A token and a pledge I bring;
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
These virtues, which, before untry'd,
The wife has added to the bride;
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience' sake, as well as love's.
For why?—They show me hour by hour
Honor's high thought, affection's pow'r,
Discretion's deed, sound judgement's sentence;
And teach me all things—but repentance.

§ 203. *The Family Fireside.* BISHOP.

'HOME'S home, however homely,' wisdom says,
And certain is the fact, though coarse the phrase:
To prove it, if it need a proof at all,
Mark what a train attends the Muse's call;
And as she leads the ideal group along,
Let your own feelings realize the song.
Clear then the stage! no scen'ry we require,
Save the snug circle round the parlour fire;
And enter marshall'd in procession fair
Each happier influence that predominates *there*.
First love, by friendship mellow'd into bliss,
Lights the glad glow, and sanctifies the kiss;
When fondly welcom'd to the accustom'd seat
In sweet complaisance wife and husband meet,
Look mutual pleasure, mutual purpose share,
Repose from labors, but unite in care.
Ambition!—does ambition there reside?
Yes!—when the boy in manly mood astride,
Of headstrong prowess innocently vain,
Canters, the jockey of his father's cane.
While emulation in the daughter's heart
Bears a more mild, tho' not less powerful part;
With zeal to shine her fluttering bosom warms,
And in the romp the future housewife forms.
Or both perchance to graver sport incline,
And art and genius in their pastime join,
This the cramp riddle's puzzling knot invents,
That rears aloft the card-built tenements.
Think how joy animates intense though meek
The fading roses on the grandame cheek,
When proud the frolic progeny to survey,
She feels and owns an interest in their play,
Adopts each wish their wayward whims unfold,
And tells at every call, the story ten times told.
Good-humoured dignity endears meanwhile
The narrative grandsire's venerable style.
If haply feats achiev'd in prime of youth,
Or pristine anecdote, or historic truth,
Or maxim shrewd, or admonition bland,
Affectionate attention's ear command.
To such society, so form'd, so blest,
Time, Thought, Remembrance, all impart a zest,
And Expectation, day by day, more bright,
Round every prospect throws increasing light.
The simplest comforts act with strongest force;
Whate'er can give them, can improve, of course.
All this is *common-place*, you'll tell me:—
True!
What pity 'tis not *common fashion* too.
Roam as we will, plain sense at last will find
'Tis only seeking—*what we left behind.*
If *individual good* engage our hope,
Domestic virtues give the largest scope;
If plans of *public eminence* we trace,
Domestic virtues are its surest base.
Would great example make these truths more clear,
The greatest of examples shall appear.
Is there a man whom general suffrage owns
An honour to the majesty of thrones?
Is there a man whom general love's acclaim
Greets with each noblest and each dearest name?
He, 'midst the glare of state, and pomp of power,
Courts the soft sympathies of the family hour;
Not less illustrious at his own fireside,
By private merit's sterling standard tried,
Than when the cares from royal worth that spring,
Call forth the people's father, and the king.

§ 204. *Flowers.* Bishop.

Unequal to my theme with desperate feet
I sought the Muse's bow'r;
Anxious to see though all asham'd to meet
Some bland inspiring power;
When fleet along the rising gale
The queen fair *Fancy* past;
And through her rainbow-tinged veil
A glance benignant cast!
Then beck'ning to a secret glade,
"Come see," she cry'd, "the train,
Who own beneath this mystic shade,
My visionary reign!"

Proud to obey the glad command,
I took with awe my stand:——
Meanwhile, in many a varying vest
Of rich expression aptly dress'd,
Ideal myriads seem'd to rove
Promiscuous through the cultur'd grove:
And each, as inbred impulse led,
From every flow'r-embroider'd bed
Some certain plant, whose blossoms rose
Significantly pleasing, chose.

With frank, firm look, and light though steady tread
Came Courage first, and cropt a dew-charg'd Rose;
For in the tender rose might best be read
His very essence—bloom that gently glows
Impell'd by gentle breath—prone to dispense
To all, sweetness, yet alert to show,
If rash invasion ruder deeds commence,
That warm resentment points a thorn below.

Retiring from the public eye
The maiden meek Humility
Was seen to turn with mildest grace
To heav'n her thoughts, to earth her face;
And all unconscious what fair fame
Merit like hers might well assume,
Preferr'd to every juster claim
The lowly Daisy's simple bloom.

Some bauble each moment arranging,
Admiring, exploding, or changing,
The coquet Affectation skimm'd wantonly by;
On her breast a Narcissus she bore,
As if with Narcissus of yore.

Heedless of the scorner's joke,
Smiling at the ruffian's stroke,
Persevering Patience stood,
Conqu'ring evil still with good!
Binding for her brow the while
Artless wreaths of Camomile,
Hardy plant whose vigorous shoot
Springs beneath the trampler's foot.

Pure constant Love (whose hallow'd fires
Time still exalts, and truth inspires,
In spite of absence, grief, or pain)
Approv'd the faithful Marigold,
Whose leaves their saffron blaze unfold,
When first the sun asserts his reign,
Hail his glad progress through the day,
Close gradual with his parting ray,
Nor open, till he shines again.

Superstition came telling her steps and her beads,
Like Jack-in-a-Bush hung all over with green,
Agnus Castus by wholesale she cull'd from the meads,
And stuck with due care Holy Thistle between:
A chaplet of Monkshood she pluck'd for her head,
And Rosemary sprigs for the graves of the dead.

Tiptoe o'er the level plain,
Ardent Hope all panting flew;
Prompt her eager eye to strain
Far beyond the present view;
Quick from hint to hint to stray,
She the Primrose held most dear;
First-born of returning May,
Promise of the future year.

Ill-nature to a corner stole,
And taught her bloodshot eyes to roll,
As if she long'd to blight
Each flower of happier scent and hue,
For none she chose of all that grew
Save pois'nous Aconite.

Hand in hand, for they never asunder are seen,
All cheerful their features, all easy their mien,
Contentment and Innocence tript it along;
By the soft virgin Snow-drop was Innocence known:
Contentment took Heart-ease, and call'd it her own;
Nor envied the great, nor the gay in the throng.

The throng! just hint to wild conceit like mine;
Why, what a wreath had I begun to twine!
Indulgent as she was, methinks I hear
Ev'n Fancy's self now whisper in my ear,
"Quit ere 'tis tedious, quit the flowing road,
Nor what was meant a nosegay, make a load."

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§ 205. *To a Young Lady, with a Copy of Moore's Fables.* Bishop.

Books, my dear girl, when well design'd,
Are moral maps of human kind;
Where, sketch'd before judicious eyes,
The road to worth and wisdom lies.
Serene Philosophy portrays
The steep, the rough, the thorny ways:
Cross woods and wilds, the learned tribe,
A dark and doubtful path describe:
But Poesy her votaries leads
O'er level lawns, and verdant meads;
And if, perchance, in sportful vein,
Through Fable's scenes she guides her train,
All is at once enchanted ground,
All Fancy's garden glitters round.

I, Sally! (who shall long to see,
In you, how good your sex can be;)
Before you range with curious speed,
Where'er that garden's beauties lead;

And

And mark how Moore could once display,
A scene so varied, and so gay!
Beg you, for introduction's sake,
A short excursive trip to take,
O'er one poor plat, unlike the rest,
Which my more humble care hath drest;
Where if a little flowret blows,
From pure affection's root it grows.

A virgin rose, in all the pride
Of spring's luxuriant blushes dy'd,
Above the vulgar flow'rs was rais'd,
And with excess of lustre blaz'd.
In full career of heedless play,
Chance brought a Butterfly that way;
She stopp'd at once her giddy flight,
Proud on so sweet a spot to light;
Spread wide her plumage to the sun,
And thus in fancy-strain begun:
"Why but to soften my repose,
Could nature rear so bright a rose?
Why but on roses to recline,
Make forms so delicate as mine?
Fate destin'd by the same decree,
Me for the rose—the rose for me!"

A tiny Bug, who close between
Th' unfolding bloom had lurk'd unseen,
Heard, and in angry tone address'd
This rude invader of his rest:
"For thee, consummate fool, the rose!
No—to a nobler end it blows:—
The velvet o'er its foliage spread,
Secures to me a downy bed:
So thick its crowding leaves ascend
To hide, to warm me, and defend.
For me those odours they exhale,
Which scent at second-hand the gale;
And give such *things* as thee to share
What my superior claim can spare!"

While thus the quarrel they pursu'd,
A Bee the petty triflers view'd;
For once reluctant rais'd her head
A moment from her toil, and said,
"Cease, abject animals, to contest!
They claim things most who use them best.
Would nature finish works like these,
That butterflies might bask at ease?
Or bugs intrench'd in splendor lie,
Born but to crawl, and dose, and die?
The rose you vainly ramble o'er,
Breathes balmy dews from ev'ry pore;
Which yield their treasur'd sweets alone
To skill and labor like my own:
With sense as keen as yours, I trace
The expanding blossom's glossy grace;
Its shape, its fragrance, and its hue,
But while I trace, improve them too:
Still taste; but still from hour to hour
Bear home new honey from the flow'r."

Conceit may read for mere pretence,
For mere amusement, indolence;
True spirit deems no study right,
Till profit dignify delight.

§ 206. *The Library.* Bishop.

Hail! Contemplation! grave majestic dame,
In thee glad Science greets a parent's name:
Thine is each art of speech, each rapt'rous strain,
The Graces lead, the Virtues fill thy train!
From all of evil, life or dreads or knows,
Its real trifles, and its fancied woes,
O lead thy votary! pensive, yet serene,
To some lone seat, thy favorite, hallow'd scene,
Where his calm breast may every pow'r employ,
Feel self-born peace and independent joy.
And see! the Library my steps invites;
Fraught with true profit and with pure delights:
Calls to a feast, whose elegance and love,
The man must relish, and the heart approve.
How awful is the spot!—each honor'd name,
Each theme of modern praise, and early fame;
Bards, statesmen, sages, lov'd, rever'd, admir'd,
Whom sense enlighten'd and whom glory fir'd,
Rise to my view, still sweet, still great, still bold,
Alive in pow'r, and active, as of old.
Yes! wasteful time! here, here, thy rage is vain!
Away! fond boaster! Genius scorns thy reign.
The poet here, whom gen'rous transport rais'd,
Survives coëval with the worth he prais'd.
If deeds exalted gave his breast to glow,
Or pity bade him sympathize with woe;
If sweetly soft he chose the lover's part,
Or truth to satire urg'd his honest heart;
His verse still lives, his sentiment still warms,
His lyre still warbles, and his wit still charms.
Here by the past to form the rising age,
The grave historian spreads his ample page;
Whose faithful care preserves the hero's fame,
Or damns to infamy the traitor's name;
Whose records bid fair virtue ever live,
And share immortal in the life they give.
Here the firm patriot, on whose winning tongue
The snow-soft dews of mild persuasion hung,
Who knew to lead in spirit, and control
The ductile passions, and usurp the soul;
Still pleads, still rules; now lively, now severe,
Exalts the purpose, or commands the tear.
Here the firm friends of science, and of man,
Who taught new arts, or open'd nature's plan;
Who each improv'd, or drew from both combin'd,
Health to the body, vigor to the mind;
Who bade mankind to nobler aims arise,
More good, more just, more happy, or more wise;
Shine, deathless, as the bliss their toil procur'd,
While mem'ry pays the debt desert ensur'd.

In

In such lov'd sport (if fortune deign'd to smile),
Calm let *me* live, and ev'ry care beguile;
Hold converse with the great of every time,
The learn'd of ev'ry class—the good of ev'ry clime.
There better still, as wiser grow: and there
('Tis just ambition, though 'tis hopeless pray'r)
Still found like them, on real worth my claim,
And catch their merit to partake their fame.

§ 207. *Water.* Bishop.

If right ἄριστον ὕδωρ Pindar sings,
That simple Water is the best of things,
Would Water-poets were the best of bards!
But, Oh! that chance is not upon the cards!
Vain were th' attempt such logic to apply;
My verse would give my arguments the lie.—
Yet what I can I will:—not he whose lyre
Leads on the Aonian mount the sister choir,
(Though all the inspiring potions he explore,
From Water up to Nectar) can no more.
From earth's deep wound—for earth their store supplies—
Through countless pores the moist effluvia rise,
Distinct below, where oozing strata shed
Drop after drop; till from their humid bed
Th' emergent vapors steam; and as they go,
Condense, incorporate, extend, and flow.
—Thanks, kind Philosophy! whose lore profound
Thus helps me bring my Water above ground.
Henceforth to trace it, little will suffice,
Obvious to common sense, and common eyes.
If in the mental calm of joy serene,
I seek, through fancy's aid, the sylvan scene,
There Water meets me, by the pebbled side
Of sedgy-fringed brooks, expanding wide
In dimpled eddies—or with murmurs shrill,
Running sweet unisons, where responsive still
In cadence meet, impending aspens hail
Heav'n's mildest breath, soft quiv'ring to the gale.
Too charming visions of intense delight!
Why? whither vanish ye? Her eagle flight
Fancy renews; and full athwart mine eye
Throws an enormous cataract:—from on high,
In awful stillness deep'ning Waters glide,
E'en to the rude rock's ridge abrupt, then slide
Pond'rous down, down the void; and pitch below
In thunders:—Dash'd to foam, awhile they know
No certain current; till again combin'd,
In boiling tides along the waves they wind.
Oh! bear me hence, where Water's force displays
More useful energy; where classic praise
Adorns the names of chiefs long dead, who brought
Through channel'd rocks concentring streams, and taught
One aqueduct divided lands to lave,
And hostile realms to drink one common wave.
But soft—methinks some horrid sounds I hear!
What throbbing passion speaks?—'Tis fear, 'tis fear.
Water where yonder spout to heav'n ascends,
Rides in tremendous triumphs; Ocean bends;
And ruin raising high her baleful head,
Broods o'er the waste, the bursting mass will spread.
Enough of wat'ry wonders:—all-dismay'd
E'en Fancy starts at forms herself hath made.
Let them whom terror can inspire, pursue
Themes too terrific: I with humble view,
Retire unequal, nor will e'er again
To Water's *greater* works devote my strain;
Content to praise it, when with gentle sway,
Profuse of rich increase, it winds its way
Through the parch'd glebe; or fills with influence bland
The cup of temperance, in the peasant's hand.

§ 208. *On Instruments of Music.* Bishop.

Where health and high spirits awaken the morn,
And dash through the dews that impearl the rough thorn,
To shouts and to cries
Shrill Echo replies,
While the horn prompts the shout, and the shout greets the horn.

Loud across the upland ground,
Sweetly mellowing down the vale,
The changeful bells ring jocund round
Where joy bestrides the gale;
Herald eager to proclaim
The lover's bliss, or hero's fame.

Shall the fiddle's sprightly strain,
In pleasure's realms our feet detain,
Where youth and beauty, in the dance,
Borrow new charms from elegance?
Or shall we stray,
Where stately through the public way,
Amidst the trumpet's clangors, and th' acclaim
Of civic zeal, in long procession move
Nobles and chiefs of venerable fame;
Or haply sovereign majesty displays
To public view the lustre of its rays,
And proves at once, and wins, a nation's love?

Hark! how the solemn organ calls
Attention's sober ears to hallow'd walls,
Where meek, yet warm, beneath the temple's shade,
Devotion seeks, with stedfast eyes,
The God whose glories every gloom pervade,
To whom for ever prayer is made,
And daily praises rise.

What notes, in swiftest cadence running,
Through many a maze of varied measure,
Mingled by the master's cunning,
Give th' alarm to festive pleasure?
Cambria, 'twas thy harps of old
Each gallant heart's recess explor'd,
Announcing feats of chieftains bold,
To grace the hospitable board.

Mark how the soldier's eye
Looks proud defiance! How his heart beats high,
With glorious expectation! What inspires,
What fans his martial fires?
What but the power of sound?
The clam'rous drums his anxious ardor raise,
His blood flows quicker round;
At once he hears, he feels, enjoys, obeys.

Where gathering storms incessant lour,
And niggard nature chills th' abortive grain,
From her bleak heights see Scotland pour
Blithe lads and lasses trim; a hardy train,
Down the crag, and o'er the lea,
Following still with hearty glee,
The bagpipe's mellow minstrelsy.

Where cloudless suns, with glowing dies,
Tinge Italy's serener skies,
Soft the winding lawns along
The lover's lute complains;
While ling'ring Echo learns the song,
Gives it the woods; and, loth to lose
One accent of the impassion'd muse,
Bids woods return it to the plains.

Time was when, stretch'd beneath the beechen shade,
The simple shepherd warbled his sweet lay;
Lur'd to his rustic reed, the gentle maid
Welcom'd the morn, and caroll'd down the day.
Why do our swains depart from ancient lore?
Why sounds no pastoral reed on Britain's shore?
—The innocence which tun'd it is no more!

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§ 209. *The Art of Dancing. Inscribed to the Rt. Honorable the Lady Fanny Fielding.*

In the smooth dance to move with graceful mien,
Easy with care, and sprightly, though serene,
To mark th' instructions echoing strains convey,
And with just steps each tuneful note obey,
I teach; be present, all ye sacred choir,
Blow the soft lute, and strike the sounding lyre;
When Fielding bids, your kind assistance bring,
And at her feet the lowly tribute fling;
Oh, may her eyes (to her this verse is due)
What first themselves inspir'd vouchsafe to view.
Hail, loftiest art! thou canst all hearts ensnare,
And make the fairest still appear more fair;
Beauty can little execution do,
Unless she borrows half her charms from you!
Few, like Pygmalion, doat on lifeless charms,
Or care to clasp a statue in their arms;
But breasts of flint must melt with fierce desire,
When art and motion wake the sleeping fire.
A Venus drawn by great Apelles' hand,
May for a while our wond'ring eyes command;
But still, tho' form'd with all the pow'rs of art,
The lifeless piece can never warm the heart:
So fair a nymph, perhaps, may please the eye,
Whilst all her beauteous limbs unactive lie;
But when her charms are in the dance display'd,
Then every heart adores the lovely maid;
This sets her beauty in the fairest light,
And shows each grace in full perfection bright;
Then, as she turns around, from every part,
Like porcupines, she sends a piercing dart:
In vain, alas! the fond spectator tries
To shun the pleasing dangers of the eyes,
For, Parthian-like, she wounds as sure behind
With flowing curls, on ivory neck reclin'd.
Whether her steps the minuet's mazes trace,
Or the slow Louvre's more majestic pace;
Whether the rigadoon employs her care,
Or sprightly jig displays the nimble fair;
At ev'ry step new beauties we explore,
And worship now what we admir'd before.
So when Æneas, in the Tyrian grove,
Fair Venus met, the charming queen of love,
The beauteous goddess, whilst unmov'd she stood,
Seem'd some fair nymph, the guardian of the wood;
But when she mov'd, at once her heavenly mien,
And graceful step, confess'd bright beauty's queen:
New glories o'er her form each moment rise,
And all the goddess opens to his eyes.
Now haste, my muse, pursue thy destin'd way;
What dresses best become the dancer say;
The rules of dress forget not to impart,
A lesson precious to the dancing art.
The soldier's scarlet glowing from afar,
Shows that his bloody occupation's war;
Whilst the lawn band, beneath the double chin,
As plainly speaks divinity within;
The milk-maid safe through driving rains and snows,
Wrapp'd in her cloak, and propp'd on pattens goes:
Whilst the soft belle, immur'd in velvet chair,
Needs but the silken shoe, and trusts her bosom bare.
The woolly drab, and English broad-cloth warm,
Guard well the horseman from the beating storm;
But load the dancer with too great a weight,
And call from every pore the dewy sweat.
Rather let him his active limbs display
In camblets thin, or glossy paduasoy.
Let no unwieldy pride his shoulders press,
But airy, light, and easy, be his dress;
Thin be his yielding sole, and low his heel,
So shall he nimbly bound, and safely wheel.
But let not precepts known my verse prolong,
Precepts which use will better teach than song;
For why should I the gallant spark command,
With clean white gloves to fit his ready hand?
Or in his fob enlivening spirits wear,
And pungent salts to raise the fainting fair?
Or hint the sword that dangles at his side,
Should from its silken bandage be untied?
Why should my lays the youthful tribe advise,
Lest snowy clouds from out their wigs arise?
So shall their partners mourn their laces spoil'd,
And shining silks with greasy powder soil'd.
Nor need I, sure, bid prudent youths beware,
Lest with erected tongues their buckles stare:
The pointed steel shall oft their stocking rend,
And oft the approaching petticoat offend.

And now, ye youthful fair, I sing to you,
With pleasing smiles my useful labors view:
For you the silk-worms fine-wrought webs display,
And lab'ring spin their little lives away;
For you bright gems with radiant colors glow,
Fair as the dies that paint the heavenly bow;
For you the sea resigns its pearly store,
And earth unlocks her mines of treasur'd ore;
In vain yet nature thus her gifts bestows,
Unless yourselves with art those gifts dispose.
Yet think not, nymphs, that in the glitt'ring ball,
One form of dress prescrib'd can suit with all;
One brightest shines when wealth and art combine
To make the finish'd piece completely fine:
When least adorn'd, another steals our hearts,
And rich in native beauties, wants not arts.
In some are such resistless graces found,
That in all dresses they are sure to wound;
Their perfect forms all foreign aids despise,
And gems but borrow lustre from their eyes.
Let the fair nymph, in whose plump cheek is seen
A constant blush, be clad in cheerful green;
In such a dress the sportive sea-nymphs go,
So in their grassy beds fresh roses blow:
The lass whose skin is like the hazel brown,
With brighter yellow should o'ercome her own;
While maids grown pale with sickness or despair,
The sable's mournful dye should choose to wear:
So the pale moon still shines with purest light,
Cloth'd in the dusky mantle of the night.
But far from you be all those treach'rous arts,
That wound with painted charms unwary hearts;
Dancing's a touchstone that true beauty tries,
Nor suffers charms that nature's hand denies:
Though for a while we may with wonder view
The rosy blush and skin of lovely hue,
Yet soon the dance will cause the cheeks to glow,
And melt the waxen lips and neck of snow.
So shine the fields in icy fetters bound,
Whilst frozen gems bespangle all the ground;
Thro' the clear crystal of the glitt'ring snow,
With scarlet die the blushing hawthorns glow;
O'er all the plains unnumber'd glories rise,
And a new bright creation charms our eyes,
Till Zephyr breathes, then all at once decay
The splendid scenes, the glories fade away;
The fields resign the beauties not their own,
And all their snowy charms run trickling down.
Dare I in such momentous points advise,
I should condemn the hoop's enormous size.
Of ills I speak by long experience found:
Oft have I trod th' unmeasurable round,
And mourn'd my shins bruis'd black with many a wound.
Nor should the tighten'd stays, too straitly laced
In whalebone bondage, gall the slender waist;
Nor waving lappets should the dancing fair,
Nor ruffles edged with dangling fringes, wear:
Oft will the cobweb-ornaments catch hold
On the approaching button rough with gold;
Nor force, nor art, can then the bonds divide,
When once th' entangled Gordian knot is tied:
So the unhappy pair, by Hymen's pow'r
Together join'd in some ill-fated hour,
The more they strive their freedom to regain,
The faster binds th' indissoluble chain.
Let each fair maid, who fears to be disgraced,
Ever be sure to tie her garter fast,
Lest the loose string, amidst the public ball,
A wish'd-for prize to some proud fop should fall,
Who the rich treasure shall triumphant show,
And with warm blushes cause her cheek to glow.
But yet (as Fortune by the self-same ways
She humbles many, some delights to raise)
It happen'd once, a fair illustrious dame
By such neglect acquired immortal fame:
And thence the radiant star and garter blue,
Britannia's noble grace, if fame says true;
Hence still, Plantagenet, thy beauties bloom,
Though long since moulder'd in the dusky tomb;
Still thy lost garter is thy sovereign's care,
And what each royal breast is proud to wear.
But let me now my lovely charge remind,
Lest they forgetful leave their fans behind:
Lay not, ye fair, the pretty toy aside,
A toy at once display'd for use and pride;
A wond'rous engine, that by magic charms,
Cools your own breasts, and every other's warms.
What daring hand shall e'er attempt to tell
The powers that in this little weapon dwell?
What verse can e'er explain its various parts,
Its numerous uses, motions, charms, and arts?
Its painted folds, that oft extended wide,
Th' afflicted fair one's blubber'd beauties hide,
When secret sorrows her sad bosom fill,
If Strephon is unkind, or Shock is ill:
Its sticks, on which her eyes dejected pore,
And pointing fingers number o'er and o'er,
When the kind virgin burns with secret shame,
Dies to consent, yet fears to own her flame:
Its shake triumphant, its victorious clap,
Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap.
Forbear, my muse, th' extensive theme to sing,
Nor trust in such a flight thy tender wing;
Rather do you in humble lines proclaim
From whence this engine took its form and name;
Say from what cause it first deriv'd its birth,
How form'd in heav'n, how thence deduced to earth.
Once in Arcadia, that fam'd seat of love,
There liv'd a nymph, the pride of all the grove,
A lovely nymph, adorn'd with every grace,
An easy shape and sweetly blooming face;
Fanny the damsel's name, as chaste as fair,
Each virgin's envy, and each swain's despair.
To charm her ear the rival shepherds sing,
Blow the soft flute, and wake the trembling string;

For

For her they leave the wand'ring flocks to rove,
Whilst Fanny's name resounds through every grove,
And spreads on every tree, enclos'd in knots of love;
As Fielding's now, her eyes all hearts inflame,
Like her in beauty as alike in name.
'Twas when the summer's sun, now mounted high,
With fiercer beams had scorch'd the glowing sky,
Beneath the covert of a cooling shade,
To shun the heat this lovely nymph was laid:
The sultry weather o'er her cheeks had spread
A blush that added to her native red,
And her fair breast, as polish'd marble white,
Was half conceal'd and half expos'd to sight:
Æolus, mighty god whom winds obey,
Observ'd the beauteous maid as thus she lay,
O'er all her charms he gaz'd with fond delight,
And suck'd in poison at the dangerous sight:
He sighs, he burns, at last declares his pain,
But still he sighs, and still he woos in vain;
The cruel nymph, regardless of his moan,
Minds not his flame, uneasy with her own,
But still complains that he who rul'd the air,
Would not command one zephyr to repair
Around her face; nor gentle breeze to play
Through the dark gale, to sooth the sultry day.
By love incited, and the hopes of joy,
Th' ingenious god contriv'd this pretty toy,
With gales incessant to relieve her flame;
And call'd it Fan, from lovely Fanny's name.

CANTO II.

Now see prepar'd to lead the sprightly dance,
The lovely nymphs and well-dress'd youths advance;
The spacious room receives its jovial guest,
And the floor shakes with pleasing weight oppress'd;
Thick rang'd on every side, with various dies,
The fair in glossy silks our sight surprise:
So in a garden bath'd with genial show'rs,
A thousand sorts of variegated flow'rs,
Jonquils, carnations, pinks, and tulips rise,
And in a gay confusion charm our eyes.
High o'er their heads with num'rous candles bright,
Large sconces shed their sparkling beams of light,
Their sparkling beams that still more brightly flow,
Reflected back from gems and eyes below.
Unnumber'd fans to cool the crowded fair,
With breathing zephyrs, move the circling air.
The sprightly fiddle, and the sounding lyre,
Each youthful breast with gen'rous warmth inspire;
Fraught with all joys, the blissful moments fly,
Whilst music melts the ear, and beauty charms the eye.

Now let the youth to whose superior place
It first belongs the splendid ball to grace,
With humble bow, and ready hand prepare,
Forth from the crowd to lead his chosen fair;
The fair shall not his kind regard deny,
But to the pleasing toil with ardor fly.
But stay, rash pair, nor yet untaught advance,
First hear the muse ere you attempt to dance.
* By art directed, o'er the foaming tide
Secure from rocks the painted vessels glide;
By art the chariot scours the dusty plain,
Springs at the whip, and hears the straight'ning rein †;
To art our bodies must obedient prove,
If e'er we hope with graceful ease to move.
Long was the dancing art unfix'd and free,
Hence lost in error and uncertainty;
No precepts did it mind, or rules obey,
But ev'ry master taught a diff'rent way:
Hence, ere each new-born dance was fully tried,
The lovely product, e'en in blooming, died.
Through various hands in wild confusion toss'd,
Its steps were alter'd, and its beauties lost;
Till Fuillet,‡ the pride of Gallia, rose,
And did the dance in characters compose;
Each lovely grace by certain marks he taught,
And every step in lasting volumes wrote:
Hence o'er the world this pleasing art shall spread,
And ev'ry dance in ev'ry clime be read;
By distant masters shall each step be seen,
Though mountains rise, and oceans roar between:
Hence with her sister arts shall Dancing claim
An equal right to universal fame;
And Isaac's rigadoon shall live as long
As Raphael's painting, or as Virgil's song.
Wise Nature ever with a prudent hand
Dispenses various gifts to ev'ry land,
To ev'ry nation frugally imparts
A genius fit for some peculiar arts.
To trade the Dutch incline—the Swiss to arms,
Music and verse are soft Italia's charms:
Britannia justly glories to have found
Land unexplor'd, and sail'd the globe around:
But none will sure presume to rival France,
Whether she forms or executes the dance;
To her exalted genius 'tis we owe
The sprightly Rigadoon, and Louvre slow;
The Borée, and Courant, unpractis'd long,
Th' immortal Minuet, and the smooth Bretagne,
With all the dances of illustrious fame,
That from their native country take their name;
With these let ev'ry ball be first begun,
Nor country-dance intrude 'till these are done.
Each cautious bard, ere he attempts to sing,
First gently flutt'ring tries his tender wing,
And if he finds that with uncommon fire
The muses all his raptur'd soul inspire,
At once to heaven he soars in lofty odes,
And sings alone of heroes and of gods:

* Arte citæ veloque rates remoque moventur,
Arte leves currus.
† ——Nec audit currus habenas.
‡ Fuillet wrote the Art of Dancing by Characters, in French, since translated by Weaver.

But if he trembling fears a flight so high,
He then descends to softer elegy;
And if in elegy he can't succeed,
In pastoral he may tune the oaten reed.
So should the dancer ere he tries to move,
With care his strength, and weight, and genius prove:
Then if he finds kind nature's gifts impart
Endowments proper for the dancing art,
If in himself he finds together join'd
An active body and ambitious mind,
In nimble Rigadoons he may advance,
Or in the Louvre's slow majestic dance:
If these he fears to reach with easy pace,
Let him the minuet's circling mazes trace:
Is this too hard, this too let him forbear,
And to the country-dance confine his care.
Would you in dancing ev'ry fault avoid,
To keep true time be first your thoughts employ'd;
All other errors they in vain shall mend,
Who in this one important point offend;
For this, when now united hand in hand,
Eager to start the youthful couple stand,
Let them awhile their nimble feet restrain,
And with soft taps beat time to every strain:
So for the race prepar'd two coursers stand,
And with impatient pawings spurn the sand.
In vain a master shall employ his care,
Where nature once has fix'd a clumsy air;
Rather let such, to country sports confin'd,
Pursue the flying hare, or tim'rous hind:
Nor yet, while I the rural squire despise,
A mien effeminate would I advise;
With equal scorn I would the fop deride,
Nor let him dance—but on the woman's side.
And you, fair nymphs, avoid with equal care
A stupid dulness, and a coquet air.
Neither with eyes that ever love the ground,
Asleep, like spinning tops, run round and round;
Nor yet with giddy looks, and wanton pride,
Stare all around, and skip from side to side.
True dancing, like true wit, is best express'd
By nature only, to advantage dress'd;
'Tis not a nimble bound, or caper high,
That can pretend to please a curious eye;
Good judges no such tumbler's tricks regard,
Or think them beautiful because they're hard:
'Tis not enough that ev'ry stander-by
No glaring errors in your steps can spy;
The dance and music must so nicely meet,
Each note should seem an echo to your feet;
A nameless grace must in each movement dwell,
Which words can ne'er express, or precepts tell;
Not to be taught, but ever to be seen
In Flavia's air, and Chloe's easy mien:
'Tis such an air that makes her thousands fall,
When Fielding dances at a birth-night ball:
Smooth as Camilla she skims o'er the plain,
And flies like her through clouds of heroes slain.
Now when the minuet, oft repeated o'er,
(Like all terrestrial joys) can please no more,
And ev'ry nymph refusing to expand
Her charms, declines the circulating hand,
Then let the jovial country-dance begin,
And the loud fiddles call each straggler in;
But ere they come, permit me to disclose
How first, as legends tell, this pastime rose:—
In ancient times (such times are now no more)
When Albion's crown illustrious Arthur wore,
In some fair opening glade each summer's night,
Where the pale moon diffus'd her silver light,
On the soft carpet of a grassy field,
The sporting fairies their assemblies held:
Some lightly tripping with their pigmy queen,
In circling ringlets mark'd their level green;
Some with soft notes bade mellow pipes resound,
And music warbled through the groves around:
Oft lonely shepherds by the forest side,
Belated peasants oft, their revels spied,
And home returning, o'er the nut-brown ale
Their guest diverted with the wond'rous tale.
Instructed hence, throughout the British isle,
And fond to imitate the pleasing toil,
Round where the trembling May-pole's fix'd on high,
And bears its flowery honors to the sky,
The ruddy maids and sun-burnt swains resort,
And practise ev'ry night the lovely sport.
On ev'ry side Æolian artists stand,
Whose active elbows swelling winds command;
The swelling winds harmonious pipes inspire,
And blow in ev'ry breast a generous fire.
Thus taught at first the country-dance began,
And hence to cities and to courts it ran;
Succeeding ages did in time impart
Various improvements to the lovely art:
From fields and groves to palaces remov'd,
Great ones the pleasing exercise approv'd:
Hence the loud fiddle and shrill trumpet's sounds,
Are made companions of the dancer's bounds;
Hence gems and silks, brocades and ribbons join,
To make the hall with perfect lustre shine.
So rude at first the tragic muse appear'd,
Her voice alone by rustic rabble heard;
Where twisting trees a cooling arbour made,
The pleas'd spectators sat beneath the shade,
The homely stage with rushes green was strew'd,
And in a cart the strolling actors rode;
Till time at length improv'd the great design,
And bade the scenes with painted landscapes shine:
Then art did all the bright machines dispose,
And theatres of Parian marble rose;
Then mimic thunder shook the canvas sky,
And gods descended from their towers on high.
With caution now let ev'ry youth prepare
To choose a partner from the mingled fair:
Vain would be here th' instructing muse's voice,
If she pretended to direct his choice:
Beauty alone by fancy is express'd,
And charms in diff'rent forms each diff'rent breast:
A snowy skin this am'rous youth admires,
Whilst nut-brown cheeks another's bosom fires:
Small waist and slender limbs some hearts insnare,
While others love the more substantial fair.

But

But let not outward charms your judgement sway,
Your reason rather than your eyes obey,
And in the dance, as in the marriage noose,
Rather for merit than for beauty choose:
Be her your choice, who knows with perfect skill
When she should move, and when she should be still:
Who uninstructed can perform her share,
And kindly half the pleasing burthen bear.
Unhappy is that hopeless wretch's fate
Who, fetter'd in the matrimonial state,
With a poor, simple, unexperienc'd wife,
Is forc'd to lead the tedious dance of life;
And such is his, with such a partner join'd,
A moving puppet, but without a mind:
Still must his hand be pointing out the way,
Yet ne'er can teach so fast as she can stray;
Beneath her follies he must ever groan,
And ever blush for errors not his own.
But now behold, united hand in hand,
Rang'd on each side the well-pair'd couple stand,
Each youthful bosom beating with delight,
Waits the brisk signal for the pleasing sight;
While lovely eyes that flash unusual rays,
And snowy bosoms seen above the stays,
Quick busy hands and bridling heads declare
The fond impatience of the starting fair.
And see, the sprightly dance is now begun!
Now here, now there, the giddy maze they run:
Now with slow steps they pace the circling ring,
Now all confus'd too swift for sight they spring:
So in a wheel with rapid fury toss'd,
The undistinguish'd spokes are in the motion lost.
The dancer here no more requires a guide,
To no strict steps his nimble feet are tied;
The muse's precepts here would useless be,
Where all is fancied, unconfin'd, and free.
Let him but to the music's voice attend,
By this instructed he can ne'er offend.
If to his share it falls the dance to lead,
In well-known paths he may be sure to tread;
If others lead let him their motions view,
And in their steps the winding maze pursue.
In every country-dance a serious mind
Turn'd for reflection, can a moral find.
In Hunt-the-squirrel, thus the nymph we view,
Seeks when we fly, but flies when we pursue:
Thus in round dances, where our partners change,
And unconfin'd from fair to fair we range,
As soon as one from his own consort flies,
Another seizes on the lovely prize;
Awhile the fav'rite youth enjoys her charms,
Till the next comer steals her from his arms;
New ones succeed, the last is still her care:
How true an emblem of th' inconstant fair!
Where can philosophers and sages wise,
Who read the curious volumes of the skies,
A model more exact than dancing name,
Of the creation's universal frame?
Where worlds unnumber'd o'er th' ethereal way,
In a bright regular confusion stray;
Now here, now there, they whirl along the sky,
Now near approach, and now far distant fly;
Now meet in the same order they begun,
And then the great celestial dance is done.
Where can the moralist find a juster plan,
Of the vain labors of the life of man?
Awhile through justling crowds we toil and sweat,
And eagerly pursue we know not what;
Then, when our trifling short-liv'd race is run,
Quite tir'd, sit down just where we have begun.
Though to your arms kind fate's indulgent care
Has giv'n a partner exquisitely fair,
Let not her charms so much engage your heart,
That you neglect the skilful dancer's part;
Be not, when you the tuneful notes should hear,
Still whispering idle prattle in her ear;
When you should be employ'd be not at play,
Nor for your joys all others' steps delay:
But when the finish'd dance you once have done,
And with applause through every couple run,
There rest a while: there snatch the fleeting bliss,
The tender whisper, and the balmy kiss:
Each secret wish, each softer hope confess,
And her moist palm with easy fingers press:
With smiles the fair shall hear your warm desires,
When music melts her soul, and dancing fires.
Thus mix'd with love, the pleasing toil pursue
Till the unwelcome morn appears in view;
Then when approaching day its beams displays,
And the dull candle shines with fainter rays,
Then when the sun just rises o'er the deep,
And each bright eye is almost set in sleep,
With ready hands, obsequious youths, prepare,
Safe to her coach to lead each chosen fair,
And guard her from the morn's inclement air:
Let a warm hood enwrap her lovely head,
And o'er her neck a handkerchief be spread;
Around her shoulders let this arm be cast,
Whilst that from cold defends her slender waist;
With kisses warm her balmy lips shall glow,
Unchill'd by nightly damps or wint'ry snow,
While gen'rous white wine mull'd with ginger warm,
Safely protects her inward frame from harm.
But ever let my lovely pupils fear
To chill their mantling blood with cold small-beer;
Ah, thoughtless fair! the tempting draught refuse,
When thus forewarn'd by my experienc'd muse;
Let the sad consequence your thoughts employ,
Nor hazard future pains, for present joy;
Destruction lurks within the pois'nous dose,
A fatal fever, or a pimpled nose.
Thus through each precept of the dancing art,
The muse has play'd the kind instructor's part,
Through ev'ry maze her pupil she has lead,
And pointed out the surest paths to tread:
No more remains; no more the goddess sings,
But drops her pinions and unfurls her wings.
On downy beds the weary dancers lie,
And sleep's silk cords tie down each drowsy eye;

Delightful dreams their pleasing sports restore,
And e'en in sleep they seem to dance once more.
And now the work completely finish'd lies,
Which the devouring teeth of time defies.
While birds in air, or fish in streams we find,
Or damsels fret with aged partners join'd,
As long as nymphs shall with attentive ear
A fiddle rather than a sermon hear,
So long the brightest eyes shall oft peruse
The useful lines of my instructive muse,
Each belle shall wear them wrote upon her fan,
And each bright beau shall read them—if he can.

§ 210. *Whitsuntide. Written at Winchester College, on the immediate Approach of the Holidays.*

Hence, thou fur-clad Winter, fly;
Sire of shivering poverty!
Who, as thou creep'st with chilblains lame
To the crowded charcoal flame,
With chattering teeth and ague cold,
Scarce thy shaking sides canst hold
Whilst thou draw'st the deep cough out:
God of foot-ball's noisy rout,
Tumult loud and boist'rous play,
The dang'rous slide, the snow-fall fray.
But come, thou genial son of Spring,
Whitsuntide, and with thee bring
Cricket, nimble boy and light,
In slippers red and drawers white;
Who o'er the nicely measur'd land
Ranges around his comely band,
Alert to intercept each blow,
Each motion of the wary foe.
Or patient take thy quiet stand,
The angle trembling in thy hand,
And mark, with penetrative eye,
Kissing the wave, the frequent fly;
Where the trout with eager spring
Forms the many-circled ring,
And, leaping from the silver tide,
Turns to the sun his speckled side.
Or lead where health, a Naiad fair,
With rosy cheek and dropping hair,
From the sultry noon-tide beam,
Dives in Itchin's crystal stream.
Thy vot'ries, rang'd in order due,
To-morrow's wish'd-for dawn shall view,
Greeting the radiant star of light
With matin hymn and early kite:
E'en now, these hallow'd haunts among,
To thee we raise the choral song;
And swell with echoing minstrelsy
The strain of joy and liberty.
If pleasures such as these await
Thy genial reign, with heart elate
For thee I throw my gown aside,
And hail thy coming, Whitsuntide.

§ 211. *Christmas.* Roberts.

Hence, Summer, indolently laid
To sleep beneath the cooling shade!
Panting quick with sultry heat,
Thirst and faint fatigue, retreat!
Come, Christmas, father thou of mirth,
Patron of the festive hearth,
Around whose social evening flame
The jovial song, the winter game,
The chase renew'd in merry tale,
The season's carols never fail:
Who, though the winter chill the skies,
Canst catch the glow of exercise,
Following swift the foot-ball's course;
Or with unresisted force,
Where frost arrests the harden'd tide,
Shooting 'cross the rapid slide;
Who, ere the misty morn is grey,
To some high covert hark'st away,
While Sport, on lofty courser borne,
In concert winds his echoing horn
With the deeply thund'ring hounds,
Whose clangor wild, and joyful sounds,
While echo swells the doubling cry,
Shake the woods with harmony.
How does my eager bosom glow
To give the well-known tally-ho!
Or show, with cap inverted, where
Stole away the cautious hare.
Or, if the blast of winter keen
Spangles o'er the silvery green,
Booted high thou lov'st to tread,
Marking, through the sedgy mead,
Where the creeping moor-hen lies,
Or snipes with sudden twittering rise;
Or joy'st the early walk to take
Where through the pheasant-haunted brake,
Oft as the well-aim'd gun resounds,
The eager-dashing spaniel bounds.
For thee of buck my breeches tight,
Clanging whip, and rowels bright,
The hunter's cap my brows to guard,
And suit of sportive greens prepar'd;
For since these delights are thine,
Christmas, with thy bands I join.

§ 212. *An Elegy on the Death of a mad Dog.* Goldsmith.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But, when a pique began,
The dog to gain his private ends
Went mad and bit the man.

Around

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To ev'ry Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied;
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

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§ 213. *L'Allegro*; *or* Fun, *a Parody.*
Huddersfield.

Off, blubbering Melancholy!
Of the blue devils and book-learning born,
In dusty schools forlorn;
Amongst black-gowns, square caps, and books unjolly,
Hunt out some college cell,
Where muzzing quizzes mutter monkish schemes,
And the old proctor dreams:
There, in thy smutty walls o'errun with dock,
As ragged as thy smock,
With rusty, fusty fellows ever dwell.
But come, thou baggage, fat and free,
By gentles call'd Festivity,
And by us rolling kiddies, Fun,
Whom mother Shipton, one by one,
With two Wapping wenches more,
To skipping Harlequino bore:
Or whether, as some deeper say,
Jack Pudding on a holiday
Along with Jenny Diver romping,
As he met her once a pumping,
There on heaps of dirt and mortar,
And cinders wash'd in cabbage-water,
Fill'd her with thee a strapping lassie,
So spunky, brazen, bold, and saucy.
Hip! here, jade, and bring with thee
Jokes and sniggering jollity,
Christmas gambols, waggish tricks,
Winks, wry faces, licks and kicks,
Such as fall from Moggy's knuckles,
And love to live about her buckles;
Spunk, that hobbling watchmen boxes,
And Horse-laugh hugging both his doxies;
Come, and kick it as you go,
On the stumping hornpipe-toe;
And in thy right-hand haul with thee,
The *Mountain* brim French liberty.
And if I give thee puffing due,
Fun, admit me of thy crew,
To pig with her, and pig with thee,
In everlasting frolics free;
To hear the sweep begin his beat,
And squalling startle the dull street,
From his watch-box in the alley
Till the watch at six doth sally;
Then to go, in spite of sleep,
And at the window cry, "Sweep! sweep!"
Through the street-door, or the area,
Or, in the country, through the dairy;
While the dustman, with his din,
Bawls and rings to be let in,
And at the fore, or the back-door,
Slowly plods his jades before.
Oft hearing the sow gelder's horn
Harshly rouse the snoring morn,
From the side of a large square,
Through the long street grunting far.
Sometimes walking I'll be seen
By Tower-hill, or Moorfields'-green,
Right against Old Bedlam-gate,
Where the mock king begins his state,
Crown'd with straw and rob'd with rags,
Cover'd o'er with jags and tags,
While the keeper near at hand
Bullies those who leave their stand:
And milk maids' screams go through your ears,
And grinders sharpen rusty sheers,
And every crier squalls his cry
Under each window he goes by.
Straight mine eye hath caught new gambols,
While round and round this town it rambles;
Sloppy streets and foggy day,
Where the blundering folks do stray;
Pavements, on whose slippery flags
Swearing coachmen drive their nags;
Barbers jostled 'gainst your side,
Narrow streets, and gutters wide.
Grub-street garrets now it sees,
To the muse open and the breeze,
Where, perhaps, some scribbler hungers,
The hack of neighbouring newsmongers.
Hard by, a tinker's furnace smokes,
From betwixt two pastry-cooks,
Where Dingy Dick and Peggy, met,
Are at their scurvy dinner set,
Of cow-heel, and such cellar messes,
Which the splay-foot Rachael dresses?
And then in haste the shop she leaves,
And with the boy the bellows heaves;
Or if 'tis late, and shop is shut,
Scrubs at the pump her face from smut.
Sometimes, all for sights agog,
To t'other end of the town I jog,
When St. James's bells ring round,
And the royal fiddles sound.
When every lord and lady's bum
Jigs it in the drawing-room;
And young and old dance down the tune,
In honor of the fourth of June;
Till candles fail and eyes are sore,
Then home we hie to talk it o'er,
With stories told of many a treat,
How Lady Swab the sweetmeats eat;
She was pinch'd and something worse,
And she was fobb'd and lost her purse:
Tell how the drudging Weltjee sweat,
To bake his custards duly set,
When in one night ere clock went seven,
His 'prentice lad had robb'd the oven
Of more than twenty hands put in;
Then lies him down, a little glutton,
Stretch'd lumb'ring 'fore the fire, they tell ye,
And bakes the custards in his belly;

Then crop-sick down the stairs he flings
Before his master's bell yet rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By hoofs and wheels soon lull'd to sleep.
But the city takes me then,
And the *hums* of busy men,
Where throngs of train-band captains hold
In time of peace fierce meetings hold,
With stores of stock-jobbers, whose lies
Work change of stocks and bankruptcies;
Where bulls and bears alike contend
To get the cash they dare not spend.
Then let aldermen appear,
In scarlet robes, with chandelier,
And city feasts and gluttony,
With balls upon the lord-mayor's day:
Sights that young 'prentices remember,
Sleeping or waking, all November.
Then to the play-houses anon,
If Quick, or Bannister be one;
Or drollest Parsons, child of Drury,
Bawls out his damns with comic fury.
And ever against hum-drum cares,
Sing me some of Dibdin's airs,
Married to his own queer wit,
Such as my shaking sides may split,
In notes with many a jolly bout,
Near Beaufort Buildings oft roar'd out,
With wagging curls and smirk so cunning,
His rig on many a booby running,
Exposing all the ways and phizzes
Of "wags and oddities and quizzes;"
That Shuter's self might heave his head
From drunken snoozes, on a bed
Of pot-house benches sprawl'd, and hear
Such laughing songs as won the ear
Of all the town, his slip to cover,
Whene'er he met 'em half-seas over.
Freaks like these if thou canst give,
Fun, with thee I wish to live.

§ 214. *The Picture.* Cunningham.

A portrait, at my lord's command
Completed by a curious hand—
For dabblers in the nice *virtù*
His lordship set the piece to view,
Bidding their connoisseurships tell
Whether this work was finish'd well:
Why—says the loudest, on my word,
'Tis not a *likeness*, good my lord;
Nor, to be plain, for speak I must,
Can I pronounce one feature just.
Another effort straight was made,
Another portraiture essay'd;
The judges were again besought
Each to deliver what he thought.
Worse than the first, the critics bawl:
Oh what a mouth! how monstrous small!
Look at the cheeks—how lank and thin!
See, what a most preposterous chin!
After remonstrance made in vain,
I'll, says the painter, once again
(If my good lord vouchsafes to sit)
Try for a more successful bit:
If you'll to-morrow deign to call,
We'll have a piece to please you all.
To-morrow comes—a picture's plac'd
Before those spurious sons of taste—
In their opinions all agree,
This is the vilest of all three.
"Know—to confute your envious pride"
(His lordship from the canvass cried),
"Know—that it is my real face,
Where you could no resemblance trace:
I've tried you by a lucky trick,
And prov'd your *genius* to the quick;
Void of all judgement, goodness, sense,
Out—ye pretending varlets,—hence!"
The connoisseurs depart in haste,
Despis'd, neglected, and disgrac'd.

§ 215. *The Modern Fine Gentleman. Written in the Year* 1746.

Soame Jenyns.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

Just broke from school, pert, impudent, and raw,
Expert in Latin, more expert in taw,
His honor posts o'er Italy and France,
Measures St. Peter's dome, and learns to dance.
Thence, having quick through various countries flown,
Glean'd all their follies and expos'd his own,
He back returns, a thing so strange all o'er,
As never ages past produc'd before;
A monster of such complicated worth,
As no one single clime could e'er bring forth;
Half atheist, papist, gamester, bubble, rook,
Half fiddler, coachman, dancer, groom, and cook.
Next, because business is now all the vogue,
And who'd be quite polite must be a rogue,
In parliament he purchases a seat,
To make th' accomplish'd gentleman complete.
There safe in self-sufficient impudence,
Without experience, honesty, or sense,
Unknowing in her interest, trade, or laws,
He vainly undertakes his country's cause:
Forth from his lips, prepar'd at all to rail,
Torrents of nonsense burst like bottled ale,
*Though shallow, muddy; brisk, though mighty dull;
Fierce, without strength; o'erflowing, though not full.

* Parody on these lines of Sir John Denham:
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

Now quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,
His neck yok'd down with bag and solitaire,
The liberties of Britain he supports,
And storms at placemen, ministers, and courts;
Now in cropt greasy hair, and leather breeches,
He loudly bellows out his patriot speeches;
Kings, lords, and commons ventures to abuse,
Yet dares to show those ears he ought to lose.
From hence to White's our virtuous Cato flies,
There sits with countenance erect and wise,
And talks of games of whist, and pig-tail pies;
Plays all the night, nor doubts each law to break
Himself unknowingly has help'd to make;
Trembling and anxious, stakes his utmost groat,
Peeps o'er his cards, and looks as if he thought;
Next morn disowns the losses of the night,
Because the fool would fain be thought a bite.
Devoted thus to politics and cards,
Nor mirth, nor wine, nor women he regards;
So far is ev'ry virtue from his heart,
That not a gen'rous vice can claim a part;
Nay, lest one human passion e'er should move
His soul to friendship, tenderness, or love,
To Figg and Broughton* he commits his breast,
To steel it to the fashionable test.
Thus, poor in wealth, he labors to no end,
Wretched alone, in crowds without a friend;
Insensible to all that's good or kind,
Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind;
For love too busy, and for wit too grave,
A harden'd, sober, proud, luxuriant knave;
By little actions striving to be great,
And proud to be, and to be thought, a cheat.
And yet in this, so bad is his success,
That, as his fame improves, his rents grow less,
On parchment wings his acres take their flight,
And his unpeopled groves admit the light;
With his estate his interest too is done,
His honest borough seeks a warmer sun;
For him, now cash and liquor flows no more,
His independent voters cease to roar;
And Britons soon must want the great defence
Of all his honesty and eloquence,
But that the gen'rous youth, more anxious grown
For public liberty than for his own,
Marries some jointur'd, antiquated crone;
And boldly, when his country is at stake,
Braves the deep yawning gulf, like Curtius, for its sake.
Quickly again distress'd for want of coin,
He digs no longer in th' exhausted mine,
But seeks preferment as the last resort,
Cringes each morn at levees, bows at court,
And from the hand he hates, implores support.
The minister, well pleas'd at small expense
To silence so much rude impertinence,
With squeeze and whisper yields to his demands,
And on the venal list enroll'd he stands:
A ribband and a pension buy the slave;
This bribes the fool about him; that the knave.
And now arriv'd at his meridian glory,
He sinks apace, despis'd by Whig and Tory;
Of independence now he talks no more,
Nor shakes the senate with his patriot roar:
But silent votes, and with court trappings hung,
Eyes his own glitt'ring star, and holds his tongue.
In craft political a bankrupt made,
He sticks to gaming, as a surer trade;
Turns downright sharper, lives by sucking blood,
And grows, in short, the very thing he would:
Hunts out young heirs who have their fortunes spent,
And lends them ready cash at cent. per cent.
Lays wagers on his own and others' lives,
Fights uncles, fathers, grandmothers, and wives,
Till Death at length, indignant to be made
The daily subject of his sport and trade,
Veils with his sable hand the wretch's eyes,
And groaning for the bets he loses by't, he dies.

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§ 216. *An Epistle, written in the Country, to the Right Honourable the Lord Lovelace, then in Town, September* 1735. Jenyns.

In days, my lord, when mother Time,
Though now grown old, was in her prime,
When Saturn first began to rule,
And Jove was hardly come from school,
How happy was a country life!
How free from wickedness and strife!
Then each man liv'd upon his farm,
And thought and did no mortal harm;
On mossy banks fair virgins slept,
As harmless as the flocks they kept;
Then love was all they had to do,
And nymphs were chaste, and swains were true.
But now, whatever poets write,
'Tis sure, the case is alter'd quite:
Virtue no more in rural plains,
Or innocence, or peace remains;
But vice is in the cottage found,
And country girls are oft unsound;
Fierce party rage each village fires,
With wars of justices and squires;
Attorneys for a barley straw,
Whole ages hamper folks in law,
And every neighbour's in a flame
About their rates, or tithes, or game:
Some quarrel for their hares and pigeons,
And some for difference in religions:
Some hold their parson the best preacher,
The tinker some a better teacher;
These, to the church they fight for strangers,
Have faith in nothing but her dangers;
While those, a more believing people,
Can swallow all things—but a steeple.
But I, my lord, who, as you know,
Care little how these matters go,
And equally detest the strife
And usual joys of country life,

* One, a celebrated prize-fighter; the other, a no less famous boxer.

Have

Have by good fortune little share
Of its diversions, or its care:
For seldom I with squires unite,
Who hunt all day and drink all night,
Nor reckon wonderful inviting,
A quarter-sessions, or cock-fighting:
But then no farm I occupy,
With sheep to rot, and cows to die;
Nor rage I much, or much despair,
Though in my hedge I find a snare;
Nor view I, with due admiration,
All the high honors here in fashion;
The great commissions of the quorum,
Terrors to all who come before 'em;
Militia scarlet edg'd with gold,
Or the white staff high-sheriffs hold;
The representative's caressing,
The judge's bow, the bishop's blessing;
Nor can I for my soul delight
In the dull feast of neighb'ring knight,
Who, if you send three days before,
In white gloves meets you at the door,
With superfluity of breeding
First makes you sick, and then with feeding:
Or if, with ceremony cloy'd,
You would next time such plagues avoid,
And visit without previous notice,
"John, John, a coach!—I can't think who 'tis,"
My lady cries, who spies your coach
Ere you the avenue approach:
"Lord, how unlucky!—washing-day!
And all the men are in the hay!"
Entrance to gain is something hard,
The dogs all bark, the gates are barr'd;
The yard's with lines of linen cross'd,
The hall-door's lock'd, the key is lost:
These difficulties all o'ercome,
We reach at length the drawing-room;
Then there's such trampling over-head,
Madam you'd swear was brought to-bed:
Miss in a hurry bursts her lock,
To get clean sleeves to hide her smock;
The servants run, the pewter clatters,
My lady dresses, calls and chatters;
The cook-maid raves for want of butter,
Pigs squeak, fowls scream, and green geese flutter.
Now after three hours' tedious waiting,
On all our neighbours' faults debating,
And having nine times view'd the garden,
In which there's nothing worth a farthing,
In comes my lady, and the pudden;
"You will excuse sir, on a sudden"—
Then, that we may have four and four,
The bacon, fowls, and cauliflower
Their ancient unity divide,
The top one graces, one each side;
And by and by the second course
Comes lagging like a distanc'd horse;
A salver then to church and king,
The butler sweats, the glasses ring:
The cloth remov'd, the toasts go round,
Bawdy and politics abound;
And, as the knight more tipsy waxes,
We damn all ministers and taxes.
At last the ruddy sun quite sunk,
The coachman tolerably drunk,
Whirling o'er hillocks, ruts, and stones,
Enough to dislocate one's bones,
We home return, a wond'rous token
Of Heaven's kind care, with limbs unbroken.
Afflict us not, ye gods, though sinners,
With many days like this, or dinners!
But if civilities thus tease me,
Nor business nor diversions please me;
You'll ask, my lord, how time I spend?
I answer, with a book or friend;
The circulating hours dividing
Twixt reading, walking, eating, riding:
But books are still my highest joy,
These earliest please, and latest cloy.
Sometimes o'er distant climes I stray,
By guides experienc'd taught the way;
The wonder of each region view,
From frozen Lapland to Peru;
Bound o'er rough seas, and mountains bare,
Yet ne'er forsake my elbow chair.
Sometimes some fam'd historian's pen
Recalls past ages back agen;
Where all I see, through every page,
Is but how men, with senseless rage,
Each other rob, destroy, and burn,
To serve a priest's, a statesman's turn:
Though loaded with a different aim,
Yet always asses much the same.
Sometimes I view with much delight,
Divines their holy game-cocks fight:
Here faith and works, at variance set,
Strive hard who shall the vic'try get;
Presbytery and episcopacy,
They fight so long, it would amaze ye:
Here free-will holds a fierce dispute
With reprobation absolute;
There sense kicks transubstantiation,
And reason pecks at revelation.
With learned Newton now I fly
O'er all the rolling orbs on high,
Visit new worlds, and for a minute
This old one scorn, and all that's in it:
And now with lab'ring Boyle I trace
Nature through every winding maze;
The latent qualities admire
Of vapors, water, air, and fire;
With pleasing admiration see
Matter's surprising subtilty;
As how the smallest lamp displays,
For miles around, its scatter'd rays;
Or how (the case more to explain)
A fart *, that weighs not half a grain,
The atmosphere will oft perfume
Of a whole spacious drawing-room.
Sometimes I pass a whole long day
In happy indolence away,
In fondly meditating o'er
Past pleasures, and in hoping more;
Or wander through the fields and woods,
And gardens bath'd in circling floods;

* See Boyle's Experiments.

There

There blooming flow'rs with rapture view,
And sparkling gems of morning dew,
Whence in my mind ideas rise
Of Celia's cheeks, and Chloe's eyes.
'Tis thus, my Lord, I, free from strife,
Spend an inglorious country life:
These are the joys I still pursue,
When absent from the town and you;
Thus pass long summer suns away,
Busily idle, calmly gay;
Nor great, nor mean, nor rich, nor poor,
Not having much, nor wishing more;
Except that you, when weary grown
Of all the follies of the town,
And seeing in all public places
The same vain fops and painted faces,
Would sometimes kindly condescend
To visit a dull country friend:
Here you'll be ever sure to meet
A hearty welcome though no treat;
One who has nothing else to do,
But to divert himself and you:
A house, where quiet guards the door,
No rural wits smoke, drink, and roar;
Choice books, safe horses, wholesome liquor,
Billiards, backgammon, and the vicar.

§ 217. *Horace. Book II. Ode* 10. COWPER.

Receive, dear friend, the truths I teach,
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
Of adverse fortune's pow'r:
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
Along the treach'rous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Imbitt'ring all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the pow'r
Of wintry blast; the loftiest tow'r
Comes heaviest to the ground:
The bolts that spare the mountain's side
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round.

The well-inform'd philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
And hopes in spite of pain:
If winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
And nature laughs again.

What if thine heaven be overcast?
The dark appearance will not last;
Expect a brighter sky:
The God that strings the silver bow
Awakes sometimes the muses too,
And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen:
But, oh! if fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvass in.

§ 218. *A Reflection on the foregoing Ode.* COWPER.

And is this all? Can reason do no more
Than bid me shun the deep, and dread the shore?
Sweet moralist! afloat on life's rough sea,
The Christian has a heart unknown to thee:
He holds no parley with unmanly fears,
Where duty bids he confidently steers;
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And trusting in his God surmounts them all.

§ 219. *The Shrubbery. Written in a Time of Affliction.* COWPER.

O happy shades! to me unblest,
Friendly to peace, but not to me;
How ill the scene that offers rest,
And heart that cannot rest, agree!

This glassy stream, that spreading pine
Those alders quiv'ring to the breeze,
Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,
And please, if any thing could please.

But fix'd unalterable care
Foregoes not what she feels within;
Shows the same sadness every where,
And slights the season and the scene.

For all that pleas'd in wood or lawn,
While peace possess'd these silent bow'rs,
Her animating smile withdrawn,
Has lost its beauties and its pow'rs.

The saint or moralist should tread
This moss-grown alley, musing slow;
They seek, like me the secret shade,
But not, like me, to nourish woe.

Me fruitful scenes and prospects waste
Alike admonish not to roam:
These tell me of enjoyments past,
And those of sorrows yet to come.

§ 220. *Mutual Forbearance necessary to the Happiness of the Married State.* COWPER.

The Lady thus address'd her spouse—
What a mere dungeon is this house!
By no means large enough; and, was it,
Yet this dull room, and that dark closet,
Those hangings with their worn-out Graces,
Long beards, long noses, and pale faces,
Are such an antiquated scene,
They overwhelm me with the spleen.
Sir Humphrey, shooting in the dark,
Makes answer quite beside the mark;
No doubt, my dear; I bade him come,
Engag'd myself to be at home,

And

And shall expect him at the door
Precisely when the clock strikes four.
You are so deaf, the lady cried,
(And rais'd her voice, and frown'd beside)
You are so sadly deaf, my dear,
What shall I do to make you hear?
Dismiss poor Harry! he replies,
Some people are more nice than wise;
For one slight trespass all this stir!
What if he did ride whip and spur?
'Twas but a mile—your fav'rite horse
Will never look one hair the worse.—
Well, I protest, tis past all bearing!—
Child, I am rather hard of hearing!
Yes, truly—one must scream and bawl;
I tell you, you can't hear at all.
Then with a voice exceeding low,
No matter if you hear or no.
Alas! and is domestic strife,
That sorest ill of human life,
A plague so little to be fear'd,
As to be wantonly incurr'd;
To gratify a fretful passion,
On every trivial provocation?
The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something ev'ry day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive.
But if infirmities that fall
In common to the lot of all,
A blemish, or a sense impair'd,
Are crimes so little to be spar'd,
Then farewell all that must create
The comfort of the wedded state.
Instead of harmony, 'tis jar,
And tumult and intestine war.
The love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserv'd by virtue from declension,
Becomes not weary of attention;
But lives when that exterior grace
Which first inspir'd the flame, decays.
'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,
To faults compassionate or blind,
And will with sympathy endure
Those evils it would gladly cure:
But angry, coarse, and harsh expression,
Shows Love to be a mere profession,
Proves that the heart is none of his,
Or soon expels him if it is.

---

§ 221. *The Winter Nosegay.* Cowper.

What nature, alas! has denied
To the delicate growth of our isle,
Art has in a measure supplied,
And winter is deck'd with a smile.
See, Mary, what beauties I bring
From the shelter of that sunny shed,
Where the flow'rs have the charms of the spring,
Though abroad they are frozen and dead.
'Tis a bow'r of Arcadian sweets,
Where Flora is still in her prime,
A fortress to which she retreats
From the cruel assaults of the clime.
While earth wears a mantle of snow,
The pinks are as fresh and as gay
As the fairest and sweetest that blow
On the beautiful bosom of May.
See how they have safely surviv'd
The frowns of a sky so severe;
Such Mary's true love, that has liv'd
Through many a turbulent year.
The charms of the late-blowing rose
Seem grac'd with a livelier hue,
And the winter of sorrow best shows
The truth of a friend such as you.

---

§ 222. *Boadicea, an Ode.* Cowper.

When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods;
Sage, beneath a spreading oak,
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Ev'ry burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief:
Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.
Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.
Rome, for empire far renown'd
Tramples on a thousand states,
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates.
Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.
Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.
Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.
Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.
She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rush'd to battle, fought and died,
Dying hurl'd them at the foe.
Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you.

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§ 223. *Heroism.* Cowper.

There was a time when Ætna's silent fire
Slept unperceiv'd, the mountain yet entire;
When, conscious of no danger from below,
She tower'd a cloud-capt pyramid of snow;
No thunders shook with deep intestine sound
The blooming groves that girdled her around,

Her

Her unctuous olives and her purple vines
(Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines)
The peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assur'd,
In peace upon her sloping sides matur'd.
When on a day, like that of the last doom,
A conflagration lab'ring in her womb,
She teem'd and heav'd with an infernal birth,
That shook the circling seas and solid earth.
Dark and voluminous the vapors rise,
And hang their horrors in the neighb'ring skies; [day,
While through the Stygian veil that blots the
In dazzling streaks the vivid lightnings play:
But O! what muse, and in what pow'rs of song,
Can trace the torrent as it burns along?
Havoc and devastation in the van,
It marches o'er the prostrate work of man;
Vines, olives, herbage, forests disappear,
And all the charms of a Sicilian year.
Revolving seasons, fruitless as they pass,
See it an unform'd and an idle mass,
Without a soil to invite the tiller's care,
Or blame that might redeem it from despair.
Yet time at length (what will not time achieve?) [live:
Clothes it with earth, and bids the produce
Once more the spiry myrtle crowns the glade,
And ruminating flocks enjoy the shade.
O bliss precarious, and unsafe retreats!
O charming paradise of short-liv'd sweets!
The self-same gale that wafts the fragrance round,
Brings to the distant ear a sullen sound:
Again the mountain feels th' imprison'd foe,
Again pours ruin on the vale below;
Ten thousand swains the wasted scene deplore,
That only future ages can restore.
Ye monarchs, whom the lure of honor draws,
Who write in blood the merit of your cause,
Who strike the blow, then plead your own defence,
Glory your aim, but justice your pretence;
Behold in Ætna's emblematic fires
The mischiefs your ambitious pride inspires.
Fast by the stream that bounds your just domain,
And tells you where ye have a right to reign,
A nation dwells, not envious of your throne,
Studious of peace, their neighbours and their own.
Ill-fated race! how deeply must they rue
Their only crime, vicinity to you!
The trumpet sounds, your legions swarm abroad,
Through the ripe harvest lies their destin'd road.
At ev'ry step beneath their feet they tread
The life of multitudes, a nation's bread;
Earth seems a garden in its loveliest dress
Before them, and behind a wilderness;
Famine and Pestilence, her first-born son,
Attend to finish what the sword begun;
And echoing praises such as fiends might earn,
And folly pays, resound at your return.
A calm succeeds—but Plenty, with her train
Of heart-felt joys, succeeds not soon again;
And years of pining indigence must show
What scourges are the gods that rule below.
Yet man, laborious man, by slow degrees
(Such is his thirst of opulence and ease)
Plies all the sinews of industrious toil,
Gleans up the refuse of the gen'ral spoil;
Rebuilds the tow'rs that smok'd upon the plain,
And the sun gilds the shining spires again.
Increasing commerce and reviving art
Renew the quarrel on the conqu'ror's part;
And the sad lesson must be learn'd once more,
That wealth within is ruin at the door.
What are ye, monarchs, laurel'd heroes, say,
But Ætnas of the suff'ring world ye sway?
Sweet nature, stripp'd of her embroider'd robe,
Deplores the wasted regions of her globe,
And stands a witness at truth's awful bar,
To prove you there destroyers as ye are.
O place me in some heav'n-protected isle,
Where peace, and equity, and freedom smile;
Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,
No crested warrior dips his plume in blood;
Where pow'r secures what industry has won,
Where to succeed is not to be undone;
A land that distant tyrants hate in vain,
In Britain's isle, beneath a George's reign.

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§ 224. *Art above Nature.* Peter Pindar.

Nature's a coarse, vile, daubing jade—
I've said it often, and repeat it—
She doth not understand her trade—
Artists, ne'er mind her work; I hope you'll beat it.
Look now, for Heav'n's sake, at her skies!
What are they?—Smoke, for certainty, I know;
From chimney-tops, behold! they rise,
Made by some sweating cooks below.
Look at her dirt in lanes, from whence it comes—
From hogs, and ducks, and geese, and horses' bums—
Then tell me, Decency, I must request,
Who'd copy such a dev'lish nasty beast?
Paint by the yard—your canvass spread,
Broad as the mainsail of a man of war—
Your whale shall eat up ev'ry other head,
Ev'n as the sun licks up each sneaking star!
I do assure you, bulk is no bad trick—
By bulky things both men and maids are taken—
Mind, too, to lay the paints like mortar thick,
And make your pictures look as red as bacon
All folks love size; believe my rhime;
Burke says, 'tis part of the sublime.
A Dutchman, I forget his name,—Van Grout,
Van Slabberchops, Van Stink, Van Swab,
No matter, though I cannot make it out—
At calling names I never was a dab—
This Dutchman, then, a man of taste,
Holding a cheese that weigh'd a hundred pound,
Thus, like a burgomaster, spoke with judgement vast:
"No poet like my broder step de ground.

"He

"He be de bestest poet, look!
"Dat all the vorld must please;
"Vor he heb vrite von book,
"So big as all dis cheese!"
If at a distance you would paint a pig,
Let not the caxon a distinctness lack;
Else all the lady critics will so stare,
And angry vow, "'Tis not a bit like hair!"
Be smooth as glass—like Denner, finish high;
Then every tongue commends—
For people judge not only by the eye,
But feel your merit by their finger ends!
Make out each single bristle on his back.
Or if your meaner subject be a wig,
Nay, closely nosing, o'er the picture dwell,
As if to try the goodness by the smell.
Claude's distances are too confus'd—
One floating scene—nothing made out—
For which he ought to be abus'd,
Whose works have been so cried about.
Give me the pencil, whose amazing style
Makes a bird's beak appear at twenty mile;
And to my view, eyes, legs, and claws will bring,
With every feather of his tail and wing.
Make all your trees alike, for Nature's wild—
Fond of variety—a wayward child— [sume;
To blame your taste some blockheads may pre-
But mind, that ev'ry one be like a broom.
Of steel and purest silver form your waters,
And make your clouds like rocks and alligators. [willing
Whene'er you paint the moon, if you are
To gain applause—why, paint her like a shilling;
Or Sol's bright orb—be sure to make him glow
Precisely like a guinea or a jo*.
In short to get your pictures prais'd and sold,
Convert, like Midas, ev'ry thing to gold.
I see, at excellence you'll come at last—
Your clouds are made of very brilliant stuff;
The blues on china mugs are now surpass'd,
Your sun-sets yield not to brick-walls nor buff.
In stumps of trees your art so finely thrives,
They really look like golden-hafted knives!
Go on, my lads, leave Nature's dismal hue,
And she ere long will come and copy you.

§ 225. *The crooked Sixpence.* Bramston†.

——Sing, Maiden Muse,
Sixpence, Hoop-petticoat, and Church on fire.

Happy the maid, who, from green sickness free,
In canvass or in Holland pocket bears
A crooked Sixpence. She envieth not
New-married folks, nor sighs at others' banns.
At eve, when Sol this hemisphere forsakes,
She to her needle or her wheel repairs:
Then, not unmindful of the man, dear man,
Whose faith, by promises and am'rous oaths,
And crooked Sixpence, was to her betroth'd,
William or Thomas; at her work she cries,
His year next March is up, and so is mine.
Meanwhile he shoes, japans, or buckling wigs,
Sings Durfey's songs by Purcellini set.
But I, who in my head bear pain, and draw
Short breath, attendant sure on sickness green,
With cinders, or with mortar from the wall,
Wretched repast! my fading flesh distain!
In chimney corner close I poking sit,
Nor ever stir spontaneous, scarce when call'd.
I loll, I stretch, I yawn, and from a tub
(Like that whence Burgess preach'd) oatmeal purloin,
Oatmeal, unsalutary food if raw!
More wholesome than yclep'd burgout, which feeds
North-British lad, full famous in records
Of England's chronicle for selling kings,
When he o'er hoary hills, or craggy cliffs,
Or rugged rocks, where eagles build their nest,
Rides on a galloway, though small, yet strong,
Voy'ging from Dungbay Head through sheriffdoms
Barren and bleak, with chequer'd plaid superb,
Intent with clipp'd Jacobuses to buy
French wine in Lusitanian casks ypent,
Which well-paid perjurers vouch all for port,
Though they perhaps the growth of Bourdeaux be,
Chateau, Margout, or the renown'd Pontack.
Thus while in qualms my heavy moments creep,
A wight, in habit velvet all and gold,
Formal and fine, dread monster! doctor hight,
With solemn face into the kitchen stalks,
His bony fingers thrice my pulse assay;
Thrice secrets deep he asks; surprised, I dread
The voice obscene, and hate the sickly sound,
What shall I do? Amaz'd, confounded, dumb
I stand, nor answer give to his demands,
Nauseous to virgin ears; my frizzled hair
Stands upright, to its roof my tongue sticks dry,
Retentive faculty my bowels lose,
So horrible he seems.—His horse-hair wig
Stiffen'd with angry curls, his agate cane
And gilded sword (too oft by cowards worn)
Disastrous deeds forebode; in his right-hand
The desperate pen he takes, which, tinged with ink,
Strange characters and figures dire inscribes,
Illegible to maid, or man, or witch.
Oh, may such plagues averted ever be
From modest spinsters! Lo! behind him sneaks
Another mortal, not unlike himself,
Of jargon full, with terms obscure o'ercharg'd,
Apothecary call'd, whose fœtid hands
With power mechanic, and with charms arcane,
Apollo, god of medicine, has endued.
If he gilt pills, powder, or bolus brown,
Haply into the open mouth convey
Of patient; straight his body to the dose
Obsequious (as erst La Mancha's knight)
Is to a feather bed well-warm'd convey'd:
Sheets never to be chang'd, and watchful nurse
The captive wretch incarcerate, till Time,
The best physician, set the patient free.
Beware, ye virgins, of your health beware;
Be circumspect to romp or run; ascend
The mountain's airy top; th' empiric crew
Will else oft visit your abode, by fees
Of gold allur'd, and dangerous symptoms find;

* A Portuguese Johannes.

† Author of the Man of Taste, the Art of Politics, &c.

Prompt

Prompt to torment some pale unthriving wench
With griping buckthorn, or with lancet sharp
To pierce the shivering arm. So, poets sing,
Sow-gelder erst, to calves, pigs, colts, and lamb
Sworn everlasting foe, with goggling eyes
To stables, sties, or cow-pens, early comes
Protending his fell knife, to thoughtless bulls
Sure ruin. So, in undiscerning night,
Myriads of fairies, by their monarch led,
To infants' cradles, or to nursery rooms,
In serried files march on. Meanwhile the babe,
Secure in innocence, sleeps sound and smiles.
The peers and peeresses, with Oberon's self,
Great Oberon, of fairy realms supreme,
Within one circle all, in dance and song,
And midnight music, move their tiny feet.
Nurse hears, or thinks she hears, 'twixt sleep and wake,
Loud sounds, unseen, delightful to the ear:
But fairy fiddles lull again to sleep.
Eftsoons king Oberon and twelve chosen men,
With scaling ladders of Dutch thread compact,
The cradle mount, collecting all their might:
The burthen of the ponderous child they raise,
Inexorable; nor will aught avail,
Bright eyes, loud tears, or limbs proportion'd well:
For pigmy brat they change the bouncing boy,
And to their own abodes, where'er they be,
The harmless babe with Io Pæans drag.
So pass my days. But when a wake or fair
Comes on, and calls the joyous damsels forth;
When swains, in leathern galligaskins clad,
Treat nymphs with cider, sparkling drink, and sweet;
In melancholy hall or kitchen wide,
I cough deserted; partner for the dance
None chooses me; none on the beechen bark
My name inscribes; no brawny bachelor
Hangs over me enamour'd. Singly sad,
My woe through three times six revolving years
I count; no jolly Joe, nor sober Sam,
The matrimonial question e'er propos'd,
Or crooked Sixpence offer'd to divide.
Amidst the horrors of long wintry nights
I sigh, my heart into my white-rann'd shoes
With palpitation sinks. I ponder now
Where rats-bane's sold, and now again the well
I view irresolute, and oft the strength
Of my own garters try. Peevish I pine,
And fret, and rave, and wish; my roving mind
Finds no relief, my rolling eyes no sleep.
But, if the stranger Morpheus does invade
My painful limbs, my fancy, still awake,
Thoughtful of man, and eager, in a dream,
Imaginary blisses gives and takes
In vain! awake, I find myself alone,
Unbless'd, alas! and curse the backward sex.
Thus do I live, from pleasure quite cut off.
Fairing to me no generous carter brings,
No pears, no gingerbread, though brown, yet sweet;
No filberts I, nor walnuts crack, nor squeeze
The china orange through its tawny coat:
Troubles immense, though mightier still remain.
My whale-bone hoop, that has so long withstood
Pails, pots, and doors, and with circumference wide
My virtuous limbs enclos'd, by frequent sparks
Of fire's destroy'd (what will not fire destroy!).
The splinter'd ribs crack, break, and pierce amain
My wounded skin. In rags the canvass hangs;
The seven-fold circlets of the fluttering hoop,
Uplifted, yield to every blast of wind,
Southern, or Western, or the bleak North-east.
North-east, that sinks the hearts of hippish souls;
Till whale-bone, twitcher, petticoat, and all,
Descend with clangor to the rattling hearth.
So when of some great church the cupola,
Or minster of renown'd metropolis,
York, Canterbury, or the height of Paul's,
Resisting long the jaws of ravenous Time,
The summer's thunder, and the winter's wind,
Fam'd many centuries for its stately strength,
Upon some fatal, unexpected day,
Smit by the rapid lightning's forked gleam,
Admits the flame: the melted lead runs down:
Their own destruction sapless beams increase:
The neighbours with astonishment are seiz'd;
They stare, they scream, they help, they steal, they run,
Endeavours vain! Unconquer'd, unextinct,
Flames domineer aloft: far off resounds
The wreck of chancels, and the crush of aisles;
High turrets hasten to the vaults below,
And proud cathedrals tumble to the ground.

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§ 226. *The Copper Farthing.* Pennington*.

Happy the boy, who dwells remote from school,
Whose pocket, or whose rattling box, contains

* This lady died in the year 1759, aged 25. The following character of her, by Mr. Duncombe, is extracted from that gentleman's Poem, called "The Feminead," vol. iv. Pearch's Collection of Poems, p. 184.

"Nor shall thy much-lov'd Pennington remain
Unsung, unhonor'd in my votive strain.
See where the soft enchantress, wandering o'er
The fairy ground that Phillips trod before,
Exalts her chemic wand, and swift behold
The basest metal ripen into gold!
Beneath her magic touch, with wondering eye,
We view vile copper with pure sterling vie;
Nor shall the Farthing, sung by her, forbear
To claim the praises of the smiling Fair;
Till chuck and marble shall no more employ
The thoughtless leisure of the truant boy."

A copper

A copper Farthing! He nor grieving hears
Hot cheese-cakes cried, nor savoury mutton-pies;
But with his play-mates, in the dusk of eve,
To well-known blacksmith's shop, or church-yard, hies:
Where, mindful of the sport that joys his heart,
Marbles, or chuck, he instantly begins,
With undissembled pleasure in his face,
To draw the circle, or to pitch the dump:
While I, confin'd within the hated walls
Of school, resounding with a clamorous din,
By still more hated books environ'd, I,
With tedious lessons, and long task to get,
My dismal thoughts employ: or wield my pen
To mark dire characters on paper white:
Not blunter pen or stronger character
Uses the sage, a chiromancer hight,
Sprung from Egyptian king, and swarthy race,
Amenophis, or Ptolemy, when he,
In search of stolen calf, or money lost,
For wondering ploughman does his art employ;
Or for the wish'd return of sweet-heart dear,
Or apron fine, purloin'd from hawthorn-hedge,
For country-maid consults directing stars,
Gemini, Taurus, or chill Capricorn.
Thus while my lingering hours I joyless spend,
With magisterial look, and solemn step,
Appears my school-master, tremendous wight!
Dreaded by truant boys; how can I 'scape
Th' expected punishment for task ungot?
Aghast I stand, nor fly to covert bench,
Or corner dark, to hide my hapless head;
So great my terror, that it quite bereaves
My limbs the power to fly. Slow he ascends
Th' appointed seat, and on his right hand lies
The bushy rod, compos'd of numerous twigs
Torn from the birchen tree, or bending willow;
Which to the flesh of idle boys portends,
For the neglected task, a poignant smart;
And with him comes another mighty elf,
Yclep'd an usher! ah, terrific name
To lesser wights! who if they hapless place
In station wrong pronoun or participle,
Straight, by the magic of his voice, are rais'd
In attitude above their lov'd compeers,
Where they, reluctant, various torments bear;
Till by their dolorous plaints, that pierce the skies,
They draw kind Pity, moist-ey'd goddess, down,
To heal, with balm of sympathy, their woe.
Ye urchins, take, ah! take peculiar care,
For when ye wot not, much he marks your ways,
And in his mind revolves disastrous deeds
Against th' unwary wretch. So story tells,
That chanticleer, on dunghill's top elate,
With haughty step, and watchful eye askance,
Each tiny prominence he views, where hapless he
May find conceal'd delicious grub or worm,
To which his maw insatiate forebodes
Certain destruction, while, behind or bush,
Or pale encompassing the farmer's yard,
Skulks Reynard, fraught with many a crafty wile
T' ensnare the feather'd race, who, if they stray
Beyond the precincts of their mother's ken,
He straight purloins them from her careful wing,
With his sharp teeth torments their tender frame,
And with the crimson gore distains their sides,
Relentless; nor can all the piercing cries
Of duckling, chick, or turkey, yet unfledg'd,
His heart obdurate move; instant he tears
Each trembling limb, devours the quivering flesh,
Nor leaves a remnant of the bloody feast,
Save a few fluttering feathers scatter'd round
(That with their varied plumage whilom deck'd
The slaughter'd prey), to tell the hapless tale.
Thus joyless do I spend those hours the sun
Illuminates; and when the silver moon
Her gentle ray dispenses, and invites
The swains and maids to mix in jovial dance
Around the towering may-poles of the green,
Where each gay ploughman does his partner choose
As love or fate directs; or o'er the lawn
The needle thread, or toss the bounding ball;
All cheerless I, nor dance, nor pleasing sport,
Nor social mirth, nor bowl of nappy ale,
Partake: but on her drooping raven wing,
Sad Melancholy hovers o'er my head,
Pale Envy rankles deep within my breast,
And baneful venom sheds. Grim Horror too
Attends my thoughts, and fills my gloomy mind
With tales of gliding sprites, in milk-white shrouds
Array'd, and rattling chains, and yelling ghosts
Irascible! or Fancy, mimic queen,
To swift imagination's eye presents
A group of tiny elves, in circling dance
Of luscious feast employ'd; such elves as danc'd
When Oberon did fair Titiana wed;
While I, in wishes impotent and vain,
For Liberty, dear object of my hopes,
The tedious moments spend; or if perchance,
Morpheus invok'd, my heavy eye-lids close,
Dear Liberty still haunts my sleeping thoughts,
And in a short-liv'd dream those joys I taste,
Which, waking, are denied; and beat the hoop
With dextrous hand, or run with feet as swift
As feather'd arrow flies from archer's bow:
Till, from my slumber wak'd, too soon I find
It was illusion all, and mockery vain.
Thus, comfortless, appall'd, forlorn I pass
The tardy hours, nor of those viands taste,
Which are on other boys full oft bestow'd
In plenteous manner by the liberal hand
Of friend indulgent; apple-pie, or tart,
Or trembling custard of delicious goût,
Or frothy syllabub in copious bowl.
Hard fate for me! Yet harder still betides
Me, hapless youth! My faithful top, that oft
Has cheer'd my drooping spirits, and reviv'd
My saddening thoughts, when o'er the pavement smooth
It spins, and sleeps, and to its master's hand
Does ample justice, now, alas! become
To all the rude inclemencies of weather,

To time and destiny's relentless doom
A miserable victim, quite decay'd
With many services, and cleft throughout,
All useless lies: ah! sight of saddest woe
To wretched me! of ev'ry hope bereft,
Of every gleam of comfort. So the wretch,
Who near or Ætna or Vesuvius dwells,
Beholds the sulph'rous flames, the molten rocks,
And feels the ground trembling beneath his feet;
Till with a horrid yawn it opens wide
Before his eyes, all glaring with affright;
Swallows his cultur'd vines, his gardens, house,
With all his soul held dear, his lovely wife,
And prattling babes, the hopes of years to come;
All, all are lost, in ruin terrible!

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§ 227. *The School-Boy. By the Rev. Mr. Maurice, Author of the Indian Antiquities. Written by him at a very early Age.*

Multa tulit, fecitque puer. Hor.

Thrice happy he, whose hours the cheering smiles
Of freedom bless; who wantons uncontroll'd
Where Ease invites, or Pleasure's syren voice:
Him the stern tyrant with his iron scourge
Annoys not, nor the dire oppressive weight
Of galling chain: but when the blushing morn
Purples the east, with eager transport wild,
O'er hill, o'er valley, on his panting steed
He bounds exulting, as in full career
With horns, and hounds, and thund'ring shouts he drives
The flying stag; or when the dusky shades
Of eve, advancing, veil the darken'd sky,
To neighb'ring tavern, blithsome, he resorts
With boon companion, where they drown their cares
In sprightly bumpers, and the mantling bowl.
Far otherwise within these darksome walls,
Whose gates, with rows of triple steel secur'd,
And many a bolt, prohibit all egress,
I spend my joyless days; ere dawn appears,
Rous'd from my peaceful slumbers by the sound
Of awe-inspiring bell, whose every stroke
Chills my heart-blood, all trembling, I descend
From dreary garret, round whose ancient roof,
Gaping with hideous chinks, the whistling blast
Perpetual raves, and fierce descending rains
Discharge their fury—dire lethargic dews
Oppress my drowsy sense; still fancy teems,
With fond ideal joys, and, fir'd with what
Or poets sing, or fabled tale records,
Presents transporting visions, goblets crown'd
With juice of nectar, or the food divine
Of rich ambrosia, tempting to the sight!
While in the shade of some embowering grove,
I lie reclin'd, or through Elysian plains
Enraptur'd stray; where every plant and flow'r
Send forth an odorous smell, and all the air
With songs of love and melody resounds.
Meanwhile benumbing cold invades my joints,
To where, of antique mould, a lofty dome
As with slow faltering footsteps I resort
Rears its tremendous front; here all at once
From thousand different tongues a mighty hum
Assaults my ear; loud as the distant roar
Of tumbling torrents; or as in some mart
Of public note, for traffic far renown'd,
Where Jew with Grecian, Turk with African,
Assembled, in one general peal unite
Of dreadful jargon.—Straight on wooden bench
I take my seat, and con with studious care
Th' appointed tasks; o'er many a puzzling page
Poring intent, and sage Athenian bard,
With dialect, and mood, and tense perplex'd;
And conjugations varied without end.
When lo! with haughty stride (in size like him
Who erst, extended on the burning lake,
"Lay floating many a rood") his sullen brow
With louring frowns and fearful glooms o'ercast,
Enters the Pedagogue! terrific sight;
An ample ninefold peruke, spread immense,
Luxuriant waving, down his shoulders plays;
His right hand fiercely grasps an oaken staff;
His left a bunch of limber twigs sustains,
Call'd by the vulgar birch, Tartarean root,
Whose rankling points, in blackest poison dipt,
Inflict a mortal pain; and, where they light,
A ghastly furrow leave.—A sullen pause ensues:
As when, of old, the monarch of the floods,
'Midst raging hurricanes and battling waves,
Shaking the dreadful trident, rear'd aloft
His awful brow, sudden the furious winds
Were hush'd in peace, the billows ceas'd their rage:
Or when (if mighty themes like these allow
An humble metaphor) the sportive race
Of nibbling heroes, bent on wanton play,
Beneath the shelter of some well-stor'd barn,
In many an airy circle wheel around;
Some eye, perchance, in private nook conceal'd,
Beholds Grimalkin; instant they disperse
In headlong flight, each to his secret cell,
If haply he may 'scape impending fate.
Thus ceas'd the general clamor; all remain
In silent terror wrapt, and thought profound.
Meanwhile, the Pedagogue throughout the dome
His fiery eye-balls, like two blazing stars,
Portentous rolls, on some unthinking wretch
To shed their baleful influence; whilst his voice,
Like thunder, or the cannon's sudden burst,
Three times is heard, and thrice the roofs resound!
A sudden paleness gathers in my face;
Through all my limbs a stiffening horror spreads,
Cold as the dews of death; nor heed my eyes
Their wonted function, but in stupid gaze
Ken the fell monster; from my trembling hands
The time-worn volume drops; oh, dire presage
Of instant woe! for now the mighty sound,
Pregnant with dismal tidings, once again
Strikes my astonish'd ears: transfix'd with awe,

And senseless for a time, I stand; but soon,
By friendly jog or neighbouring whisper rous'd,
Obey the dire injunction; straight I loose
Depending brogues, and mount the lofty throne
Indignant, or the back oblique ascend
Of sorrowful compeer: nor long delays
The monarch, from his palace stalking down,
With visage all inflam'd; his sable robe
Sweeping in lengthening folds along the ground:
He shakes his sceptre, and th' impending scourge
Brandishes high; nor tears nor shrieks avail;
But with impetuous fury it descends,
Imprinting horrid wounds with fatal flow
Of blood attended, and convulsive pangs.
Curs'd be the wretch, for ever doom'd to bear
Infernal whippings; he, whose savage hands
First grasp'd these barbarous weapons, bitter cause
Of foul disgrace, and many a dolorous groan
To hapless school-boy!—Could it not suffice
I groan'd and toil'd beneath the merciless weight
By stern relentless tyranny impos'd;
But scourges too, and cudgels were reserv'd,
To goad my harrow'd sides: this wretched life
Loading with heavier ills? a life expos'd
To all the woes of hunger, toil, distress;
Cut off from every genial source of bliss;
From every bland amusement, wont to sooth
The youthful breast; except when father Time,
In joyful change, rolls round the festive hour,
That gives this meagre, pining figure back
To parent fondness, and its native roofs!
Fir'd with the thought, then, then, my towering soul
Rises superior to its load, and spurns
Its proud oppressors; frantic with delight,
My fancy riots in successive scenes
Of bliss and pleasures: plans and schemes are laid
How best the fleeting moments to improve,
Nor lose one portion of so rare a boon.
But soon, too soon, the glorious scenes are fled,
Scarce one short moon enjoy'd; (oh! transient state
Of sublunary bliss) by bitter change,
And other scenes succeeded. What fierce pangs
Then racks my soul! what ceaseless floods of grief
Rush down my cheeks, while strong convulsive throbs
Heave all my frame, and choak the power of speech!
Forlorn I sigh, nor heed the gentle voice
Of friend or stranger, who, with soothing words
And slender gift, would fain beguile my woes:
In vain, for what can aught avail to sooth
Such raging anguish? Oft with sudden glance
Before my eyes in all its horror glares
That well-known form, and oft I seem to hear
The thundering scourge—ah me! e'en now I feel
Its deadly venom, raging as the pangs
That tore Alcides, when the burning vest
Prey'd on his wasted sides.—At length, return'd
Within these hated walls, again I mourn
A sullen prisoner, till the wish'd approach
Of joyous holiday or festive play
Releases me: ah! freedom that must end
With thee, declining Sol! All hail, ye sires
For sanctity renown'd, whose glorious names
In large conspicuous characters portray'd,
Adorn the annual chronologic page
Of Wing or Partridge; oft, when sore oppress'd
With dire calamities, the glad return
Of your triumphant festivals hath cheer'd
My drooping soul. Nor be thy name forgot,
Illustrious George! for much to thee I owe
Of heart-felt rapture, as with loyal zeal
Glowing, I pile the crackling bonfire high,
Or hurl the mountain rocket through the air,
Or fiery whizzing serpent: thus thy name
Shall still be honor'd, as through future years
The circling Seasons roll their festive round.
Sometimes, by dire compulsive hunger press'd,
I spring the neighbouring fence, and scale the trunk
Of apple-tree; or wide, o'er flowery lawns
By hedge or thicket, bend my hasty steps,
Intent, with secret ambush, to surprise
The straw-built nest, and unsuspecting brood
Of thrush or bull-finch; oft with watchful ken
Eyeing the backward lawns, lest hostile glance
Observe my footsteps, while each rustling leaf
Stirr'd by the gentle gale alarms my fears:
Then, parch'd beneath the burning heats of noon,
I plunge into the limpid stream that laves
The silent vale; or, on its grassy banks,
Beneath some oak's majestic shade recline,
Envying the vagrant fishes, as they pass,
Their boon of freedom, till the distant sound
Of tolling curfew warns me to depart.
Thus under tyrant pow'r I groan, oppress'd
With worse than slavery; yet my free-born soul
Her native warmth forgets not, nor will brook
Menace, or taunt, from proud insulting peer:
But summons to the field the doughty foe
In single combat, 'midst th' impartial throng,
There to decide our fate: oft too, inflam'd
With mutual rage, two rival armies meet
Of youthful warriors; kindling at the sight,
My soul is fill'd with vast heroic thoughts,
Trusting in martial glory to surpass
Roman or Grecian chief: instant, with shouts,
The mingling squadrons join the horrid fray;
No need of cannon, or the murderous steel,
Wide wasting nature: rage our arms supplies;
Fragments of rock are hurl'd, and showers of stones
Obscure the day; nor less the brawny arm
Or knotted club avail; high in the midst
Are seen the mighty chiefs, through hosts of foes
Mowing their way: and now with tenfold rage
The combat burns, full many a sanguine stream
Disdains the field, and many a veteran brave
Lies prostrate; loud triumphant shouts ascend
By turns from either host; each claims the palm
Of glorious conquest; nor till night's dun shades
Involve the sky, the doubtful conflict ends.
Thus, when rebellion shook the thrones of heaven,
And all th' Eternal Powers in battle met,
High o'er the rest, with vast gigantic strides,
The godlike leaders on th' embattled plain

Came

Came towering, breathing forth revenge and fate:
Nor less terrific join'd the inferior hosts
Of angel warriors, when encountering hills
Tore the rent conclave; flashing with the blaze
Of fiery arms, and lightnings not of Jove;
All heaven resounded, and the astonish'd deep
Of chaos bellow'd with the monstrous roar.

§ 228. *Written in a Lady's Ivory Table Book*, 1699. SWIFT.

PERUSE my leaves through every part,
And think thou seest my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as senseless, and as light;
Expos'd to every coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wise.
Here you may read, "Dear charming saint!"
Beneath, "A new receipt for paint:"
Here, in beau-spelling, "Tru tel deth;"
There, in her own, "For an el breth:"
Here, "Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom!"
There, "A safe way to use perfume:"
Here, a page fill'd with billet-doux:
On t'other side, "Laid out for shoes."
"Madam, I die without your grace."
"Item, for half a yard of lace."
Who that had wit would place it here,
For every peeping fop to jeer?
In pow'r of spittle and a clout,
Whene'er he please to blot it out:
And then, to heighten the disgrace,
Clap his own nonsense in the place.
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In such a book, and such a heart,
If he be wealthy, and a fool,
Is in all points the fittest tool;
Of whom it may be justly said,
He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

§ 229. *Mrs. Harris's Petition.* 1699.

To their Excellencies the Lords Justices of Ireland*, the humble petition of Frances Harris, (Who must starve, and die a maid, if it miscarries),
Humbly showeth,
That I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's† chamber, because I was cold;
And I had in a purse seven pounds four shillings and six-pence, besides farthings, in money and gold:
So, because I had been buying things for my Lady last night,
I was resolv'd to tell my money to see if it was right.
Now you must know, because my trunk has a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very small stock,
I keep in my pocket, tied about my middle, next to my smock.
So when I went to put up my purse, as God would have it, my smock was unripp'd,
And, instead of putting it into my pocket, down it slipp'd!
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my Lady to bed;
And, God knows, I thought my money was as safe as my maidenhead.
So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light:
But when I search'd, and miss'd my purse, Lord, I thought I should have sunk outright.
Lord! madam, says Mary, how d'ye do? Indeed, says I, never worse:
But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with my purse?
Lord help me! said Mary, I never stirr'd out of this place.
Nay, said I, I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, that's a plain case.
So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm;
However, she stole away my garters, that I might do myself no harm.
So I tumbled and toss'd all night, as you may very well think,
But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink.
So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went and search'd the folks round,
And in a corner of Mrs. Duke's‡ box, tied in a rag, the money was found.
So next morning we told Whittle,‖ and he fell a-swearing:
Then my dame Wadgar§ came; and she, you know, is thick of hearing.
Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know what a loss I have had?
Nay, said she, my Lord Colway's¶ folks are all very sad;
For my Lord Dromedary** comes o'Tuesday without fail.
Pugh! said I, but that's not the business that I ail.
Says Cary††, says he, I have been a servant this five-and-twenty years come spring,
And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of such a thing.
Yes, says the‡‡ steward, I remember, when I was at my Lady Shrewsbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd just about the time of gooseberries.
So I went to the party suspected, and I found her full of grief;
(Now you must know, of all things in the world, I hate a thief.)
However, I was resolv'd to bring the discourse slily about:
Mrs. Dukes, said I, here's an ugly accident has happen'd out:
'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a louse‖‖‖;

* The Earls of Berkeley and of Galway.
† Lady Betty Berkeley, afterwards Germaine.
‡ Wife to one of the footmen.
‖ The Earl of Berkeley's valet.
§ The old deaf housekeeper.
¶ Galway.
** The Earl of Drogheda, who, with the Primate, was to succeed the two Earls.
†† Clerk of the kitchen.
‡‡ Ferris.
‖‖‖ An usual saying of hers.

But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the house.
'Tis true, seven pounds, four shillings, and six-pence, makes a great hole in my wages:
Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in these ages.
Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and every body understands
That, though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without hands.
The Devil take me! said she (blessing herself) if e'er I saw't.
So she roar'd like a bedlam, as though I had call'd her all to nought.
So you know, what could I say to her any more?
I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.
Well; but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man!
No, said I, 'tis the same thing, the chaplain will be here anon.
So the chaplain * came in: now the servants say he is my sweetheart,
Because he is always in my chamber, and I always take his part.
So, as the Devil would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
Parson, said I, can you cast a nativity when a body's plunder'd?
(Now you must know he hates to be call'd parson like the Devil!)
Truly, says he, Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil!
If your money be gone, as a learned divine says, d'ye see,
You are no text for my handling, so take that from me:
I was never taken for a conjuror before, I'd have you to know.
Lord, said I, don't be angry, I'm sure I never thought you so;
You know I honor the cloth; I design to be a parson's wife;
I never took one in your coat for a conjuror in all my life.
With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as who should say,
Now you may go hang yourself for me! and so went away.
Well, I thought I should have swoon'd: Lord! said I, what shall I do?
I have lost my money, and shall lose my true-love too!
Then my Lord call'd me: Harry, † said my Lord, don't cry:
I'll give something towards thy loss; and, says my Lady, so will I.
O! but, said I, what if, after all, the chaplain won't come to?
For that he said (an't please your Excellencies) I must petition you.
The premises tenderly consider'd, I desire your Excellencies' protection, [collection;
And that I may have a share in next Sunday's
And, over and above, that I may have your Excellencies letter,
With an order for the chaplain aforesaid, or, instead of him, a better:
And then your poor petitioner, both night and day,
Or the chaplain (for 'tis his trade), as in duty bound, shall ever pray.

§ 230. *A Description of the Morning.* 1709.

Now hardly here and there a hackney-coach
Appearing, show'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own.
The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep.
Duns at his Lordship's gate began to meet,
And brick-dust Moll had scream'd through half the street.
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees.
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

§ 231. *A Description of a City Shower. In Imitation of Virgil's Georgics.* 1710.

Careful observers may foretel the hour,
By sure prognostics, when to dread a show'r.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine;
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming show'r your shooting corns presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage;
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.
Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope;
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean:
You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, stop
To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, sought still for life;
And, wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?

* Dr. Swift.

† A cant word of Lord and Lady B. to Mrs. Harris.

To

Sole coat! where dust cemented by the rain
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain!
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The Templar spruce, while every spout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair, the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roofs by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds, he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, ran them through),
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.
Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filth of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sail'd from, by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force
From Smithfield or St. Pulchre's shape their course;
And, in huge confluence join'd at Snow-hill ridge,
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn-bridge.
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

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§ 232. *On the little House by the Church-yard of Castlenock.* 1710.

Whoever pleaseth to inquire
Why yonder steeple wants a spire,
The grey old fellow Poet Joe*
The philosophic cause will show.
Once on a time a western blast
At least twelve inches overcast,
Reckoning roof, weathercock, and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall!
And, tumbling topsy-turvy round,
Lit with its bottom on the ground;
For, by the laws of gravitation,
It fell into its proper station.
This is a little strutting pile
You see just by the church-yard stile;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock,
And thus the steeple got a shock;
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls
The steeple, Knock; the vicar, Walls†.
The vicar once a week creeps in,
Sits with his knee up to his chin;
Here cons his notes and takes a whet,
Till the small ragged flock is met.
A traveller, who by did pass,
Observ'd the roof behind the grass;
On tip-toe stood, and rear'd his snout,
And saw the parson creeping out;
Was much surpriz'd to see a crow
Venture to build his nest so low.
A school-boy ran unto't, and thought
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who lost his way by night,
Was forc'd for safety to alight;
And, stepping o'er the fabric-roof,
His horse had like to spoil his hoof.
Warburton ‡ took it in his noddle,
This building was design'd a model
Or of a pigeon-house or oven,
To bake one loaf, and keep one dove in.
Then Mrs. Johnson ‖ gave her verdict,
And every one was pleas'd that heard it:
"All that you make this stir about,
Is but a still which wants a spout."
The Reverend Dr. Raymond § guess'd
More probably than all the rest;
He said, but that it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.
The doctor's family came by,
And little miss began to cry:
Give me that house in my own hand!
Then madam bade the chariot stand;
Call'd to the clerk in manner mild,
Pray, reach that thing here to the child:
That thing, I mean, among the kale;
And here's to buy a pot of ale.
The clerk said to her, in a heat,
What! sell my master's country-seat,
Where he comes every week from town!
He would not sell it for a crown.
Poh! fellow, keep not such a pother;
In half an hour thou'lt make another.
Says Nancy¶, I can make for miss
A finer house ten times than this;
The Dean will give me willow-sticks,
And Joe, my apron-full of bricks.

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§ 233. *The Fable of Midas.* 1711.

Midas, we are in story told,
Turn'd every thing he touch'd to gold.
He chipp'd his bread, the pieces round
Glitter'd like spangles on the ground:
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would straight become a golden pippin:
He call'd for drink; you saw him sup
Potable gold in golden cup:
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He suck'd his victuals through a quill;

* Mr. Beaumont of Trim.
† Archdeacon Wall, a correspondent of Swift's.
‡ Dr. Swift's curate at Laracor. ‖ Stella. § Minister of Trim. ¶ The waiting-woman.

Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
Or't had been happy for gold-finders:
He cock'd his hat, you would have said
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head.
Whene'er he chanc'd his hands to lay
On magazines of corn or hay,
Gold ready-coin'd appear'd instead
Of paltry provender and bread;
Hence by wise farmers we are told,
Old hay is equal to old gold;
And hence, a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our gold by grains.
This fool had got a lucky hit,
And people fancied he had wit.
Two gods their skill in music tried,
And both chose Midas to decide:
He against Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed.
The god of wit, to show his grudge,
Clapp'd ass's ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair, erect and wide,
Which he could neither gild nor hide.
And now the virtue of his hands
Was lost among Pactolus' sands,
Against whose torrent while he swims,
The golden scurf peels off his limbs:
Fame spreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather golden gravel;
Midas, expos'd to all their jeers,
Had lost his art, and kept his ears.
This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain leader;
To whom from Midas down descends
That virtue in the fingers' ends.
What else by perquisites are meant,
By pensions, bribes, and three per cent.
By places and commissions sold,
And turning dung itself to gold;
By starving in the midst of store,
As t'other Midas did before?
None e'er did modern Midas choose
Subject or patron of his muse,
But found him thus their merit scan,
That Phœbus must give place to Pan:
He values not the poet's praise,
Nor will exchange his plums for bays:
To Pan alone rich misers call;
And there's the jest, for Pan is all.
Here English wits will be to seek;
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek.
Besides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas too hath ass's ears;
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whispers-in a thousand lies;
Such gross delusions could not pass
Through any ears but of an ass.
But gold defiles with frequent touch:
There's nothing fouls the hands so much:
And scholars give it for the cause
Of British Midas' dirty paws;
Which while the senate strove to scour,
They wash'd-away the chymic pow'r.
While he his utmost strength applied,
To swim against this pop'lar tide,
The golden spoils flew off apace:
Here fell a pension, there a place:
The torrent merciless imbibes
Commissions, perquisites, and bribes,
By their own weight sunk to the bottom;
Much good may do them that have caught 'em!
And Midas now neglected stands,
With ass's ears and dirty hands.

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§ 234. *A Dialogue between a Member of Parliament and his Servant. In Imitation of Horace, Sat. II. vii. First printed in* 1752.

Serv. Long have I heard your fav'rite theme,
A general reformation scheme,
To keep the poor from every sin,
From gaming, murder, and from gin,
And now I have no less an itch
To venture to reform the rich.
Memb. What, John! are you too turn'd projector?
Come then, for once I'll hear your lecture.
For since a member, as 'tis said,
His projects to his servants read,
And of a favourite speech a book made
With which he tir'd each night a cook-maid,
And so it hapt that every morning
The tasteless creatures gave him warning;
Since thus we use them, 'tis but reason
We hear our servants in their season.
Begin. *Serv.* Like gamblers, half mankind
Persist in constant vice combin'd;
In races, routs, the stews, and White's,
Pass all their days and all their nights.
Others again like Lady Prue,
Who gives the morning church its due;
At noon is painted, dress'd, and curl'd,
And one amongst the wicked world;
Keeps her account exactly even,
As thus: "Prue creditor to heaven:
To sermons heard on extra days.
Debtor: To masquerade and plays.
Item: to Whitfield, half an hour.
Per contra: To the Colonel, four."
Others, I say, pass half their time
In folly, idleness, or crime:
Then all at once their zeal grows warm,
And every throat resounds reform.
A lord his youth in every vice
Indulg'd, but chief in drabs and dice,
Till worn by age, disease, and gout,
Then nature modestly gave out.
Not so my Lord—who still, by proxy,
Play'd with his darling dice and doxy.
I laud this constant wretch's state,
And pity all who fluctuate;
Prefer this slave to dear backgammon,
To those who serve both God and mammon;
To those who take such pains to awe
The nation's vices by the law,
Yet, while they draw their bill so ample,
Neglect the influence of example.
Memb. To whom d'ye preach this senseless sermon?
Serv. To you, good Sir. *Memb.* To me, ye vermin!
Serv. To you, who every day profess
T' admire the times of good Queen Bess,

But

But let your heart sincerer praise
Bestow on these or Charles's days:
You still approve some absent place—
(The present's ever in disgrace!)
And, such your special inconsistence,
Make the chief merit in the distance.
If e'er you miss a supper-card
(Though all the while you think it hard,)
You're all for solitude and quiet,
Good hours and vegetable diet,
Reflection, air, and elbow-room:
No prison like a crowded drum!
But, should you meet her Grace's summons
In full committee of the Commons,
Though well you know her crowded house
Will scarce contain another mouse,
You quit the business of the nation,
And brethren of the reformation;
Though ——— begs you'll stay and vote,
And zealous ——— tears your coat,
You damn your coachman, storm and stare,
And tear your throat to call a chair.
Nay, never frown, and good-now hold
Your hand awhile; I've been so bold
To paint your follies; now I'm in,
Let's have a word or two on sin.
Last night I heard a learned poult'rer
Lay down the law against th' adulterer;
And let me tell you, Sir, that few
Hear better doctrine in a pew.
Well! you may laugh at Robin Hood,
I wish your studies were as good.
From Mandeville you take your morals;
Your faith from controversial quarrels;
But ever lean to those who scribble
Their crudities against the Bible;
Yet tell me I shall crack my brain
With hearing Henley* or Romaine.
Deserves that critic most rebuke
In judging on the Pentateuch,
Who deems it, with some wild fanatics,
The only school of mathematics;
Or he, who, making grave profession
To lay aside all prepossession,
Calls it a bookseller's edition
Of maim'd records and vague tradition?
You covet, Sir, your neighbour's goods;
I *take a piece* at Peter Wood's†:
And when I've turn'd my back upon her,
Unwounded in my heart or honor,
I feel nor infamous, nor jealous
Of richer culls, or prettier fellows.
But you, the grave and sage reformer,
Must go by stealth to meet your charmer;
Must change your star, and every note
Of honor, for a bear-skin coat:
That legislative head so wise
Must stoop to base and mean disguise.
Some Abigail must then receive you,
Brib'd by the husband to deceive you.
She spies Cornuto on the stairs;
Wakes you; then, melted by your prayers,
Yields, if with greater bribe you ask it,
To pack your worship in the basket.
Laid neck and heels, true Falstaff-fashion,
There form new schemes of reformation.
Thus 'scap'd the murd'ring husband's fury,
Or thumping fine of cuckold jury;
Henceforth, in memory of your danger,
You'll live to all intrigues a stranger?
No; ere you've time for this reflection,
Some new debauch is in projection;
And, for the next approaching night,
Contrivance for another fright.
This makes you, though so great, so grave,
(Nay! wonder not) an abject slave;
As much a slave as I; nay, more:
I serve one master, you a score,
And, as your various passions rule,
By turns are twenty tyrants' fool.
Memb. Who then is free? *Serv.* The wise alone,
Who only bows to reason's throne;
Whom neither want, nor death, nor chains,
Nor subtle persecutors' pains,
Nor honors, wealth, nor lust, can move
From virtue and his country's love.
Self-guarded like a globe of steel,
External insults can he feel,
Or e'er present one weaker part
To Fortune's most insidious dart?
Much-honor'd master, may you find
These wholesome symptoms in your mind!
Can you be free while passions rule you;
While women every moment fool you;
While forty mad capricious whores
Invite, then turn you out of doors;
Of every doit contrive to trick you,
Then bid their happier footman kick you?
Convinc'd by every new disaster
You serve a new despotic master;
Say, can your pride and folly see
Such difference 'twixt yourself and me?
Shall you be struck with Titian's tints,
And mayn't I stop to stare at prints?
Dispos'd along the extensive glass,
They catch and hold me ere I pass.
Where Slack is made to box with Broughton,
I see the very stage they fought on:
The bruisers live, and move, and bleed,
As if they fought in very deed.
Yet I'm a loiterer, to be sure;
You a great judge and connoisseur!
Shall you prolong the midnight ball
With costly banquet at Vauxhall;
And yet prohibit earlier suppers
At Kilbourn, Sadler's-wells, or Cuper's‡?
Are these less innocent in fact,
Or only made so by the act?

* The celebrated orator of Clare Market.

† This worthy a few years before fell under the displeasure of the mob, who broke into his house, near St. Clement's, and burnt all his furniture, which they threw into the street.

‡ Places of entertainment at that time. Two of them have been since shut up.

Those who contribute to the tax,
On tea, and chocolate, and wax*,
With high ragouts their blood inflame,
And nauseate what they eat for fame:
Of these the Houses take no knowledge,
But leave them fairly to the College.
O! ever prosper their endeavours
To aid your dropsies, gouts, and fevers!
Can it be deem'd a shame or sin
To pawn my livery for gin:
While bonds and mortgages at White's
Shall raise your fame with Arthur's knights?
Those worthies seem to see no shame in,
Nor strive to pass a slur on, gaming;
But rather to devise each session
Some law in honor o' the profession;
Lest sordid hands or vulgar place
The noble mystery should debase;
Lest ragged scoundrels, in an ale-house,
Should chalk their cheatings on the bellows;
Or boys the sacred rites profane
With orange-barrows in a lane.
Where lies the merit of your labors
To curb the follies of your neighbours;
Deter the gambler, and prevent his
Confederate arts to gull the 'prentice;
Unless you could yourself desist
From hazard, faro, brag, and whist;
Unless your philosophic mind
Can from within amusement find,
And give at once to use and pleasure
That truly precious time, your leisure?
In vain your busy thoughts prepare
Deceitful sepulchres of care:
The downy couch, the sparkling bowl,
And all that lulls or sooths the soul—
Memb. Where is my cane, my whip, my hanger?
I'll teach you to provoke my anger.
Serv. Heyday! my master's brain is crack'd,
Or else he's making some new act.
Memb. To set such rogues as you to work,
Perhaps, or send you to the Turk†.

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§ 235. *The Intruder. In Imitation of Horace, Sat. I. ix. First printed in* 1754.

A certain free, familiar spark,
Pertly accosts me in the Park:
"'Tis lovely weather, sure! how gay
The sun!—I give you, Sir, good-day."
Your servant, Sir. To you the same—
But—give me leave to crave your name.
"My name? Why sure you've seen my face
About, in every public place.
I'm known to almost all your friends
(No one e'er names you but commends)—
For some I plant; for some I build;
In every taste and fashion skill'd—
Were there the least regard for merit!—
The rich in purse are poor in spirit.
You know Sir Pagode (here, I'll give ye
A front I've drawn him for a privy)—
This winter, Sir, as I'm a sinner,
He has not ask'd me once to dinner."
Quite overpowered with this intrusion,
I stood in silence and confusion.
He took the advantage, and pursued:
"Perhaps, Sir, you may think me rude;
But sure I may suppose my talk
Will less disturb you while you walk.
And yet I now may spoil a thought,
But that's indeed a venial fault:—
I only mean to such, d'ye see,
Who write with ease, like you and me.
I write a sonnet in a minute:
Upon my soul, there's nothing in it.
But you to all your friends are partial:
You reckon *** another Martial—
He'd think a fortnight well bestow'd
To write an epigram or ode.
****'s no poet, to my knowledge;
I knew him very well at college:
I've writ more verses in an hour,
Than he could ever do in four.
You'll find me better worth your knowing—
But tell me, which way are you going?"
What various tumults swell'd my breast,
With passion, shame, disgust, opprest!
This courtship from my *Brother Poet!*
Sure no similitude can show it:
Not young Adonis when pursu'd
By amorous antiquated prude;
Nor Gulliver's distressful face,
When in the Yahoo's loath'd embrace.
In rage, confusion and dismay,
Not knowing what to do or say;
And having no resource but lying—
A friend at Lambeth lies a-dying—
"Lambeth!" (he re-assumes his talk)
"Across the bridge—the finest walk—
Don't you admire the Chinese bridges,
That wave in furrows and in ridges?
They've finish'd such a one at Hampton:
'Faith, 'twas a plan I never dreamt on—
The prettiest thing that e'er was seen—
'Tis printed in the Magazine."
This wild farrago who could bear?
Sometimes I run; then stop and stare:
Vex'd and tormented to the quick,
By turns grow choleric and sick;
And glare my eye, and show the white,
Like vicious horses when they bite.
Regardless of my eye or ear,
His jargon he renews.—"D'ye hear
Who 'twas compos'd the taylor's dance?
I practis'd fifteen months in France:
I wrote a play—'twas done in haste—
I know the present want of taste,
And dare not trust it on the town—
No tragedy will e'er go down;

* It was urged in the petitions of some of the houses of public entertainment, that the suppression of them might greatly diminish the duties on tea, chocolate, and wax-lights.

† Among the many projects for the punishment of rogues, it has been frequently proposed to send them in exchange for English slaves in Algiers.

The

The new burletta now's the thing—
Pray did you ever hear me sing?"
Never indeed.—" Next time we meet—
We're just now coming to the street.—
Bless me! I had almost forgot:
There's poor Jack Stiles will go to pot.
Sir Scrutiny has press'd me daily
To be this hour at the Old Bailey,
To witness to his good behaviour:
My uncle's voter, under favor—
Egad, I'm puzzled what to do,
To save him will be losing you:
Yet we must save him if we can,
For he's a staunch one, a DEAD MAN*,"
By your account he's so indeed,
Unless you make some better speed.
This moment fly to save your friend—
Or else prepare him for his end.
" Hang him, he's but a single vote;
I wish the halter round his throat.
To Lambeth I attend you, Sir."
Upon my soul! you shall not stir.
Preserve your voter from the gallows:
Can human nature be so callous,
So negligent when life's at stake?
" I'd hang a hundred for your sake."
I wish you'd do as much by me—
Or any thing to set me free.
Deaf to my words, he talks along,
Still louder than the buzzing throng.
" Are you," he cries, " as well as ever
With Lady Grace? she's vastly clever!"
Her merit all the world declare:
Few, very few, her friendship share.
" If you'd contrive to introduce
Your friend here, you might find an use—"
Sir, in that house there's no such doing,
And the attempt would be one's ruin.
No art, no project, no designing,
No rivalship, and no outshining.
" Indeed! you make me long the more
To get admittance. Is the door
Kept by so rude, so hard a clown,
As will not melt at half-a-crown?
Can't I cajole the female tribe,
And gain her woman with a bribe?
Refus'd to-day, suck up my sorrow,
And take my chance again to-morrow?
Is there no shell-work to be seen,
Or Chinese chair, or Indian screen;
No cockatoo nor marmozet,
Lap-dog, gold-fish, nor paroquet?
No French embroidery on a quilt?
And no bow-window to be built?
Can't I contrive, at times, to meet
My lady in the park or street?
At opera, play, or morning prayer,
To hand her to her coach or chair?"
But now his voice, though late so loud,
Was lost in the contentious crowd
Of fish-wives newly corporate,
A colony from Billingsgate†.
That instant on the bridge I spied
Lord Truewit coming from his ride.

My Lord—Sir William (I began)
Has given me power to state a plan,
To settle every thing between you;
And so—'tis lucky that I've seen you.
This morning—" Hold," replies the peer,
And tips me a malicious leer,
" Against good-breeding to offend,
And rudely take you from your FRIEND!"
(His lordship, by the way, can spy
How matters go, with half an eye;
And loves in proper time and place,
To laugh behind the gravest face.)
" 'Tis Saturday—I should not choose
To break the Sabbath of the JEWS."
The Jews, my lord!—" Why, since this pother,
I own I'm grown a younger brother:
Faith, persecution is no joke;
I once was going to have spoke.—
Bus'ness may stay till Monday night:
Tis prudent, to be sure you're right."
He went his way. I rav'd and fum'd:
To what ill fortune am I doom'd!
But fortune had, it seems, decreed
That moment for my being freed.
Our talk, which had been somewhat loud,
Insensibly the market-crowd
Around my persecutor drew,
And made them take him for a Jew.
To me the caitiff now appeals;
But I took fairly to my heels;
And, pitiless of his condition,
On brink of Thames and Inquisition,
Left him to take his turn, and listen
To each uncircumcis'd Philistine.
O Phœbus! happy he whose trust is
In thee, and thy *poetic justice!*

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§ 236. *Horace, Book I. Ep. VII. Addressed to the Earl of Oxford.* 1713.

HARLEY, the nation's great support,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares possest,
All Europe's business in his breast)
Observ'd a parson near Whitehall
Cheap'ning old authors on a stall.
The priest was pretty well in case,
And show'd some humour in his face;
Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
A perfect stranger to the spleen;
Of size that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to sit still.
My lord (who, if a man may say't,
Loves mischief better than his meat)
Was now dispos'd to crack a jest;
And bid friend Lewis‡ go in quest—
(This Lewis is a cunning shaver,
And very much in Harley's favor)
In quest who might this parson be,
What was his name, of what degree;
If possible, to learn his story,
And whether he were Whig or Tory.

* A cant term for a sure vote. † The fish-market at Westminster, just then opened.
‡ Erasmus Lewis, Esq. the treasurer's secretary.

Lewis

Lewis his patron's humor knows,
Away upon his errand goes,
And quickly did the matter sift,
Found out that it was Doctor Swift;
A clergyman of special note
For shunning those of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care at times to run him down:
No libertine, nor over-nice,
Addicted to no sort of vice,
Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought,
Not rich, but owed no man a groat;
In state opinions *à-la-mode*,
He hated Wharton like a toad;
Had given the faction many a wound,
And libell'd all the junto round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ.
His works were hawk'd in every street,
But seldom rose above a sheet:
Of late indeed the paper-stamp
Did very much his genius cramp;
And, since he could not spend his fire,
He now intended to retire.
Said Harley, "I desire to know
From his own mouth if this be so;
Step to the Doctor straight, and say,
I'd have him dine with me to-day."
Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my lord had sent:
So never offer'd once to stir;
But coldly said, "Your servant, Sir!"
"Does he refuse me?" Harley cried.
"He does, with insolence and pride."
Some few days after, Harley spies
The Doctor fasten'd by the eyes
At Charing-cross among the rout,
Where painted monsters are hung out:
He pull'd the string, and stopp'd his coach,
Beckoning the Doctor to approach.
Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came sneaking to the chariot-side,
And offer'd many a lame excuse:
He never meant the least abuse—
"My lord—the honor you design'd—
Extremely proud—but I had din'd.
I'm sure I never should neglect—
No man alive has more respect."
"Well, I shall think of that no more
If you'll be sure to come at four."
The Doctor now obeys the summons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Displays his talents, sits till ten;
Next day invited, comes again;
Soon grown domestic, seldom fails
Either at morning or at meals:
Came early, and departed late;
In short the gudgeon took the bait.
My lord would carry on the jest,
And down to Windsor take his guest.
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a canon there;
In summer round the park to ride,
In winter never to reside.
"A canon! that's a place too mean;
No, Doctor, you shall be a Dean;
Two dozen canons round your stall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all:
You need but cross the Irish seas,
To live in plenty, pow'r, and ease."
Poor Swift departs; and, what is worse,
With borrow'd money in his purse;
Travels at least a hundred leagues,
And suffers numberless fatigues.
Suppose him now a Dean complete,
Demurely lolling in his seat;
The silver verge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cushion-side;
Suppose him gone through all vexations,
Patents, instalments, abjurations,
First-fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats;
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and cheats—
(The wicked laity's contriving,
To hinder clergymen from thriving).
Now, all the Doctor's money spent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers, spitefully combin'd,
Force him to take his tithes in kind:
And Parvisol * discounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs.
Poor Swift, with all his losses vex'd,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thousand pounds in debt,
Takes horse, and in a mighty fret,
Rides day and night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at Harley's gate;
But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read † would hardly let him in.
Said Harley, "Welcome, Reverend Dean!
What makes your worship look so lean?
Why, sure you won't appear in town
In that old wig and rusty gown?
I doubt your heart is set on pelf
So much that you neglect yourself.
What! I suppose, now stocks are high,
You've some good purchase in your eye?
Or is your money out at use?"
"Truce, good my lord, I beg a truce,"
The Doctor in a passion cried,
"Your raillery is misapplied;
Experience I have dearly bought;
You know I am not worth a groat;
But you resolv'd to have your jest,
And 'twas a folly to contest.
Then, since you now have done your worst,
Pray leave me where you found me first."

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§ 237. *Horace, Book II. Sat. VI.*

I've often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to encrease my store;

* The Dean's agent, a Frenchman.
† The Lord Treasurer's porter.

But

But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
'To me and to my heirs for ever.'
If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
By any trick or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools:
As thus: "Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
To grant me this and t'other acre:
Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure!"
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits,
Preserve, Almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, competence:
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose;
Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.
In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of use;
Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas—
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found;
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown;
Let my lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his Honor in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribands blue and green:
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
And, smiling, whispers to the next:
"I thought the Dean had been too proud
To jostle here among the crowd!"
Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit:
"So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a duke."
I own I'm pleased with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to show
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This humbly offers me his case;
That begs my interest for a place:
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on:
Without your help the cause is gone."
"The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair, at two.
Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind
To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
Consider, 'tis my first request."
Be satisfied, I'll do my best.
Then presently he falls to tease:
"You may for certain if you please:
I doubt not, if his lordship knew—
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—"
'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that:
As, "What's o'clock?" and "How's the wind?"
"Whose chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs:
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me used so well.
"How think you of our friend the Dean?
I wonder what some people mean!
My lord and he are grown so great,
Always together, *tête-à-tête:*
What! they admire him for his jokes?
See but the fortune of some folks!"
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv'd at court.
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry street.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
Inform us, will the emperor treat,
Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest!
'Tis now no secret."—I protest
'Tis one to me.—"Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?"
And though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my lord-mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.
Thus, in a sea of folly tost,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
O could I see my country-seat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town!

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§ 238. *A true and faithful Inventory of the Goods belonging to Dr. Swift, Vicar of Laracor, upon lending his house to the Bishop of Meath till his Palace was rebuilt.*

An oaken broken elbow-chair;
A caudle-cup without an ear;

A batter'd

A batter'd shatter'd ash bedstead;
A box of deal, without a lid;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
A back-sword poker, without point;
A pot that's crack'd across, around
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock, without a key;
A wig, with hanging quite grown grey;
A curtain worn to half a stripe;
A pair of bellows, without pipe;
A dish which might good meat afford once;
An Ovid, and an old Concordance;
A bottle-bottom, wooden platter,
One is for meal and one for water;
There likewise is a copper skillet,
Which runs as fast out as you fill it;
A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save all:
And thus his household goods you have all.
These to your Lordship, as a friend,
Till you have built, I freely lend:
They'll serve your Lordship for a shift;
Why not, as well as Doctor Swift?

§ 239. *An Elegy on the Death of Demar the Usurer, who died the 6th of July* 1720.

Know all men by these presents, Death the tamer
By mortgage hath secur'd the corpse of Demar:
Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound
Redeem him from his prison under ground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth possest,
Bestow to bury him one iron chest.
Plutus, the god of wealth, will joy to know
His faithful steward's in the shades below.
He walk'd the streets, and wore a threadbare cloak,
He din'd and supp'd at charge of other folk;
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms.
So, to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
He us'd them full as kindly as himself.
Where'er he went he never saw his betters;
Lords, knights, and squires, were all his humble debtors;
And under hand and seal the Irish nation
Were forc'd to own to him their obligation.
He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
In half a minute is not worth a groat.
His coffers from the coffin could not save,
Nor all his interest keep him from the grave.
A golden monument could not be right,
Because we wish the earth upon him light.
O London tavern*! thou hast lost a friend,
Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend:
He touch'd the pence, when others touch'd the pot;
The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot.
Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
On him could ever boast a pow'r to seize;
"† But, as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death in spite
Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light;
And as he saw his darling money fail,
Blew his last breath to sink the lighter scale."
He who so long was current, 'twould be strange
If he should now be cried down since his change.
The Sexton shall green sods on thee bestow;
Alas, the sexton is thy banker now!
A dismal banker must that banker be,
Who gives no bills but of mortality.

§ 240. *Epitaph on a Miser.*

Beneath this verdant hillock lies
Demar, the wealthy and the wise.
His heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his carcase in a chest;
The very chest in which, they say,
His other self, his money, lay.
And if his heirs continue kind
To that dear self he left behind,
I dare believe that four in five
Will think his better half alive.

§ 241. *To Mrs. Houghton of Bormount, upon praising her Husband to Dr. Swift.*

You always are making a god of your spouse,
But this neither reason nor conscience allows:
Perhaps you will say, 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him because he adores you:
Your argument's weak, and so you will find;
For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind.

§ 242. *Dr. Delany's Villa.*

Would you that Delville I describe?
Believe me, Sir, I will not jibe;
For who would be satirical
Upon a thing so very small?
You scarce upon the borders enter,
Before you're at the very centre.
A single crow can make it night,
When o'er your farm she takes her flight:
Yet, in this narrow compass, we
Observe a vast variety;
Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
Windows, and doors, and rooms, and stairs,
And hills, and dales, and woods, and fields,
And hay, and grass, and corn, it yields;
All to your haggard brought so cheap in,
Without the mowing or the reaping:
A razor, though to say't I'm loth,
Would shave you and your meadows both.

* A tavern in Dublin where Demar kept his office.

† These four lines were written by Stella.

Though

Though small's the farm, yet there's a house
Full large to entertain a mouse;
But where a rat is dreaded more
Than savage Calydonian boar;
For, if it's enter'd by a rat,
There is no room to bring a cat.
A little riv'let seems to steal
Down through a thing you call a vale,
Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
Like rain along a blade of leek;
And this you call your sweet Meander,
Which might be suck'd up by a gander,
Could he but force his nether bill
To scoop the channel of the rill:
For sure you'd make a mighty clutter,
Were it as big as city-gutter.
Next come I to your kitchen-garden,
Where one poor mouse would fare but hard in;
And round this garden is a walk,
No longer than a taylor's chalk.
Thus I compare what space is in it;
A snail creeps round it in a minute.
One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze
Up through a tuft you call your trees:
And, once a year, a single rose
Peeps from the bud, but never blows;
In vain then you expect its bloom!
It cannot blow, from want of room.
In short, in all your boasted seat,
There's nothing but yourself that's *great*.

§ 243. *Mary the Cook-maid's Letter to Dr. Sheridan.* 1723.

Well, if ever I saw such another man since my mother bound my head!
You a gentleman! marry come up! I wonder where you were bred.
I'm sure such words do not become a man of your cloth:
I would not give such language to a dog, faith and troth. [Sheridan, 'tis a shame
Yes, you call'd my master a knave: fie, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a shame and a sin;
For a parson, who should know better things, to come out with such a name.
Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a shame and a sin;
And the Dean, my master, is an honester man than you and all your kin;
He has more goodness in his little finger than you have in your whole body;
My master is a personable man, and not a spindle-shank'd hoddy-doddy.
And now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuse,
Because my master one day, in anger, call'd you goose;
Which, and I am sure I have been his servant four years since October,
And he never call'd me worse than sweetheart, drunk or sober:
Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd, to my knowledge,
Though you and your come-rogues keep him out so late in your college.
You say you will eat grass on his grave: a Cliristian eat grass!
Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose or an ass:
But that's as much as to say, that my master should die before ye;
Well, well, that's as God pleases; and I don't believe that's a true story:
And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my master, what care I? [Mary.
And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to
Every body knows that I love to tell truth, and shame the devil; [should be civil.
I am but a poor servant, but I think gentlefolks
Besides, you found fault with our victuals one day that you was here; [the year;
I remember it was on a Tuesday, of all days in
And Saunders the man says you are always jesting and mocking:
"Mary," said he one day as I was mending my master's stocking,
"My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the school— [makes him a fool."
I thought my master a wise man, but that man
"Saunders," said I, "I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a dishclout to his tail."
And now I must go and get Saunders to direct this letter;
For I write but a sad scrawl, but my sister Marget she writes better.
Well, but I must run and make the bed, before my master comes from pray'rs:
And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming up stairs;
Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could write written hand:
And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to command, MARY.

§ 244. *Riddles, by Dr. Swift and his Friends. Written in or about the Year* 1724.

On a Pen.

In youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white,
My person tall, and slender waist,
On either side with fringes graced;
Till me that tyrant man espied,
And dragg'd me from my mother's side.
No wonder now I look so thin;
The tyrant stripp'd me to the skin;
My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropp'd;
At head and foot my body lopp'd:
And then, with heart more hard than stone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To slit my tongue, and make me speak:
But that which wonderful appears;
I speak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft employs me in disguise,
And makes me tell a thousand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in trust
To please his malice or his lust;

From

From me no secret he can hide,
I see his vanity and pride:
And my delight is to expose
His follies to his greatest foes.
All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I understand.
Without my aid, the best divine
In learning would not know a line;
The lawyer must forget his pleading;
The scholar could not show his reading.
Nay, man, my master, is my slave:
I give command to kill or save;
Can grant ten thousand pounds a year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.
But while I thus my life relate,
I only hasten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on some dunghill left to rot.

§ 245. *On Gold.*

All-ruling tyrant of the earth,
To vilest slaves I owe my birth.
How is the greatest monarch blest,
When in my gaudy liv'ry drest!
No haughty nymph has pow'r to run
From me, or my embraces shun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My constancy is still the same.
The favourite messenger of Jove,
The Lemnian God, consulting strove
To make me glorious to the sight
Of mortals, and the gods' delight.
Soon would their altars' flame expire
If I refus'd to lend them fire.

§ 246. *On a Corkscrew.*

Though I, alas! a prisoner be,
My trade is, prisoners to set free.
No slave his lord's commands obeys
With such insinuating ways;
My genius piercing, sharp, and bright,
Wherein the men of wit delight.
The clergy keep me for their ease,
And turn and wind me as they please.
A new and wondrous art I show
Of raising spirits from below;
In scarlet some, and some in white:
They rise, walk round, yet never fright.
In at each mouth the spirits pass,
Distinctly seen as through a glass;
O'er head and body make a rout,
And drive at last all secrets out:
And still the more I show my art,
The more they open ev'ry heart.
A greater chemist none than I,
Who from materials hard and dry
Have taught men to extract with skill
More precious juice than from a still.
Although I'm often out of case,
I'm not asham'd to show my face.
Though at the tables of the great
I near the sideboard take my seat;
Yet the plain squire, when dinner's done,
Is never pleas'd till I make one:
He kindly bids me near him stand,
And often takes me by the hand.
I twice a day a hunting go,
Nor ever fail to seize my foe;
And, when I have him by the pole,
I drag him upwards from his hole;
Though some are of so stubborn kind,
I'm forced to leave a limb behind.
I hourly wait some fatal end;
For I can break, but scorn to bend.

§ 247. *On a Circle.*

I'm up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out.
Though hundreds have employ'd their leisure,
They never yet could find my measure.
I'm found almost in ev'ry garden,
Nay, in the compass of a farthing.
There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch, except I will.

§ 248. *On Ink.*

I am jet-black, as you may see,
The son of Pitch and gloomy Night:
Yet all that know me will agree
I'm dead, except I live in light.

Sometimes in panegyric high,
Like lofty Pindar I can soar;
And raise a virgin to the sky,
Or sink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this day is very sweet,
To-morrow of a bitter juice;
Like milk, 'tis cried about the street,
And so applied to different use.

Most wondrous is my magic pow'r,
For with one color I can paint;
I'll make the devil a saint this hour,
Next make a devil of a saint.

Through distant regions I can fly,
Provide me with but paper wings;
And fairly shew a reason why
There should be quarrels among kings.

And after all, you'll think it odd,
When learned doctors will dispute,
That I should point the word of God,
And show where they can best confute.

Let lawyers bawl and strain their throats;
'Tis I that must their lands convey,
And strip the clients to their coats;
Nay, give their very souls away.

§ 249. *On the Five Senses.*

All of us in one you'll find,
Brethren of a wondrous kind;
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one tittle of the other.
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,

Where

Where to us unknown a clerk
Sits and takes them in the dark.
He's the register of all
In our ken, both great and small;
By us forms his laws and rules;
He's our master, we his tools,
Yet we can, with greatest ease,
Turn and wind him where we please.
One of us alone can sleep,
Yet no watch the rest will keep;
But the moment that he closes,
Ev'ry brother else reposes.
If wine's bought, or victuals drest,
One enjoys them for the rest.
Pierce us all with wounding steel,
One for all of us will feel.
Though ten thousand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thousand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful sound.
Do what is not fit to tell,
There's but one of us can smell.

§ 250. *On an Echo.*

Never sleeping, still awake,
Pleasing most when most I speak:
The delight of old and young,
Though I speak without a tongue:
Nought but one thing can confound me,
Many voices joining round me;
Then I fret and rave and gabble
Like the labourers of Babel.
Now I am a dog or cow,
I can bark, or I can low;
I can bleat, or I can sing
Like the warblers of the spring.
Let the love sick bard complain,
And I mourn the cruel pain;
Let the happy swain rejoice,
And I join my helping voice;
Both are welcome, grief or joy,
I with either sport and toy.
Though a lady, I am stout,
Drums and trumpets bring me out;
Then I clash, and roar and rattle,
Join in all the din of battle.
Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
When I'm vex'd, can't keep me under;
Yet so tender is my ear,
That the lowest voice I fear.
Much I dread the courtier's fate,
When his merit's out of date:
For I hate a silent breath,
And a whisper is my death.

§ 251. *On a Shadow in a Glass.*

By something form'd, I nothing am,
Yet every thing that you can name;
In no place have I ever been,
Yet ev'ry where I may be seen:
In all things false, yet always true,
I'm still the same, but ever new.
Lifeless, life's perfect form I wear,
Can show a nose, eye, tongue, or ear,
Yet neither smell, see, taste, or hear.
All shapes and features I can boast,
No flesh, no bones, no blood—no ghost:
All colours, without paint, put on,
And change like the camelcon.
Swiftly I come and enter there
Where not a chink lets in the air;
Like thought, I'm in a moment gone,
Nor can I ever be alone;
All things on earth I imitate
Faster than nature can create;
Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
Anon in beggar's rags appear;
A giant now, and straight an elf,
I'm ev'ry one, but ne'er myself;
Ne'er sad, I mourn; ne'er glad, rejoice;
I move my lips, but want a voice;
I ne'r was born, nor e'er can die:
Then pr'ythee tell me, what am I?

§ 252. *On Time.*

Ever eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all destroying;
Never finding full repast,
Till I eat the world at last.

§ 253. *On the Vowels.*

We are little airy creatures,
All of diff'rent voice and features:
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet;
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

§ 254. *On Snow.*

From heaven I fall, tho' from earth I begin,
No lady alive can shew such a skin.
I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather,
But heavy and dark when you squeeze me together.
Though candor and truth in my aspect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to ensnare.
Though so much of heaven appears in my make,
The foulest impressions I easily take.
My parent and I produce one another;
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

§ 255. *On a Cannon.*

Begotten, and born, and dying, with noise,
The terror of women, and pleasure of boys:
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confin'd.
For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead;

Except

Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a spark;
The moment I get one, my soul's all afire,
And I roar out my joy, and in transport expire.

§ 256. *To Quilca, a Country-House of Dr. Sheridan, in no very good Repair.* 1725.

Let me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabin, dropping rain;
Chimneys with scorn rejecting smoke;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads, broke.
Here elements have lost their uses:
Air ripens not, nor earth produces;
In vain we make poor Shelah * toil,
Fire will not roast, nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddess Want in triumph reigns:
And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

§ 257. *The grand Question debated, whether Hamilton's Bawn should be turned into a Barrack or a Malt-House.* 1729.

Thus spoke to my Lady the Knight † full of care:
"Let me have your advice in a weighty affair:
This Hamilton's Bawn ‡ whilst it sticks on my hand,
I lose by the house what I get by the land;
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a barrack § or malt-house, we now must consider.
"First let me suppose I make it a malt-house,
Here I have computed the profit will fall thus;
There's nine hundred pounds for labor and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a day, and three hogsheads a year:
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stored;
No little scrub joint shall come on my board,
And you and the Dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;
Nor shall I, for his humor, permit you to purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my sirloin.
If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant;
My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't:
In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent;
Whatever they give me, I must be content,
Or join with the court in every debate,
And rather than that I would lose my estate."
Thus ended the Knight. Thus began his meek wife:
"It must and it shall be a barrack, my life.
I'm grown a mere mopus; no company comes
But a rabble of tenants and rusty dull rums:||
With parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the Dean.
But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
The Captain, I'm sure, will always come here;
I then shall not value his Deanship a straw,
For the Captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
Or, should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert;
That men of his coat should be minding their pray'rs,
And not among ladies to give themselves airs."
Thus argued my Lady, but argued in vain;
The Knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain.
But Hannah, ¶ who listen'd to all that was past,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
Cried, "Madam, why surely my master's possest.
Sir Arthur the maltster! how fine it will sound!
I'd rather the bawn were sunk under ground.
But, Madam, I guess'd there would never come good,
When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood**.
And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
That I saw a huge rat—O dear, how I scream'd!
And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes;
And Molly she said I should hear some ill news.
"Dear Madam, had you but the spirit to tease,
You might have a barrack whenever you please:
And, Madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*,
Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest;
And, rather than come in the same pair of sheets
With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets:
But, Madam, I beg you, contrive and invent,
And worry him out till he gives his consent.
Dear Madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
An I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink:
For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, though I never so fain.
I fancy already a barrack contriv'd
At Hamilton's Bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;
Of this to be sure Sir Arthur has warning,
And waits on the Captain betimes the next morning.
Now see, when they meet, how their honors behave:
'Noble Captain, your servant.'—'Sir Arthur, your slave:
You honor me much.'—'The honor is mine.'
'Twas a sad rainy night.'—'But the morning is fine.'
'Pray how does my Lady?'—'My wife's at your service.'
'I think I have seen her picture by Jervas.'—

* The name of an Irish servant. † Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat this was written.
‡ A large old house, two miles from Sir Arthur's seat.
§ The army in Ireland is lodged in strong buildings over the whole kingdom, called barracks.
|| A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman. ¶ My lady's waiting-woman.
** Two of Sir Arthur's managers.

'Good

'Good morrow, good Captain, I'll wait on you down.'
'You shan't stir a foot.'—'You'll think me a clown.
For all the world, Captain.'—'Not half an inch farther.'
'You must be obey'd!'—'Your servant, Sir Arthur!
My humble respects to my Lady unknown.'
'I hope you will use my house as your own.'"
"Go bring me my smock, and leave off your prate,
Thou hast certainly got a cup in thy pate."
"Pray, madam, be quiet, what was it I said?
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
Next day, to be sure, the Captain will come
At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum.
Now, madam, observe how he marches in state:
The man with the kettle-drums enters the gate;
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
Tantara, tantara; while all the boys halloo.
See now comes the Captain, all daub'd with gold lace:
O la! the sweet gentleman! look in his face;
And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand;
And his horse, the dear *cretur*, it prances and rears,
With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears:
At last comes the troop, by the word of command,
Drawn up in our court; when the Captain cries, STAND!
Your Ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen
(For sure I have *dizen'd* you out like a queen).
The Captain, to show he is proud of the favor,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver;
(His beaver is cock'd; pray, madam, mark that,
For a Captain of horse never takes off his hat,
Because he has never a hand that is idle;
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the bridle;)
Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair;
(How I tremble to think of the blood it hath spilt!)
Then he lowers down the point, and kisses the hilt.
Your Ladyship smiles, and thus you begin:
'Pray, Captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk in.'
The Captain salutes you with congee profound,
And your Ladyship curtsies half-way to the ground.
'Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us:
I'm sure he'll be proud of the honor you do us.
And, Captain, you'll do us the favor to stay
And take a short dinner here with us to-day:
You're heartily welcome: but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time of the year;
If I had expected so worthy a guest—'
'Lord, madam! your ladyship sure is in jest:
You banter me, madam.'—'The kingdom must grant,
You officers, Captain, are so complaisant!'"
"Hist, hussy, I think I hear somebody coming."
"No, madam, 'tis only Sir Arthur a humming.
To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story)
The Captain at dinner appears in his glory:
The Dean and the Doctor * have humbled their pride,
For the Captain's entreated to sit by your side:
And, because he's their betters, you carve for him first:
The parsons for envy are ready to burst.
The servants, amazed, are scarce ever able
To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table;
And Molly and I have thrust in our nose
To peep at the Captain in all his fine *clo'es*.
Dear madam, be sure he's a fine-spoken man,
Do but hear on the Clergy how glib his tongue ran:
And, 'Madam,' says he, 'if such dinners you give,
You'll ne'er want for parsons as long as you live.
I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose:
But the Devil's as welcome wherever he goes.
G—d--n me! they bid us reform and repent,
But, z—ds! by their looks they never keep Lent.
Mister Curate, for all your grave looks, I'm afraid
You cast a sheep's eye on her Ladyship's maid:
I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
In mending your cassock, and smoothing your band
(For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd like a ninny,
That the Captain suppos'd he was curate to Jinny).
Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
Observe how a Parson comes into a room;
G— d—n me! he hobbles as bad as my groom:
A *scollard*, when just from his college broke loose,
Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a goose:
Your † *Noveds*, and *Blueturks*, and *Omurs*, and stuff,
By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff;
To give a young gentleman right education,
The army's the only good school in the nation:
My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,
But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school:
I never could take to my book for the blood o' me,
And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o' me.
He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in my life:
So I took to the road; and what's very odd,
The first man I robb'd was a parson, by G—.
Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day.—

* Dr. Jinny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

† Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.

Never since I was born did I hear so much wit;
And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should split.
So then you look'd scornful, and snift at the Dean,
As who should say, *Now am I Skinny-and-lean?*
But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
And the Doctor was plaguily down in the hips."
Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till she heard the Dean call, "Will your Ladyship walk?"
Her Ladyship answers, "I'm just coming down:"
Then turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
Cried—"Hussy! why sure the wench is gone mad!
How could all these chimeras get into your brains?
Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
But the Dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
Will never have done with his jibes and his jeers.
For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye;
Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy."

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§ 258. *On the Death of Dr. Swift. Occasioned by reading the following Maxim in Rochefoucault: "Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous deplait pas."*

"In the adversity of our best friends we always find something that doth not displease us."

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
"In all distresses of our friends,
We first consult our private ends;
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us."
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals rais'd above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you;
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post,
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won:
Rather than thus be over-topt,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to see
His brothers write as well as he;
But, rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell?

Her end when Emulation misses,
She turns to Envy, stings and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain human kind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, pow'r, and station,
'Tis all to me an usurpation.
I have no title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But, with a sigh, I wish it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six,
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it first, and show'd its use.
St. John as well as Pulteney knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents heaven hath bless'd 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote, when I
Must, by the course of nature, die!
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death may do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
"See how the Dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says:
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where last he din'd;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith! he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.
"For poetry he's past his prime:
He takes an hour to find a rhyme;

His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen;
But there's no talking to some men!"
And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years:
"He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach too begins to fail:
Last year we thought him strong and hale;
But now he's quite another thing:
I wish he may hold out till spring!"
They hug themselves, and reason thus:
"It is not yet so bad with us!"
In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes:
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend;
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how-d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")
Would please them better, than to tell
That, "God be prais'd, the Dean is well."
Then he who prophesied the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest:
"You know I always fear'd the worst,
And often told you so at first."
He'd rather choose that I should die,
Than his predictions prove a lie.
Not one foretels I shall recover;
But all agree to give me over.
Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain;
How many a message would he send,
With hearty pray'rs that I should mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept,
What gave me ease, and how I slept;
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the sniv'lers round my bed.
My good companions, never fear;
For though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.
Behold the fatal day arrive!
"How is the Dean?"—"He's just alive."
Now the departing-pray'r is read;
"He hardly breathes—the Dean is dead!"
Before the passing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run:
"O may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?
I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.
To public uses! there's a whim;
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride!
He gave it all—but first he died.
And had the Dean, in all the nation,
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"

Now Grub-street wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in every paper,
To curse the Dean, or bless the Drapier.
The Doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame.
"We must confess his case was nice,
But he would never take advice.
Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
He might have liv'd these twenty years;
For when we open'd him, we found
That all his vital parts were sound."
From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court, "The Dean is dead."
And Lady Suffolk*, in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the Queen:
The Queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone? 'tis time he shou'd.
He's dead, you say? then let him rot:
I'm glad the medals† were forgot.
I promis'd him, I own; but when?
I only was the Princess then:
But now, as consort of the King,
You know, 'tis quite another thing."
Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells, with a sneer, the tidings heavy:
"Why, if he died without his shoes,"
Cries Bob, "I'm sorry for the news.
O were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will!
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"
Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains:
"Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!"
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
"Revis'd by Tibbald, Moore, and Cibber."
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die,
Which Pope must bear as well as I.
Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I lov'd my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day:
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
"I'm sorry—but we all must die!"
Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies:
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt?
When we are lash'd they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.
The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with suspense and fear;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd, to stand between:
The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling:
They mourn for me without dissembling.
My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The Dean is dead: (pray what is trumps?)

* Mrs. Howard, at one time a favourite with the Dean.
† Which the Dean in vain expected, in return for a small present he had sent to the Princess.

Then Lord have mercy on his soul!
(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
Six Deans, they say, must bear the pall:
(I wish I knew what king to call).
Madam, your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend?"
"No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight;
And he's engaged to-morrow night:
My Lady Club will take it ill
If he should fail at her quadrille.
He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart)—
But dearest friends, they say, must part.
His time was come: he ran his race;
We hope he's in a better place."
Why do we grieve that friends should die?
No loss more easy to supply:
One year is past—a different scene!
No farther mention of the Dean:
Who now, alas! no more is miss'd
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now the favorite of Apollo?
Departed—and his works must follow;
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
Some country squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;
He died a year ago?"—"The same."
He searches all the shop in vain:
"Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane:
I sent them with a load of books,
Last Monday, to the pastry-cook's.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you're but a stranger here.
The Dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
His way of writing now is past:
The town has got a better taste.
I keep no antiquated stuff;
But spick and span I have enough.
Pray do but give me leave to show 'em:
Here's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem;
This ode you never yet have seen,
By Stephen Duck upon the Queen.
Then here's a letter finely penn'd
Against the Craftsman and his friend:
It clearly shows that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.
Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,
And Mr. Henley's last oration;
The hawkers have not got them yet:
Your honor please to buy a set?
"Here's Wolston's tracts, the twelfth edition;
'Tis read by every politician:
The country-members, when in town,
To all their boroughs send them down:
You never met a thing so smart;
The courtiers have them all by heart.
Those maids of honor who can read
Are taught to use them for their creed;
The reverend author's good intention
Hath been rewarded with a pension*:
He doth an honor to his gown,
By bravely running priestcraft down:
He shows, as sure as God's in Glo'ster,
That Moses was a grand impostor;
That all his miracles were cheats,
Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
The church had never such a writer;
A shame he hath not got a mitre!"
Suppose me dead; and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose;
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat:
And while they toss my name about,
With favor some, and some without,
One, quite indifferent in the cause,
My character impartial draws:
"The Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill receiv'd at court;
Although, ironically grave,
He shamed the fool, and lash'd the knave;
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own."
"Sir, I have heard another story:
He was a most confounded Tory;
And grew, or he is much belied,
Extremely dull before he died."
"Can we the Drapier then forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?
'Twas he that writ the Drapier's Letters!"
"He should have left them for his betters;
We had a hundred abler men,
Nor need depend upon his pen.
Say what you will about his reading,
You never can defend his breeding;
Who, in his satires running riot,
Could never leave the world in quiet;
Attacking, when he took the whim,
Court, city, camp—all one to him.
But why should he, except he slobber'd,
Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert,
Whose counsels aid the sovereign pow'r
To save the nation every hour?
What scenes of evil he unravels
In satires, libels, lying travels:
Not sparing his own clergy-cloth,
But eats into it, like a moth!"
"Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant:
His satire points at no defect
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhorr'd the senseless tribe
Who call it humor when they jibe.
He spared a hump or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux:
True genuine dulness mov'd his pity,
Unless it offer'd to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confess'd
He ne'er offended with a jest;
But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
Must be or ridiculed or lash'd.
If you resent it, who's to blame?
He neither knows you, nor your name.

* Wolston is here confounded with Wollaston.

Should

Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
Because its owner is a duke?
His friendships, still to few confin'd,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed:
Where titles give no right or pow'r,
And peerage is a wither'd flow'r,
He would have deem'd it a disgrace
If such a wretch had known his face.
On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
He vented oft his wrath in vain.
——— squires to market brought,
Who sell their souls and —— for nought;
The ——— go joyful back,
To rob the church, their tenants rack,
Go snacks with —— justices,
And keep the peace to pick up fees;
In every job to have a share,
A gaol or turnpike to repair;
And turn —— to public roads
Commodious to their own abodes.
" He never thought an honor done him
Because a peer was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station;
No persons held in admiration;
Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs,
He gave himself no haughty airs;
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends;
And only chose the wise and good,
No flatterers, no allies in blood,
But succour'd virtue in distress,
And seldom fail'd of good success;
As numbers in their heart must own,
Who, but for him, had been unknown.
He kept with princes due decorum,
Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's lesson just;
In princes never put his trust;
And, would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in pow'r.
The Irish senate if you named,
With what impatience he declaim'd!
Fair Liberty was all his cry,
For her he stood prepar'd to die;
For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft expos'd his own.
Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head:
But not a traitor could be found,
To sell him for six hundred pound.
" Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
He might have rose like other men:
But pow'r was never in his thought,
And wealth he valued not a groat:
Ingratitude he often found,
And pitied those who meant the wound:
But kept the tenor of his mind,
To merit well of human-kind;
Nor made a sacrifice of those
Who still were true, to please his foes.
He labor'd many a fruitless hour
To reconcile his friends in pow'r;
Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
While they pursued each other's ruin!
But, finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere despair.
" And, O! how short are human schemes!
Here ended all our golden dreams.
What St. John's skill in state-affairs,
What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
To save their sinking country lent,
Was all destroy'd by one event.
Too soon that precious life was ended,
On which alone our weal depended:
When up a dangerous faction starts,
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts:
By solemn league and cov'nant bound,
To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel;
Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
To sacrifice Old England's glory,
And make her infamous in story.
When such a tempest shook the land,
How could unguarded Virtue stand?
With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
Beheld the dire destructive scene:
His friends in exile, or the Tower,
Himself within the frown of power;
Pursued by base envenom'd pens,
Far to the land of s—— and fens;
A servile race in folly nurst,
Who truckle most when treated worst.
" By innocence and resolution,
He bore continual persecution;
While numbers to preferment rose,
Whose merit was, to be his foes:
When ev'n his own particular friends,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegadoes now he feels
Against him lifting up their heels.
The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
An infamous, destructive cheat;
Taught fools their interest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
To save that hapless land from ruin;
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.
To save them from their evil fate,
In him was held a crime of state.
A wicked monster on the bench,
Whose fury blood could never quench;
As vile and profligate a villain
As modern Scroggs, or old Tressilian;
Who long all justice had discarded,
Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded;
Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his zeal repent.
But heaven his innocence defends,
The grateful people stand his friends:
Not strains of law, nor judge's frown,
Nor topics brought to please the crown,

Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
Prevail to bring him in convict.
" In exile, with a steady heart,
He spent his life's declining part;
Where folly, pride, and faction, sway,
Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay."—
" Alas, poor Dean! his only scope
Was, to be held a misanthrope;
This into general odium drew him;
Which if he lik'd, much good may't do him.
His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
But discontent against the times;
For had we made him timely offers
To raise his post, or fill his coffers,
Perhaps he might have truckled down,
Like other brethren of his gown;
For party he would scarce have bled:
I say no more—because he's dead.
What writings has he left behind?"
" I hear they're of a different kind:
A few in verse, but most in prose."
" Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose:
All scribbled in the worst of times,
To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes;
To praise Queen Anne; nay more, defend her,
As never favouring the Pretender;
Or libels yet conceal'd from sight,
Against the court to show his spite.
Perhaps his Travels, part the third;
A lie at every second word—
Offensive to a loyal ear;
But not one sermon, you may swear."
" He knew an hundred pleasing stories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories:
Was cheerful to his dying day,
An friends would let him have his way.
As for his works in verse or prose,
I own myself no judge of those;
Nor can I tell what critics thought them,
But this I know—all people bought them,
As with a moral view design'd
To please and to reform mankind:
And, if he often miss'd his aim,
The world must own it to their shame,
The praise is his, and theirs the blame.
He gave the little wealth he had,
To build a house for fools and mad;
To show, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better:
And since you dread no farther lashes,
Methinks you may forgive his ashes."

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§ 259. *The Author.* CHURCHILL.

ACCURS'D the man whom fate ordains, in spite,
And cruel parents teach, to read and write!
What need of letters? Wherefore should we spell?
Why write our names? A mark will do as well.
Much are the precious hours of youth misspent
In climbing Learning's rugged, steep ascent!
When to the top the bold adventr'er's got,
He reigns vain monarch o'er a barren spot:
Whilst, in the vale of Ignorance below,
Folly and vice to rank luxuriance grow;
Honors and wealth pour in on every side,
And proud preferment rolls her golden tide.
O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waste,
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taste;
To bear the slavish drudgery of schools,
And tamely stoop to ev'ry pedant's rules;
For seven long years debarr'd of lib'ral ease,
To plod in college-trammels to degrees;
Beneath the weight of solemn toys to groan,
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown;
To praise each senior blockhead's threadbare tale,
And laugh till reason blush, and spirits fail;
Manhood with vile submission to disgrace,
And cap the fool whose merit is his place;
Vice-chancellors whose knowledge is but small,
And chancellors who nothing know at all;
Ill brook'd the gen'rous spirit, in those days
When learning was the certain road to praise,
When nobles, with a love of science bless'd,
Approv'd in others what themselves possess'd.
But now, when Dulness rears aloft her throne,
When lordly vassals her wide empire own;
When Wit, seduc'd by Envy, starts aside,
And basely leagues with Ignorance and Pride;
What now should tempt us, by false hopes misled,
Learning's unfashionable paths to tread:
To bear those labors which our fathers bore,
That crown withheld which they in triumph wore?
When with much pains this boasted learning's got,
'Tis an affront to those who have it not.
In some it causes hate, in others fear,
Instructs our foes to rail, our friends to sneer.
With prudent haste the worldly-minded fool
Forgets the little which he learn'd at school;
The elder brother, to vast fortunes born,
Looks on all science with an eye of scorn;
Dependent brethren the same features wear,
And younger sons are stupid as the heir.
In senates, at the bar, in church and state,
Genius is vile, and learning out of date.
Is this—O death to think! is this the land
Where Merit and Reward went hand in hand;
Where heroes parent-like the Poet view'd,
By whom they saw their glorious deeds renew'd;
Where Poets, true to honor, tun'd their lays,
And by their Patrons sanctify'd their praise?
Is this the land where on our Spenser's tongue,
Enamour'd of his voice, Description hung:
Where Jonson rigid gravity beguil'd,
Whilst Reason thro' her critic fences smil'd;
Where Nature list'ning stood while Shakspeare play'd,
And wonder'd at the work herself had made?
Is this the land, where, mindful of her charge
And office high, fair Freedom walk'd at large;
Where, finding in our laws a sure defence,
She mock'd at all restraints, but those of Sense;
Where, Health and Honor trooping by her side,
She spread her sacred empire far and wide;

Pointed

Pointed the way Affliction to beguile,
And bade the face of Sorrow wear a smile;
Bade those who dare obey the gen'rous call,
Enjoy her blessings, which God meant for all?
Is this the land, where, in some tyrant's reign,
When a *weak, wicked, ministerial* train,
The tools of pow'r, the slaves of int'rest, plann'd
Their country's ruin, and with bribes unmann'd
Those wretches who, ordain'd in Freedom's cause,
Gave up our liberties, and sold our laws; [go,
When Pow'r was taught by Meanness where to
Nor dar'd to love the virtue of a foe;
When, like a lep'rous plague, from the foul head
To the foul heart her sores Corruption spread;
Her iron arm when stern Oppression rear'd,
And Virtue, from her broad base shaken, fear'd
The scourge of Vice; when, impotent and vain,
Poor Freedom bow'd the neck to Slavery's chain:—
Is this the land, where, in those worst of times,
The hardy Poet rais'd his honest rhymes
To dread rebuke, and bade controlment speak
In guilty blushes on the villain's cheek:
Bade Pow'r turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,
And made them fear the Muse, who fear'd not Law?

How do I laugh when men of narrow souls,
Whom folly guides and prejudice controls;
Who one dull drowsy track of business trod,
Worship their Mammon, and neglect their God;
Who, breathing by one musty set of rules,
Dote from the birth, and are by system fools;
Who, form'd to dulness from their very youth,
Lies of the day prefer to Gospel truth;
Pick up their little knowledge from Reviews,
And lay out all their stock of faith in news:
How do I laugh, when creatures form'd like these, [please,
Whom Reason scorns, and I should blush to
Rail at all lib'ral arts, deem verse a crime,
And hold not Truth as Truth if told in rhyme!

How do I laugh, when Publius, hoary grown
In zeal for Scotland's welfare and his own,
By slow degrees, and course of office, drawn
In mood and figure at the helm to yawn;
Too mean (the worst of curses Heav'n can send)
To have a foe, too proud to have a friend,
Erring by form, which blockheads sacred hold,
Ne'er making new faults, and ne'er mending old;
Rebukes my spirit, bids the daring Muse
Subjects more equal to her weakness choose;
Bids her frequent the haunts of humble swains,
Nor dare to traffic in ambitious strains;
Bids her, indulging the poetic whim
In quaint-wrought ode, or sonnet pertly trim,
Along the church-way path complain with Gray,
Or dance with Mason on the first of May!
"All sacred is the name and power of Kings;
And States and Statesmen are those mighty things,
Which, howsoe'er they out of course may roll,
Were never made for Poets to control."

Peace, peace, thou dotard! nor thus vilely deem
Of sacred numbers, and their pow'r blaspheme;
I tell thee, wretch, search all creation round,
In earth, in heav'n, no subject can be found
(Our God alone except), above whose weight
The Poet cannot rise, and hold his state.
The blessed Saints above in numbers speak
The praise of God, though there all praise is weak;
In numbers here below the Bard shall teach
Virtue to soar beyond the villain's reach;
Shall tear his lab'ring lungs, strain his hoarse throat,
And raise his voice beyond the trumpet's note,
Should an afflicted country, aw'd by men
Of slavish principles, demand his pen.
This is a great, a glorious point of view,
Fit for an English Poet to pursue,
Undaunted to pursue, though in return
His writings by the common hangman burn.

How do I laugh when men, by fortune plac'd
Above their betters, and by rank disgrac'd;
Who found their pride on titles which they stain,
And, mean themselves, are of their fathers vain;
Who would a bill of privilege prefer,
And treat a Poet like a creditor;
The gen'rous ardor of the Muse condemn,
And curse the storm they know must break on them!
"What, shall a reptile Bard, a wretch unknown,
Without one badge of merit but his own,
Great Nobles lash, and Lords like common men
Smart from the vengeance of a scribbler's pen?"
What's in the name of Lord, that I should fear
To bring their vices to the public ear?
Flows not the honest blood of humble swains
Quick as the tide which swells a monarch's veins?
Monarchs, who wealth and titles can bestow,
Cannot make virtues in succession flow.
Wouldst thou, proud man, be safely plac'd above
The censure of the Muse, deserve her love;
Act as thy birth demands, as nobles ought;
Look back, and, by thy worthy father taught,
Who earn'd those honors thou wert born to wear,
Follow his steps, and be his virtue's heir.
But if, regardless of the road to Fame,
You start aside, and tread the paths of Shame;
If such thy life, that, should thy sire arise,
The sight of such a son would blast his eyes;
Would make him curse the hour which gave thee birth; [earth,
Would drive him, shudd'ring, from the face of
Once more, with shame and sorrow, 'mongst the dead,
In endless night to hide his rev'rend head;
If such thy life, though king hath made thee more
Than ever king a scoundrel made before;
Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper spring,
Though God in vengeance had made thee a king;

Taking on Virtue's wing her daring flight,
The Muse should drag thee trembling to the light,
Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy bosom bare
To the keen question of the searching air.
Gods! with what pride I see the titled slave,
Who smarts beneath the stroke which Satire gave,
Aiming at ease, and with dishonest art
Striving to hide the feelings of his heart!
How do I laugh, when, with affected air,
(Scarce able, through despite, to keep his chair,
Whilst on his trembling lip pale anger speaks,
And the chafed blood flies mounting to his cheeks)
He talks of "Conscience, which good men secures
From all those evil moments guilt endures,"
And seems to laugh at those who pay regard
To the wild ravings of a frantic bard!
"Satire, whilst envy and ill humor sway
The mind of man, must always make her way;
Nor to a bosom with discretion fraught
Is all her malice worth a single thought:
The Wise have not the will, nor Fools the pow'r,
To stop her headstrong course: within the hour,
Left to herself, she dies; opposing strife
Gives her fresh vigor, and prolongs her life.
All things her prey, and every man her aim,
I can no patent for exemption claim;
Nor would I wish to stop that harmless dart
Which plays around, but cannot wound, my heart:
Though pointed at myself, be Satire free;
To her 'tis pleasure, and no pain to me."
Dissembling wretch! hence to the Stoic school,
And there amongst thy brethren play the fool;
There unrebuk'd, these wild, vain doctrines preach:
Lives there a man, whom Satire cannot reach?
Lives there a man, who calmly can stand by,
And see his conscience ripp'd, with steady eye?
When Satire flies abroad on Falsehood's wing,
Short is her life, and impotent her sting;
But when to Truth allied, the wound she gives
Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.
When in the tomb thy pamper'd flesh shall rot,
And e'en by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,
Still shalt thou live, recorded for thy crimes,
Live in her page, and stink to after-times.
Hast thou no feeling yet? Come, throw off pride,
And own those passions which thou shalt not hide.
S——, who, from the moment of his birth,
Made human nature a reproach on earth;
Who never dar'd, nor wish'd, behind to stay,
When Folly, Vice, and Meanness, led the way;
Would blush, should he be told, by Truth and Wit,
Those actions which he blush'd not to commit:
Men the most infamous are fond of fame;
And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.

But whither runs my zeal, whose rapid force,
Turning the brain, bears Reason from her course;
Carries me back to times, when poets, bless'd
With courage, graced the science they profess'd;
When they, in honor rooted, firmly stood,
The bad to punish, and reward the good;
When, to a flame by Public Virtue wrought,
The foes of Freedom they to justice brought,
And dar'd expose those slaves, who dar'd support
A tyrant plan, and call'd themselves a Court?
Ah! what are Poets now? As slavish those
Who deal in verse, as those who deal in prose.
Is there an author, search the kingdom round,
In whom true worth and real spirit's found?
The slaves of booksellers, or (doom'd by fate
To baser chains) vile pensioners of State;
Some, dead to shame, and of those shackles proud
Which Honor scorns, for slavery roar loud;
Others, half-palsied only, mutes become,
And what makes Smollett write makes Johnson dumb.
Why turns yon villain pale? why bends his eye
Inward, abash'd, when Murphy passes by?
Dost thou sage Murphy for a blockhead take,
Who wages war with Vice for Virtue's sake?
No, no—like other worldlings, you will find
He shifts his sails, and catches ev'ry wind.
His soul the shock of int'rest can't endure;
Give him a pension then, and sin secure.
With laurel'd wreaths the flatt'rer's brows adorn,
Bid Virtue crouch, bid Vice exalt her horn,
Bid Cowards thrive, put Honesty to flight,
Murphy shall prove, or try to prove, it right.
Try, thou State-Juggler, ev'ry paltry art,
Ransack the inmost closet of my heart,
Swear thou'rt my friend; by that base oath make way
Into my breast, and flatter to betray:
Or, if those tricks are vain; if wholesome doubt
Detects the fraud, and points the villain out;
Bribe those who daily at my board are fed,
And make them take my life who eat my bread;
On authors for defence, for praise, depend;
Pay him but well, and Murphy is thy friend.
He, he shall ready stand with venal rhymes,
To varnish guilt and consecrate thy crimes,
To make corruption in false colors shine,
And damn his own good name to rescue thine.
But if thy niggard hands their gifts withhold,
And Vice no longer rains down show'rs of gold,
Expect no mercy; facts, well grounded, teach,
Murphy, if not rewarded, will impeach.
What tho' each man of nice and juster thought,
Shunning his steps, decrees, by Honor taught,
He ne'er can be a friend who stoops so low
To be the base betrayer of a foe?
What tho', with thine together link'd, his name
Must be with thine transmitted down to shame?
To ev'ry manly feeling callous grown,
Rather than not blast thine, he'll blast his own.
To ope the fountain whence Sedition springs,
To slander Government, and libel Kings;
With Freedom's name to serve a present hour,
Though born and bred to arbitrary pow'r;

To

To talk of William with insidious art,
Whilst a vile Stuart's lurking in his heart;
And, whilst mean Envy rears her loathsome head,
Flatt'ring the living, to abuse the dead;
Where is Shebbeare? O, let not foul Reproach,
Travelling hither in a city-coach,
The pill'ry dare to name; the whole intent
Of that parade was fame, not punishment;
And that old staunch Whig Beardmore, standing by,
Can in full court give that report the lie.

With rude unnat'ral jargon to support,
Half Scotch, half English, a declining Court;
To make most glaring contraries unite,
And prove, beyond dispute, that black is white;
To make firm Honor tamely league with Shame,
Make Vice and Virtue differ but in name;
To prove that chains and freedom are but one,
That to be sav'd must mean to be undone,
Is there not Guthrie? Who, like him, can call
All opposites to proof, and conquer all?
He calls forth living waters from the rock;
He calls forth children from the barren stock;
He, far beyond the springs of Nature led,
Makes women bring forth after they are dead;
He, on a curious, new, and happy plan,
In wedlock's sacred bands joins man to man;
And, to complete the whole, most strange but true,
By some rare magic makes them fruitful too;
Whilst from their loins, in the due course of years,
Flows the rich blood of Guthrie's English Peers.

Dost thou contrive some blacker deed of shame,
Something which Nature shudders but to name,
Something which makes the soul of man retreat,
And the life-blood run backward to her seat;
Dost thou contrive, for some base private end,
Some selfish view, to hang a trusting friend,
To lure him on, e'en to his parting breath,
And promise life to work him surer death;
Grown old in villany, and dead to grace,
Hell in his heart, and Tyburn in his face,
Behold a Parson at thy elbow stands,
Louring damnation, and with open hands,
Ripe to betray his Saviour for reward,
The atheist Chaplain of an atheist Lord!

Bred to the Church, and for the gown decreed
Ere it was known that I should learn to read;
(Tho' that was nothing, for my friends who knew
What mighty Dulness of itself could do,
Never design'd me for a working Priest,
But hop'd I should have been a Dean at least;)
Condemn'd (like many more, and worthier men,
To whom I pledge the service of my pen),
Condemn'd (whilst proud and pamper'd Sons of Lawn,
Cramm'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn)
In pomp of rev'rend begg'ry to appear,
To pray and starve on forty pounds a year;
My friends, who never felt the galling load,
Lament that I forsook the packhorse-road;
Whilst Virtue to my conduct witness bears,
In throwing off that gown which Francis wears.

What creature's that, so very pert and prim;
So very full of foppery and whim;
So gentle, yet so brisk; so wondrous sweet,
So fit to prattle at a lady's feet;
Who looks as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,
And by his garb appears a man of God?
Trust not to looks, nor credit outward show;
The villain lurks beneath the cassock'd Beau;
That's an Informer; what avails the name?
Suffice it, that the wretch from Sodom came.

His tongue is deadly—from his presence run,
Unless thy rage would wish to be undone.
No ties can hold him, no affection bind,
And Fear alone restrains his coward mind.
Free him from that, no monster is so fell,
Nor is so sure a blood-hound found in hell.
His silken smiles, his hypocritic air,
His meek demeanor, plausible and fair,
Are only worn to pave Fraud's easier way,
And make gull'd Virtue fall a surer prey.
Attend his church—his plan of doctrine view,
The Preacher is a Christian, dull but true:
But when the hallow'd hour of preaching's o'er,
The plan of doctrine's never thought of more;
Christ is laid by, neglected on the shelf,
And the vile priest is Gospel to himself.

By Cleland tutor'd, and with Blacow bred,
(Blacow, whom, by a brave resentment led,
Oxford, if Oxford had not sunk in fame,
Ere this had damn'd to everlasting shame)
Their steps he follows, and their crimes partakes.
To Virtue lost, to Vice alone he wakes;
Most lusciously declaims 'gainst luscious themes,
And, whilst he rails at blasphemy, blasphemes.

Are these the arts which Policy supplies?
Are these the steps by which grave Churchmen rise?
Forbid it Heav'n! or, should it turn out so,
Let me, and mine, continue mean and low:
Such be their arts whom Interest controls;
Kidgell and I have free and honest souls:
We scorn preferment which is gain'd by Sin,
And will, though poor without, have peace within.

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§ 260. *A poor Woman attending in the Field of Battle sees her only Son slain, and expresses her Feelings in the following Lamentation.*

Nameless sons of want and sorrow,
Few and evil were your days;
To-day the cowslip buds, to-morrow
Low the scythe the cowslip lays!

Men and brethren still I hail ye,
Though in hostile bands ye be;
Men and brethren, I bewail ye
With a tear of sympathy!

Yes, ye all were born of woman,
Suck'd a tender mother's breast:
Hark! she cries, O! sword inhuman,
Spare my child! I'm sore distrest.

Me!

Me! me!—kill me! me, who bore him!
Spare the babe this bosom fed!
Ruffians from my cottage tore him,
Where he earn'd my daily bread.

Warrior, here, with rage unfeeling,
Here behold my white breast bare;
Dye it red, and plunge your steel in,
But my child, poor stripling, spare.

My age's solace!—for his father
Perish'd in the bloody field;
A babe he left me, which I'd rather
Than the gold the Indies yield.

Pledge of his love;—and I did dearly
Love the father, in the child;
Slay us both, I beg sincerely;
On us both the earth be pil'd.

They sink; but lo! a wond'rous vision,
Cloud-clad ghosts unnumber'd rise;
Pale wan looks, that speak contrition;
Blood-stain'd cheeks and hollow eyes.

More in number than the ocean
Rolls the pebbles on its shore,
See they come! and lo! a motion
From a hand all red with gore!

"Listen, listen, sons of sorrow,
Few and evil were your days;
To-day the cowslip buds, to-morrow
Low the scythe the cowslip lays.

We, like you, O! heed our warning,
Warriors were, all blythe and gay;
But we fell in life's bright morning,
Ere we knew the joys of day.

Sons of men, all doom'd to trouble,
Travelling quickly to the grave,
Sheath the sword, for fame's a bubble;
Live to bless, O live to save!

Life to be enjoy'd was given:
Such the will of him above;
Live and love, make earth a heaven,
God made men to live and love!

Hark! the skies with music ringing,
Silver sounds the concave fill;
Angels' voices sweetly singing,
"Peace on Earth, to men good-will."

---

§ 261. *Written on Occasion of a Ball, in which the Ladies agreed to dress in Silks, for the sake of encouraging the Spitalfields Manufacturers.*

Weave the web of brightest blue,
Azure as its native sky;
Flow'rets add of ev'ry hue,
'Tis the vest of Charity.

Rich the tissue of the loom,
Glossy gleams the artist's dye;
Yet the mantle shall assume
Brighter tints from Charity.

Youth and beauty, lo! advance,
Light and gay as Love can be,
Nimbly tripping in the dance,
Clad in robes of Charity.

Babes and mothers lift the head,
Silk-clad trains of nymphs to see;
Beauty deals them daily bread,
Deck'd in silks of Charity.

Shiv'ring with the winter's wind,
Age, disease, and infancy,
In warm wool their cold limbs bind;
Silk's the dress of Charity.

Lovely ladies at the ball,
Lovelier still if that can be,
Rob'd in silk, in Pleasure's hall,
Dance the dance of Charity.

---

§ 262. *On the late Queen of France.*

If thy breast soft pity knows,
O! drop a tear with me;
Feel for the unexampled woes
Of widow'd royalty.

Fallen, fallen, fallen from a throne!
Lo! beauty, grandeur, power;
Hark! 'tis a queen's, a mother's moan,
From yonder dismal tower.

I hear her say, or seem to say,
"Ye who listen to my story,
Learn how transient beauty's day,
How unstable human glory.

And when ye hear that I was frail,
O! think what now I bear:
Heed not the page of scandal's tale,
But blot it with a tear."

---

§ 263. *Verses, by* Dr. Glynn.

Tease me no more, nor think I care
Though monarchs bow at Kitty's shrine,
Or powder'd coxcombs woo the fair,
Since Kitty is no longer mine.

Indifferent 'tis alike to me,
If my favorite dove be stole,
Whether its dainty feathers be
Pluck'd by the eagle or the owl.

If not for me its blushing lips
The rose-bud opens, what care I
Who the od'rous liquid sips;
The king of bees, or butterfly?

Like me, the Indians of Peru,
Rich in mines of golden ore,
Dejected, see the merchant's crew
Transport it to a foreign shore.

Seeks the slave despoil'd, to know,
Whether his gold in shape of lace
Shine on the coat of birth-day beau,
Or wear the stamp of George's face?

---

§ 264. *Hohenlinden; the Scene of a dreadful Engagement between the French and Imperialists, in which the former conquered. By* T. Campbell, *Esq.*

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly:

But

But Linden show'd another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death, to light
The darkness of the scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry:

Then shook the hills by thunder riven;
Then flew the steed to battle driven;
And rolling like the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd their red artillery.

But redder yet their fires shall glow
On Linden's heights of crimson'd snow;
And bloodier still the torrent flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

The combat deepens! on, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

'Tis morn;—but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
Where fiery Frank and furious Hun
Shout in their sulphury canopy.

Few, few shall part where many meet;
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
And every sod beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

---

§ 265. *A British War-Song.*

Quit the plough, the loom, the mine;
Quit the joys the heart entwine!
Join our brothers on the brine;
Arm, ye brave,—or slavery!

Peace, so lov'd, away is fled;
War shall leave his iron bed;
To your arms, avengers dread!
Strike, oh strike at tyranny.

For our homes, our all, our name!
Blast again the tyrant's aim;
Britain's wrongs swift vengeance claim;
Rush to arms—or slavery.

Lo! the shades of Britons proud!
Hear them in yon flitting cloud!
"Freedom, children, or a shroud,"
Chuse with British slavery.

Heroes of the sea, the shore,
Quit your laurell'd rest once more;
Dreadly rouse the battle's roar,
Vengeance hurl on tyranny!

---

§ 266. *The Lotos of Egypt; a Poem.* By the Rev. T. Maurice.

Emblem sublime of that primordial power,
That brooded o'er the vast chaotic wave,
Accept my duteous homage, holy flower,
As in thy favorite flood my limbs I lave.

From Æthiopia's lofty mountains roll'd,
Where Nile's proud stream through gladden'd Egypt pours,
In raptur'd strains thy praise was hymn'd of old,
And still resounds on Ganges' faithful shores!

Within thy beauteous coral's full-blown bell
Long since the immortals fix'd their fond abode;
There day's bright source, Osiris, lov'd to dwell,
While by his side enamour'd Isis glow'd.

Hence, not unconscious, to his orient beam
At dawn's first blush thy radiant petals spread,
Drink deep the effulgence of the solar stream,
And, as he mounts, still brighter glories shed.

When at the noon-tide height his fervid rays
In a bright deluge burst on Cairo's spires,
With what new lustre then thy beauties blaze,
Full of the God, and radiant with his fires!

Brilliant thyself, in store of dazzling *white*
Thy sister-plants more gaudy robes unfold;
This flames in purple—*that*, intensely bright,
Amid th' illumin'd waters *burns in gold.*

To brave the tropic's fiery beam is thine,
Till in the distant west his splendors fade;
Then too thy beauty and thy fire decline,
With morn to rise in lovelier charms array'd.

Thus from Arabia borne, on golden wings,
The Phœnix on the sun's bright altar dies;
But from his flaming bed, refulgent, springs,
And cleaves, with bolder plume, the sapphire skies.

What mystic treasures in thy form conceal'd
Perpetual transport to the sage supply;
Where Nature, in her deep designs reveal'd,
Awes wondering man, and charms th' exploring eye!

In thy prolific *cup* and fertile *seeds*,
Are traced her grand regenerative powers;
Life springing warm from loath'd putrescence breeds,
And lovelier germs shoot forth and brighter flowers.

Nor food to the enlighten'd mind alone,
Substantial nutriment thy root bestow'd;
In famine's vulture-fangs did Egypt groan,
From thy rich bounteous horn abundance flow'd.

Hence the immortal race in Thebes rever'd,
Thy praise the theme of endless rapture made,
Thy image on a hundred columns rear'd,
And veil'd their altars with thine hallow'd shade.

But far beyond the bounds of Afric borne,
Thy honors flourish'd 'mid Thibetian snows;
Thy flowers the Lama's gilded shrine adorn,
And Boodh and Bramah on thy stalk repose.

Where'er fair Science dawn'd on Asia's shore,
Where'er her hallow'd voice Devotion rais'd,
We see thee graven on the golden ore,
And on a thousand sparkling gems emblaz'd.

Child

Child of the sun, why droops thy withering head,
While high in Leo flames thy radiant sire?
With Egypt's glory is thy glory fled,
And with her genius quench'd thy native fire?

For, direr than her desert's burning wind,
Gaul's furious legions sweep yon ravaged vale;
Death stalks before, grim Famine howls behind,
And screams of horror load the tainted gale.

Nile's crimson'd waves with blood polluted roll;
Her groves, her fanes, devouring fire consumes;
But mark, slow-rising near the distant pole,
A sudden splendor all her shores illumes.

Fatal to Gaul, 'tis Britain's rising star,
That in the south the bright ascendant gains,
Resplendent as her Sirius shines from far,
And with new fervors fires the Libyan plains.

A race as Egypt's ancient warriors brave,
For her insulted sons indignant glows;
Defies the tropic storm, the faithless wave,
And hurls destruction on their haughty foes.

Exulting to his source old Nilus hears
The deep'ning thunders of the British line:
Again its lovely head the Lotos rears,
Again the fields in rainbow glories shine.

Still wider, beauteous plant! thy leaves extend,
Nor dread the eye of an admiring muse;
In union with the rising song ascend,
Spread all thy charms, and all thy sweets diffuse.

Of that bold race beneath the Pleïads born,
To chant thy praise a northern bard aspires;
Nor with more ardor erst at early dawn
The Theban artists smote their votive lyres.

For, oh! can climes th' excursive genius bound?
No—'mid Siberia bursts the heav'n-taught strain,
At either pole the Muse's songs resound,
And snows descend and whirlwinds rage in vain.

Four thousand summers have thy pride survey'd,
Thy Pharaohs moulder in their marble tombs;
Oblivion's wings the pyramids shall shade,
But thy fair family unfading blooms!

Still 'mid these ruin'd tow'rs admired, rever'd,
Wave high thy foliage, and secure expand;
These vast but crumbling piles by man were rear'd;
But thou wert form'd by an immortal hand!

With Nature's charms alone thy charms shall fade;
With Being's self thy beauteous tribe decline;
Oh! living, may thy flow'rs my temple shade,
And decorate when dead my envied shrine!

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§ 267. *Alonzo the Brave, and the Fair Imogene.*
M. G. Lewis, *Esq.*

A warrior so bold, and a virgin so bright,
Convers'd as they sat on the green:
They gaz'd on each other with tender delight,
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight,
The maid was the Fair Imogene.

"And ah!" said the youth, "since to-morrow I go,
To fight in a far-distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand."

"Oh, hush these suspicions," fair Imogene said,
"So hurtful to love and to me;
For if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogene be.

"And if e'er for another my heart should decide,
Forgetting Alonzo the Brave,
God grant that to punish my falsehood and pride,
Thy ghost at my marriage may sit by my side,
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
And bear me away to the grave."

To Palestine hasten'd the warrior so bold,
His love she lamented him sore;
But scarce had a twelvemonth elaps'd, when behold,
A baron, all cover'd with jewels and gold,
Arriv'd at fair Imogene's door.

His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows,
He dazzled her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain,
He caught her affections, so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the priest,
The revelry now was begun;
The tables they groan'd with the weight of the feast,
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceas'd,
When the bell of the castle toll'd—one!

'Twas then with amazement fair Imogene found
A stranger was placed by her side;
His air was terrific, he utter'd no sound,
He spoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not around,
But earnestly gaz'd on the bride.

His vizor was clos'd, and gigantic his height,
His armor was sable to view;
All laughter and pleasure were hush'd at his sight,
The dogs as they eyed him drew back with affright,
And the lights in the chamber burnt blue.

His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay,
The guests sat in silence and fear;
At length spoke the bride, while she trembled—"I pray,
Sir knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer."

The lady is silent—the stranger complies,
And his vizor he slowly unclos'd.
Oh gods! what a sight met fair Imogene's eyes,
What words can express her dismay and surprise,
When a skeleton's head was expos'd!

All present then utter'd a terrified shout,
And turn'd with disgust from the scene;
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre address'd Imogene:

"Behold

"Behold me, thou false one! behold me!" he cried,
"Behold thy Alonzo the Brave.
God grants that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side,
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
And bear thee away to the grave."

This saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While fair Imogene shriek'd with dismay;
Then sunk with his prey through the wide-yawning ground,
Nor ever again was fair Imogene found,
Or the spectre that bore her away.

Not long liv'd the baron, and none since that time
To inhabit the castle presume:
For chronicles tell, that by order sublime,
There Imogene suffers the pains of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight four times in each year does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton knight,
And shriek as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
Dancing round them pale spectres are seen:
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl: "To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
And his consort, the false Imogene."

§ 268. *Sonnet.* Bowles.

Whose was that gentle voice, that whispering sweet,
Promis'd, methought, long days of bliss sincere?
Soothing it stole on my deluded ear,
Most like soft music that might sometimes cheat
Thoughts dark and drooping. 'Twas the voice of Hope.
Of love and social scenes it seem'd to speak,
Of truth, of friendship, of affection meek;
That hand in hand along life's downward slope
Might walk with peace, and cheer the tranquil hours:
Ah me! the prospect sadden'd as she sung;
Loud on my startled ear the death-bell rung:
Chill darkness wrapt the pleasurable bowers
She built—whilst pointing to yon breathless clay,
She cried, "No peace be thine: away, away!"

§ 269. *Sonnet.* Bowles.

As o'er these hills I take my silent rounds,
Still on that vision which is flown I dwell!
On images I lov'd, (alas, how well!)
Now past, and but remember'd like sweet sound
Of yesterday! yet in my breast I keep
Such recollections, painful though they seem;
And hours of joy retrace, till from my dream
I wake, and find them not: then I could weep
To think that time so soon each sweet devours,
To think so soon life's first endearments fail,
And we are duped by Hope's amusive tale;
Who like a flatterer, when the happiest hours
Are past, and most we wish her cheering lay,
Will fly as faithless and as fleet as they!

§ 270. *Sonnet. At a Convent.* Bowles.

If chance some pensive stranger hither led,
His bosom glowing from majestic views,
The gorgeous dome, or the proud landscape-hues,
Should ask who sleeps beneath this lonely bed,
'Tis poor Matilda! To the cloister'd scene,
A mourner beauteous and unknown, she came,
To shed her tears unmark'd, and quench the flame
Of ruthless love: yet still her look serene
As the pale moonlight in the midnight aisle.
Her voice was soft, which yet a charm could lend
Like that which spoke of a departed friend,
And a meek sadness sat upon her smile!—
Be the rude spot by passing pity blest,
Where, hush'd to long repose, the wretched rest.

§ 271. *Sonnet.* Bowles.

O time, thou know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wounds, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealest unperceiv'd away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on ev'ry sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
As some lone bird at day's departing hour
Sings in the sunbeam of the transient shower,
Forgetful though its wings are wet the while:
Yet ah! how much must that poor heart endure,
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

§ 272. *The Tunbridge School Boy. Spoken by Mr.* Thomas Knox *at the annual Visitation of Tunbridge School.*

Sweet is thy month, O Maia! nor less sweet
Life's earliest prime, when roseate blossoms blow
In Fancy's fairy meads, the Elysian fields
Of infantine illusion, on the breast
Of boys, who court, like us, the classic Muse,
And daily sip the dews of Castalie.
Happy the school-boy! did he prize his bliss,
'Twere ill exchang'd for all the dazzling gems
That gaily sparkle in ambition's eye;
His are the joys of nature, his the smile,
The cherub smile of innocence and health,
Sorrow unknown, or if a tear be shed,
He wipes it soon; for hark! the cheerful voice
Of comrades calls him to the top, or ball;
Away he hies, and clamors as he goes

With

With glee, which causes him to tread on air;
Bounding along elastic to the field,
Or play-ground, scarce the well-stuff'd leathern orb
Springs from the earth so light, so swift as he:
And well he earns the sport he well enjoys,
For from the morning's dawn o'er learning's page
His steady eye has por'd till eventide.
Early he woke; and scarce had chanticleer
Announced Aurora's orient blushing beams,
When from the turret of the classic dome
The bell importunate rang shrill and loud,
And call'd him from his pillow; up he sprang,
Shaking soft slumbers from his shining eyes,
And eager to renew his daily task.
First lowly on his knees with orisons
His Father high in heaven he supplicates
To bless his earthly sire, her that bore him,
Friends, tutors, *all* that watch with anxious care
To guide his footsteps in the paths of peace:
Then to the limpid spring he hies, and laves
In the cold element his morning face.
His flowing locks well kempt, all neat and fresh
As vernal violets wash'd with drops of dew,
He takes his seat upon the classic bench,
With Lily's volume duly op'd before him,
And cons the task to memory assign'd,
Repeating rules of grammar o'er and o'er
With patience unsubdued; but now and then
He sweetens toil with gingerbread's nice cates,
Or apples par'd unseen beneath the form,
Or conversation softly interchang'd
Of nests, and slides, and marbles, weighty cares,
Yet not unpleasing. Soon the busy school
Glows with a general hum, as when in May
The bees go forth to rifle honey'd flowers,
They buz and murmur, yet no labor slight,
But bring home luscious loads to enrich the hive.
The morning part well said, new cares succeed;
For now the authors of a golden age,
Virgil and Horace, Tully's copious page,
And Homer's manly melody, invite,
The ear attun'd by nature and by art
To revel in the luxury of verse,
Or prose well measur'd, fraught with sense and sound
Harmonious; polish'd is his ear, and keen
His intellect, he hears, he tastes, he feels,
Till his whole soul elate with ecstasy,
Catching the flame of genius, boldly dares
To emulate the beauty he admires:
Hence in the evening exercise the theme
Pregnant with moral truth, express'd in style
Purely Augustan; one day sure to grace
The bar, the pulpit, or the author's page,
Himself to aggrandize, and serve mankind.
Nor seldom does the stripling snatch the lyre,
And strike the deep-ton'd shell. Alcæus now
He emulates; whose sinewy nervous lines
Pour forth, like Handel's strains, full harmony;
And now he sings with Sappho softly sweet;
The liquid measures flow like honey'd drops
That trickle from the dædal cells of bees,
Adonis closing the mellifluent lay
With gentlest cadence. Listen yet once more!
'Tis elegy I hear; the mournful verse
Is simple; yet 'tis nature's voice, and comes
Directly from the heart;—and to the heart
It deeply pierces; I could weep, and smile
To think I wept—how plaintive are the notes!
Like such as oft I hear the nightingale
Modestly warble from the thickest shade,
Concealment seeking, yet betray'd by tones
Softer and sweeter than Italia's sons
Strain from their throats to raptur'd theatres.
But not to ode and elegy alone
His ardor leads; his emulative skill
In epigram he tries; and many a point
Inserts which Martial might not blush to own,
With classical expression neat and terse.
Oft on the banks of Medway, near the dome
Of Sydney's noble race, he sits reclin'd,
And meditates the verse where Waller sat
And sung his Sacharissa; by his side
Horace and Ovid. While the trembling reed
With fly appendant lures the golden chub,
His pencil in his hand, he studious notes
Some bright idea, or some polish'd phrase
Suggested by the Muse that haunts the groves
Of Penshurst, classic ground: if Britain's isle
Can boast such ground, then Penshurst's is the claim,
Though solitude now reigns, and the heron's scream
Drowns with the din each song of Philomel.
The task well finish'd, to the master's eye
The stripling bard submits with anxious heart,
Happy, thrice happy could it meet with praise.
His bosom throbs, till soon the judge's brows,
That frown'd terrific, gentler looks assume:
He calls the urchin with a friendly voice,
And stroking his curl'd locks, "'Tis good," he cries,
"And to reward thy well-done task I grant
A holiday." Straight all the air resounds
"A holiday!" loud shouts from infant lips
Proclaim a holiday! they eager rush
To snatch the licens'd joy; each moment lost
Seems like an hour. Then take, O take your fill,
Ye innocent tribes, nor let severity
Too rigorous rob you of the fleeting day:
'Tis brief at best, and hardly shall ye know
In life's most boasted years a purer bliss
Or more exalted. Fly then o'er the lawn,
Climb yonder hill—expatiate through the grove,
Or from the green bank plunge into the wave.
Why need I urge? already they are gone;
Some in the limpid stream already merg'd,
Their pastime take, and cleave the ambient wave,
Or buoyant on the surface float supine,
Sporting like halcyons on the smooth expanse.
Thus nerv'd with added strength they urge the ball
At cricket, manly game! the boast of Kent,
Tunbrigia's sons against all England's race;
Nor last, though least, the sprightly boys of Judd*,
Scorning to be surpass'd in school, or field.
Others, as seasons urge, with wary eye
Search every thicket for the mossy nest;
And, thoughtless of the wrong, the eggs despoil,
Blue as the ethereal concave, streak'd or vein'd
By nature's pencil with a thousand dyes.

* Sir Arthur Judd, the founder.

Oh!

Oh! my companions! rob not the poor bird,
For many a pang she feels; but be content
With viewing the fair prize, and leave it there.
Sweetly the song from yonder hawthorn bush
Shall pay your generous pity as you pass;
And conscious virtue shall a bliss bestow,
Which rapine, though successful, never tastes,
Though India's gems enrich the plunderer.
Trust not in wrong and robbery for happiness;
Nor, when autumnal suns the pensile fruit
Mature and on the southern garden-wall
Blushes the nectar'd peach like Hebe's cheek,
O'erleap the fence. Oh, turn thy roving eye
From orchards rich with vegetable gold,
The pippin and the pear; and learn, like me,
The ripen'd cherry, shining, sleek, and plump,
To view with all the stoic's apathy.
I hate the purple cluster of the grape
When, out of reach, it peeps between the leaves
Half shown and half conceal'd, to tempt the more.
Insidious beauty! Comrade, touch it not:
If e'er in evil hour thou pluck the fruit
Unlawful, thou shalt rue it, short-liv'd sweet
Follow'd by bitterness. The owner sees
Unseen, and tells the master of thy theft.
Then lo, the birchen fasces—hateful twigs;
Down go the galligaskins; sighs and sobs
Too plainly tell what penalties and woes
Brings disobedience, and the tempting fruit
Of that forbidden tree. Then learn content:
A little weekly stipend is thine own,
And freely use it, as it was given for use.
Does thy mouth water? See the matron's stall,
Plums, nuts, and apples, rang'd in shining rows,
Invite, nor rigid Prudence bids forbear;
There purchase, paying ready cash, and eat,
Welcome as nuts to thee thy mite to her.
Enjoy thy feast, poor imp, and freely taste,
No fears or qualms empois'ning the regale;
Then, with light heart, and pockets lighter still,
Eas'd of thy money—root of every harm!
Away again to drive the circling hoop,
Or spin the top, or knuckle down at taw.
But now the shades of eve and turret bell
Proclaim the holiday too soon expir'd—
"In, boys! all in, boys!" Instant to the school
Repairing, low they bend to that high Pow'r
That guards them from the sultry noontide heat,
The pestilence that walketh in the night,
And out of mouths of sucklings and of babes
Ordained praise. The choral hymn and pray'r
Ascends like incense to the throne of heaven.
And now all weary, and with eyes half-clos'd,
Down on the couch they sink, nor sooner down,
Than sleep seals up their lids: how hush'd the din,
The merry noise that echoed o'er the field
The live long day! 'Tis silent all and still
Along the chambers of the dormitory,
Save where a gentle breathing sooths the ear,
Or now and then a voice that talks in sleep:
For many a vision, or fantastic dream,
Hovers around their pillows, rivers, groves,
Bird's-nests on tops of tallest trees are seen,
With callow young, or eggs of varied hue;
Goldfinches, larks, or linnets, lim'd with twigs,
Or snar'd in traps, or gudgeons on the hook.
The orchard's charms with added lures appear:
Already up the tree they seize the prize;
There plums and pippins, pears of freshest hue,
Clusters of grapes, no longer out of reach,
Distil nectareous juices on their lips,
Which seem to smack again: so strong and true
Imagination's pencil paints the scene.
Thus cheer'd by slumbers and a holiday,
With double diligence they ply the task
Upon the morrow: then vacation's good,
When to ingenuous minds allow'd it gives
A spur to industry, and to genius fire.
Rest and alternate labour, these combin'd
With discipline, shall form the emulous youth
To high accomplishments in liberal arts;
And when his friends and country call him forth
To generous services in busy life,
With energetic force he acts his part,
And strict propriety, in every place,
However arduous, in the social sphere.
Happy and honor'd, prominent he stands
Among the sons of men; and lustre flings
Back on the place where education stored
His mind with arts that taught him to excel.
Pardon my daring, if amid this group
Of school-boys, who, beneath your fostering smiles,
The muses, graces, virtues, cultivate,
I venture to foretell that, spurning ease,
Some shall emerge, and add to the renown
Of Tunbridge school; an ancient hoary seat
Of classic institution, favour'd long
By patronage of men whose liberal souls,
Amid the cares of gain, commercial toils,
Chief cause of Britain's proud pre-eminence,
Still find an hour to listen to the muse,
And honor arts which seek no sordid pelf,
But add a grace to life, and build up man.
O 'tis a noble edifice; and here
The solid basis must be firmly laid
In elemental lore. The pious Judd
Some centuries past here plac'd the corner-stone:
His sons, disdaining to degenerate,
Support and deck the pile. 'Tis nobly done,
And merits praise, which, though our hearts can feel, due.
Our tongues want words to speak in language
A school-boy!—you've heard my artless tale;
'Tis a true picture of my simple life;
Then how should I in language adequate
Describe your merits? 'Tis a copious theme,
And asks a genius, as your bounty large.
But this I know, instructed in the arts
Of elegance and taste beneath this roof,
And cherish'd by your smiles, the day may come
When I may strike the lyre with manly grace,
And justify the favour which e'en now
Indulgence, blinding judgement, has bestow'd.

Tunbridge, May 9, 1802. T. K.

EPIGRAMS,

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, AND OTHER LITTLE PIECES.

On a very rich Gentleman drinking the Waters of Tunbridge Wells, who had refused to contribute to the Relief of a distressed Family.

For deepest woes old Harpax scorns to feel;
Think ye his *bowels* stand in need of *steel?*

The Art of making one's own Sermons, illustrated by Example.

Jack stole his discourse from the fam'd Doctor Brown,
But reading it wretchedly made it his own.

Know Thyself.

Fitz to the Peerage knows he's a disgrace;
So mounts the coach-box as his *proper* place.

While Dick to combs hostility proclaims,
A neighbouring taper sets his hair in flames:
The blaze extinct, permit us to inquire:
"Were there no *lives* lost, Richard, in the fire?"

Ignotum omne pro magnifico.

Averse to pamper'd and high-mettled steeds,
His own upon chopp'd straw Avaro feeds:
Bred in his stable, in his paddock born,
What vast ideas they must have of corn!

A Case of Conscience; submitted to a late Dignitary of the Church, or his Narcotic Exposition of the following Text: "Watch *and* Pray, *lest ye enter into* Temptation."

By our pastor perplext,
How shall we determine?
"Watch and pray," says the Text,
"Go to sleep," says the Sermon.

On a Lady who squinted.

If ancient poets Argus prize
Who boasted of a hundred eyes;
Sure greater praise to her is due
Who looks a hundred ways with two!

As Will along the floor had laid
His lazy limbs in solemn show,
"You're ill," quoth Sal, "I'm sore afraid."
"Indeed," says Will, "I'm rather low."

To a Lady, with a Print of Venus attired by the Graces.

That far superior is thy state
Even envy must agree;
On thee a thousand Graces wait,
On Venus only three.

To a Gentleman who was obliged to retreat for fear of a disagreeable Retaliation.

That Cotta is so pale, so spare,
No cause for wonder now affords;
He lives, alas! on empty fare,
Who lives by eating his own words.

On the Duchess of Devonshire.

Array'd in matchless beauty, Devon's fair
In Fox's favour takes a zealous part:
But, oh! where'er the pilferer comes—beware!
She supplicates a vote, and steals a heart.

On the Phrase "Killing Time." Translated from Voltaire.

"There's scarce a point wherein mankind agree,
So well as in their boast of killing me.
I boast of nothing: but, when I've a mind,
I think I can be even with mankind."

"Brother bucks, your glasses drain:
Tom, 'tis strong and sparkling red."—
"Never fear—'twon't reach my brain."
"No—that's true—but 'twill your head."

The gay Flirtilla shew'd her mimic bust,
And ask'd blunt Senso if 'twere fashion'd just.
"Ma'am," he replied, "in this 'tis much like you;
The face is painted, and that badly too."

An Expostulation.

When late I attempted your pity to move,
Why seem'd you so deaf to my prayers?
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love—
But—why did you kick me down stairs?

Epitaph.

Here is my much-lov'd Celia laid,
At rest from all her earthly labors!
Glory to God, peace to the dead,
And to the ears of all her neighbours.

My

"My wife's so very bad," cried Will,
"I fear she ne'er will hold it—
She keeps her bed!"—"Mine's worse," quoth Phil,
"The jade has just now sold it."

The Clown's Reply. GOLDSMITH.

JOHN TROTT was desired by two witty peers
Te tell them the reason why asses had ears:
"An't please you," quoth John, "I'm not given to letters, [betters:
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my
Howe'er, from this time, I shall ne'er see your graces, [asses."
As I hope to be sav'd! without thinking on

An Elegy on the Glory of her Sex. By the same.

GOOD people all, with one accord
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wond'rous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church with silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size;
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has follow'd her—
When she has walk'd before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all,
The doctors found, when she was dead,
Her last disorder—mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore;
For Kent-street well may say,
That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more,
She had not died to-day.

On a Miser.

IRON was his chest,
Iron was his door,
His hand was iron,
And his heart was more.

On Dr. King's (the celebrated Orator and Jacobite, of Oxford) Ridicule of the Quack Doctor Oculist Taylor, who called himself the Chevalier *Taylor.*

WHAT could provoke old King to sneer
Our most renown'd *Eye-mender?*—
King praises but one *Chevalier*,
And owns but one *Pretender*.

On Mr. Churchill's Death.

SAYS Tom to Richard, "Churchill's dead."
Says Richard, "Tom, you lie:
Old Rancour the report has spread,
But Genius cannot die."

JACK brags he never dines at home,
With reason too, no doubt—
In truth, Jack never dines at all,
Unless invited out.

To Chloe. By PETER PINDAR.

DEAR Chloe, well I know the swain,
Who gladly would embrace thy chain,
And who, alas! can blame him?
Affect not, Chloe, a surprise:
Look but a moment on these eyes,
Thou'lt ask me not to *name* him.

Garrick and his brother Actor. By the same.

A SHABBY fellow chanced one day to meet
The British Roscius in the street
(Garrick, of whom our nation justly brags).
The fellow hugg'd him with a kind embrace—
"Good Sir, I do not recollect your face," [rags:
Quoth Garrick.—"No!" reply'd the man of
"The boards of Drury you and I have trod
Full many a time together, I am sure."
"When?" with an oath, cried Garrick—"for, by G—,
I never saw that face of yours before!
What characters, I pray,
Did you and I together play?"
"Lord!" quoth the fellow, "think not that I mock—
When you play'd Hamlet, Sir,—I play'd the Cock."

On the Death of a promising Youth of Eighteen.

THOUGH death the virtuous young destroy,
They go to rest, and heavenly joy:
Life is not to be judg'd by days,
Virtue endures when time decays;
And many old we falsely call,
Who truly never liv'd at all:
For what is time, if not employ'd
In worthy deeds, but all a void?
Then think not, though abridg'd by fate,
Too short this youth's allotted date;
With dignity he fill'd his span,
In conduct and in worth a man.
So spent, a life to heaven appears
As full as Nestor's length of years.

On a whole Family cut off by the Small-pox. By Master PETER RAINIER.

AT once depriv'd of life, lies here
A family to virtue dear.
Though far remov'd from regal state,
Their virtues made them truly great.
Lest one should feel the other's fall,
Death has, in kindness, seiz'd them all.

A doctor there is of so humble a grace,
That the case he durst never express:
But little he says; and if that you will trace,
His knowledge you'll find to be less.
Then sure you will say he's deficient in brain;
Or his head to a still you'll compare,
That does little or nothing but simples contain,
And yields them by drops that are rare.

A Distich written by Mr. Cowper, at the Request of a Gentleman who importuned him to write something in his Pocket Album.

I were indeed indifferent to fame,
Grudging two lines t' immortalize my name.

An old Gentleman of the name of Page, finding a Lady's Glove, sent it to the Owner, with this Distich, and received the following Answer.

If that from Glove you take the letter G,
Then Glove is love, and that I send to thee.

ANSWER.

If that from Page you take the letter P,
Then Page is age, and that won't do for me.

On his Excellency the late Lord Galloway and his Cook.

Says my Lord to his cook, "You son of a punk,
How comes it I see you, thus, ev'ry day drunk?
Physicians, they say, once a month do allow
A man, for his health, to get drunk as a sow."
"That is right," quoth the cook, "but the day they don't say:
"So for fear I should miss it, I'm drunk ev'ry day."

To an unfortunate Beauty.

Say, lovely maid, with downcast eye,
And cheek with silent sorrow pale,
What gives thy heart the lengthen'd sigh,
That heaving tells a mournful tale?

Thy tears, which thus each other chase,
Bespeak a breast o'erwhelm'd with woe;
Thy sighs, a storm which wrecks thy peace,
Which souls like thine should never know.

Oh! tell me, doth some favour'd youth,
Too often blest, thy beauties slight;
And leave those thrones of love and truth,
That lip, and bosom of delight?

What though to other nymphs he flies,
And feigns the fond, impassion'd tear,
Breathes all the eloquence of sighs
That treach'rous won thy artless ear?

Let not those nymphs thy anguish move,
For whom his heart may seem to pine!
That heart shall ne'er be blest by love,
Whose guilt can force a pang from thine.

Conscience.

The Chartreux wants the warning of a bell
To call him to the duties of his cell;
There needs no noise at all t' awaken sin,
Th' adulterer and thief his 'larum has within.

Lines sent to Mr. Cosway, while Lady C. Pawlet was sitting to him.

Cosway, my Cath'rine sits to you:
And, that the col'ring may be true,
This nosegay on your pallet place,
Replete with all the tints that grace
The various beauties of her face.
Her skin the snow-drop's whiteness shows,
Her blushing cheek the op'ning rose:
Her eyes the modest violet speak,
Whose silken fringes kiss her cheek.
The spicy pink, in morning dew,
Presents her fragrant lips to view.
The glossy curls that crown her head,
Paint from the gilt-cup of the mead.
Long may her image fill my eye,
When these fair emblems fade and die;
Placed on my faithful breast, and prove
'Tis Cosway paints the Queen of Love.

On seeing a Dog asleep near his Master.

Thrice happy dog! thou feel'st no woe,
No anguish to molest
Thy peaceful hours that sweetly flow,
Alternate sport and rest.

Man's call'd thy lord—affliction's heir!
And sorrow's only son!
Whilst he's a slave to ev'ry care,
And thou art slave to none.

Blest, near thy master thus to lie,
And blest with him to rove!
Unstain'd by guilt thy moments fly
On wings of grateful love.

Oh! that my heart, like thine, could taste
The sweets of guiltless life!
Beyond the reach of passion placed,
Its anguish and its strife.

On a Waiter, once at Arthur's, and a Fellow-servant of his there, both since Members of Parliament, and the last a Nabob.

When Bob M-ck-th, with upper servant's pride,
"Here, sirrah, clean my shoes," to Rumb—d cry'd,
He humbly answer'd, "Yea, Bob:"
But since return'd from India's plunder'd land,
The purse-proud Rumb—d now, on such command,
Would stoutly answer, "Nay, Bob."

To rob the nation two contractors come,
One cheats in corn, the other cheats in rum:
The greater rogue 'tis hard to ascertain;
The rogue in spirits, or the rogue in grain.

Verses written by a Gentleman on finding an Urn.

Trifling mortal, tell me why
Thou hast disturb'd my urn;
Want'st thou to find out what am I?
Vain man! attend, and learn:

To know what letters spelt my name
Is useless quite to thee;
A heap of dust is all I am,
And all that thou shalt be.

Go now, that heap of dust explore,
Measure its grains, or weigh;
Canst thou the title which I bore
Distinguish in the clay?

What glitt'ring honors, or high trust,
Once dignified me here,
Were characters imprest on dust,
Which quickly disappear.

Nor will the sparkling atoms show
A *Claudius* or a *Guelph:*
Vain search if here the source thou'dst know
Of nobles, or thyself.

The mould will yield no evidence
By which thou mayst divine
If lords or beggars issued thence,
And form'd the ancient line.

Learn then the vanity of birth,
Condition, honors, name,
Are all but modes of common earth,
The substance just the same.

Bid av'rice and ambition view
Th' extent of all their gains;
Themselves, and their possessions too,
A gallon vase contains.

Haste, lift thy thoughts from earthly things
To more substantial bliss;
And leave that grov'ling pride to kings,
Which ends in dirt like this.

Let virtue be thy radiant guide,
'Twill dignify thy clay,
And raise thy ashes glorified,
When suns shall fade away.

The Negro's Complaint.

Wide over the tremulous sea
The moon spread her mantle of light,
And the gale, gently dying away,
Breath'd soft on the bosom of night.

On the forecastle Maratan stood,
And pour'd forth his sorrowful tale;
His tears fell unseen in the flood,
His sighs pass'd unheard on the gale.

Ah, wretch! in wild anguish he cry'd,
From country and liberty torn;
Ah! Maratan, wouldst thou had died,
Ere o'er the salt waves thou wert borne!

Through the groves of Angola I stray'd,
Love and Hope made my bosom their home,
There I talk'd with my favourite maid,
Nor dream'd of the sorrow to come.

From the thicket the man-hunter sprung,
My cries echo'd loud through the air;
There was fury and wrath on his tongue,
He was deaf to the shrieks of despair.

Accurs'd be the merciless band,
Who his love could from Maratan tear;
And blasted this impotent hand,
That was sever'd from all I held dear.

Flow, ye tears, down my cheeks ever flow,
Still let sleep from my eye-lids depart,
And still may the arrows of woe
Drink deep of the stream of my heart!

But hark! on the silence of night
My Adila's accents I hear,
And mournful beneath the wan light
I see her lov'd image appear!

Slow o'er the smooth ocean she glides,
As the mist that hangs light on the wave;
And fondly her lover she chides,
That lingers so long from the grave.

"O Maratan, haste thee!" she cries,
"Here the reign of oppression is o'er,
The tyrant is robb'd of his prize,
And Adila sorrows no more."

Now, sinking amidst the dim ray,
Her form seems to fade on my view;
O stay then, my Adila, stay—
She beckons, and I must pursue.

To-morrow, the white man in vain
Shall proudly account me his slave;
My shackles I plunge in the main,
And rush to the realms of the brave.

Elegy to the Memory of Miss Louisa Hanway.

O thou, to whom fair Genius homage paid,
Whom science courted, and the Muses lov'd:
Whose mind the hand of Innocence array'd,
Pure as that form which Envy's self approv'd:

Accept these tributary drops—these sighs!
(Remembrance still will on thy virtues dwell)
Tho' nought could check thy progress to the skies,
The soul must cherish *hers* it lov'd so well.

For thou wert all ambition could desire,
Endow'd with all that nature could impart;
Warm was thy breast with Friendship's sacred fire,
And form'd for sentiment thy gentle heart.

Near thy blest shade the pensive Muse shall stray,
Led by the pallid moon's uncertain light,
Sad tribute to thy peerless worth to pay,
And to thy tomb soft Sympathy invite.

Lamenting Memory, too, shall linger there,
And cull sweet flow'rs to deck thy holy shrine:
For thee indulge the deep-drawn sigh sincere,
And o'er thy ashes shall with pity pine.

Yet check'd should be those tears thy friends may shed,
That grief, which thy fond parents' peace destroys;
For thou art only rank'd amongst the dead,
To find a passage to eternal joys.

That Power which seal'd th' apparent harsh decree,
Who ev'ry feeling of thy heart could know,
Judg'd what thy pangs from future ills might be,
And snatch'd thee early from a world of woe.

On an unfortunate Beauty. Anon.

Poor wand'rer! how shall that weak form,
So loosely clad in vesture light,
Endure the malice of the storm,
The rudeness of the winter's night?

And does a smile thy cheek illume?
Alas! that faint and feeble glow
Is like the flower's untimely bloom,
Drooping amidst a waste of snow.

Poor wretch!—you sigh, you would unfold
The course of sorrow you have run:
A simple story, quickly told—
You lov'd, believ'd, and were undone.

Why weep you as my hand you press?
Why on my features gaze and sigh?
Would no one pity your distress?
None listen to your tale, but I?

Alas! a pittance scant, I fear,
Is all the joy I can bestow;
I can but wipe away one tear,
One moment from a life of woe.

Yet e'en for this your grateful eye
To heaven is rais'd—Poor girl, adieu!
To scenes of senseless mirth I fly,
To poverty and sickness you.

By Dr. Young.

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

Advice to Mr. Pope, on his intended Translation of Homer, 1714.

O thou who, with a happy genius born,
Canst tuneful verse in flowing numbers turn,
Crown'd on thy Windsor's plains with early bays,
Be early wise, nor trust to barren praise.
Blind was the Bard that sung Achilles' rage,
He sung, and begg'd, and curs'd th' ungiving age:
If Britain his translated song would hear,
First take the gold—then charm the list'ning ear;
So shall thy father Homer smile to see
His pension paid, tho' late—and paid to thee.

Th' inspiring muses, and the god of love,
Which most should grace the fair Melinda strove.
Love arm'd her with his bow and keenest darts,
The muses more enrich'd her mind with arts.
Though Greece in shining temples heretofore
Did Venus and Minerva's pow'rs adore,
The ancients thought no single goddess fit
To reign at once o'er beauty and o'er wit;
Each was a sep'rate claim; till now we find
The different titles in Melinda join'd.

An opera, like a pill'ry, may be said
To nail our ears down, but expose our head.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an idiot, but she eats in plate.

To the Hon. Mrs. Perceval, with Hutcheson's Treatise on Beauty and Order. Grierson.

Th' internal senses painted here we see:
They're born in others, but they live in thee.
O! were our author with thy converse blest,
Could he behold the virtues of thy breast;
His heedless labors with contempt he'd view,
And bid the world not read—but copy you.

Jack eating rotten cheese, did say,
Like Samson, I my thousands slay:
I vow, quoth Roger, so you do,
And with the self-same weapon too.

On God's Omnipotence.

When Egypt's host God's chosen tribe pursued,
In chrystal walls th' admiring waters stood;
When thro' the dreary wastes they took their way,
The rocks relented, and pour'd forth a sea!
What limits can th' Almighty goodness know,
Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow!

Simili similis gaudet.

When Chloe's picture was to Chloe shown,
Adorn'd with charms and beauties not her own;
Where Hogarth, pitying nature, kindly made
Such lips, such eyes, as Chloe never had;
Ye Gods! she cries in ecstacy of heart,
How near can nature be express'd by art!
Well! it is wondrous like! nay, let me die,
The very pouting lip, the killing eye!—
Blunt and severe as Manly in the play,
Downright replies: Like, Madam, do you say?
The picture bears this likeness, it is true:
The canvas painted is, and so are you.

My sickly spouse with many a sigh
Oft tells me—Billy, I shall die!
I griev'd, but recollected straight
'Tis bootless to contend with fate;
So resignation to Heaven's will
Prepar'd me for succeeding ill.
'Twas well it did; for on my life,
'Twas Heaven's will—to spare my wife.

As Sherlock at Temple was taking a boat,
The waterman ask'd him which way he would float.
Which way? says the Doctor: why, fool, with the stream.—
To Paul's or to Lambeth, 'twas all one to him.

On a Prelate's going out of Church in Time of Divine Service, to wait on the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Lord Pam in the church (could you think it?) kneel'd down:
When, told that the duke was just come to town,
His station despising, unaw'd by the place,
He flies from his God to attend on his Grace.
To the court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
Since God had no share in his lordship's promotion.

A hum'rous fellow in a tavern late,
Being drunk and valiant, gets a broken pate:
The surgeon, with his instruments and skill,
Searches his skull deeper and deeper still,
To feel his brains, and try if they were sound;
And, as he keeps ado about the wound,
The fellow cries—Good surgeon, spare your pains:
When I began this brawl I had no brains.

By fav'ring wit Mæcenas purchas'd fame,
Virgil's own works immortaliz'd his name:
A double share of fame is Dorset's due,
At once the patron and the poet too.

Pollio must needs to penitence excite;
For see, his scarves are rich, and gloves are white.
Behold his notes display'd, his body rais'd:
With what a zeal he labours to be prais'd!
No stubborn sinner able to withstand
The force and reasoning of his wig and hand:
Much better pleas'd, so pious his intent,
With five that laugh than fifty who repent.
On moral duties when his tongue refines,
Tully and Plato are his best divines:
What Matthew says, or Mark, the proof but small;
What Locke or Clarke asserts, good scripture all.
Touch'd with each weakness which he does arraign,
With vanity he talks against the vain;
With ostentation does to meekness guide,
Proud of his periods levell'd against pride;
Ambitiously the love of glory slights,
And damns the love of fame—for which he writes.

The Latin word for cold, one ask'd his friend.
It is, said he—'tis at my finger's end.

The World.

The world's a book, writ by th' eternal art
Of the great Author; printed in man's heart:
'Tis falsely printed, though divinely penn'd;
And all th' errata will appear at th' end.

On the Battle of the Books.

Swift for the ancients has argu'd so well,
'Tis apparent from thence that the moderns excel.

A Welshman and an Englishman disputed,
Which of their lands maintain'd the greatest state;
The Englishman the Welshman quite confuted,
The Welshman yet would not his vaunts abate.
Ten cooks, quoth he, in Wales, one wedding sees.
Ah, quoth the other, each man toasts his cheese.

From the Latin.

Unhappy, Dido, was thy fate,
In first and second wedded state!
One husband caus'd thy flight by dying,
Thy death the other caus'd by flying.

On the Funeral of Vulture Hopkins.

What num'rous lights this wretch's corpse attend,
Who, in his life-time, sav'd a candle's end!

The Humourist. Imitated from Martial.

In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen, about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

A haughty courtier meeting in the streets
A scholar, him thus insolently greets:
Base men to take the wall I ne'er permit.
The scholar said, I do; and gave him it.

Thus with kind words Sir Edward cheer'd his friend:
Dear Dick! thou on my friendship may'st depend:
I know thy fortune is but very scant;
But be assur'd, I'll ne'er see Dick in want.
Dick's soon confin'd—his friend, no doubt, would free him:
His word he kept—in want he ne'er would *see* him.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the more.

On the Offering made by King James I. at a grave Comedy, called the Marriage of Arts.

At Christ-Church Marriage, play'd before the king,
Lest these learn'd mates should want an offering,
The king himself did offer—what, I pray?
He offer'd, twice or thrice, to go away.

A Country Parson's Answer to a young Lady who sent her Compliments on the Ten of Hearts.

Your compliments, dear lady, pray forbear;
Old English services are more sincere:
You send ten hearts, the tythe is only mine;
Give me but one, and burn the other nine.

By Dr. Donne.

I am unable, yonder beggar cries,
To stand or go. If he says true, he lies.

Moore always smiles whenever he recites;
He smiles, you think, approving what he writes.
And yet in this no vanity is shown;
A modest man may like what's not his own.

To a Writer of long Epitaphs.

Friend, in your Epitaphs I'm griev'd
So very much is said:
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

To Mr. Thomson, who had procured the Author a Benefit Night. Dennis.

Reflecting on thy worth, methinks I find
Thy various Seasons in their Author's mind.
Spring opes her blossoms various as thy muse,
And, like thy soft compassion, sheds her dews.
Summer's hot drought in thy expression glows,
And o'er each page a tawny ripeness throws.
Autumn's rich fruits th' instructed reader gains,
Who tastes the meaning purpose of thy strains.
Winter—but that no semblance takes from thee:
That hoary season yields a type of me.
Shatter'd by Time's weak storms I with'ring lay,
Leafless, and whitening in a cold decay!
Yet shall my propless ivy, pale and bent,
Bless the short sunshine which thy pity lent.

The Fan. Atterbury.

Flavia the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ:
This fan, in meaner hands, would prove
An engine of small force in love:
Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
To ev'ry other breast a flame.

To the Author of an Epitaph on Dr. Mead. Hackett.

Mead's not dead then, you say, only sleeping a little?
Why, egad! Sir, you've hit it off there to a tittle:
Yet, friend, his awaking I very much doubt—
Pluto knows whom he's got, and will ne'er let him out.

To Mr. Pope.

While malice, Pope, denies thy page
Its own celestial fire;
While critics and while bards in rage,
Admiring, won't admire:

While wayward pens thy works assail,
And envious tongues decry;
These times though many a friend bewail,
These times bewail not I.

But when the world's loud praise is thine,
And spleen no more shall blame;
When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
In one establish'd fame:

When none shall rail, and ev'ry lay
Devote a wreath to thee:
That day (for come it will)—that day
Shall I lament to see.

British Economy.

In merry Old England it once was a rule,
The king had his poet, and also his fool:
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
Poor Cibber must serve both for fool and for poet.

Found stuck on the Statue of the Moor which supports the Sun-Dial in Clement's-Inn.

In vain, poor sable son of woe,
Thou seek'st the tender tear;
From thee in vain with pangs they flow,
For mercy dwells not here.

From cannibals thou fled'st in vain,
Lawyers less quarter give;
The first won't eat you till you're slain,
The last will do't alive.

When Jack was poor, the lad was frank and free;
Of late he's grown brimful of pride and pelf.
You wonder that he don't remember me:
Why so? You see he has forgot himself.

By Prior.

To John I owed great obligation;
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit.

On the Bursar of St. John's College in Oxford cutting down a fine Row of Trees.

Indulgent nature to each kind bestows
A secret instinct to discern its foes:

The

The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox:
Lambs fly from wolves, and sailors steer from rocks:
A rogue the gallows as his fate foresees,
And bears the like antipathy to trees.

Good Music and bad Dancers.

How ill the motion with the music suits!
So Orpheus play'd, and like them danced the brutes.

Ye little wits, that gleam'd awhile,
While Pope vouchsafed a ray;
Alas! depriv'd of his kind smile,
How soon ye fade away!

To compass Phœbus' car about,
Thus empty vapours rise;
Each lends his cloud to put him out,
That rear'd him to the skies.

Alas! these skies are not your sphere;
There he shall ever burn:
Weep, weep, and fall; for earth ye were,
And must to earth return.

So much, my Pope, thy English Iliad charms,
As pity melts us, or as passion warms;
That after-ages shall with wonder seek
Who 'twas translated Homer into Greek.

By Harrington.

The golden hair that Galla wears,
Is hers: who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers; and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

To Lady Isabella Thynne, cutting Trees in Paper. Waller.

Fair hand, that can on virgin paper write,
Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white;
Whose travel o'er that silver field does show
Like tracks of leverets in morning snow:
Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,
Without a spot or blemish to the thought.
Strange, that your fingers should the pencil foil,
Without the help of colors or of oil!
For though a painter boughs and leaves can make,
'Tis yours alone to make them bend and shake,
Whose breath salutes your new-created grove
Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the forest dance, but you
Can make the motion and the forest too.
A poet, when he would describe his mind,
Is, as in language, so in fame, confin'd;
Your works are read wherever there are men:
So far the scissors go beyond the pen.

By Prior.

Thy nags, the leanest things alive,
So very hard thou lov'st to drive,
I heard thy anxious coachman say,
It cost thee more in whips than hay.

A Cure for Poetry.

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread!

On some Snow which melted on a Lady's Breast.

The envious snow comes down in haste
To prove thy breast less fair,
But grieves to see itself surpast,
And melts into a tear.

The French Poet.

When old Elijah, as the Scriptures say,
Triumphant mounted to the realms of day,
His spirit doubled, and his cloak beside,
He gave Elisha, by long service tried.
Tristan from hence would fain example take,
For honest Quinault his disciple's sake;
But this, alas! injurious fate denied,
For Tristan poorer than a prophet died.
To Quinault thus the bard, expiring, spoke:
"My wit I leave thee—but I have no cloak."

Pox on't, quoth Time to Thomas Hearne,
Whatever I forget you learn.

Answered by Mr. West.

D—n it, quoth Hearne, in furious fret,
Whate'er I learn you soon forget.

Dr. Aldrich's *Five Reasons for Drinking.*

Good wine; a friend; or being dry;
Or lest we should be by and by;
Or any other reason why.

By Waller.

Thyrsis, a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Saccharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boy;
Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,
With numbers such as Phœbus' self might use;
All, but the nymph who should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song:
Like Phœbus thus acquiring unsought praise,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

By Prior.

On his death-bed poor Simon lies,
His spouse is in despair:
With frequent sobs and mutual cries,
They both express their care.

A diff'rent cause, says Parson Sly,
The same effect may give;
Poor Simon fears that he shall die,
His wife—that he may live.

Written on the Bed-chamber Door of Charles II. Rochester.

Here lies our sovereign lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.

To Phyllis.

That little patch upon your face
Would seem a foil on one less fair;
On you it hides a killing grace,
And you in pity placed it there.

By Prior.

As after noon, one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river;
Cupid a-shooting went that way,
New-strung his bow, new-fill'd his quiver.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart;
With all his might his bow he drew:
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too well guided arrow flew.

I faint! I die! the goddess cried:
O cruel! couldst thou find none other
To wreak thy spleen on, parricide?
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.

Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce could speak;
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how easy my mistake!
I took you for your likeness, Chloe.

From the Greek. Prior.

Venus, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see!

Written on a Glass, by a Gentleman who borrowed the Earl of Chesterfield's Diamond Pencil.

Accept a miracle, instead of wit:
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ!

On Lady Manchester. Addison.

Whilst haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
O'er the pale cheeks an artful red,
Behold this beauteous stranger there,
In native charms divinely fair;
Confusion in their looks they show'd,
And with unusual blushes glow'd.

Suicide. *Dr.* Sewel.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

Young Courtly takes me for a dunce;
For all night long I spoke not once.
On better grounds I think him such:
He spoke but once, yet once too much.

By Pope.

Muse, 'tis enough; at length thy labor ends,
And thou shalt live—for Buckingham commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail;
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
Time, pain, and fortune, are not lost in vain,
Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

On a certain Beauty.

Mistaken nature here has join'd
A beauteous face and ugly mind;
In vain the faultless features strike,
When soul and body are unlike:
Pity that snowy breast should hide
Deceit, and avarice, and pride.
So in rich jars, from China brought,
With glowing colors gaily wrought,
Oftimes the subtle spider dwells,
With secret venom bloated swells;
Weaves all his fatal nets within,
As unsuspected as unseen.

By Waller.

Were men so dull they could not see
That Lyce painted; should they flee,
Like simple birds, into a net
So grossly woven and ill-set;
Her own teeth would undo the knot,
And let all go that she had got.
These teeth my Lyce must not show,
If she would bite: her lovers, though
Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes,
Are disabus'd when first she gapes:
The rotten bones discover'd there,
Show 'tis a painted sepulchre.

To Mr. Pope.

Depend not upon verse for fame,
Though none can equal thine:
Our language never rests the same;
'Twill rise, or 'twill decline.

Thy wreaths, in course of fleeting hours,
Too soon will be decay'd;
But story lasts, though modern flow'rs
Of poetry must fade.

A surer way then wouldst thou find
Thy glory to prolong,
Whilst there remains amongst mankind
The sense of right and wrong;

Thy fame with nature's self shall end,
Let future times but know
That Atterbury was thy friend,
And Bentley was thy foe.

By Lord Hervey.

Possess'd of one great hall for state,
Without one room to sleep or eat;
How well you build, let flattery tell,
And all mankind how ill you dwell.

Written

Written in a Window of the Tower, over the Name of R. Walpole, confined in the same Room, Ann. Dom. 1712. Lansdowne.

Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene;
Some rais'd aloft come tumbling down again,
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

The Manchester Millers named Bone and Skin. Byrom.

Bone and Skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it:
But be it known to Skin and Bone,
That flesh and blood can't bear it.

By Sir G. Lyttleton.

None without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair,
But love can hope where reason would despair.

True wit is like the brilliant stone
Dug from the Indian mine;
Which boasts two diff'rent pow'rs in one,
To cut as well as shine.
Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

The Difference between the Ancients and Moderns.

Some for the ancients zealously declare;
Others our modern wits are fools, aver:
A third affirms, that they are much the same,
And differ only as to time and name:
Yet sure one more distinction may be told;
Those once were new, but these will ne'er be old.

To Mr. Pope, on his Epitaph on Mr. Gay. Lord Orrery.

Entomb'd with kings though Gay's cold ashes lie,
A nobler monument thy strains supply.
Thy matchless muse, still faithful to thy friend,
By courts unaw'd, his virtues dare commend.
Lamented Gay! forget thy treatment past,
Look down, and see thy merit crown'd at last.
A destiny more glorious who can hope?
In life belov'd, in death bemoan'd, by Pope.

On the Queen's Grotto at Richmond.

Lewis the living genius fed,
And rais'd the scientific head;
Our Queen, more frugal of her meat,
Raises those heads which cannot eat.

I heard last week, friend Edward, thou wast dead.
I'm very glad to hear it too, cries Ned.

Friend Isaac, 'tis strange, you, that lived so near Bray,
Should not set up the sign of the Vicar;
Though it may be an odd one, you cannot but say
It must needs be a sign of good liquor.

Answer.

Indeed, Master Poet, your reason's but poor;
For the Vicar would think it a sin
To stay, like a booby, and lounge at the door;
'Twere a sign 'twas bad liquor within.

By a Porter, on the Gin Act. To a Great Man.

Why will you make us coolly think?
If you would govern, we must drink.

Giles Jolt.

Giles Jolt as sleeping in his cart he lay,
Some waggish pilf'rers stole his team away.
Giles wakes, and cries, "What's here? Odsdicken! what?
Why how now? am I Giles, or am I not?
If he, I've lost six geldings, to my smart;
If not, odsbuddikins! I've found a cart.

To Zoilus.

With industry I spread your praise,
With equal you my censure blaze;
But, faith! 'tis all in vain we do,
The world nor credits me nor you.

Milton. Dryden.

Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn:
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of Nature could no farther go:
To make a third, she join'd the other two.

On the Duchess of Marlborough's Offer of 500*l. for the best Poem on the Duke's Actions.*

Five hundred pounds! too small a boon
To put the poet's muse in tune,
That nothing might escape her:
Should she attempt th' heroic story
Of the illustrious Churchill's glory,
It scarce would buy the paper.

Scotland. Cleveland.

Had Cain been a Scot, God would have alter'd his doom;
Not forced him to wander, but confin'd him at home.

By Prior.

Thus to the Muses spoke the Cyprian dame:
Adorn my altars, and revere my name;
My son shall else assume his potent darts:
Twang goes the bow! my girls, have at your hearts!

The

The Muses answer'd—Venus, we deride
The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride.
Send him to nymphs who sleep in Ida's shade,
To the loose dance and wanton masquerade:
Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look
On the instructive verse and moral book;
On female idleness his power relies,
But when he finds us studying hard he flies.

By Aaron Hill.

When Christ at Cana's feast, by pow'r divine,
Inspir'd cold water with the warmth of wine,
See! cried they, while in redd'ning tide it gush'd,
The bashful stream hath seen its God and blush'd.

Upon the Busts of the English Worthies at Stow. Lord Clare.

Among these chiefs of British race,
Who live in breathing stone,
Why has not Cobham's bust a place?—
The structure was his own.

By Pope.

Great Villiers' fate sage Cutler could foresee;
And, well he thought, advis'd him—"Live like me."
As well his Grace replied—"Like you, Sir John!
That I can do when all I have is gone."

The Giant angling.

His angle-rod made of a sturdy oak,
His line a cable which in storms ne'er broke;
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock, and bobb'd for whale.

To a noted Liar.

Lie on! while my revenge shall be,
To speak the very truth of thee.

On Michael Angelo's famous Piece of the Crucifixion, who stabbed a Person that he might do it more naturally. Dr. Young.

Whilst his Redeemer on the canvas dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother welt'ring lies;
The daring artist, cruelly serene,
Views the pale cheek, and the distorted mien;
He drains off life by drops; and, deaf to cries,
Examines ev'ry spirit as it flies;
He studies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouse up ev'ry pang repeats the blow;
Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm transplanting to his Saviour's face!
O glorious theft! O nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught!
Such wondrous force the magic colors boast,
From his own skill he starts, in horror lost.

On the Death of a Lady's Cat. Harrison.

And is Miss Tabby from the world retir'd?
And are her five, all her nine lives, expir'd?
What sounds so moving as her own can tell
How Tabby died, how full of play she fell?
Begin, ye tuneful nine, a mournful strife,
And ev'ry muse shall celebrate a life.

A Receipt for Courtship. Swift.

Two or three dears, and two or three sweets;
Two or three balls, and two or three treats;
Two or three serenades, giv'n as a lure;
Two or three oaths how much they endure;
Two or three messages sent in one day;
Two or three times led out from the play;
Two or three soft speeches made by the way;
Two or three tickets for two or three times;
Two or three love-letters writ all in rhymes;
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules
Can never fail making a couple of fools.

To a Lady who used Patches.

Your homely face, Flippanta, you disguise,
With patches numerous as Argus' eyes;
I own that patching's requisite for you,
For more we're pleased the less your face we view:
Yet I advise, since my advice you ask,
Wear but one patch, and be that patch a mask.

Inscription for a Bust of Lady Suffolk in a Wood.

Her wit and beauty for a court were made:
Her truth and goodness fit her for a shade.

To Mr. Addison, on his Tragedy of Cato.

The mind to virtue is by verse subdued,
And the true poet is a public good.
This Britain feels: while, by your lines inspir'd,
Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
In Rome had you espous'd the vanquish'd cause,
Inflam'd her senate, and upheld her laws,
Your manly scenes had liberty restor'd,
And giv'n the just success to Cato's sword,
O'er Cæsar's arms your genius had prevail'd,
And the muse triumph'd where the patriot fail'd.

Tom's coach and six! Whither in such haste going?
But a short journey—to his own undoing.
Jealousy.

Jealousy.

To Bedlam with him: is he sound in mind,
Who still is seeking what he would not find?

By Leonard Welstead.

I owe, says Thomas, much to Peter's care;
Once only seen, he chose me for his heir.
True, Thomas; hence your fortunes take their rise:
His heir you were not, had he seen you twice.

By Dr. Kenrick.

The great, good man, whom Fortune will displace,
May into scarceness fall, but not disgrace.
His sacred person none will dare profane;
He may be poor, but never can be mean.
He holds his value with the wise and good,
And, prostrate, seems as great as when he stood.
So ruin'd temples holy awe dispense,
They lose their height, but keep their reverence;
The pious crowd the piles, tho' fall'n, deplore,
And what they fail to raise they still adore.

Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.
G. Stepney.

The gods and Cato did in this divide—
They chose the conqu'ring, he the conquer'd side.

By Dean Swift.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you will, there's nobody at home.

A Flower by Varelst. Prior.

When famed Varelst this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchsafed the growing work to view.
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The Goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand:
And finishing the piece, she smiling said:
Behold one work of mine that ne'er shall fade.

By Sir Sam. Garth.

Can you count the silver lights
That deck the skies, and cheer the nights;
Or the leaves that strew the vales,
When groves are stript by winter gales;
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with transparent pearl the thorn;
Or bridegroom's joys, or miser's cares,
Or gamester's oaths, or hermit's prayers;
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
Or Malbro's acts, or Molly's charms?

By Aaron Hill.

How is the world deceiv'd by noise and show
Alas! how diff'rent, to pretend and know!
Like a poor highway brook, pretence runs loud:
Bustling, but shallow, dirty, weak, and proud.
While, like some nobler stream, true knowledge glides,
Silently strong, and its deep bottom hides.

The Royal Knotter. Sir Ch. Sedley.

Ah, happy people! ye must thrive,
While thus the royal pair does strive
Both to advance your glory;
While he by 's valor conquers France,
She manufactures does advance,
And makes thread-fringes for ye.

Blest we! who from such queens are freed
Who, by vain superstition led,
Are always telling beads:
But here's a queen now, thanks to God!
Who, when she rides in coach abroad,
Is always knotting threads.

Then haste, victorious Nassau, haste;
And when the summer show is past,
Let all thy trumpets sound:
The fringe which this campaign has wrought,
Though 't cost the nation scarce a groat,
Thy conquests will surround.

What's Honor?

Not to be captious, not unjustly fight;
'Tis to confess what's wrong, and do what's right.

A fair Ground for Pride.

Jack his own merit sees: this gives him pride,
For he sees more than all the world beside.

By Prior.

Yes, ev'ry poet is a fool;
By demonstration Ned can show it.
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove ev'ry fool to be a poet.

Dean Swift's Curate.

I march'd three miles thro' scorching sand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand;
I rode four more to Great St. Mary,
Using four legs when two were weary.
To three fair virgins I did tie men,
In the close bands of pleasing Hymen;
I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
And purified their mothers after.
Within an hour and eke an half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf;
While thund'ring out with lungs long-winded,
I chopp'd so fast that few there minded.
My emblem, the laborious sun,
Saw all these mighty labors done
Before one race of his was run!
All this perform'd by Robert Hewit:
What mortal else could e'er go through it?

The

The Miser's Feast.

His chimney smokes! it is some omen dire!
His neighbours are alarm'd; and cry out, Fire!

On Sir Godfrey Kneller's painting, for the Author, the Statues of Apollo, Venus, and Hercules. Pope.

What God, what genius did the pencil move,
When Kneller painted these?
Twas friendship—warm as Phœbus, kind as Love,
And strong as Hercules.

The Duke of Ch——s. Swift.

James B——was the Dean's familiar friend;
James grows a Duke, their friendship here must end.
Surely the Dean deserves a sore rebuke,
From knowing James, to say he knows a duke.

The Doctor and the Patient.

Slept you well? "Very well." My draught did good.
"It did no harm: for yonder it hath stood."

Verses occasioned by Mr. Aikman's death. Thomson.

As those we love decay, we die in part;
String after string is sever'd from the heart;
Till loosen'd life, at last but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low;
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

To the Rev. Mr. Murdoch, Rector of Stradishall, in Suffolk. Thomson.

Thus safely low, my friend, thou canst not fall;
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife;
Men, woods, and trees, all breathe untroubled life:
Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.
Guard, while 'tis thine, with philosophic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace!
That bids defiance to the storms of fate:
High bliss is only for a higher state.

The Power of Time. Swift.

If neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand:
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And less'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry—
When my old cassock, said a Welch divine,
Is out at elbows, why should I repine?

Epigram by Dr Doddridge, *on his Motto,*

Dum vivimus, vivamus.

Live while you live, the epicure will say,
And take the pleasure of the present day.
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my view let both united be!
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee.

On the Publication of Mrs. Rowe's Poems since her Death.

Thus Philomela sung, on earth detain'd,
While cumb'rous clay the rising soul restrain'd;
Now the freed spirit, with th' angelic choir,
In fields of light attunes th' immortal lyre,
And hymns her God in strains more soft, more strong—
There only could she learn a loftier song.

By Lord Lansdowne.

Believe me, Chloe, those perfumes that cost
Such sums to sweeten thee, is treasure lost;
Not all Arabia would sufficient be;
Thou smell'st not of thy sweets, they stink of thee.

By Prior.

When Topewell thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of Champagne as an egg's full of meat:
He waked in the boat, and to Charon he said,
He would be rowed back, for he was not yet dead.
Trim the boat, and sit quiet, stern Charon replied:
You may have forgot, you was drunk when you died.

Firmness under Distress.

Brutus unmov'd heard how his Portia fell:
Should Jack's wife die, he would behave as well.

By Dean Swift.

Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burthen grown:
No more I hear my church's bell
Than if it rang out for my knell:
At thunder now no more I start
Than at the rumbling of a cart:
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

On a Fan which bore the Story of Cephalus and Procris, with this Motto: "Aura, veni."

Come, gentle Air, th' Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the secret shade;

Come,

Come, gentle air, the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies:
Lo! the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play.
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound;
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove,
Alike both lovers fall by those they love:
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives:
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

On an Epigram.

One day, in Chelsea meadows walking,
Of poetry and such things talking,
Says Ralph, a merry wag:
An epigram, if smart and good,
In all its circumstances should
Be like a jelly-bag.
Your simile, I own, is new;
But how wilt make it out? says Hugh.
Quoth Ralph, I'll tell thee, friend;
Make it at top both wide, and fit
To hold a budget-full of wit,
And point it at the end.

By Mrs. Pilkington.

Stella and Flavia ev'ry hour
Unnumber' hearts surprise;
In Stella's soul lies all her power,
And Flavia's in her eyes.
More boundles Flavia's conquests are,
And Stella's more confin'd;
All can discern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.
Stella, like Britain's monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like eastern tyrants Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.
Then boast, fair Flavia, boast your face,
Your beauty's only store:
Each day that makes thy charms decrease,
Will give to Stella more.

To Mr. Pope, on his Dunciad.

The raven, rook, and pert jackdaw,
Though neither birds of moral kind,
Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with straw,
To show us which way blows the wind.
Thus dirty knaves, or chattering fools,
Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
And point instruction ev'ry way.
With Egypt's art thy pen may strive:
One potent drop let this but shed,
And every rogue that stunk alive
Becomes a precious mummy dead.

Treason does never prosper: what's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

On a Bee stifled in Honey.

From flow'r to flow'r, with eager pains,
See the blest busy lab'rer fly;
When all that from her toil she gains
Is, in the sweets she hoards to die.
'Tis thus, would man the truth believe,
With life's soft sweets, each fav'rite joy:
If we taste wisely, they relieve,
But, if we plunge too deep, destroy.

On Mr. Pope's Death.

Arise, ye glimmering stars of wit!
For, lo! the Sun of Verse is set.

By Dr. Swift.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to his heels, and he ran for his life.
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And screen'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him some wholesome advice:
But Tom is a fellow of honor so nice,
Too proud to take counsel, too wise to take warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning.
He fought withall three; thrice ventur'd his life;
Then went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

On Dr. Blackmore.

Let Blackmore still, in good king Arthur's vein,
To Fleckno's empire his just right maintain;
Let him his own to common sense oppose,
With praise and slander maul both friends and foes;
Let him great Dryden's awful name profane,
And learned Garth with envious pride disdain;
Let the quack scribble any thing but bills:
His satire wounds not, but his physic kills.

On Mr. Butler's Monument in Westminster-Abbey. S. Westley.

Whilst Butler, needy wretch! was yet alive,
No gen'rous patron would a dinner give:
See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown;
He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone.

Inscription for a Fountain adorned with Queen Anne's and the Duke of Marlborough's Statues, and the chief Rivers of the World round the Work. Prior.

Ye active streams, where'er your waters flow,
Let distant climes and farthest nations know,
What ye from Thames and Danube have been taught,
How Anne commanded, and how Marlbro' fought.

By

By W. Congreve.

See, see, she wakes, Sabina wakes,
And now the sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her bright eyes.
With light united, day they give,
But diff'rent fates ere night fulfil:
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldness kill!

By Josiah Relph.

No, Varus hates a thing that's base;
I own, indeed, he's got a knack
Of flatt'ring people to their face,
But scorns to do't behind their back.

Under a Picture of Mr. Poyntz. Lyttleton.

Such is thy form, O Poyntz! but who shall find
A hand or colors to express thy mind?
A mind unmov'd by ev'ry vulgar fear;
In a false world, that dares to be sincere:
Wise without art, without ambition great;
Though firm, yet pliant; active, though sedate;
With all the richest stores of learning fraught,
Yet better still by native prudence taught:
That, fond the griefs of the distress'd to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel;
That, when misfortune sued, ne'er sought to know
What sect, what party, whether friend or foe:
That, fix'd on equal virtue's temp'rate laws,
Despises calumny, and shuns applause;
That to his own perfections singly blind,
Would for another think this praise design'd.

By Josiah Relph.

When from her bosom Arria pull'd the blade,
Thus to her lord the tender heroine said:
The wound I gave myself with ease I bear,
Alas! I die by that which kills my dear.

The Commons' Petition to King Charles the Second. Rochester.

In all humility we crave
Our sovereign may be our slave;
And humbly beg that he may be
Betray'd by us most loyally:
And if he please once to lay down
His sceptre, dignity, and crown,
We'll make him for the time to come,
The greatest prince in Christendom.

The King's Answer.

Charles, at this time having no need,
Thanks you as much as if you did.

The Worm-Doctor. J. Relph.

Vagus, advanced on high, proclaims his skill,
By cakes of wondrous force the worms to kill;
A scornful ear the wiser sort impart,
And laugh at Vagus's pretended art.
But well can Vagus what he boasts perform,
For man (as Job hath told us) is a worm.

On Plutarch's Statue. From the Greek. Dryden.

Wise, honest Plutarch! to thy deathless praise
The sons of Rome this grateful statue raise:
For why? both Greece and Rome thy fame have shar'd;
Their heroes written, and their lives compar'd.
But thou thyself couldst never write thy own:
Their lives had parallels, but thine has none.

On the Statue of Niobe. From the Greek.

To stone the gods have changed her, but in vain:
The sculptor's art has made her breathe again.

To a Young Gentleman.

Nature has done her part: do thou but thine;
Learning and sense let decency refine.
For vain applause transgress not virtue's rules;
A witty sinner is the worst of fools.

Ulysses' Dog. Pope.

When wise Ulysses, from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,
Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguised, alone,
To all his friends, and ev'n his queen, unknown:
Changed as he was with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrowed his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forced to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestic crew;
The faithful dog alone his master knew!
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant now cashier'd he lay;
And, though e'en then expiring on the plain,
Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient lord again:
Him when he saw—he rose, and crawl'd to meet,
'Twas all he could, and fawn'd, and kiss'd his feet,
Seiz'd with dumb joy: then falling by his side,
Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and died.

To King Charles I. on his Navy. Waller.

Should nature's self invade the world again,
And o'er the centre spread the liquid main,
Thy pow'r were safe, and her destructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command:
Thy dreadful fleet would style thee lord of all,
And rise in triumph o'er the drowned ball.

On Mrs. Barbiere's first Appearance on the Stage.

No pleasure now from Nicolini's tongue,
In vain he strives to move us with his song:
On a fair Syren we have fix'd our choice,
And wait with longing ears for Barbiere's voice:
When, lo! the nymph by bashful awe betray'd,
Her falt'ring tongue denies her looks its aid;

But

But so much innocence adorns her fears,
And with such grace her modesty she wears,
By her disorder all her charms increase,
And, had she better sung, she'd pleas'd us less.

On the Spectator.

When first the Tatler to a mute was turn'd,
Great Britain for her censor's silence mourn'd;
Robb'd of his sprightly beams, she wept the night,
Till the Spectator rose, and blaz'd as bright.
So the first man the sun's first setting view'd,
And sigh'd till circling day his joys renew'd;
Yet doubtful how that second sun to name,
Whether a bright successor or the same:
So we—but now from this suspense are freed;
Since all agree who both with judgement read,
'Tis the same sun, and does himself succeed.

To the Lord Chancellor King; alluding to his Motto, "Labor ipse voluptas!"

'Tis not the splendor of the place,
The gilded coach, the purse, the mace,
And all the pompous train of state,
With crowds which at the levee wait,
That make you happy, make you great:
But when mankind you strive to bless,
With all the talents you possess;
When all the joys you can receive
Flow from the benefits you give;
This takes the heart, this conquers spite,
And makes the heavy burden light.
True pleasure, rightly understood,
Is only labor to do good.

Written in a Lady's Milton. Prior.

With virtue strong as yours had Eve been arm'd,
In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd;
Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought—
Nor had frail Adam fell, nor Milton wrote.

From the Greek.

Democritus, dear droll! revisit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth.
Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch! return,
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both, I unconcern'd stand by:
Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

A Character of an old Rake.

Scorn'd by the wise, detested by the good,
Nor understanding aught, nor understood;
Profane, obscene, loud, frivolous, and pert;
Proud without spirit, vain without desert;
Affecting passions vice has long subdued;
Desp'rately gay, and impotently lewd;
And, as thy weak companions round thee sit,
For eminence in folly deem'd a wit.

Dr. Wynter to Dr. Cheyney, on his Books in favor of a Vegetable Diet.

Tell me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
Thou didst thy system learn:
From Hippocrate thou hadst it not,
Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairn.
Suppose we own that milk is good,
And say the same of grass;
The one for babes is only food,
The other for an ass.
Doctor! one new prescription try;
(A friend's advice forgive)
Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die!
Thy patients then may live.

Dr. Cheyney to Dr. Wynter.

My system, doctor, is my own,
No tutor I pretend:
My blunders hurt myself alone,
But yours your dearest friend.

Were you to milk and straw confin'd,
Thrice happy might you be;
Perhaps you might regain your mind,
And from your wit get free.

I can't your kind prescription try,
But heartily forgive;
'Tis natural you should bid me die,
That you yourself may live.

A Smart Repartee. Swift.

Cries Sylvia to a reverend Dean,
What reason can be giv'n,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there is none in heav'n?
There are no women, he replied.
She quick returns the jest:
Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest.

On Glover's Leonidas being compared to Virgil.

Equal to Virgil! It may, perhaps:
But then, by Jove, 'tis Dr. Trapp's.

On a bad Translation.

His work now done, he'll publish it no doubt;
For sure I am that murder will come out.

To a bad Fiddler.

Old Orpheus play'd so well, he mov'd Old Nick;
Whilst thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddle-stick.

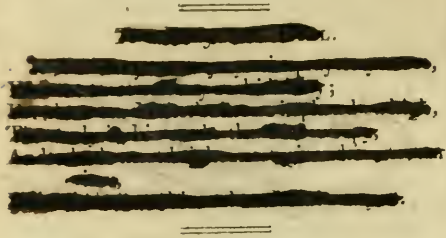
On Sir John Vanbrugh's Device of a Lion and a Cock, at Blenheim.

Had Marlb'rough's troops in Gaul no better fought,
Than Van, to grace his fame, in marble wrought,
No more in arms than he in emblems skill'd,
The cock had drove the lion from the field.

On

On the Bridge at Blenheim.

The lofty arch his high ambition shows,
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.



The Antidote.

When Lesbia first I saw, so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air;
I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire.
But, soon as e'er the beauteous ideot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke,
Like balm the tickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthrall'd, her tongue unbound.

The Female Prattler.

From morn to night, from day to day,
At all times, and in ev'ry place,
You scold, repeat, and sing, and say,
Nor are there hopes you'll ever cease.
Forbear, my Fannia; O, forbear,
If your own health or ours you prize:
For all mankind that hear you, swear
Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.
Your tongue's a traitor to your face,
Your fame's by your own noise obscur'd:
All are distracted while they gaze,
But, if they listen, they are cur'd.
Your silence would acquire more praise
Than all you say, or all you write:
One look ten thousand charms displays;
Then hush! and be an angel quite.

The Avaro.

Thus to the master of a house,
Which, like a church, would starve a mouse;
Which never guest had entertain'd,
Nor meat nor wine its floors had stain'd,
I said: "Well, Sir, 'tis vastly neat;
But where d'you drink, and where d'you eat?
If one may judge by rooms so fine,
It costs you more in mops than wine.

Effectual Malice.

Of all the pens which my poor rhymes molest,
Cotin's the sharpest, and succeeds the best;
Others outrageous scold, and rail downright
With serious rancor, and true Christian spite;
But he, more sly, pursues his fell design;
Writes scoundrel verses, and then says they're mine.

On a Regiment sent to Oxford, and a Present of Books to Cambridge, by King George I. 1715. By Dr. Trapp.

The king, observing with judicious eyes
The state of both his universities,
To one he sent a regiment; for why?
That learned body wanted loyalty.
To th' other he sent books, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

Answered by Sir William Browne.

The king to Oxford sent his troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

The Friendly Contest.

While Cam and Isis their sad tribute bring
Of rival grief, to weep their pious king,
The bards of Isis half had been forgot,
Had not the sons of Cam in pity wrote;
From their learn'd brothers they took off the curse,
And prov'd their verse not bad, by writing worse.

Against Life. From the Greek of Posidippus.

What tranquil road, unvex'd by strife,
Can mortals choose through human life?
Attend the courts, attend the bar,
There discord reigns, and endless jar:
At home the weary wretches find
Severe disquietude of mind:
To till the fields gives toil and pain;
Eternal terrors sweep the main:
If rich, we fear to lose our store;
Need and distress await the poor:
Sad cares the bands of Hymen give;
Friendless, forlorn, th' unmarried live:
Are children born, we anxious groan;
Childless, our lack of heirs we moan:
Wild giddy schemes our youth engage;
Weakness and wants depress old age.
Would fate then with my wish comply,
I'd never live, or quickly die.

For Life. From the Greek of Metrodorus.

Mankind may rove, unvex'd by strife,
Through ev'ry road of human life.
Fair wisdom regulates the bar,
And peace concludes the wordy war:
At home auspicious mortals find
Serene tranquillity of mind:
All-beauteous nature decks the plain;
And merchants plough for gold the main:
Respect arises from our store;
Security from being poor:
More joys the bands of Hymen give;
Th' unmarried with more freedom live:
If parents, our blest lot we own;
Childless, we have no cause to moan:
Firm vigor crowns our youthful stage;
And venerable hairs old age.
Since all is good, then who would cry,
I'd never live, or quickly die?

The Revenge of America. WARTON.

When Cortez' furious legions flew
O'er ravaged fields of rich Peru,
Struck with his bleeding people's woes,
Old India's awful Genius rose:
He sat on Andes' topmost stone,
And heard a thousand nations groan;
For grief his feathery crown he tore,
To see huge Plata foam with gore;
He broke his arrows, stamp'd the ground,
To view his cities smoking round.
What woes, he cried, hath lust of gold
O'er my poor country widely roll'd!
Plund'rers, proceed! my bowels tear:
But ye shall meet destruction there.
From the deep-vaulted mine shall rise
Th' insatiate fiend, pale Avarice;
Whose steps shall trembling Justice fly,
Peace, Order, Law, and Amity!
I see all Europe's children curst
With lucre's universal thirst;
The rage that sweeps my sons away,
My baneful gold shall well repay.

Mutual Pity.

Tom, ever jovial, ever gay,
To appetite a slave,
In riot throws his life away,
And laughs to see me grave.
'Tis thus that we two disagree;
So diff'rent is our whim:
The fellow fondly laughs at me,
While I could cry for him.

Universal Complaisance.

Through servile flattery thou dost all commend—
Who cares to please whom no man can offend?

Under the Statue of a Water Nymph, at Stourhead, Somersetshire. From the Latin. POPE.

Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep;
Ah, spare my slumbers! gently tread the cave,
Or drink in silence, or in silence lave.

On his own Grotto. POPE.

Thou who shalt stop where Thames' translucent wave
Shines a broad mirror thro' the shadowy cave;
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs distil,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill;
Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow:
Approach! great Nature studiously behold,
And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
Approach, but awful!—Lo! the Egerian grot
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought;
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot thro' Marlborough's soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

A prudent Choice.

When Loveless married Lady Jenny,
Whose beauty was the ready penny:
I chose her, says he, like old plate,
Nor for the fashion, but the weight.

On a great House adorned with Statues.

The walls are thick, the servants thin;
The gods without, the dev'l within.

On a hasty Marriage.

Married! 'tis well! a mighty blessing!
But poor's the joy, no coin possessing.
In ancient times, when folk did wed,
'Twas to be one at "board and bed:"
But hard's his case who can't afford
His charmer either bed or board.

The Incurious.

Three years in London Bobadil had been,
Yet not the lions nor the tombs had seen;
I cannot tell the cause without a smile—
The rogue had been in Newgate all the while.

To a Spendthrift disinherited.

His whole estate thy father, by his will,
Gave to the poor—Thou hast good title still.

On a pale Lady.

Whence comes it that, in Clara's face,
The lily only has a place?
It is, that the absent rose
Is gone to paint her husband's nose?

The Musical Contest. SWIFT.

Some say that Signior Bononcini,
Compar'd to Handel 's a mere ninny:
Others aver that to him Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange! that such difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee!

The Happy Physiognomy.

You ask why Roome * diverts you with his jokes,
Yet, if he prints, is dull as other folks?
You wonder at it!—This, Sir, is the case:
The jest is lost unless he prints his face.

* Author of a paper called Pasquin, reflecting on Mr. Pope, &c.

On seeing a Miser at a Concert.

Music has charms to sooth a savage breast,
To calm the tyrant, and relieve th' opprest:
But Vauxhall concert's more attractive pow'r
Unlock'd Sir Richard's pocket at threescore.
O strange effect of music's matchless force,
T'extract two shillings from a miser's purse!

On certain Pastorals.

So rude and tuneless are thy lays,
The weary audience vow,
'Tis not th' Arcadian swain that sings,
But 'tis his herds that low.

On a Gentleman who expended his Fortune in Horse-Racing.

John ran so long, and ran so fast,
No wonder he ran out at last;
He ran in debt; and then to pay,
He distanced all—and ran away.

On the Collar of a Dog presented by Mr. Pope to the Prince of Wales.

I am his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?

From the Greek.

A blooming youth lies buried here;
Euphemius, to his country dear:
Nature adorn'd his mind and face
With ev'ry muse and ev'ry grace:
Prepar'd the marriage state to prove,
But Death had quicker wings than Love.

On Sophocles.

Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid:
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clust'ring vine:
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung:
Whose soul, exalted, like a god of wit,
Among the muses and the graces writ.

On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke.
Ben Jonson.

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Fair and wise and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

By Ben Jonson.

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die;
Which, when alive, did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live.
If she had a single fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.

Intended for Dryden. Pope.

This Sheffield rais'd. The sacred dust below
Was Dryden once: the rest who does not know?

On Mr. Rowe. Pope.

Thy reliques, Rowe! to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakspeare place thy honour'd bust.
O! next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiments to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave;
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest;
Bless'd in thy genius, in thy love too bless'd!
And bless'd, that, timely from our scene remov'd,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

On Mr. Fenton. Pope.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, "Here lies an honest man:"
A poet, bless'd beyond a poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and great.
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace,
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfied,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he died.

On Mr. Gay. Pope.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child;
With native humor temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted ev'n among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblamed thro' life, lamented in his end.
These are thy honors! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here* lies Gay.

On Tom D'Urfey.

Here lies the lyric, who with tale and song
Did life to threescore years and ten prolong:
His tale was pleasant, and his song was sweet;
His heart was cheerful—but his thirst was great.
Grieve, reader! grieve, that he, too soon grown old,
His song has ended, and his tale has told.

To

To Aaron Hill, Esq. S. Richardson.

When noble thoughts with language pure unite,
To give to kindred excellence its right,
Tho' unincumber'd with the clogs of rhyme,
Where tinkling sounds for want of meaning chime,
Which, like the rock in Shannon's midway course,
Divide the sense, and interrupt its force;
Well may we judge so strong and clear a rill
Flows higher from the muses' sacred *Hill*.

Prior *on himself.*

To me 'tis given to die, to thee 'tis given
To live; alas! one moment sets us even;
Mark how impartial is the will of Heaven!

Inscription on an Urn at Lord Cork's, to the Memory of the Dog Hector.

Stranger, behold the mighty Hector's tomb!
See! to what end both dogs and heroes come.
These are the honors by his master paid
To Hector's manes and lamented shade:
Nor words nor honors can enough commend
The social dog—nay more, the faithful friend!
From nature all his principles he drew;
By nature faithful, vigilant, and true;
His looks and voice his inward thoughts express'd;
He growl'd in anger, and in love caress'd.
No human falsehood lurk'd beneath his heart;
Brave without boasting, gen'rous without art.
When Hector's virtues man, proud man, displays,
Truth shall adorn his tomb with Hector's praise.

On an Old Woman who sold Pots at Chester.

Beneath this stone lies Cath'rine Gray,
Chang'd to a lifeless lump of clay;
By earth and clay she got her pelf,
Yet now she's turn'd to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
Abate your grief, and dry your eyes;
For what avails a flood of tears?
Who knows but in a run of years,
In some tall pitcher, or broad pan,
She in her shop may be again?

To the Pie-house *Memory of Nell Batchelor, the Oxford Pie-Woman.*

Here, into the dust
The mouldering crust
Of Eleanor Batchelor's shoven;
Well vers'd in the arts
Of pies, custards, and tarts,
And the lucrative skill of the oven.

When she'd liv'd long enough,
She made her last puff—
A puff by her husband much prais'd:
Now here she doth lie,
And makes a dirt-pie,
In hopes that her *crust* shall be *rais'd*.

On Sir John Vanbrugh, the Poet and Architect. By Dr. Evans.

Lie heavy on him, earth! for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

Posthumous Fame.

A monster, in a course of vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping heir his ill-gain'd gold:
Now breathes his bust, now are his virtues shown,
Their date commencing with the sculptur'd stone.
If on his specious marble we rely,
Pity a worth like his should ever die!
If credit to his real life we give,
Pity a wretch like him should ever live!

On the Hon. Simon Harcourt. Pope.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near:
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear;
Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief—but when he died.
How vain is reason, eloquence how weak,
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak!
Yet let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrow mix his own!

On General Withers. Pope.

Here, Withers, rest! thou bravest gentlest mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human kind!
O born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
O soft humanity, in age belov'd!
For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.
Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy social love!
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age:
Nor let us say, those English glories gone,
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

On Mr. Craggs. Pope.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end;
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend!
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd;
Praise, wept, and honour'd, by the muse he lov'd.

On Sir Isaac Newton.

Approach, ye wise of soul, with awe divine:
'Tis Newton's name that consecrates this shrine!
That sun of knowledge, whose meridian ray
Kindled the gloom of nature into day!

That soul of science, that unbounded mind,
That genius which ennobled human kind!
Confess'd supreme of men, his country's pride;
And half esteemed an angel—till he died:
Who in the eye of Heaven like Enoch stood,
And thro' the paths of knowledge walk'd with God:
Whose fame extends, a sea without a shore!
Who but forsook one world to know the laws of more.

On the same. POPE.

NATURE and nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

From COWLEY.

HERE lies the great—False marble, tell me where:
Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here.

On a Young Lady. MALLET.

THIS humble grave though no proud structure grace,
Yet truth and goodness sanctify the place:
Yet blameless virtue, that adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented maid! now weeps upon thy tomb:
Escaped from death, O safe on that calm shore,
Where sin, and pain, and passion, are no more!
What never wealth could buy, nor pow'r decree,
Regard and pity, wait sincere on thee!
Lo! soft remembrance drops a pious tear,
And holy friendship sits a mourner here.

On Mr. Aikman and his Son. MALLET.

DEAR to the wise and good, beneath this stone
Here sleep in peace the father and the son!
By virtue, as by nature, close allied;
The painter's genius, but without the pride:
Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine,
Honor's clear light, and friendship's warmth divine.
The son, fair rising, knew too short a date!
But O! how more severe the parent's fate!
He saw him torn untimely from his side,
Felt all a father's anguish, wept, and died.

On an Infant.

To the dark and silent tomb
Soon I hasted from the womb;
Scarce the dawn of life began
Ere I measur'd out my span.

I no smiling pleasures knew;
I no gay delights could view;
Joyless sojourner was I,
Only born to weep and die.

Happy infant, early blest!
Rest, in peaceful slumber rest;
Early rescu'd from the cares
Which increase with growing years.

No delights are worth thy stay,
Smiling as they seem, and gay;
Short and sickly are they all,
Hardly tasted ere they pall.

All our gaiety is vain,
All our laughter is but pain:
Lasting only and divine,
Is an innocence like thine.

Another.

BENEATH a sleeping infant lies;
To earth her body's lent;
More glorious she'll hereafter rise,
Though not more innocent.

When the archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
Millions will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine.

On Two Twin Sisters.

FAIR marble, tell to future days,
That here two virgin-sisters lie,
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise;
Whose death gave tears to ev'ry eye.

In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew, they shone;
So much alike, so much the same,
That Death mistook them both for one.

Epitaph on Mrs. Mason, in the Cathedral at Bristol. MASON.

TAKE, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear:
Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form. She bow'd to taste the wave—
And died. Does youth, does beauty read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;
Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee:
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move:
And, if so fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.
Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas e'en to thee) yet, the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids "the pure in heart behold their God."

Epitaph

Epitoph on Miss Drummond, in the Church of Brodsworth, Yorkshire. Mason.

Here sleeps what once was beauty, once was grace;
Grace, that with tenderness and sense combin'd
To form that harmony of soul and face,
Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.
Such was the maid, that in the morn of youth,
In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
Blest with each art that owes its charms to truth,
Sunk in her father's fond embrace, and died.
He weeps; O venerate the holy tear!
Faith lends her aid to ease affliction's load;
The parent mourns his child upon the bier,
The Christian yields an angel to his God.

Epitaph on Mrs. Clarke. Gray.

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother, sleeps;
A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell.
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And self-humanity, were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind.
Her infant image, here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe:
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh, an unavailing tear,
Till time shall ev'ry grief remove,
With life, with mem'ry, and with love.

On General Wolfe, in the Church of Westerham, in Kent,—where he was born, 1727.

While George in sorrow bows his laurell'd head,
And bids the artist grace the soldier dead;
We raise no sculptur'd trophy to thy name,
Brave youth! the fairest in the lists of fame.
Proud of thy birth, we boast th' auspicious year;
Struck with thy fall, we shed the gen'ral tear;
With humble grief inscribe one artless stone,
And from thy matchless honor date our own.

The Prayer of a Wise Heathen.

Great Jove, this one petition grant;
(Thou knowest best what mortals want:)
Ask'd or unask'd, what's good supply;
What's evil, to our pray'rs deny!

To the Right Hon. Lady Ch———, 1763.

When lovely Portia glitters at the play,
Or, in her birth-night robes, outshines the day;
From crowds distinguish'd by her grace and air,
Portia the fairest seems, where all are fair:
A kindling passion ev'ry breast alarms,
Each tongue proclaims the triumph of her charms.
But when, retir'd amidst their rural bow'rs,
She cheers th' illustrious patriot's calmer hours;
Or, smiling, sits her infant tribe among,
And guides to virtue's paths the list'ning throng:
Behold, amidst these pleasing cares of life,
The tender mother, and th' engaging wife!
More just applause these humbler virtues share,
And Portia shines, as good as she is fair.

An Incident in High Life.

The Bucks had din'd, and deep in council sat;
Their wine was brilliant—but their wit grew flat:
Up starts his Lordship, to the window flies,
And lo! "A race! a race!" in rapture cries.
"Where?" quoth Sir John. "Why, see! two drops of rain
Start from the summit of the crystal pane:
A thousand pounds, which drop with nimblest force
Performs its current down the slippery course!"
The bets were fix'd; the dire suspense they wait
For victory pendant on the nod of fate.
Now down the sash, unconscious of the prize,
The bubbles roll—like pearls from Chloe's eyes.
But ah! the glittering joys of life are short!—
How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport!
Lo! thus attraction, by coercive laws,
Th' approaching drops into *one* bubble draws.
Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project cross'd;
How hard their lot, who neither won nor lost!

As a west-country mayor, with formal address,
Was making his speech to the haughty Queen Bess:
"The Spaniard," quoth he, "with inveterate spleen
Has presum'd to attack you, a poor virgin queen;
But your majesty's courage has made it appear
That the don had ta'en the wrong *sow* by the ear."

A Court Audience.

Old South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second;
But much too serious for a court,
Who at all preaching made a sport,
He soon perceiv'd his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God.
The doctor stopp'd, began to call,
"Pray wake the Earl of Lauderdale:
My lord! why 'tis a monstrous thing!
You snore so loud you'll wake the king,"

On a Dispute between Dr. Ratcliffe and Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Sir Godfrey and Radcliffe had one common way
Into one common garden—and each had a key.
Quoth Kneller, "I'll certainly stop up that door,
If ever I find it unlock'd any more."
"Your threats," replies Radcliffe, "disturb not my ease;
And so you don't *paint* it, e'en do what you please."
You're smart," rejoins Kneller; "but say what you will:
I'll *take* any thing from you—but potion or pill."

The Empty Gun.

As Dick and Tom in fierce dispute engage,
And face to face the noisy contest wage;
"Don't *cock* your chin at me," Dick smartly cries.
"Fear not—his head's not *charg'd*," a friend replies.

To ———, Esq. Antiquary and F. R. S.

Give me the thing that's pretty, odd, and new:
All ugly, old, odd things—I leave to you.

On erecting a Monument to Shakspeare, under the Direction of Mr. Pope, Lord Burlington, &c.

To mark her Shakspeare's worth, and Britain's love,
Let Pope design, and Burlington approve:
Superfluous care! When distant times shall view
This tomb grown old—his works shall still be new.

On Mr. Nash's Picture at full Length, between the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope, at Bath. Chesterfield.

The old Egyptians hid their wit
In hieroglyphic dress,
To give men pains in search of it,
And please themselves with guess.

Moderns, to hit the self-same path,
And exercise their parts,
Place figures in a room at Bath:
Forgive them, God of arts!

Newton, if I can judge aright,
All Wisdom does express;
His knowledge gives mankind delight,
Adds to their happiness.

Pope is the emblem of true Wit,
The sunshine of the mind;
Read o'er his works in search of it,
You'll endless pleasure find.

Nash represents man in the mass,
Made up of wrong and right;
Sometimes a king, sometimes an ass,
Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture placed the busts between,
Adds to the thought much strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly's at full length.

The following Lines were handed up to a beautiful young Lady who was attending the Trial of Criminals at the Assizes in Surry.

Whilst petty offences and felonies smart,
Is there no jurisdiction for stealing one's heart?
You, fair one, will smile, and cry, "Laws, I defy you;" [you:
Assur'd that no peers can be summon'd to try
But think not that paltry defence will secure ye;
For the muses and graces will just make a jury.

The Dropsical Man. Taylor.

A jolly, brave toper, who could not forbear,
Though his life was in danger, old port and stale beer, [drink on,
Gave the doctors the hearing—but still would
Till the dropsy had swell'd him as big as a tun;
The more he took physic the worse still he grew,
And tapping was now the last thing he could do.
Affairs at this crisis, and doctors come down,
He began to consider—so sent for his son.
Tom, see by what courses I've shorten'd my life,
I'm leaving the world ere I'm forty and five;
More than probable 'tis, that in twenty-four hours
This manor, this house, and estate, will be yours;
My early excesses may teach you this truth,
That 'tis working for death to drink hard in one's youth.
Says Tom (who's a lad of a generous spirit,
And not like young rakes, who're in haste to inherit)
Sir, don't be dishearten'd; although it be true,
Th' operation is painful, and hazardous too,
'Tis no more than what many a man has gone through.
And then, as for years, you may yet be call'd young,
Your life after this may be happy and long.
Don't flatter me, Tom, was the father's reply,
With a jest in his mouth, and a tear in his eye:
Too well, by experience, my vessels, thou know'st, [ghost.
No sooner are tapp'd, but they give up the

EPIGRAMS *from* MARTIAL.

To James Harris, Esq.

Martial, Book iv. Ep. 87.

Wouldst thou, by Attic taste improv'd,
By all be read, by all be lov'd,

To

To learned Harris' curious eye,
By me advis'd, dear Muse, apply:
In him the perfect judge you'll find,
In him the candid friend, and kind.
If he repeats, if he approves,
If he the laughing muscles moves,
Thou nor the critic's sneer shalt mind,
Nor be to pies or trunks consign'd.
If he condemns, away you fly,
And mount in paper-kites the sky,
Or dead 'mongst Grub-street's records lie.

Book i. Ep. 11.

CURMUDGEON the rich widow courts;
Nor lovely she, nor made for sports;
'Tis to Curmudgeon charm enough,
That she has got a church-yard cough.

Book i. Ep. 14.

WHEN Arria from her wounded side
To Pætus gave the reeking steel,
I feel not what I've done, she cried;
What Pætus is to do, I feel.

Book iii. Ep. 43.

BEFORE a swan, behind a crow,
Such self-deceit ne'er did I know.
Ah! cease your arts—Death knows you're grey,
And spite of all will keep his day.

Book iv. Ep. 78.

WITH lace bedizen'd comes the man,
And I must dine with Lady Anne.
A silver service loads the board,
Of eatables a slender hoard.
"Your pride and not your victuals spare;
I came to dine, and not to stare."

Book vii. Ep. 75.

WHEN dukes in town ask thee to dine,
To rule their roast, and smack their wine;
Or take thee to their country seat,
To mark their dogs, and bless their meat;
——, dream not on preferment soon:
Thou'rt not their friend, but their buffoon.

Book viii. Ep. 35.

ALIKE in temper and in life,
A drunken husband, sottish wife,
She a scold, a bully he—
The devil's in 't they don't agree.

Book xii. Ep. 23.

YOUR teeth from Hemmet, and your hair from Bolney—
Was not an eye too to be had for money?

Book xii. Ep. 30.

NED is a sober fellow, they pretend:
Such would I have my coachman, not my friend.

Book xii. Ep. 103.

YOU sell your wife's rich jewels, lace, and clothes;
The price once paid, away the purchase goes:
But she a better bargain proves, I'm told;
Still sold returns, and still is to be sold.

Book i. Ep. 40.

Is there t' enrol amongst the friendly few,
Whose names pure faith and ancient fame renew;
Is there, enrich'd with virtue's honest store,
Deep vers'd in Latian and Athenian lore;
Is there, who right maintains, and truth pursues,
Nor knows a wish that heaven can refuse?
Is there, who can on his great self depend?
Now let me die, but Harris is this friend.

Book ii. Ep. 80.

WHEN Fannius should have 'scaped his foe,
His own hands stopp'd his breath:
And was't not madness, I would know,
By dying to 'scape death?

The same.

HIMSELF he slew, when he the foe would fly;
What madness this—for fear of death to die!

Book x. Ep. 78.

VARUS did lately me to supper call;
The furniture was large, the feast but small;
The tables spread with plate, not meat; they put
Much to accost the eye, nought for the gut.
We came to feast our bellies, not our eyes;
Pray take away your gold; give us some pies.

Book i. Ep. 16.

THOU, whom (if faith or honor recommends
A friend) I rank amongst my dearest friends,
Remember you are now almost threescore;
Few days of life remain, if any more:
Defer not what no future time insures;
And only what is past, esteem that yours.
Successive cares and troubles for you stay;
Pleasure not so; it nimbly fleets away;
Then seize it fast: embrace it ere it flies;
In the embrace it vanishes and dies.
"I'll live to-morrow," will a wise man say?
To-morrow is too late—then live to-day.

From Martial, literally translated.

A LANDLORD at Bath put upon me a queer *hum*: [*mere rum**.
I ask'd him for punch, and the dog gave me

Book ii. Ep. 41.

YES; I submit, my lord; you've gain'd your end: [friend.
I'm now your slave—that would have been your
I'll bow, I'll cringe, be supple as your glove—
Respect, adore you—every thing, but love.

Book viii. Ep. 19.

HAL says he's poor, in hopes you'll say he's not;
But take his word for't: Hal's not worth a groat.

Book i. Ep. 13.

WHEN from her breast chaste Arria snatch'd the sword,
And gave the deathful weapon to her lord;
My wound, she said, believe me, does not smart,
But thine alone, my Pætus, pains my heart.

* Merum is not translated at all.

Book ix. Ep. 82.

My works the reader and the hearer praise;
They're incorrect, a brother-poet says:
But let him rail; for when I give a feast,
Am I to please the cook, or please the guest?

Book i. Ep. 34.

Her father dead, alone no grief she knows;
Th' obedient tear at ev'ry visit flows.
No mourner he who must by praise be feed;
But he who mourns in secret, mourns indeed!

Book i. Ep. 39.

The verses, friend, which thou hast read, are mine;
But, as thou read'st them, they may pass for thine.

Book ii. Ep. 3.

You say, you nothing owe; and so I say:
He only owes, who something has to pay.

Book ii. Ep. 58.

You're fine, and ridicule my thread-bare gown:
Thread-bare indeed it is; but 'tis my own.

I dropp'd a thing in verse, without a name;
I felt no censure, and I gain'd no fame:
The public saw the bastard in the cradle,
But ne'er inquir'd: so left it to the beadle.
A certain nobleman takes up the child;
The real father lay perdue, and smil'd.
The public now enlarges ev'ry grace:
What shining eyes it has! how fair a face!
Of parts what symmetry! what strength divine!
The noble brat is sure of Pelops' line.

The Mistake. Taylor.

A cannon-ball, one bloody day,
Took a poor sailor's leg away;
And, as on comrade's back he made off,
A second fairly took his head off.
The fellow, on this odd emergence,
Carries him pick-back to the surgeon's.
Z——ds! cries the doctor, are you drunk,
To bring me here a headless trunk?
A lying dog! cries Jack—he said
His leg was off, and not his head.

An Epitaph to the Memory of Lucy Lyttelton.

Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wise;
Polite as all her life in courts had been,
Yet good as she the world had never seen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderness combin'd;
Her speech was the melodious voice of Love;
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd;
Her mind was virtue by the graces dress'd.

Epitaph on Miss Stanley. Thomson.

Here, Stanley! rest, escap'd this mortal strife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauty stain,
And sternly try thee with a year of pain:
No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,
Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
With tender art to save her anxious groan,
No more thy bosom presses down its own:
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere;
Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear!
O! born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm,
To show us Virtue in her fairest form;
To show us artless Reason's moral reign,
What boastful Science arrogates in vain;
Th' obedient passions, knowing each their part,
Calm light the head, and Harmony the heart!
Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey,
When a few suns have roll'd their cares away;
Tir'd with vain life, will close the willing eye;
'Tis the great birthright of mankind to die.
Blest be the bark that wafts us to the shore
Where death-divided friends shall part no more!
To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

To Atossa.

I lov'd thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

To Corinna.

Since first you knew my am'rous smart,
Each day augments your proud disdain;
'Twas then enough to break my heart,
And now, thank Heaven! to break my chain.

Cease thou scorner, cease to shun me!
Now let love and hatred cease!
Half that rigour had undone me,
All that rigour gives me peace.

My heart still hovering round about you,
I thought I could not live without you:
Now we have liv'd three months asunder,
How I liv'd with you is the wonder.

Dialogue between an old Incumbent and the Person promised the next Presentation.

I'm glad to see you well.—O faithless breath!
What, glad to see me well, and wish my death!
No more, replies the youth, Sir, this misgiving:
I wish not for your death, but for your living.

To

To Chloe.

I swore I lov'd, and you believ'd,
Yet, trust me, we were both deceiv'd;
Though all I swore was true.
I lov'd one gen'rous, good, and kind,
A form created in my mind;
And thought that form was you.

On one who first abused, and then made Love to a Lady.

Foul —— with graceless verse
The noble —— dar'd asperse:
But when he saw her well bespatter'd,
Her reputation stain'd and tatter'd;
He gazed, and loved the hideous elf,
She look'd so very like himself.
True sung the bard well-known to fame*,
Self-love and social are the same.

To a Lady who drew the Pins from her Bonnet in a Thunder Storm.

Cease, Eliza, thy locks to despoil,
Nor remove the bright steel from thy hair;
For fruitless and fond is the toil,
Since Nature has made thee so fair.

While the rose on thy cheek shall remain,
And thine eye so bewitchingly shine,
Thy endeavour must still be in vain,
For *attraction* will always be thine.

She who in secret yields her heart,
Again may claim it from her lover;
But she who plays the trifler's part,
Can ne'er her squander'd fame recover.
Then grant the boon for which I pray;
'Tis better lend than throw away.

We thought you without titles great,
And wealthy with a small estate;
While by your humble self alone
You seem'd unrated and unknown.
But now on fortune's swelling tide
High borne in all the pomp of pride,
Of grandeur vain, and fond of pelf,
'Tis plain, my lord, you knew yourself.

Tom thought a wild profusion great,
And therefore spent his whole estate:
Will thinks the wealthy are ador'd,
And gleans what misers blush to hoard:
Their passions merit fate the same,
They thirst and starve alike for fame.

To Clarissa.

Why like a tyrant wilt thou reign,
When thou may'st rule the willing mind?
Can the poor pride of giving pain
Repay the joys that wait the kind?

I curse my fond enduring heart,
Which, scorn'd, presumes not to be free:
Condemn'd to feel a double smart;
To hate myself, and burn for thee.

On Shakspeare's Monument at Stratford upon Avon. Seward.

Great Homer's birth seven rival cities claim,
Too mighty such monopoly of fame.
Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe
His wond'rous worth: what Egypt could bestow,
With all the schools of Greece and Asia join'd,
Enlarg'd th' immense expansion of his mind.
Nor yet unrival'd the Mæonian strain:
The British Eagle† and the Mantuan Swan
Tow'r equal heights. But happier Stratford, thou,
With incontested laurels deck thy brow:
Thy bard was thine unschool'd, and from thee brought
More than all Egypt, Greece, or Asia, taught.
Not Homer's self such matchless honors won;
The Greek has rivals, but thy Shakspeare none.

A Sonnet. Imitated from the Spanish of Lopez de Vega: Menagiana, tom. iv. p. 176. Edwards.

Capricious Wray a sonnet needs must have;
I ne'er was so put to 't before—a sonnet!
Why, fourteen verses must be spent upon it:
'Tis good howe'er t'have conquer'd the first stave.
Yet I shall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,
Said I; and found myself i' the midst o' the second:
If twice four verses were but fairly reckon'd,
I should turn back on the hardest part and laugh.
Thus far with good success I think I've scribbled,
And of the twice seven lines have clean got o'er ten.
Courage! another 'll finish the first triplet.
Thanks to thee, muse, my work begins to shorten.
There's thirteen lines got thro', driblet by driblet:
'Tis done! count how you will, I warr'nt there's fourteen.

On pollard oak, hollow at heart,
Tremendous lightning darted:
Tremble at God's avenging dart,
O all ye hollow-hearted!

Why the Universities abound in Learning.

No wonder that Oxford and Cambridge profound,
In learning and science so greatly abound;
When all carry thither a little each day,
And we meet with so few who bring any away.

* Mr. Pope.

† Milton.

As

As Quin and Foote
One day walk'd out
To view the country round,
In merry mood
They chatting stood
Hard by the village-pound.

Foote from his poke
A shilling took,
And said, I'll bet a penny,
In a short space,
Within this place,
I'll make this piece a guinea.

Upon the ground,
Within the pound,
The shilling soon was thrown:
Behold, says Foote,
The thing's made out,
For there is one pound one.

I wonder not,
Says Quin, that thought
Should in your head be found,
Since that's the way
Your debts you pay—
One shilling in the pound.

On a Statue of Apollo crowning Merit.

Merit, if thou'rt blest with riches,
For God's sake buy a pair of breeches,
And give them to thy naked brother,
For one good turn deserves another.

O let me die in peace! Eumenes cried
To a hard creditor at his bed-side.
How! die! roar'd Gripus; thus your debts evade!
No, no, Sir, you shan't die till I am paid.

On Sleep.

Although soft sleep death's sad resemblance wears,
Still do I wish him on my couch to lie.
Come, balmy sleep; for sweetly it appears,
Thus without life to live, thus without death to die.

On a bad Singer.

When screech-owls screek, their note portends
To foolish mortals death of friends:
But when Corvina strains her throat,
Even screech-owls sicken at the note.

Upon some hasty errand Tom was sent,
And met his parish-curate as he went;
But, just like what he was, a sorry clown,
It seems he pass'd him with a cover'd crown.
The gownman stopp'd, and, turning, sternly said—
I doubt, my lad, you're far worse taught than fed!
Why, ay! says Tom, still jogging on, that's true:
Thank God! he feeds me; but I'm taught by you.

Epitaph on a certain Miser.

Here lies one who for med'cines would not give
A little gold, and so his life he lost:
I fancy now he'd wish again to live,
Could he but guess how much his funeral cost.

On Captain Grenville. Lord Lyttelton.

Ye weeping muses, graces, virtues, tell,
If, since your all-accomplish'd Sidney fell,
You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplor'd
A loss like that these plaintive lays record!
Such spotless honor; such ingenuous truth;
Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth!
So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,
To such heroic warmth and courage join'd!
He too like Sidney, nurs'd in Learning's arms,
For nobler war forsook her softer charms:
Like him, possess'd of every pleasing art,
The secret wish of every female heart;
Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
He unrepining for his country died.

Designed for the Monument of Sir Isaac Newton.

More than his name were less—'twould seem to fear
He who increased Heaven's fame, could want it here.
Yes—when the sun he lighted up shall fade,
And all the world he found at first decay'd;
Then void and waste eternity shall lie,
And Time and Newton's name together die!

Upon a young Gentleman refusing to walk with the Author in the Park, because he was not dressed well. Garrick.

Friend Col and I, both full of whim,
To slum each other oft agree;
For I'm not beau enough for him,
And he's too much a beau for me.
Then let us from each other fly,
And arm in arm no more appear;
That I may ne'er offend your eye,
That you may ne'er offend my ear.

On Mr. Quin. Garrick.

Says Epicure Quin, Should the devil in hell
In fishing for men take delight,
His hook bait with ven'son, I love it so well,
Indeed I am sure I should bite.

Extempore,

Extempore, on hearing a certain impertinent Address in the Newspapers. By Garrick, Thomson, &c.

Thou essence of dock, of valerian, and sage,
At once the disgrace and the pest of this age,
The worst that we wish thee, for all thy bad crimes,
Is to take thy own physic, and read thy own rhymes.

Answer to the Junto.

Their wish must be in form revers'd,
To suit the doctor's crimes,
For, if he takes his physic first,
He'll never read his rhymes.

Dr. Hill's Reply to the Junto's Epigram.

Ye desperate junto, ye great or ye small,
Who combat dukes, doctors, the deuce, and 'em all!
Whether gentlemen, scribblers, or poets in jail,
Your impertinent curses shall never prevail:
I'll take neither sage, dock, nor balsam of honey;
Do you take the physic, and I'll take the money.

Written soon after Dr. Hill's Farce, called the Rout, was acted. Garrick.

For physic and farces
His equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is.

To Dr. Hill, upon his Petition of the Letter I to Mr. Garrick. Garrick.

If 'tis true, as you say, that I've injur'd a letter,
I'll change my note soon, and I hope for the better;
May the right use of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen;
Most devoutly I wish they both had their due,
And that *I* may be never mistaken for *U*.

*Colloquial Epigram.** Garrick.
Wilmot.

You should call at his house, or should send him a card,
Can Garrick alone be so cold?

Garrick.

Shall I, a poor player, and still poorer bard,
Shall folly with Camden make bold?
What joy can I give him, dear Wilmot, declare:
Promotion no honors can bring;
To him the Great Seals are but labor and care:
Wish joy to your country and king.

To the Author of the Farmer's Letters, which were written in Ireland in the year of the Rebellion, by Henry Brooke, Esq. 1745. Garrick.

O thou, whose artless, free-born genius charms,
Whose rustic zeal each patriot bosom warms;
Pursue the glorious task, the pleasing toil,
Forsake the field, and till a nobler soil;
Extend the farmer's care to human kind,
Manure the heart, and cultivate the mind:
There plant religion, reason, freedom, truth,
And sow the seeds of virtue in our youth:
Let no rank weeds corrupt or brambles choke;
And shake the vermin from the British oak:
From northern blasts protect the vernal bloom,
And guard our pastures from the wolves of Rome:
On Britain's liberty ingraft thy name,
And reap the harvest of immortal fame!

Upon a Lady's Embroidery. Garrick.

Arachne once, as poets tell,
A goddess at her art defied;
But soon the daring mortal fell
The hapless victim of her pride.

O then beware Arachne's fate!
Be prudent, Chloe, and submit:
For you'll more surely feel her hate,
Who rival both her art and wit.

Death and the Doctor. Occasioned by a Physician's lampooning a Friend of the Author. Garrick.

As Doctor —— musing sat,
Death saw, and came without delay;
Enters the room, begins the chat,
With "Doctor, why so thoughtful, pray?"

The Doctor started from his place,
But soon they more familiar grew;
And then he told his piteous case,
How trade was low, and friends were few.

"Away with fear," the phantom said,
As soon as he had heard his tale:
"Take my advice, and mend your trade:
We both are losers if you fail.

Go write, your wit in satire show,
No matter whether smart or true;
Call —— names, the greatest foe
To dullness, folly, pride, and you.

Then copies spread, there lies the trick,
Among your friends be sure you send 'em;
For all who read will soon grow sick:
And, when you're call'd upon, attend 'em.

* Soon after the promotion of Lord Camden to the Seals, Mr. Wilmot, his Lordship's purse-bearer, called at Hampton; where learning that Mr. Garrick had not yet paid his congratulatory compliments, the conversation between the two gentlemen furnished Mr. Garrick with the subject of the Epigram; in which with admirable address our English Roscius has turned an imputed neglect into a very elegant panegyric on that truly patriotic nobleman.

Thus

Thus trade increasing by degrees,
Doctor, we both shall have our ends;
For you are sure to have your fees,
And I am sure to have your friends."

Upon a certain Lord's giving some Thousand Pounds for a House. GARRICK.

So many thousands for a house,
For you, of all the world, Lord Mouse!
A little house would best accord
With you, my very little lord!
And then exactly match'd would be
Your house and hospitality.

Upon seeing Mr. Taylor's Pictures of Bath, and hearing a Connoisseur declare that "they were finely painted for a Gentleman." GARRICK.

Tell me the meaning, you who can,
Of "finely for a gentleman!"
Is genius, rarest gift of Heaven,
To the hired artist only given?
Or, like the Catholic salvation,
Paled in for any class or station?
Is it bound prentice to the trade,
Which works, and as it works is paid?
Is there no skill to build, invent,
Unless inspir'd by *five per cent.?*
And shalt thou, Taylor, paint in vain,
Unless impell'd by hopes of gain?
Be wise, my friend, and take thy fee,
That Claude Lorraine may yield to thee.

Tom Fool to Mr. Hoskins, his Counsellor and Friend. GARRICK.

On your care must depend the success of my suit,
The possession I mean of the house in dispute;
Consider, my friend, an attorney's my foe,
The worst of his tribe, and the best is so-so.
O let not his quiddits and quirks of the law,
O let not this harpy, your poor client claw!
In law, as in life, I know well 'tis a rule,
That a knave should be ever too hard for a fool:
To this rule one exception your client implores,
That the fool may for once beat the knave out of doors.

From the Spanish. GARRICK.

For me my fair a wreath has wove,
Where rival flow'rs in union meet;
As oft she kiss'd the gift of love,
Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.
A bee within a damask rose
Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip;
But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,
And fixes on Louisa's lip;
Where tasting all the bloom of spring,
Waked by the ripening breath of May,
Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
And with the honey flew away.

An Epitaph upon the celebrated Claudius Philips, Musician, who died very poor.* GARRICK.

Philips, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty pow'r and hapless love,
Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more,
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

Epitaph on William Hogarth†, in Chiswick Church-Yard. GARRICK.

Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart!
If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear:—
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

Epitaph on James Quin‡, in Bath Cathedral. GARRICK.

That tongue, which set the table in a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more:
Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spoke, before the tongue, what Shakspeare writ.
Cold are those hands, which living were stretch'd forth,
At friendship's call, to succour modest worth.
Here lies James Quin! Deign, reader, to be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In nature's happiest mould however cast,
To this complexion thou must come at last.

Epitaph on Laurence Sterne§. GARRICK.

Shall pride a heap of sculptur'd marble raise,
Some worthless, unmourn'd, titled fool to praise,
And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn
Where genius, wit, and humor, sleep with Sterne?

* This Epitaph has been ascribed to Dr. Johnson, but was really written by Mr. Garrick. See European Magazine, January, 1785.

† He died October 26, 1764.

‡ Mr. Quin died January, 1766.

§ Mr. Sterne was born at Clonmel in Ireland, November 24, 1713, and died in London, March 18, 1768.

Epitaph

Epitaph on Mr. Beighton, who had been Vicar of Egham forty-five Years.

GARRICK.

NEAR half an age, with every good man's praise,
Among his flock the shepherd pass'd his days:
The friend, the comfort of the sick and poor,
Want never knock'd unheeded at his door;
Oft when his duty call'd, disease and pain
Strove to confine him, but they strove in vain.
All mourn his death, his virtues long they tried,
They knew not how they lov'd him, till he died.
Peculiar blessings did his life attend,
He had no foe, and Camden was his friend.

Epitaph on Paul Whitehead, Esq.

HERE lies a man misfortune could not bend;
Prais'd as a poet, honor'd as a friend:
Tho' his youth kindled with the love of fame,
Within his bosom glow'd a brighter flame.
Whene'er his friends with sharp affliction bled,
And from the wounded deer the herd was fled,
Whitehead stood forth—the healing balm applied,
Nor quitted their distresses—till he died.

A Tribute by Mr. Garrick, to the Memory of a Character he long knew and respected.

Epitaph on Mr. Havard, Comedian.*

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

HAVARD, from sorrow rest beneath this stone;
An honest man—belov'd as soon as known;
Howe'er defective in the mimic art,
In real life he justly play'd his part!
The noblest character he acted well,
And heaven applauded when the curtain fell.

Inscription on a Grotto of Shells, at Crux-Easton†, the Work of Nine young Ladies‡.

POPE.

HERE, shunning idleness at once and praise,
The glittering emblem of each spotless dame,
This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise;
Clear as her soul, and shining as her frame;
Beauty which nature only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces art;
But fate dispos'd them in this humble sort,
And hid in deserts what would charm a court.

Verses occasioned by seeing a Grotto built by Nine Sisters. HERBERT.

So much this building entertains my sight,
Nought but the builders can give more delight:
In them the masterpiece of nature's shown,
In this I see art's masterpiece in stone.
O Nature, Nature, thou hast conquer'd Art;
She charms the sight alone, but you the heart.

Lines written by the celebrated THOMSON, *to his* AMANDA; *with a Copy of the* SEASONS.

ACCEPT, dear Nymph! a tribute due
To sacred friendship, and to you:
But with it take, what breath'd the whole,
O! take to thine the Poet's soul!
If Fancy here her pow'r displays,
Or if a heart exalts these lays,
You fairest in that fancy shine,
And all that heart is fondly thine!

An Epigram.

A MEMBER of the modern great
Pass'd Sawney with his budget;
The peer was in a car of state,
The tinker forced to trudge it.

But Sawney shall receive the praise
His Lordship would parade for:
One's debtor for his dapple greys,
And th' other's shoes are paid for.

The Lawyer and his Client.

Two Lawyers, when a knotty cause was o'er,
Shook hands, and were as good friends as before.
"Zounds!" says the losing client, "how come yaw
To be such friends, who were such foes just naw?"
Thou fool, says one, we lawyers, tho' so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's between.

Epitaph on Mrs. Ellen Temple, late Wife of Mr. John Temple, of Maiton, Surgeon.

By Mr. GENTLEMAN.

HERE, in just hope above the stars to rise,
The mortal part of Ellen Temple lies,
In whom those beauties of a spotless mind,
Faith and good works, were happily combin'd;
A patient, careful, constant, loving wife,
The foe of scandal and domestic strife:
The tender mother, undissembling friend,
Who graced those virtues with a pious end;
Who, still preserving an unblemish'd name,
Ne'er meanly strove to taint a neighbour's fame:
Who play'd,—as, reader, thou shouldst do—her part
With inward peace and rectitude of heart;
Who Christian-like resign'd her final breath,
And, dying free from censure, smil'd at death.

* He died 20th February, 1778. † In the county of Hants, the seat of Edward Lisle, Esq.
‡ Miss Lisles, daughters of Edward Lisle, Esq. and sisters to Dr. Lisle.

Epigram.

Epigram.

Says a beau to a lady, Pray name if you can,
Of all your acquaintance, the handsomest man.
The lady replied, If you'd have me speak true,
He's the handsomest man that's the most unlike you.

On a Bowl of Punch.

Whene'er a bowl of punch we make,
Four striking opposites we take;
The strong, the small, the sharp, the sweet,
Together mix'd, most kindly meet;
And when they happily unite,
The bowl "is pregnant with delight."
In conversation thus we find,
That four men, differently inclin'd;
With talents each distinct, and each
Mark'd by peculiar pow'rs of speech;
With tempers too as much the same
As milk and verjuice, frost and flame;
Their parts by properly sustaining,
May all prove highly entertaining.

A Description of London.

Houses, churches, mix'd together,
Streets unpleasant in all weather;
Prisons, palaces contiguous,
Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous;
Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,
Showy outsides, insides empty;
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts;
Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
Lords of laundresses afraid;
Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men,
Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen;
Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,
Noble, simple, all conditions;
Worth beneath a threadbare cover,
Villainy bedaub'd all over;
Women black, red, fair, and grey;
Prudes, and such as never pray;
Handsome, ugly, noisy, still,
Some that will not, some that will;
Many a beau without a shilling,
Many a widow not unwilling,
Many a bargain if you strike it:
This is London:—how d'ye like it?

On a young Lady.

Behold a nymph with ev'ry virtue graced,
Minerva's head on Venus' shoulders placed!
Kind nature here displays her nicest art,
With sweet relievos hides the soundest heart;
But while it hides, it elegantly tells
With what benevolence her bosom swells;
Here's beauty mental, moral, and divine,
To charm the lover, and his thoughts refine.

Paradox.

Four people sat down in one evening to play,
They play'd all that eve, and parted next day;
Could you think, when you're told, as thus they all sat,
No other play'd with them, nor was there one bet;
Yet, when they rose up, each gained a guinea,
Though none of 'em lost to the amount of a penny?

Answer.

Four merry fiddlers play'd all night,
To many a dancing ninny;
And the next morning went away,
And each receiv'd a guinea.

On the Fifth of November.

By an Irish Bellman.

To-night's the day, I speak it with great sorrow,
That we were all t' have been blown up to-morrow;
Therefore, take care of fire, and candle-light:
'Tis a cold frosty morn, and so good night.

Reflections over a Pipe of Tobacco and a Pinch of Snuff.

Whilst smoke arises from my pipe,
Thus to myself I say:
Why should I anxious be for life,
Which vanishes away?

Our social snuff-boxes convey
The same ideas just;
As if they silently would say,
Let's mingle dust to dust.

A Country Quarter Session.

Three or four parsons full of October,
Three or four squires between drunk and sober;
Three or four lawyers, three or four liars;
Three or four constables, three or four criers;
Three or four parishes bringing appeals;
Three or four writings, and three or four seals;
Three or four bastards, three or four whores;
Tag, rag, and bobtail, three or four scores;
Three or four statutes misunderstood,
Three or four paupers all praying for food;
Three or four roads that never were mended,
Three or four scolds—and the session is ended.

Epigram.

What legions of fables and whimsical tales
Pass current for gospel where priesteraft prevails!
Our ancestors thus were most strangely deceiv'd;
What stories and nonsense for faith they believ'd!

But

But we, their wise sons, who these fables reject,
Even truth, now-a-days, are too apt to suspect:
From believing too much, the right faith we let fall,
So now we believe, i'faith, nothing at all.

Another.

Cries Ned to his neighbours, as onward they press'd,
Conveying his wife to her place of long rest;
Take, friends, I beseech you, a little more leisure,
For why should we thus make a toil of a pleasure?

On Six Sorts of People who keep Fasts.

The miser fasts because he will not eat,
The poor man fasts because he has no meat;
The rich man fasts with greedy mind to spare;
The glutton fasts, to eat the greater share;
The hypocrite he fasts to seem more holy,
The righteous man to punish sin and folly.

Epitaph on a Blacksmith.

My sledge and hammer lie declin'd,
My bellows too have lost their wind;
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
My vice is in the dust all laid;
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.
My fire-dried corpse here lies at rest,
My soul, smoke-like, soars, to be blest.

A whimsical Epitaph, taken from a Stone in a Church.

Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
Who as a wife did never vex one;
We can't say that for her at th' next stone.

On Quadrille. To a Young Lady.

Deign, lovely nymph, to hear the least of bards,
Who draws instruction from a game of cards.
What tho' Quadrille perplex you? here is shown
How hard the task for her who plays alone.
But would you then consent to be a wife,
Think first, O think! you play your cards for life!
Should sordid friends control your right good will,
Beware the wretched state of forced Spadille.
Should man, by grandeur, strive your heart to fire,
A cross fish well denotes a purse-proud squire.
Then pass by wealth and power; for better sure
It is, with some kind swain to play secure;
And he, dear girl, who does your charms adore,
Now asks your leave; O! let him soon say more.

To-morrow. An Epigram.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry:
In what far country does to-morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies doth this morrow live?
'Tis so far fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old, and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say.
To-day's too late: the wise liv'd yesterday.

Spoken extempore by the Earl of Rochester to a Parish Clerk.

Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms,
When they translated David's Psalms,
To make the heart full glad:
But had it been poor David's fate,
To hear thee sing, and them translate,
By Jove, 'twould have made him mad.

Rhyme to Lisbon. By the same.

Here's a health to Kate,
Our Sovereign's mate,
Of the Royal House of Lisbon:
But the devil take Hyde,
And the Bishop beside
That made her bone of his bone.

On Punch.

Hence restless care, and low design!
Hence foreign compliments and wine!
Let generous Britons, brave and free,
Still boast their punch and honesty.
Life is a bumper, fill'd by fate,
And we the guests who share the treat:
Where strong, insipid, sharp, and sweet,
Each other duly temp'ring, meet.
Awhile with joy the scene is crown'd,
Awhile the catch and toast go round;
And when the full carouse is o'er,
Death puffs the lights, and shuts the door.
Say then, physicians of each kind,
Who cure the body or the mind,
What harm in drinking can there be,
Since punch and life so well agree?

The Disappointed Husband.

A scolding wife so long a sleep possess'd,
Her spouse presum'd her soul was now at rest;
Sable was call'd to hang the room with black,
And all their cheer was sugar, rolls, and sack;
Two mourning staffs stood sentry at the door,
And Silence reign'd, who ne'er was there before;
The cloaks, and tears, and handkerchiefs, prepar'd,
They march'd in woeful pomp to the church-yard,
When, see, of narrow streets what mischiefs come!
The very dead can't pass in quiet home;
By some rude jolt the coffin lid was broke,
And madam from her dream of death awoke.

Now

Now all was spoil'd! The undertaker's pay,
Sour faces, cakes and wine, quite thrown away.
But some years after, when the former scene
Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again;
The tender husband took especial care
To keep the passage from disturbance clear,
Charging the bearers that they tread aright,
Nor put his dear in such another fright.

Epigram by the Rev. Francis Blackburne, M.A. late Archdeacon of Cleveland.

Lycidas *to* Prudentia.

Descend, fair Stoic, from thy flights;
From nature learn to know,
Our passions are the needful weights
That make our virtues go.

Prudentia *to* Lycidas.

True, Lycidas; but think not so
Another truth to shun;
Our passions make our virtues go,
But make our vices run.

An Epigram.

Music's a crotchet the sober thinks vain,
The fiddle's a wooden projection;
Tunes are but flirts of a whimsical brain,
Which the bottle brings best to perfection.

Musicians are half-witted, merry, and mad,
The same are all those that admire 'em;
They're fools if they play unless they're well paid,
And the other are blockheads to hire 'em.

An Epigram.

Says Johnny to Paddy, "I can't for my life
Conceive how a dumb pair are made man and wife,
"Since they can't with the form and the parson accord."
Says Paddy, "You fool! they take each other's word."

The Biter Bit.

A certain priest had hoarded up
A secret mass of gold;
But where he might bestow it safe,
By fancy was not told.

At last it came into his head
To lock it in a chest
Within the chancel; and he wrote
Thereon, *Hic Deus est.*

A merry grig, whose greedy mind
Long wish'd for such a prey,
Respecting not the sacred words
That on the casket lay,

Took out the gold; and blotting out
The priest's inscript thereon;
Wrote, *Resurrexit, non est hic,*
"Your God is ris'n and gone."

On the Death of Dr. Secker, late Archbishop of Canterbury.

While Secker liv'd, he show'd how seers should live;
While Secker taught, heaven open'd to our eye;
When Secker gave, we knew how angels give;
When Secker died, we knew e'en Saints must die.

Epigram,

Occasioned by the Words "One Prior," in Burnet's History.

One Prior!—and is this, this all the fame
The Poet from th' Historian can claim?
No; Prior's verse posterity shall quote,
When 'tis forgot *one Burnet* ever wrote.

On Content. An Epigram.

It is not youth can give content,
Nor is it wealth's decree;
It is a gift from heaven sent,
Though not to thee or me.

It is not in the monarch's crown,
Though he'd give millions for't:
It dwells not in his lordship's frown,
Or waits on him to court.

It is not in a coach and six,
It is not in a garter;
'Tis not in love or politics,
But 'tis in Hodge the carter.

The First Pair.

Adam alone could not be easy,
So he must have a wife an' please ye;
And how did he procure this wife,
To cheer his solitary life?
Out of a rib, Sir, from his side,
Was form'd this necessary bride.
But how did he the pain beguile?
How!—he slept sweetly all the while.
And when this rib was re-applied,
In woman's form, to Adam's side,
How then, I pray you, did it answer?—
He never slept so sweet again, Sir.

Similes to Molly.

My passion is as mustard strong;
I sit all sober sad;
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow,
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For, though as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber could see
The rest of womankind.

Like

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
But as a groat now thin!

I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale,

The god of love at her approach
Is busy as a bee;
Hearts sound as any bell or roach
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as hops or hail
The fine men crowd about her;
But soon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears;
O! were we join'd together,
My heart would be scot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as fivepence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as a razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
Methinks I taste them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites;
Sharp as a needle are her words,
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny drest;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
Round as a globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king!
Good Lord! how all men envied me!
She lov'd like any thing:

But false as hell, she like the wind
Chang'd as her sex must do;
Though seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the Gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru;
Great as an emperor should I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post;
Let us like burrs together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll find me truer than a die;
And wish me better sped,
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,
And sigh perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

On the Word REPRESENTATIVE.

To represent is but to personate,
Which should be truly done at any rate.
Thus they who're fairly chose without a fee,
Should give their votes, no doubt, with liberty.
But when a seat is sold by th' venal tribe,
He represents them best—who takes a bribe.

On the Shortness of Human Life.

Like as a damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on a tree;
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day;
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had;
E'en such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done:
Withers the rose, the blossom blasts,
The flower fades, the morning hastes;
The sun doth set, the shadows fly,
The gourd consumes, and mortals die.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun;
Or like a bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May;
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan;
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death:
The grass decays, the tale doth end,
The bird is flown, the dews ascend;
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look:
Or like the shuttle in the hand,
Or like the writing in the sand;
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream;
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death:
The bubble's burst, the look's forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot;
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The water glides, man's life is done.

Epitaph on Captain Jones,

Who published some marvellous Accounts of his Travels, the Truth of all which he thought proper to testify by affidavit.

Tread softly, mortals, o'er the bones
Of the world's wonder, Captain Jones!

Who told his glorious deeds to many,
But never was believ'd by any.
Posterity, let this suffice:
He swore all's true, yet here he *lies*.

A Portrait from Life.
By Dr. Swift.

Come sit by my side while this picture I draw:
In chatt'ring a magpie, in pride a jackdaw;
A temper the devil himself could not bridle,
Impertinent mixture of busy and idle;
As rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed,
She swills like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit;
A housewife in bed, at table a slattern,
For all an example, for no one a pattern;
Now tell me, friend Thomas*, Ford†, Grattan,† and merry Dan‡,
Has this any likeness to good Madam Sheridan?

An Epigram,
On seeing a young Lady writing Verses with a Hole in her Stocking.

To see a lady of such grace,
With so much sense and such a face,
So slatternly, is shocking:
O! if you would with Venus vie,
Your pen and poetry lay by,
And learn to mend your stocking.

An Epigram.

As Tom was one day deep in chat with his friend,
He gravely advis'd him his manners to mend;
That his morals were bad, he had heard it from many.
They lie, replied Tom, for I never had any.

On Time.

Say, is there aught that can convey
An image of its transient stay?
'Tis a hand's breadth; 'tis a tale;
'Tis a vessel under sail;
'Tis a courser's straining steed;
'Tis a shuttle in its speed;
'Tis an eagle in its way,
Darting down upon its prey;
'Tis an arrow in its flight,
Mocking the pursuing sight;
'Tis a vapour in the air;
'Tis a whirlwind rushing there;
'Tis a short-liv'd fading flow'r;
'Tis a rainbow on a show'r;
'Tis a momentary ray
Smiling in a winter's day;
'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;
'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;
'Tis the closing watch of night,
Dying at approaching light;
'Tis a landscape vainly gay,
Painted upon crumbling clay;
'Tis a lamp that wastes its fires;
'Tis a smoke that quick expires;
'Tis a bubble, 'tis a sigh:
Be prepar'd, O Man! to die.

An Anatomical Epitaph on an Invalid.
Written by Himself.

Here lies a head that often ach'd;
Here lie two hands that always shak'd;
Here lies a brain of odd conceit;
Here lies a heart that often beat;
Here lie two eyes that daily wept,
And in the night but seldom slept;
Here lies a tongue that whining talk'd;
Here lie two feet that feebly walk'd;
Here lie the midriff and the breast,
With loads of indigestion prest;
Here lies the liver, full of bile,
That ne'er secreted proper chyle;
Here lie the bowels, human tripes,
Tortur'd with wind and twisting gripes;
Here lies the livid dab, the spleen,
The source of life's sad tragic scene,
That left-side weight that clogs the blood,
And stagnates nature's circling flood;
Here lie the nerves, so often twitch'd
With painful cramps and poignant stitch;
Here lies the back, oft rack'd with pains,
Corroding kidneys, loins, and reins;
Here lies the skin by scurvy fed,
With pimples and eruptions red;
Here lies the man, from top to toe,
That fabric fram'd for pain and woe.

A Poem,
By Sir Walter Raleigh.

Shall I like an hermit dwell
On a rock or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival ev'ry day?
If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be?

Were her tresses angel-gold;
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a brayde,
And, with little more ado,
Work them into bracelets too;
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be?

Were her hands as rich a prize
As her hair, or precious eyes;
If she laid them out to take
Kisses, for good manners' sake,
And let ev'ry lover skip
From her hand unto her lip;
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be?

* Dr. Sheridan. † The Dean's friends. ‡ Mr. D. Jackson.

No;

No; she must be perfect snow
In effect, as well as show;
Warming but as snow-balls do,
Not like fire by burning too;
But when she by change hath got
To her heart a second lot,
Then, if others share with me,
Farewell her, whate'er she be!

A Poem,

Occasioned by the foregoing.

Paint, paint no more, no more with blots,
Or chequer so thy face with spots,
That I must view thee, as men strive
To see eclipses, through a sieve;
Be thou but pleasing unto me,
What care I what else thou be?

Be thou fatter than a hog,
A butcher's doublet, or his dog;
Be thy cheeks butter, thy nose grease;
May we make brewis on thy face;
Yet if thou do not melt to me,
What care I how fat thou be?

Be thy nose like fiery coals,
Or a grater, full of holes,
Let it turn up, or else hook in,
And so be clasp'd unto thy chin;
Yet, if it turn not unto me,
What care I how crook'd it be?

Though reading, thou must look so close,
As thou wert reading with thy nose;
From thine eyes let filth run more
Than broken boil, or plaguy sore;
Yet if they do not look on me,
What care I how foul they be?

Canst thou outscold a butter wench,
Or a fresh lawyer at the bench;
Canst thou the noise of thunder drown,
Sour all the beer about the town?
Yet, if thou wilt not speak to me,
What care I how loud thou be?

Be thy mouth like jaws of death,
That they who kiss, must kiss thy teeth;
And hold by th' handle of thy chin,
Lest their foot slip, and they fall in;
Yet, if thou wilt not gape on me,
What care I how broad it be?

Smells thy breath like nurse's clout,
Or a candle just burnt out;
Or so, that men mistake the place,
And untruss, coming near thy face!
Yet, if it smell not so to me,
What care I how strong it be?

Women, like paper, whilst they're white,
Are fit for every man to write;
I'd have a mistress such a one,
I might be sure she was my own;
Be thou then but such to me,
What care I what else thou be?

The Stage Coach.

Resolv'd to visit a far-distant friend,
A porter to the Bull-and-Gate I send,
And bid the slave at all events engage
Some place or other in the Chester stage.
The slave returns—'tis done as soon as said—
Your honor's sure when once the money's paid;
My brother whip, impatient of delay,
Puts to at three, and swears he cannot stay;
(Four dismal hours ere the break of day.)
Rous'd from sound sleep, thrice call'd, at length
I rise, [eyes;
Yawning, stretch out my arms, half close my
By steps and lanthorn enter the machine,
And take my place, how cordially! between
Two aged matrons of excessive bulk,
To mend the matter too, of meaner folk;
While in like mode jamm'd in on th' other side
A bullying captain and a fair one ride;
Foolish as fair, and in whose lap a boy—
Our plague eternal, but her only joy;
At last, the glorious number to complete,
Steps in my landlord for that bodkin seat:
When soon, by ev'ry hillock, rut, and stone,
Into each other's face by turns we're thrown;
This grannam scolds, that coughs, and captain swears,
The fair one screams, and has a thousand fears;
While our plump landlord, train'd in other lore,
Slumbers at ease, nor yet asham'd to snore;
And master Dicky, on his mother's lap,
Squalling brings up at once three meals of pap.
Sweet company! next time, I do protest, Sir,
I'll walk to Dublin, ere I ride to Chester.

Mr. Garrick being asked by a Nobleman if he did not intend to sit in Parliament, gave him an Answer in the following Lines:

More than content with what my talents gain,
Of public favor though a little vain,
Yet not so vain my mind, so madly bent,
To wish to play the fool in Parliament;
In each dramatic unity to err,
Mistaking time, and place, and character.
Were it my fate to quit the mimic art,
I'd "strut and fret" no more in any part;
No more in public scenes would I engage,
Or wear the cap and mask on any stage.

The Thought; or, a Song of Similes.

"I've thought;" the fair Narcissa cries,
What is it like, Sir?—"Like your eyes—
'Tis like a chair—'tis like a key—
'Tis like a purge—'tis like a flea—
'Tis like a beggar—like the sun—
'Tis like the Dutch—'tis like the moon—
'Tis like a kilderkin of ale—
'Tis like a doctor—like a whale—"
Why are my eyes, Sir, like a Sword?
For that's the Thought, upon my word.

"Ah! witness every pang I feel,
The deaths they give the likeness tell.
A sword is like a chair, you'll find,
Because 'tis most on end behind.
'Tis like a key, for 'twill undo one:
'Tis like a purge, for 'twill run through one;
'Tis like a flea, and reason good,
'Tis often drawing human blood."
Why like a beggar?—"You shall hear;
'Tis often carried 'fore the May'r.
'Tis like the sun, because 'tis gilt,
Besides it travels in a *belt*.
'Tis like the Dutch we plainly see,
Because that state, whenever we
A push for our own int'rest make,
Does instantly our sides forsake."
The moon?—"Why, when all's said and done,
A sword is very like the moon;
For if his Majesty (God bless him)
When Country Sheriff comes t' address him,
Is pleas'd his favors to bestow
On him, before him kneeling low,
This o'er his shoulders glitters bright,
And gives the glory to the Knight (night).
'Tis like a kilderkin, no doubt,
For 'tis not long in drawing out.
'Tis like a doctor, for who will
Dispute a doctor's power to kill?"
But why a Sword is like a whale
Is no such easy thing to tell.
"But since all Swords are Swords, d'ye see,
Why, let it then a backsword be;
Which, if well us'd, will seldom fail
To raise up somewhat like a whale."

The Astronomer's Room.

One day I call'd, and Philo out,
I op'd the door, and look'd about;
When, all his goods being full in view,
I took this inventory true:—
Item. A bed without a curtain;
A broken jar to empty dirt in;
A candlestick, a greasy night-cap,
A spitting-pot to catch what might hap;
Two stockings darn'd with numerous stiches,
A piece of shirt, a pair of breeches;
A three-legg'd stool, a four-legg'd table,
Were fill'd with books unfit for rabble;
Sines, tangents, secants, radius, co-sines,
Subtangents, segments, and all those signs;
Enough to show the man that made 'em
Was full as mad as he who read 'em:
An almanack of six years standing,
A cup with ink, and one with sand in;
One corner held his books and chest,
And round the floor were strew'd the rest;
That all things might be like himself,
He'd neither closet, drawer, or shelf;
Here piss-pot, sauce-pot, broken platter,
Appear'd like het'rogeneous matter.
In ancient days the walls were white,
But who 'gainst damps and snails can fight?
They're now in wreathy ringlets bound,
Some square, some oval, and some round;
The antiquarian there may find
Each hieroglyphic to his mind;
Such faces there might fancy trace,
As never yet knew time or place;
And he who studies maps or plans,
Has all the work done to his hands;
In short, the room, the goods and author,
Appear'd to be one made for t'other.

Epitaph by a Gentleman to the Memory of a Lady.

Farewell, my best-belov'd, whose heavenly mind,
Genius and virtue, strength with softness join'd;
Devotion undebas'd by pride or art,
With meek simplicity, and joy of heart;
Though sprightly, gentle; though polite, sincere;
And only of thyself a judge severe;
Unblam'd, unequall'd in each sphere of life,
The tenderest daughter, sister, parent, wife.
In thee their patroness the afflicted lost,
Thy friends, their pattern, ornamental boast;
And I—but ah! can words my loss declare,
Or paint th' extremes of transport and despair?
O thou beyond what verse or speech can tell,
My guide, my friend, my best-belov'd, farewell!

On seeing a great Commander effeminately drest at a Ball.

'Tis said that our soldiers so lazy are grown,
With pleasure and plenty undone,
That they more for their carriage than courage are known,
And scarce know the use of a gun.
Let them say what they will, since it nobody galls,
And exclaim out still louder and louder;
But there ne'er was more money expended in *balls*,
Or a greater consumption of *powder*.

An original Epitaph.

Here lies fast asleep, awake me who can,
That medley of passions and follies, *a Man*,
Who sometimes lov'd licence, and sometimes restraint,
Too much of the sinner, too little of saint;
From quarter to quarter I shifted my tack;
'Gainst the evils of life a most notable quack;
But, alas! I soon found the defects of my skill,
And my nostrums in practice prov'd treacherous still;
From life's certain ills 'twas in vain to seek ease,
The remedy oft prov'd another disease;
What in rapture began often ended in sorrow,
And the pleasure to-day brought reflection to-morrow;
When each action was o'er, and its errors were seen,
Then I view'd with surprise the strange thing I had been,
My body and mind were so oddly contriv'd,
That at each other's failing both parties conniv'd;
Imprudence of mind brought on sickness and pain,
The body diseas'd paid the debt back again:

Thus

Thus coupled together life's journey they pass'd,
Till they wrangled and jangled, and parted at last;
Thus tir'd and weary, I've finish'd my course,
And glad it is bed-time, and things are no worse.

Epitaph on an honest Sailor.

Whether sailor or not, for a moment avast!
Poor Tom's mizen top-sail is laid to the mast;
He'll never turn out, or more heave the lead;
He's now all aback, nor will sails shoot ahead;
He ever was brisk, and, though now gone to wreck,
When he hears the last whistle he'll jump upon deck.

The Consultation.

Three Doctors, met in consultation,
Proceed with great deliberation;
The case was desperate, all agreed,
But what of that? they must be feed;
They write then, as 'twas fit they should,
But for their own, not patient's good;
Consulting wisely, don't mistake, Sir,
Not what to give, but what to take, Sir.

On a Landlord drunk.

Landlord, with thee now even is the wine;
For thou hast pierc'd his hogs-head, and he thine.

A Rhapsody.

As I walk'd by myself, I said to myself,
And myself said again to me;
Look to thyself, take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee.
Then I said to myself, and thus answer'd myself,
With the self-same repartee;
Look to thyself, or look not to thy thyself,
'Tis the self-same thing to me.

To-day and To-morrow.

To-day man's dress'd in gold and silver bright,
Wrapp'd in a shroud before to-morrow night;
To-day he's feeding on delicious food,
To-morrow dead, unable to do good:
To-day he's nice, and scorns to feed on crumbs,
To-morrow he's himself a dish for worms;
To-day he's honor'd, and in vast esteem,
To-morrow not a beggar values him;
To-day he rises from the velvet bed,
To-morrow lies in one that's made of lead;
To-day his house, though large, he thinks but small,
To-morrow, no command, no house at all;
To-day has forty servants at his gate,
To-morrow scorn'd, not one of them will wait!
To-day perfum'd as sweet as any rose,
To-morrow stinks in every body's nose;
To-day he's grand, majestic, all delight,
Ghastful and pale before to-morrow night:
True, as the Scripture says, "man's life's a span,"
The present moment is the life of man.

An Inscription over a gentleman's Chimney-Piece near Barnsley.

To my best my friends are free;
Free with that, and free with me;
Free to pass the harmless joke,
And the tube sedately smoke;
Free to drink just what they please,
As at home, and at their ease;
Free to speak, and free to think—
No informers with me drink;
Free to stay a night, or so;
When uneasy, free to go.

The Character.

An easy mien, engaging in address,
Looks which at once each winning grace express,
A life where love and truth are ever join'd,
A nature ever great and ever kind,
A wisdom solid, and a judgement clear,
The smile indulgent, and a soul sincere;
Meek without meanness, gentle and humane;
Fond of improving, but yet never vain;
So justly good, so faithful to his friend,
Ever obliging, cautious to offend;
A mind where gen'rous pity stands confess'd,
Ready to ease and succour the distress'd:
If these respect and admiration raise,
They surely must demand our greatest praise;
In one bright view th' accomplish'd youth we see,
These virtues all are thine—and thou art he.

Poverty and Poetry.

'Twas sung of old, how one Amphion
Could by his verses tame a lion,
And by his strange enchanting tunes
Make bears and wolves dance rigadoons;
His songs could call the timber down,
And form it into house or town.
But it is plain, now in these times,
No house is rais'd by poets' rhymes;
They for themselves can only rear
A few old castles in the air.
Poor are the Brethren of the Bays,
Down from high strains to ekes and ayes:
The muses too are virgins yet,
And may be till they portions get.
Yet still the doating rhymer dreams,
And sings of Helicon's bright streams:
But Helicon, for all his clatter,
Yields nothing but insipid water!
Yet, even athirst, he sweetly sings
Of Nectar and Elysian springs.
The grave physician, who by physic,
Like death, dispatches him that is sick,
Pursues a sure and thriving trade;
Though patients die, the doctor's paid:
Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace
For what another mounts a gallows.
In shady groves the muses play,
And love in flow'ry meads to stray;
Pleas'd with a bleaky barren ground,
Where rip'ning fruits are never found.

But then, some say, you purchase fame,
And gain a never-dying name;
Great recompense for real trouble,
To be rewarded with a bubble!
Thus soldiers, who in many battles
Get bangs and blows, and God knows what else,
Are paid with fame and wooden leg,
And gain a pass, with leave to beg.

On Bribery.

A poor man once a judge besought
To judge aright his cause;
And with a pot of oil salutes
The judger of the laws.

My friend, quoth he, thy cause is good;
He glad away did trudge:
Anon his wealthy foe did come
Before this partial judge.

A hog well fed this churl presents,
And craves a strain of law;
The hog receiv'd, the poor man's right
Was judg'd not worth a straw.

Therewith he cried, O partial judge,
Thy doom has me undone;
When oil I gave, my cause was good,
But now to ruin run.

Poor man, quoth he, I thee forgot,
And see thy cause of foil;
A hog came since into my house,
And broke thy pot of oil.

Queen Elizabeth being asked her Opinion concerning the real Presence in the Sacrament, gave the following artful and solid Answer:

Christ was the word that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what the word did make it,
That I believe, and take it.

Epigram.

It blew a hard storm, and in utmost confusion
The sailors all hurried to get absolution;
Which done, and the weight of the sins they confess'd
Transferr'd, as they thought, from themselves to the priest,
To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,
They toss'd the poor parson souse into the ocean.

Epigram.

Kind Peggy kiss'd her husband with these words:
"Mine own sweet Will, how dearly I love thee!"
If true, quoth Will, the world none such affords;
And that 'tis true I dare her warrant be:
For ne'er was woman yet, or good or ill,
But loved always best her own sweet will.

Dialogue between Harry, who had a large Library, and Dick, who had more Understanding than Books.

Quoth Harry to his friend one day,
"Would, Richard, I'd *thy* head!"
"What wilt thou give for't? (Dick replied)
The bargain's quickly made."
"*My* head and all my books I'd give,
With readiness and freedom."
"I'd take thy books, but with *thy* head,
Gadzooks! I ne'er could read them."

Epitaph on a Cobbler.

Death at a cobbler's door oft made a stand,
And always found him on the mending hand;
At last came Death, in very dirty weather,
And ripp'd the sole from off the upper-leather.
Death put a trick upon him, and what was't?
The cobler call'd for's awl, Death brought his last.

True Benevolence.

The other day, says Ned to Joe,
Near Bedlam's confines groping,
"Whene'er I hear the cries of woe,
My hand is always open."
"I own," says Joe, "that to the poor,
(You prove it ev'ry minute)
Your hand is open, to be sure,
But then there's nothing in it."

Written under a Lady's Name in a Window.

Three brilliants fair Celinda grac'd
(There love's artillery lies:)
One from her snowy finger blaz'd,
Two sparkled in her eyes.

The first, which shone with fainter rays,
Could here her name impart;
The others drew her charming face
More deeply on my heart.

On the Death of Dean Swift.

When Gay breath'd his last, we in silence complain'd,
But yet we'd a Pope and a Swift who remain'd;
Pope falls! all Parnassus resounds with our cries,
And pray'rs daily made to keep Swift from the skies:
Vain wishes! vain pray'rs! to the winds they are given,
For death comes relentless, and takes him to heaven.
At little misfortunes we're soberly sad,
But it's time, now we've lost all our wits, to run mad.

Magni stat Nominis Umbra. Bishop.

Proud as a peer, poor as a bard,
A footsome Spaniard late one night
Knock'd at a tavern-door so hard,
It rous'd the family in a fright.

Up

Up sprung the host from his bed-side,
Open the chamber-window flew:
"Who's there? What boisterous hand," he cried,
"Makes at my gate this loud ado?"

"Here is," the stately Spaniard said,
"Don Lopez, Rodriguez, Alonzo,
Pedrillo, Gusman, Alvarade,
Jago, Miguel, Alphonso,

Antonio Diego"—"Hold! hold! hold!"
Exclaim'd the landlord, "pray forbear!
For half the numbers you have told,
I have not half a bed to spare."

"Sir!" quoth the Don, "'tis your mistake,
If names for men of course you count:
Though long th' illustrious list I make,
In me still centres all th' amount.

Worn down with tramping many a mile,
Don Lopez, Rodriguez, Pedrillo,
With all the et-ceteras of his style,
Will sleep upon a *single pillow*."

Quod petis, hic est.

A THOUSAND objects of desire
On foreign coasts you'll view;
Now art, now Nature's works admire,
Here splendor, there virtù.

But blessings, which at home you see,
Sublimer joy suggest:
Old England gives you liberty,
And that gives—*all the rest*.

Stat sua cuique Dies.

To Childermas day some object,
Some Friday deem a bad day;
But Will, by no such notions check'd,
Lets no day be a sad day.

More cheerful still, as more in debt,
He makes each day a May-day;
Nor would he ever fear, or fret,
But for that queer day, *pay-day*.

French Cooking.

To make a plum-pudding a French count once took
An authentic receipt from an English lord's cook;
Mix suet, milk, eggs, sugar, meal, fruit, and spice,
Of such numbers, such measure, and weight, and such price;
Drop a spoonful of brandy to quicken the mess,
And boil it for so many hours, more or less.
These directions were tried, but when tried, had no good in,
'Twas all wash, and all squash, but 'twas not English pudding;
And monsieur, in a pet, sent a second request,
For the cook that prescrib'd, to assist when 'twas drest,
Who, of course, to comply with his honor's beseeching,
Like an old cook of Colbrook, march'd into the kitchen.
The French cooks when they saw him, talk'd loud, and talk'd long,
They were sure all was right, he could find nothing wrong;
Till, just as the mixture was rais'd to the pot,
"Hold your hands! hold your hands!" scream'd astonish'd John Trot.
"Don't you see you want one thing, like fools as you are?"
"Vone ting, Sare! Vat ting, Sare?"—"A pudding-cloth, Sare!"

Quod petis, hic est.

No plate had John and Joan to hoard,
Plain folk in humble plight;
One only tankard crown'd their board,
And that was fill'd each night:

Along whose inner bottom, sketch'd
In pride of chubby grace,
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
A baby's angel-face.

John swallow'd first a moderate sup;
But Joan was not like John;
For when her lips once touch'd the cup,
She swill'd till all was gone.

John often urg'd her to drink fair,
But she ne'er chang'd a jot;
She lov'd to see the angel there,
And therefore drain'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd;
And where the angel stood so plain,
He got a *devil* portray'd.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd;
And ever as she seiz'd her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.

John star'd, with wonder petrify'd,
His hair stood on his pate;
And "Why dost guzzle now," he cried,
"At this enormous rate?"

"Oh! John," she said, "am I to blame?
I can't, in conscience, stop:
For sure 'twould be a burning shame
To leave the Devil a drop!"

The Decanter.

O THOU, that high thy head dost bear,
With round smooth neck, and simple ear,
With well-turn'd narrow mouth, from whence
Flow streams of noblest eloquence:
'Tis thou that fir'st the bard divine,
Sacred to Phœbus and the nine;
That mirth and soft delight canst move
Sacred to Venus and to Love;
Yet, spite of all thy virtues rare,
Thou'rt not a boon companion fair;
Thou'rt full of wine when thirsty I,
And when I'm drunk, then thou art dry.

Qualis ab Incepto.

Curio, whose hat a nimble knave had snatch'd,
Fat, clumsy, gouty and asthmatic, old,
Panting against a post, his noddle scratch'd,
And his sad story to a stranger told.—
"Follow the thief," replied the stander-by;
"Ah, sir!" said he, "these legs will wag no more."
"Alarm the neighbourhood with a hue and cry."
"Alas, I've roar'd as long as lungs could roar."
"Then," quoth the stranger, "vain is all endeavour,
Sans voice to call, *sans* vigor to pursue;
And since your *hat*, of course, is gone for ever,
I'll e'en make bold to take your *wig*—adieu!"

How to make Fools scarce.

Mankind, though satirists with jobations weary us,
Has only two weak parts, if fairly reckon'd;
The first of which is, trifling with things serious,
And seriousness in trifles is the second.
Remove these little rubs, whoe'er knows how,
And fools will be as scarce as wise men now.

Mental Optics.

To a noted optician, a simple grave man
In these terms his address for assistance began:
"If with me, like my neighbours, you think 'twould succeed,
I would purchase a glass that would help me to read."
Number this, number that, no effect could produce,
Concave, and convex, are alike of no use;
The shop was all rummag'd for old ware and new,
But nothing came of it, for nothing would do.
"'Tis strange," said the artist, "you see none the better;
Cannot all these varieties show you a letter?"
"Show a letter?" quoth he, "yes, by hundreds they show 'em,
I can *see* fast enough: what I want is, to know 'em."

On Howard's dying in Russia.

Though far from Britain, Britain's worthiest pride,
The world's great patriot, generous Howard died,
Let not our sorrow blame his wish to roam.
With such a heart, as such a life display'd;
A heart, which all mankind one family made;
To travel was but to enlarge his home!

Magna est Veritas et prævalebit.

Falsehood and Truth, in rival race,
Eternal contrast prove;
Falsehood speeds on with rapid pace,
Truth scarce appears to move.
Falsehood finds numbers in her course,
Who prompt assistance lend;
Ill-nature loves to aid her force,
And Folly stands her friend.
Guilt, Envy, Cunning, all make shift
To help her on her way,
And Fortune gives her many a lift,
No matter for foul play.
Yet, after all her efforts tried,
And all her circuit run,
When Time the victory shall decide,
She'll *end* where Truth *begun!*

Virtue indigenous in England.

Virtues and fashions jointly share
All England's pride, all England's care;
From foreign fops, and coxcomb courts,
Fashions by wholesale she *imports*;
But let it to her praise be known,
Old Eng'lands virtues *are her own!*

Fati valet Hora benigna.

When Tom call'd in, one day, on Ned,
His wife was plastering dearee's head,
Who sigh'd, but dar'd not shake it!
'Tis well Tom's pace is something slower,
For had he come an hour before,
He'd seen the vixen break it.

Brevis esse laboro.

On folly's lips eternal tatlings dwell;
Wisdom speaks little, but that little well;
So lengthening shades the sun's decline betray,
But shorter shadows mark meridian day.

On a Cobweb.

By never-failing cunning taught,
Her arts the spider plies;
And ambush'd in the web she wrought,
A fell assassin lies.
By never-ceasing rashness led,
The fly pursues his way;
Bolts on the snare his heedless head,
A self-devoted prey.

Nature and Instinct.

Hatched from alien eggs, along the meads,
The jocund hen a troop of ducklings leads:
But when the dangers of the pool they brave,
And plunge intrepid in the dreadful wave,
High beats her fluttering heart, she calls, she cries,
And restless, round and round the margin flies;
Alike unalter'd, nature's powers occur,
Instinct in them, parental care in her:
The offspring's deed proclaims a race unknown,
A mother's feelings prove the brood her own.

Latin

Latin Learning of little use *.

Your venerable chaplain once,
(Though now with age he bend)
Train'd *here* the scholar, lash'd the dunce,
A master and a friend.

To profit by his well-known care,
His child a butcher brought;
And all the needful to prepare,
A dictionary bought.

Before a week its course had run,
The butcher came again:
"Take back your book, give back my son,"
He cried with might and main.

"*Larning!* 'tis money thrown away,
Such *larning* to procure;
The book don't show, the boy can't say,
What's Latin—for a *skewer*."

More's meant than meets the Ear.

When doctors, twenty years ago,
Wore wigs of venerable flow,
A bodkins'-sword's diminutive stump,
Stuck right across each physic rump;
Whose short dimensions seem'd to say,
"Our object is to save, not slay."
An emblem apt enough, I trow:
But wicked wits pretend to show,
For swords so small, an apter still,
"We've other ways than *one* to kill."

Nothing new under the Sun.

There's nothing new beneath the sun,
So ancient wits' decisions run:
But wit no match for facts is;
For I know things, and so do you,
Though everlasting, ever new!
What think you, sirs, of taxes?

Ancient and Modern Poets distinguished.

'Twixt those poets of old, and our poets of late,
One perpetual distinction holds true:
The new, in a twinkling, are all out of date,
The old—will *for ever be new!*

The Power of Verse.

Read! read! the thread-bare poet cries,
New powers of verse I bring:
At every line new beauties rise
Spontaneous while I sing!

Poet! thy boast will seem more true,
One fact if thou couldst quote;
Had powers and beauties all so new
Procur'd thee—a *new coat!*

* Spoken at Merchant Taylors' School.

The Progress of Wigs.

When Charles the First the sceptre bore,
Each grave divine, I trow,
A silken cap all sable wore,
With nine straight hairs below.

The Restoration's jovial day
Chang'd, with the men, the mode,
And orth'dox heads, in broad display,
The flaxen buckle show'd.

In Anna's reign, from general view
Th' enormous flaxens fled:
And lo! perukes of milk-white hue
Succeeded in their stead.

These too incurr'd, by lapse of years,
Disuse, though not disgrace;
New clerical brows requir'd new gears,
And grizzles took their place.

Yet still the wig's full form retain'd
The feather'd foretop's peak:
Yet still the solemn bush remain'd
To flank the rosy cheek.

But *now!* forgive the conscious muse,
That feels her verse too bold:
What fashions *modern* reverends use,
You need not here be told.

Though new their taste, while they adopt
Their good forefathers' ways;
The frizz'd, the curl'd, the bald, the cropt,
Have all their claim to praise.

The Effect of Pulpit Eloquence.

A veteran gambler, in a tempest caught,
Once in his life a church's shelter sought,
Where many a hint pathetically grave,
On life's precarious lot the preacher gave.
The sermon ended, and the storm all spent,
Home trudg'd old Cog-die, reasoning as he went.
"Strict truth," quoth he, "this rev'rend sage declar'd,
I feel conviction, and will be prepar'd;
Nor e'er henceforth, since life thus steals away,
Give credit for a bet—beyond a day!"

Case in the Constitutional Court.

A farmer, as records report,
Most hugely discontented,
His vicar at the Bishop's Court
For gross neglect presented.

"Our former priest, my Lord," he said,
"Each Sunday the year round,
Some Greek in his discourses read,
And charming was the sound!

Not such our present parson's phrase,
No Greek does he apply;
But says in English all he says,
As you might speak, or I.

And yet for this so simple style,
He claims each tythe and due;
Pigs, pippins, poultry, all the while,
And Easter off'rings too!"

"You're

"You're skill'd in languages, I guess,"
Th' amaz'd diocesan cry'd:
"I know no language, more or less,"
The surly clown reply'd.

"But Greek, I've heard the learned say,
Surpasses all the rest;
And since 'tis for the best we *pay*,
We ought to *have* the best."

All not Gold that glitters.

Why sleeps, benumb'd, the conscious mind,
When social good craves virtue's zeal:
Whoe'er can benefit mankind,
Is Heav'n's trustee, for human weal.
To hide true worth from public view,
Is burying diamonds in their mine:
All is not gold that shines, 'tis true;
But all that is gold—*ought to shine!*

On Hope. Anon.

Hope, heav'n-born cherub, still appears,
Howe'er misfortune seems to lour:
Her smile the threat'ning tempest clears,
And is the rainbow of the shower.

A long way off Lucinda strikes the men;
As she draws near,
And one sees clear,
A long way off—one wishes her again.

On a Person not celebrated for his Veracity.

On Tuesday next, says Tom to Ned,
I'll dine with you and take a bed.
You may believe him, Will replies,
Where'er Tom dines he always lies.

On two beautiful Sisters who were drowned at Sea.

What to the faithless ocean now is due?
It gave one Venus, and has taken two!

On a natural Grotto, near a deep Stream.

Health, rose-lipp'd cherub, haunts this spot,
She slumbers oft in yon'der nook:
If in the shade you find her not,
Plunge—and you'll find her in the brook!

On a Lady who beat her Husband.

Come hither, Sir George, my picture is here,
What think you, my love? don't it strike you?
"I can't say it does, just at present, my dear,
But I think it soon will, it's so like you."

What is an Epigram?

What is an epigram? a dwarfish whole:
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

By Mr. P. Dodd.

Joe hates a hypocrite It shows
Self-love is not a fault of Joe's.

To a living Author.

Your comedy I've read, my friend,
And like the half you pilfer'd best;
But sure the piece you yet may mend:
Take courage, man! and steal the rest.

Imitated from the French.

By Mr. P. Dodd.

His last great debt is paid—poor Tom's no more.
Last debt? Tom never paid a debt before.

By Theophilus Swift, *Esq.*

The rooted aversion entertained by the late Judge Robinson, of the King's Bench, in Ireland, to the volunteers of that country, in the year 1780, is well known. The following epigram was occasioned by a circumstance that actually took place about that period in the court where he was then sitting.

"That soldier so rude, he swaggers in scarlet;
Put him out of the court; I'll imprison the varlet."
"A soldier I'm not," quoth the hero in red;
"No soldier, my Lord, but an officer I,
A captain who carries his sword on his thigh."
Stern Robinson then, with sarcastical sneer,
Roll'd his sharp eagle-eye on the vain volunteer,
And "Tipstaff," he cried, as the captain grew bolder,
"Out, out with that *officer who is no soldier.*"

Bargains.

Ned's thrifty spouse, her taste to please,
With rival dames at auctions vies;
Is charm'd with ev'ry thing she sees,
And ev'ry thing she sees she buys.
Ned feels at ev'ry sale enchanted,
Such costly wares! so wisely sought!
Bought because they may be wanted,
Wanted because they may be bought.

A Question and an Answer.

Jack drinks fine wines, wears modish clothing,
But, prithee, where lies Jack's estate?—
In Algebra, for there I found of late
A quantity call'd less than nothing.

On a ready Writer.

Jem writes his verses with more speed
Than the printer's boy can set 'em.
Quite as fast as we can read,
And only not so fast as we forget 'em.

What!

What! rise again with all one's bones?
Quoth Giles, I hope you fib:
I trusted, when I went to heaven,
To go without my rib.

On a bad Singer.

Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.

On a modern Dramatist.

Not for the stage his plays are fit,
But suit the closet, said a wit.
The closet? said his friend, I ween
The *water*-closet 'tis you mean.

From the Greek.

Not twice three years I told, when fate
Snatch'd me from my mother's breast;
O weep not, reader! for if short my date,
Short are my sorrows, long my rest.

From the Greek.

But five years old—sweet babe, adieu!
Beneath thy sod repose;
Little of life poor Henry knew,
Yet 'scap'd from all its woes.

From the Greek.

Busy, thoughtless, playful, I,
Little dreaming danger nigh,
Was plac'd, ere twice three years had gone,
By cruel death, beneath this stone.
Yet weep not, weep not, parents dear,
No pains nor cares shall enter here;
If little of life's joys I knew,
So little of its sorrows too.

From the Greek.

To the happy and prosperous life's but a span,
So quickly the years pass away;
To the wretched, forsaken, disease-tortur'd man,
An age is involv'd in a day.

From the Greek.

Blame not love, as fraught with care,
Cease, ye lovers, thus to moan;
Light and Joy Love's daughters are,
The Woes from Folly spring alone.

Spoken extempore to a Lady, on being asked what this World was like.

This world is a prison in ev'ry respect,
Whose walls are the heavens in common;
The gaoler is sin, and the prisoners men,
And the fetters are nothing but—woman.

The Thief.

I tell, with equal truth and grief,
That little Kitt's an arrant thief.
Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;
And more—that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn;
Stole all the softness Æther pours
On primrose buds, in vernal show'rs.
There's no repeating all her wiles:
She stole the Graces' winning smiles;
'Twas quickly seen she robb'd the sky,
To plant a star in either eye;
She pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth,
And stole the cow's ambrosial breath;
The cherry, steep'd in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips and hue.
These were her infant spoils; a store
To which, in time, she added more:
At twelve she stole from Cyprus' Queen
Her air and love-commanding mien;
Stole Juno's dignity; and stole,
From Pallas, sense to charm the soul;
She sung—amaz'd the Syrens heard,
And to assert their voice appear'd;
She play'd—the Muses from their hill
Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill;
Apollo's wit was next her prey,
And then rise beams that light the day;
While Jove, her pilfering thefts to crown,
Pronounc'd these beauties all her own,
Pardon'd her crimes, and prais'd her art;
And t'other day she stole my heart.
Cupid! if lovers are thy care,
Revenge thy votary on the fair;
Do justice on her stolen charms,
And let her prison be—my arms.

Beauty's Value. Shakspeare.

Beauty is but a vain, a fleeting good,
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
A flow'r that dies when almost in the bud,
A brittle glass that breaketh presently.
A fleeting good, a gloss, a glass, a flow'r,
Lost, faded, broken, dead, within an hour.
As goods when lost we know are seldom found,
As fading gloss no rubbing can excite;
As flow'rs when dead are trampled on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can unite;
So beauty, blemish'd once, is ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pains, and cost.

On the frequent Defeats of the French Army in the last War. An Epigram. 1760.

The toast of each Briton in war's dread alarms,
O'er bottle or bowl, is success to our *arms*.
Attack'd, put to flight, and soon forc'd from each trench,
Success to our *legs* is the toast of the French.

Epitaph on a Scolding Wife.

Here lies my wife; poor Molly! let her lie:
She finds repose at last—and so do *I*.

A Sailor

A Sailor having been sentenced to the Cat o' Nine Tails, when tied ready for Punishment, spoke the following Lines to his Commander, who had an Aversion to a Cat.

By your honor's command, an example I stand
Of your justice to all the ship's crew;
I am hamper'd and stript, and if I am whipt,
'Tis no more than I own is my due.
In this scurvy condition, I humbly petition
To offer some lines to your eye:
Merry Tom by such trash once avoided the lash,
And, if fate and you please, so may I.
There is nothing you hate, I'm inform'd, like a cat;
Why, your honor's aversion is mine:
If puss then with one tail can make your heart fail,
O save me from that which has nine!
N. B. He was pardoned.

On a certain Lady's Study.

To Chloe's study shall we go?
(For ladies have their studies now.)
O what a splendid sight is there!
'Twould make the dullest hermit stare:
There stand, all rang'd in proud array,
Each French romance, and modern play;
Love's magazine of flames and darts,
Whole histories of eyes and hearts:
But O! view well the outward scene,
You'll never need to look within;
What Chloe loves she plainly shows,
For, lo! her very books are beaus.

An Epigram.

The lofty oak from a small acorn grows,
And to the skies ascends with spreading boughs;
As years increase, it shades th' extended plain,
Then big with death and vengeance ploughs the main:
Hence rises fame, and safety to our shore;
And from an acorn springs Britannia's pow'r.

The Modern Courtier.

Pray say what's that which smirking trips this way.
That powder'd thing, so neat, so trim, so gay,
Adorn'd with tambour'd vest, and spangled sword;
That supple servile thing?—O! that's a Lord!
You jest—that thing a Peer? an English Peer?
Who ought (with head, estate, and conscience clear)
Either in grave debate, or hardy fight,
Firmly maintain a free-born people's right:
Surely those lords were of another breed
Who met their monarch John at Runnemede;
And clad in steel, there in a glorious hour
Made the curst tyrant feel the people's pow'r;
Made him confess, beneath that awful rod,
Their voice united is the voice of God.

Epitaph on a beautiful and virtuous young Lady.

Sleep soft in dust, wait the Almighty's will,
Then rise unchang'd, and be an angel still.

An Epitaph on a poor but honest Man.

Stop, reader, here, and deign to look
On one without a name,
Ne'er enter'd in the ample book
Of fortune or of fame.

Studious of peace, he hated strife;
Meek virtues fill'd his breast;
His coat of arms, "a spotless life,"
"An honest heart" his crest.

Quarter'd therewith was innocence,
And thus his motto ran:
"A conscience void of all offence,
Before both God and man."

In the great day of wrath, though pride
Now scorns his pedigree,
Thousands shall wish they'd been allied
To this great family.

An Epitoph on a very idle Fellow.

From Camden.

Here lieth one that once was born and cried,
Liv'd several years, and then—and then—he died.

The Picture of Slander.

What mortal but Slander, that serpent, hath stung,
Whose teeth are sharp arrows, a razor her tongue?
The poison of asps her vivid lip loads,
The rattle of snakes with the spittle of toads;
Her throat is an open sepulchre; her legs
Set hatching of vipers, and cockatrice eggs;
Her sting is a scorpion's; like hyena she'll cry;
With the ear of an adder, a basilisk's eye;
The mouth of a monkey, the hug of a bear,
The chat of a parrot, the head of a hare;
The wing of a magpie, the snout of a hog,
The feet of a mole, and the tail of a dog;
Her claw is a tiger's, her forehead is brass,
With the hiss of a goose, and the bray of an ass.

Epigram to a pretended Friend, and real Enemy.

Thy hesitating tongue and doubtful face
Show all thy kindness to be mere grimace.
Throw off the mask; at once be foe or friend;
'Tis base to sooth, when malice is the end;
The rock that's seen gives the poor sailor dread,
But double terror that which hides its head.

On a Tombstone in Essex.

Here lies the man Richard,
And Mary his wife;
Their surname was Pritchard;
They liv'd without strife;
And the reason was plain:
They abounded in riches;
They no care had nor pain,
And the wife wore the breeches.

To

To Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.
By Mr. Pope.

In beauty or wit, no mortal as yet
To question your empire has dar'd;
But men of discerning have thought that in learning
To yield to a lady was hard.

Impertinent schools, with musty dull rules,
Have reading to females denied;
So papists refuse the Bible to use,
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

'Twas woman at first (indeed she was curst)
In knowledge that tasted delight;
And sages agree, the laws should decree
To the first of possessors the right.

Then bravely, fair dame, resume the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong:
And let men receive from a second bright Eve
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

But if the first Eve hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had she;
What punishment new shall be found out for you,
Who, tasting, have robb'd the whole tree?

On the Death of a Wife, a notable Scold and a Shrew. By the Husband.

We lived one-and-twenty year
As man and wife together;
I could no longer keep her here;
She's gone, I know not whither.

Could I but guess, I do protest,
I speak it not to flatter;
Of all the women in the world
I never would come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave doth hide her;
And sure, her soul is not in hell,
The devil would ne'er abide her.

I rather think she's soar'd aloft;
For in the last great thunder
Methought I heard her very voice
Rending the clouds in sunder.

The Rose. By Mr. Philips.

The rose's age is but a day,
Its bloom the pledge of its decay;
Sweet in scent, in color bright,
It blows at morn, and fades at night.

Imitated by Dr. Swift.

My age is not a moment's stay,
My birth the same with my decay;
I savor ill; no color know;
And fade the instant that I blow.

A Boston Epigram—Written in 1774.

To the Ministry.

You've sent a rod to Massachusset,
Thinking the Americans will buss it;
But much I fear for Britain's sake,
That this same rod will prove a snake.

On Matrimony. An Epigram.

Tom prais'd his friend, who chang'd his state,
For binding fast himself and Kate
In union so divine;
"Wedlock's the end of life," he cried.
"Too true, alas!" said Jack, and sigh'd:
"'Twill be the end of mine."

An Epitaph on the Death of a favorite Parrot that was found in a Necessary-House.

Here safe lie in-terr'd the remains of a bird,
Who submits to all-conquering fate;
Whose master took care to teach it to swear,
As his mistress had taught it to prate.

If complaint should be made of the place where he's laid,
Poor Betty is only in fault;
Poor Betty, to save the expense of a grave,
Thought proper to choose it a vault.

To preserve its dear fame, for time without name,
His mistress, still kinder and kinder,
Declar'd with a tear, she'd never come here,
Without leaving something behind her.

Epitaph on Lady Molesworth, who was burnt to Death by a Fire which broke out in her Dwelling-House, London, the 6th of May, 1763.

A peerless matron, pride of female life,
In ev'ry state, as widow, maid, or wife,
Who, wedded to threescore, preserv'd her fame:
She liv'd a phœnix, and expir'd in flame.

Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez. Cowper.

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute
O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
O had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion!

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford:
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand,
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair:
Ev'n here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There is mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

Ode to Peace. Cowper.

Come, peace of mind, delightful guest!
Return and make thy downy nest
Once more in this sad heart:
Nor riches I nor pow'r pursue,
Nor hold forbidden joys in view,
We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
From av'rice and ambition free,
And pleasure's fatal wiles?
For whom, alas! dost thou prepare
The sweets that I was wont to share,
The banquet of thy smiles?

The great, the gay, shall they partake
The heaven that thou alone canst make?
And wilt thou quit the stream
That murmurs through the dewy mead,
The grove and the sequester'd shed,
To be a guest with them?

For thee I planted, thee I priz'd,
For thee I gladly sacrific'd
Whate'er I lov'd before;
And shall I see thee start away,
And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say,
Farewell! we meet no more?

Human Frailty. Cowper.

Weak and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain;
But passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise
Through all his art we view;
And while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

On observing some Names of little Note recorded in the Biographia Britannica. Cowper.

O fond attempt to give a deathless lot
To names ignoble, born to be forgot!
In vain recorded in historic page,
They court the notice of a future age:
Those twinkling tiny lustres of the land
Drop one by one from fame's neglecting hand!
Lethæan gulfs receive them as they fall,
And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all.
So when a child, as playful children use,
Has burnt to tinder a stale last-year's news,
The flame extinct, he views the roving fire:
There goes my lady, and there goes the squire;
There goes the parson, O illustrious spark!
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk.

The Nightingale and Glow-Worm. Cowper.

A nightingale, that all day long
Had cheer'd the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when even-tide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark:
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangu'd him thus, right eloquent:

Did you admire my lamp, quoth he,
As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same Pow'r divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine,

That

That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.
The songster heard his short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Releas'd him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real interest to discern:
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other,
But sing and shine by sweet consent,
Till life's poor transient night is spent,
Respecting in each other's case
The gifts of nature and of grace.
Those Christians best deserve the name
Who studiously make peace their aim;
Peace, both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps, and him that flies.

On a Goldfinch starved to Death in his Cage.
COWPER.

Time was when I was free as air,
The thistle's downy seed my fare,
My drink the morning dew;
I perch'd at will on ev'ry spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel, were all in vain,
And of a transient date;
For caught and caged, and starv'd to death.
In dying sighs my little breath
Soon pass'd the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual close
And cure for every ill!
More cruelty could none express;
And I, if you had shown me less,
Had been your prisoner still.

The Pine-apple and the Bee.

The pine-apples in triple row
Were basking hot and all in blow:
A bee of most discerning taste
Perceiv'd the fragrance as he pass'd.
On eager wing the spoiler came,
And search'd for crannies in the frame;
Urg'd his attempt on ev'ry side,
To ev'ry pane his trunk applied;
But still in vain, the frame was tight,
And only pervious to the light.
Thus having wasted half the day,
He trimm'd his flight another way.
Methinks, I said, in thee I find
The sin and madness of mankind;
To joys forbidden man aspires,
Consumes his soul with vain desires;
Folly the spring of his pursuit,
And disappointment all the fruit.
While Cynthio ogles as she passes
The nymph between two chariot-glasses,
She is the pine-apple, and he
The silly unsuccessful bee.

The maid who views with pensive air
The show-glass fraught with glitt'ring ware,
Sees watches, bracelets, rings, and lockets,
But sighs at thought of empty pockets;
Like thine her appetite is keen,
But, ah, the cruel glass between!
Our dear delights are often such,
Expos'd to view, but not to touch;
The sight our foolish heart inflames;
We long for pine-apples in frames.
With hopeless wish one looks and lingers,
One breaks the glass and cuts his fingers;
But they whom truth and wisdom lead,
Can gather honey from a weed.

The Poet, the Oyster, and Sensitive Plant.
COWPER.

An Oyster cast upon the shore
Was heard, though never heard before,
Complaining in a speech well worded,
And worthy thus to be recorded:
Ah, hapless wretch! condemn'd to dwell
For ever in my native shell,
Ordain'd to move when others please,
Not for my own content or ease,
But toss'd and buffeted about,
Now in the water, and now out.
'Twere better to be born a stone
Of ruder shape and feeling none,
Than with a tenderness like mine,
And sensibility so fine:
I envy that unfeeling shrub,
Fast-rooted against ev'ry rub.
The plant he meant grew not far off,
And felt the sneer with scorn enough;
Was hurt, disgusted, mortified,
And with asperity replied.
(When, cry the botanists, and stare,
Did plants call'd sensitive grow there?
No matter when, a poet's muse is
To make them grow where just she chooses.)
You shapeless nothing in a dish,
You that are but almost a fish,
I scorn your coarse insinuation,
And have most plentiful occasion
To wish myself the rock I view,
Or such another dolt as you.
For many a grave and learned clerk,
And many a gay unletter'd spark,
With curious touch examines me,
If I can feel as well as he;
And when I bend, retire, and shrink,
Says, "Well, 'tis more than one would think."
Thus life is spent, O fie upon't!
In being touch'd, and crying, "Don't!"
A poet, in his evening walk,
O'erheard, and check'd, this idle talk.
And, "Your fine sense, he said, and yours,
Whatever evil it endures,
Deserves not, if so soon offended,
Much to be pitied or commended.
Disputes, though short, are far too long,
Where both alike are in the wrong;
Your feelings, in their full amount,
Are all upon your own account.

"You,

"You, in your grotto-work enclos'd,
Complain of being thus expos'd,
Yet nothing feel in that rough coat,
Save when the knife is at your throat:
Wherever driven by wind or tide,
Exempt from ev'ry ill beside.
"And as for you, my Lady Squeamish,
Who reckon ev'ry touch a blemish,
If all the plants that can be found
Embellishing the scene around
Should droop and wither where they grow,
You would not feel at all, not you.
The noblest minds their virtue prove
By pity, sympathy, and love.
These, these are feelings truly fine,
And prove their owner half divine."
His censure reach'd them as he dealt it,
And each by shrinking show'd he felt it.

A Fable. Cowper.

A raven, while with glassy breast
Her new-laid eggs she fondly press'd,
And on her wicker-work high mounted
Her chickens prematurely counted
(A fault philosophers might blame,
If quite exempted from the same),
Enjoy'd at ease the genial day;
'Twas April, as the bumkins say,
The legislature call'd it May.
But suddenly a wind, as high
As ever swept a winter sky
Shook the young leaves about her ears,
And fill'd her with a thousand fears,
Lest the rude blast should snap the bough,
And spread her golden hopes below.
But just at eve the blowing weather,
And all her fears, were hush'd together:
And now, quoth poor unthinking Ralph,
'Tis over, and the brood is safe;
(For ravens, though as birds of omen
They teach both conj'rors and old-women
To tell us what is to befal,
Can't prophesy themselves at all.)
The morning came, when neighbour Hodge,
Who long had mark'd her airy lodge,
And destin'd all the treasure there
A gift to his expecting fair,
Climb'd like a squirrel to his prey,
And bore the worthless prize away.

MORAL.

'Tis Providence alone secures,
In ev'ry change, both mine and yours.
Safety consists not in escape
From dangers of a frightful shape:
An earthquake may be bid to spare
The man that's strangled by a hair.
Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oft'nest in what least we dread,
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
And in the sunshine strikes the blow.

The Love of the World detected. Cowper.

Thus says the prophet of the Turk:
"Good Mussulman, abstain from pork;
There is a part in ev'ry swine
No friend or follower of mine
May taste, whate'er his inclination,
On pain of excommunication."
Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
And thus he left the point at large.
Had he the sinful part express'd,
They might with safety eat the rest:
But for one piece, they thought it hard
From the whole hog to be debarr'd,
And set their wit at work to find
What joint the prophet had in mind.
Much controversy straight arose,
These choose the back, the belly those;
By some 'tis confidently said
He meant not to forbid the head;
While others at that doctrine rail,
And piously prefer the tail:
Thus, conscience freed from ev'ry clog,
Mahometans eat up the hog.
You laugh—'tis well; the tale applied,
May make you laugh on t'other side.
Renounce the world, the preacher cries:
We do, a multitude replies.
While one as innocent regards
A snug and friendly game at cards;
And one, whatever you may say,
Can see no evil in a play;
Some love a concert, or a race,
And others, shooting, and the chase.
Revil'd and lov'd, renounc'd and follow'd,
Thus bit by bit the world is swallow'd:
Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,
Yet likes a slice as well as he:
With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

The Jackdaw. Cowper.

There is a bird who by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be suppos'd a crow;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where bishop-like he finds a perch
And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather;
Look up, your brains begin to swim;
'Tis in the clouds: that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the raree-show
That occupies mankind below,
Secure and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall;
No, not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He

He sees that this great round-about,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its businesses
Are no concern at all of his,
And says—What says he? Caw.

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men,
And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

The Country Parson's Blessings.

Would ye, my friends, live free from care,
Attentive lend a willing ear;
While I in humble verse relate
The blessings of my humble state.

I have a living brings in clear
About a hundred pounds a year;
The tithe well paid, without law-strife.
(I'm not encumber'd with a wife).
A single church, not grand, but neat;
My people rather good than great;
A strong-built house, and pasture good,
Where Sorrel crops his livelihood;
A garden cloth'd with greens and fruits,
And intermix'd with flow'ry roots;
A walk with well-mow'd greensward laid,
Where I may smoke in sun or shade;
A terrace rais'd, whence I survey
The market folk that pass that way;
A shaded bench where I may read
Old Baker's Chronicle, or Speed:
The neighb'ring clergy kind and free,
Who give and take civility;
Of humor good, of mirth and sense,
Who o'er a glass some wit dispense;
(For where's the crime to meet and prate
Of country news and tricks of state?)
Some social gems of goodly worth,
Who scorn to boast of wealth or birth;
Who ne'er assume the courtier's frown,
Yet keep above the homely clown;
Who love their country, king, and church,
And in no dues the parson lurch.
With ease I keep a maid and man,
This *Harry* call'd, the other *Nan*:
A table sleek, with pudding grac'd,
Or plain or plum, as suits my taste;
Attended by a sav'ry dish
Of mutton, beef, or fowl, or fish;
A pile of salad, fresh and green;
In summer, fruit well pick'd and clean;
Sound sparkling ale, and sometimes wine,
When patron deigns with Vic to dine.
Oft o'er the fields with gun I stride,
And faithful Banter by my side;
Then, if a mushroom is in sight,
It serves to supper me at night;
Or else a fieldfare or a snipe,
Sometimes a dish of double tripe.

Thus joyous do I pass my life,
Stranger to tumult or to strife;
Pleasures I feel in this blest state,
Unfelt, unknown, to rich and great.
When airy fancy mounts on wing,
I think myself a sort of king;
My pipe my sceptre, cup my crown,
My elbow chair my regal throne.

On hearing of a Gentleman's Pocket being picked of his Watch.

He that a watch would wear, this he must do;
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.

The Happy Fire-Side.

The hearth was clean, the fire clear,
The kettle on for tea;
Palemon, in his elbow chair,
As blest as man could be.

Clarinda, who his heart possess'd,
And was his new-made bride,
With head reclin'd upon his breast,
Sat toying by his side.

Stretch'd at his feet, in happy state,
A fav'rite dog was laid;
By whom a little sportive cat
In wanton humor play'd.

Clarinda's hand he gently press'd;
She stole an am'rous kiss,
And, blushing, modestly confess'd
The fulness of her bliss.

Palemon, with a heart elate,
Pray'd to Almighty Jove,
That it might ever be his fate,
Just so to live and love.

Be this eternity, he cried,
And let no more be given;
Continue thus my lov'd fire-side,
I ask no other heaven.

The Retrospect of Life.

Riches chance may take or give;
Beauty lives a day, and dies;
Honor lulls us while we live;
Mirth's a cheat, and Pleasure flies.

Is there nothing worth our care;
Time, and chance, and death, our foes?
If our joys so fleeting are,
Are we only tied to woes?

Let bright Virtue answer, No;
Her eternal pow'rs prevail,
When honors, riches, cease to flow,
And beauty, mirth, and pleasure fail.

An Invitation to the Country.

The swallows in their torpid state
Compose their useless wing,
And bees in hives as idly wait
The call of early spring.

The keenest frost that binds the stream,
The wildest wind that blows,
Are neither felt nor fear'd by them,
Secure of their repose.

But man, all-feeling and awake,
The gloomy scene surveys;
With present ills his heart must ache,
And pant for brighter days.

Old Winter, halting o'er the mead,
Bids me and Mary mourn;
But lovely Spring peeps o'er his head,
And whispers your return.

Then April, with her sister May,
Shall chase him from the bow'rs,
And weave fresh garlands ev'ry day,
To crown the smiling Hours.

And if a tear, that speaks regret
Of happier times, appear,
A glimpse of joy that we have met
Shall shine, and dry the tear.

Invitation to the feathered Race. Greaves.

Again the balmy zephyr blows,
Fresh verdure, decks the grove;
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers! hither fly,
And shun the noon-tide heat:
My shrubs a cooling shade supply;
My groves, a safe retreat.

Here, freely hop from spray to spray,
Or weave the mossy nest:
Here, rove and sing the live-long day;
At night, here sweetly rest.

Amid this cool translucent rill,
That trickles down the glade,
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,
E'er shows his ruddy face,
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,
In this sequester'd place.

Hither the vocal thrush repairs;
Secure the linnet sings;
The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares
To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel! ah, quit thy haunt
Yon distant woods among,
And round my friendly grotto chant
Thy sweetly plaintive song.

Let not the harmless red-breast fear,
Domestic bird, to come,
And seek a sure asylum here,
With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe!
Shall store of fruit preserve;
O! let me thus your friendship bribe;
Come, feed without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect,
To you these plums belong;
Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd,
But sweeter far your song.

Let then this league betwixt us made
Our mutual interests guard:
Mine be the gift of fruit and shade;
Your songs be my reward.

Address to a Nightingale. Thomson.

O nightingale! best poet of the grove,
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,
Blest in the full possession of thy love:
O lend that strain, sweet nightingale! to me.

'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate;
I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
Yet lose my days without this lovely mate;
Inhuman Fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds! by nature's simple laws
Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by nature's fare;
You dwell wherever roving fancy draws,
And love and song is all your pleasing care:

But we, vain slaves of int'rest and of pride,
Dare not be blest, lest envious tongues should blame;
And hence in vain I languish for my bride:
O mourn with me, sweet bird! my hapless flame.

Retaliation. Goldsmith.

The title and nature of this Poem show that it owed its birth to some preceding circumstances of festive merriment, which from the wit of the company, and the very ingenious author's peculiar oddities, were probably enlivened by some strokes of humor. This piece was only intended for the Doctor's private amusement, and that of the particular friends who were its subject; and he unfortunately did not live to revise, or even finish it, in the manner which he intended. The public have, however, already shown how much they were pleased with its appearance, even in its present form.

Of old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;
If our landlord * supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish:
Our Dean † shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
Our Burke ‡ shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains;
Our Will § shall be wild-fowl, of excellent flavour;
And Dick ‖ with his pepper shall heighten their savour:

* The master of the St. James's Coffee-house, where the Doctor, and the friends he has characterized in this poem, held an occasional club.

† Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry in Ireland, author of many ingenious pieces.

‡ Mr. Edmund Burke, member for Wendover, and one of the greatest orators in this kingdom.

§ Mr. William Burke, late Secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

‖ Mr. Richard Burke, Collector of Grenada, no less remarkable in the walks of wit and humour, than his brother Edmund Burke is justly distinguished in all the branches of useful and polite literature.

Our

Our Cumberland's * sweet-bread its place shall obtain,
And Douglas † is pudding substantial and plain;
Our Garrick's ‡ a sálad, for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree:
To make out the dinner full certain I am
That Ridge § is anchovy, and Reynolds ‖ is lamb,
That Hickey's ¶ a capon; and by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry-fool.
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good Dean, re-united to earth,
Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least in six weeks I could not find 'em out;
Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind:
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend ** to lend him a vote:
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd or in place, Sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't;
The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honor, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home:
Would you ask for his merits, alas! he had none;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at,
Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his, what wit and what whim,
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb††;
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball,
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;
But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And Comedy wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy-queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like Tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud;
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it, that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks.
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines.
When Satire and Censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds shall be pious, our Kenricks shall lecture;
Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style;
Our Townshend make speeches; and I shall compile;
New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
No countryman living their tricks to discover:
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the dark.

* Author of the West Indian, Fashionable Lovers, The Brothers, and other dramatic pieces.

† Doctor Douglas, Canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes, or rather forgeries, of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes.

‡ David Garrick, Esq. joint Patentee and acting Manager of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

§ Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar, the relish of whose agreeable and pointed conversation is admitted, by all his acquaintance, to be very properly compared to the above sauce.

‖ Sir Joshua Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy.

¶ An eminent Attorney.

** Mr. T. Townshend, member for Whitchurch.

†† Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can?
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art;
Like an ill-judging beauty his colors he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting;
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick;
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was sure best to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind:
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-prais'd!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies!
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.
Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature,
And slander itself must allow him good-nature:
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?
I answer, No, no, for he always was wiser.
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest?—Ah no!
Then what was his failing? come, tell it, and burn ye.
He was, could he help it? a special attorney.
Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind:
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of hearing;
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Coreggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet*, and only took snuff.

Lines from Dr. Barnard, *Dean of* Derry, *to Dr.* Goldsmith *and Mr.* Cumberland.

Dear Noll and dear Dick, since you've made us so merry,
Accept the best thanks of the poor Dean of Derry.
Though I here must confess that your meat and your wine
Are not quite to my taste, though they're both very fine;
For sherry's a liquor monastic, you own;
Now there's nothing I hate so, as drinking alone:
It may do for your monks, or your curates and vicars;
But for my part, I'm fond of more sociable liquors.
Your venison's delicious, though too sweet your sauce is—
Sed non ego maculis offendar paucis.
So, soon as you please, you may serve me your dish up,
But instead of your sherry pray make me a *bishop*.

On Dr. Goldsmith's *Characteristical Cookery.*
A Jeu d'Esprit.
By David Garrick, *Esq.*

Are these the choice dishes the Doctor has sent us?
Is this the great poet whose works so content us?
This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine books? [*cooks.*
Heaven sends us good *meat*, but the *Devil sends*

JUPITER *and* MERCURY. *A Fable.*
Written some time since. Garrick.

"Here, *Hermes*," says *Jove*, who with nectar was mellow,
"Go fetch me some clay, I will make an *odd fellow*.
Right and wrong shall be jumbled, much gold and some dross;
Without cause be he pleas'd, without cause be he cross.
Be sure, as I work, to throw in contradictions;
A great love of truth, yet a mind turn'd to fictions:
Now mix these ingredients, which, warm'd in the baking, [*raking.*
Turn to *learning*, and *gaming*, *religion*, and
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste! [fine taste;
Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with
That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to the head, and set fire to the tail:
For the joy of each sex, on the world I'll bestow it,
This *Scholar*, *Rake*, *Christian*, *Dupe*, *Gamester*, and *Poet*:
Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame, [name!
And among brother-mortals be Goldsmith his
When on earth this strange meteor no more shall appear,
You, *Hermes*, shall fetch him to make us sport here!"

* Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

The

The Lamentation of Glumdalclitch *for the Loss of* Grildrig.

A Pastoral. Gay.

Soon as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing care,
She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair.
No British miss sincerer grief has known,
Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.
She furl'd her sampler, and haul'd in her thread,
And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow;
Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears:
Her locks dishevell'd, and her flood of tears,
Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
When from the thatch drips fast a show'r of rain.
In vain she search'd each cranny of the house,
Each gaping chink impervious to a mouse.
"Was it for this," she cried, "with daily care
Within thy reach I set the vinegar;
And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
While pepper-water worms thy bait supplied,
Where twin'd the silver eel around thy hook,
And all the little monsters of the brook?
Sure in that lake he dropp'd: my Grilly's drown'd."
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.
"Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast:
But little creatures enterprise the most.
Trembling I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
Nay mix with children as they played at taw,
Nor fear'd the marbles as they bounding flew;
Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.
"Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth?
Who from a page can ever learn the truth?
Vers'd in court-tricks, that money-loving boy
To some lord's daughter sold the living toy;
Or rent him limb from limb, in cruel play,
As children tear the wings of flies away.
From place to place o'er Brobdignag I'll roam,
And never will return, or bring thee home.
But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?
How then thy fairy footsteps can I find?
Dost thou, bewilder'd, wander all alone
In the green thicket of a mossy stone;
Or tumbled from the toadstool's slippery round,
Perhaps all maim'd, lie groveling on the ground?
Dost thou embosom'd in the lovely rose,
Or sunk within the peach's down, repose?
Within the king-cup if thy limbs are spread,
Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head,
O show me, Flora, 'midst those sweets, the flow'r
Where sleeps my Grildrig in this fragrant bow'r!
"But, ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
On little females, and on little loves,
Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
The baby playthings that adorn thy house,
Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious rooms,
Equal in size to cells of honey-combs.
Hast thou for these now ventur'd from the shore,
Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thy oar?
Or in thy box, now bounding on the main,
Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again?
And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
My spacious palm? of stature scarce a span,
Mimic the actions of a real man?
No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
As seamen at a capstern anchors weigh?
How wast thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
A dish of tea, like milk-pail, on thy head!
How chase the mite that bore thy cheese away,
And keep the rolling maggot at a bay!"
She said; but broken accents stopp'd her voice,
Soft as the speaking-trumpet's mellow noise.
She sobb'd a storm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies.
O squander not thy grief! those tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland:
The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

A Receipt for stewing Veal. Gay.

Take a knuckle of veal;
You may buy it or steal;
In a few pieces cut it,
In a stewing-pan put it,
Salt, pepper, and mace,
Must season this knuckle;
Then what's join'd to a place*,
With other herbs muckle;
That which kill'd king Will†;
And what never stands still‡.
Some sprigs of that bed §
Where children are bred;
Which much you will mend, if
Both spinach and endive,
And lettuce, and beet,
With marygold meet.
Put no water at all,
For it maketh things small;
Which lest it should happen,
A close cover clap on.
Put this pot of Wood's metal ‖
In a hot boiling kettle,
And there let it be
(Mark the doctrine I teach)
About—let me see—
Thrice as long as you preach¶.
So skimming the fat off,
Say grace with your hat off.
O, then with what rapture
Will it fill dean and chapter!

SPRING. *An Ode.*

Dr. Johnson.

Stern Winter now, by Spring repress'd,
Forbears the long-continued strife;
And Nature, on her naked breast,
Delights to catch the gales of life.

* Vulgo, salary. † Supposed sorrel. ‡ This is by Dr. Bentley thought to be time, or thyme.
§ Parsley. Vide Chamberlayne. ‖ Of this composition, see the works of the Copper-farthing Dean.
¶ Which we suppose to be near four hours.

Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft Pleasure with her laughing train;
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation plants the plain.

Unhappy whom to beds of pain
Arthritic tyranny consigns*!
Whom smiling nature courts in vain,
Though rapture sings, and beauty shines!

Yet though my limbs disease invades,
Her wings Imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful shades
Where ——'s humble turrets rise.

Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,
Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
Where first great nature charm'd my sight,
Where wisdom first inform'd my heart.

Here let me through the vales pursue
A guide, a father, and a friend;
Once more great nature's works review,
Once more to wisdom's voice attend.

From false caresses, causeless strife,
Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
Here let me learn the use of life,
When best enjoy'd, when most improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bow'r,
Cool meditation's quiet seat,
The generous scorn of venal pow'r,
The silent grandeur of retreat.

When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
Or raging factions rush to war,
Here let me learn to shun the crimes
I can't prevent, and will not share.

But lest I fall by subtler foes,
Bright wisdom, teach me Curio's art
The swelling passions to compose,
And quell the rebels of the heart.

The MIDSUMMER'S WISH. *An Ode.*

Dr. Johnson.

O Phœbus! down the western sky
Far hence diffuse thy burning ray;
Thy light to distant worlds supply,
And wake them to the cares of day.

Come, gentle eve, the friend of ease!
Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
Refresh me with a cooling breeze,
And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet nature spreads;
Where the green bow'r, with roses crown'd,
In show'rs its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let music die along the grove;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And every strain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
Come, born to fill its vast desires!
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

Whilst, all my wish and thine complete,
By turns we languish and we burn,
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
Our murmurs, murmuring brooks return.

Let me, when nature calls to rest,
And blushing skies the morn foretel,
Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
And bid the waking world farewell.

AUTUMN. *An Ode.*

Dr. Johnson.

Alas! with swift and silent pace
Impatient time rolls on the year;
The seasons change, and nature's face
Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow;
The flow'rs of Spring are swept away,
And Summer fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the western breeze,
Now trod in dust neglected lie,
As Boreas strips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As russet heaths are wild and bare,
Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain;
Nor health nor pleasure wanders there.

No more, while through the midnight shade
Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime she soars;
O would some god but wings supply!
To where each morn the Spring restores,
Companion of her flight I'd fly.

Vain wish! me fate compels to bear
The downward season's iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And shiver on a blasted plain.

What bliss to life can Autumn yield,
If glooms, and show'rs, and storms prevail;
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flow'rs, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?

O! what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the darkening hour?
The grape remains, the friend of wit,
In love and mirth of mighty pow'r.

Haste, press the clusters, fill the bowl;
Apollo, shoot thy parting ray:
This gives the sunshine of the soul,
This god of health, and verse, and day.

Still, still the jocund strain shall flow,
The pulse with vigorous rapture beat;
My Stella with new charms shall glow,
And every bliss in wine shall meet.

* The author being ill of the gout.

WINTER. *An Ode.*

Dr. Johnson.

No more the morn, with tepid rays,
Unfolds the flow'r of various hue;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distils the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night,
Usurping Darkness shares the day,
Her mists restrain the force of light,
And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood, the naked field,
The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles through the grove,
No vivid colors paint the plain;
No more with devious steps I rove
Through verdant paths now sought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars,
Congeal'd, impetuous show'rs descend;
Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In nature's aid let art supply
With light and heat my little sphere;
Rouse, rouse the fire, and pile it high:
Light up a constellation here.

Let music sound the voice of joy,
Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
Let Love his wanton wiles employ,
And o'er the season wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
When mirth's gay tale shall please no more;
Nor music charm, though Stella sings;
Nor love, nor wine, the spring restore.

Catch then, O catch, the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies.
Life's a short Summer, man a flow'r;
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

An EVENING ODE. *To Stella.*

Dr. Johnson.

Evening now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead;
Cooling breezes shake the reed,
Shake the reed, and curl the stream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;
Near the chequer'd lonely grove,
Hears and keeps thy secrets Love.
Stella, thither let us stray
Lightly o'er the dewy way.
Phœbus drives his burning car
Hence, my lovely Stella, far;
In his stead, the queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light;
Light that seems but just to show
Breasts that heat, and cheeks that glow.
Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
Evening's silent hours employ;
Silence best, and conscious shades,
Please the hearts that love invades;
Other pleasures give them pain,
Lovers all but love disdain.

The NATURAL BEAUTY. *To Stella.*

Dr. Johnson.

Whether Stella's eyes are found
Fix'd on earth or glancing round,
If her face with pleasure glow,
If she sigh at others' woe,
If her easy air express
Conscious worth or soft distress,
Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
Charm with undiminish'd grace.
If on her we see display'd
Pendant gems, and rich brocade;
If her chintz with less expense
Flows in easy negligence;
Still she lights the conscious flame,
Still her charms appear the same:
If she strikes the vocal strings,
If she's silent, speaks, or sings,
If she sit, or if she move,
Still we love, and still approve.
Vain the casual, transient glance,
Which alone can please by chance,
Beauty which depends on art,
Changing with the changing heart,
Which demands the toilet's aid,
Pendant gems and rich brocade.
Those charms alone can prize
Which from constant nature rise,
Which nor circumstance nor dress
E'er can make or more or less.

The Vanity of Wealth. Dr. Johnson.

No more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With Avarice painful vigils keep;
Still unenjoy'd the present store,
Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.
O quit the shadow, catch the prize
Which not all India's treasure buys!
To purchase heaven has gold the pow'r?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No—all that's worth a wish, a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.
With science tread the wondrous way,
Or learn the Muse's moral lay;
In social hours indulge thy soul,
Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;
To virtuous love resign thy breast,
And be, by blessing beauty, blest.
Thus taste the feast by nature spread,
Ere youth and all its joys are fled;
Come taste with me the balm of life,
Secure from pomp, and wealth, and strife.
I boast whate'er for man was meant,
In health, and Stella, and content;
And scorn (O let that scorn be thine!)
Mere things of clay that dig the mine.

To Miss ———, on her giving the Author a Gold and Silk Net-work Purse of her own weaving. Dr. Johnson.

Though gold and silk their charms unite,
To make thy curious web delight,

In vain the varied work would shine
If wrought by any hand but thine;
Thy hand, that knows the subtler art,
To weave those nets that catch the heart.

Spread out by me, the roving coin
Thy nets may catch, but not confine;
Nor can I hope the silken chain
The glittering vagrants shall restrain.
Why, Stella, was it then decreed,
The heart once caught should ne'er be freed?

To Lyce, *an elderly Lady.* Dr. Johnson.

Ye nymphs whom starry rays invest,
By flattering poets given,
Who shine by lavish lovers drest
In all the pomp of heaven!

Engross not all the beams on high
Which gild a lover's lays;
But, as your sister of the sky,
Let Lyce share the praise.

Her silver locks display the moon,
Her brows a cloud do show:
Strip'd rainbows round her eyes are seen,
And show'rs from either flow.

Her teeth the night with darkness dyes,
She's starr'd with pimples o'er;
Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,
And can with thunder roar.

But some Zelinda, while I sing,
Denies my Lyce shines:
And all the pens of Cupid's wing
Attack my gentle lines.

Yet spite of fair Zelinda's eye,
And all her bards express,
My Lyce makes as good a sky,
And I but flatter less.

Epitaph on Sir Thomas Hanmer.
Dr. Johnson.

Thou who survey'st these walls with curious eye,
Pause at this tomb where Hanmer's ashes lie:
His various worth through varied life attend,
And learn his virtues while thou mourn'st his end.

His force of genius burn'd in early youth
With thirst of knowledge and with love of truth;
His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on every heart.

Thus early wise, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
His country call'd him from the studious shade:
In life's first bloom his public toils began,
At once commenc'd the senator and man.

In business dext'rous, weighty in debate,
Thrice ten long years he labor'd for the state.
In every speech persuasive wisdom flow'd,
In every act refulgent virtue glow'd;
Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,
To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.

Resistless merit fix'd the Senate's choice,
Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice.

Illustrious age! how bright thy glories shone,
When Hanmer fill'd the chair, and Anne the throne!

Then when dark arts obscur'd each fierce debate,
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of state,
The Moderator firmly mild appear'd,
Beheld with love, with veneration heard.

This task perform'd, he sought no gainful post,
Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost:
Strict on the right he fix'd his steadfast eye,
With temperate zeal, and wise anxiety;
Nor e'er from Virtue's paths was lur'd aside,
To pluck the flow'rs of pleasure or of pride.
Her gifts despis'd, Corruption blush'd and fled,
And Fame pursu'd him where Conviction led.

Age call'd at length his active mind to rest,
With honors sated, and with cares oppress:
To letter'd ease retir'd, and honest mirth,
To rural grandeur, and domestic worth,
Delighted still to please mankind, or mend,
The patriot's fire yet sparkled in the friend.

Calm Conscience then his former life survey'd,
And recollected toils endear'd the shade;
Till Nature call'd him to the general doom,
And Virtue's sorrow dignified his tomb.

SONNETS by WARTON.

Written at Wynslade, in Hampshire.

Wynslade, thy beech-capt hills, with waving grain
Mantled, thy chequer'd views of wood and lawn,
Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn
Can the grey mist with orient purple stain,
Or Evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train:
Her fairest landscapes whence my Muse has drawn,
Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,
Too weak to try the buskin's stately strain.

Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,
Nor views invite, since he far distant strays
With whom I trac'd their sweets at eve and morn,
From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays;
In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,
That still they can recall those happier days.

On Bathing.

When late the trees were stript by winter pale,
Young Health, a dryad-maid in vesture green,
Or like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,
On early uplands met the piercing gale;
And, ere its earliest echo shook the vale,
Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.
But since, gay-thron'd in fiery chariot sheen,
Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale;
She to the cave retires high-arch'd, beneath
The fount that laves proud Isis' tow'red brim:

And

And now all glad the temperate air to breathe,
While cooling drops distil from arches dim,
Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,
She sits amid the quire of Naiads trim.

Written in a Blank Leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon.

Deem not devoid of elegance the sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguil'd,
Of painful Pedantry the poring child,
Who turns of those proud domes th' historic page,
Now sunk by Time and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling Muses ever smil'd
On his lone hours? Ingenious views engage
His thought, on themes, unclassic falsely styl'd,
Intent. While cloister'd Piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictur'd stores.
Nor rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar Antiquity, but strewn with flow'rs.

Written at Stonehenge.

Thou noblest monument of Albion's isle!
Whether by Merlin's aid, from Scythia's shore
To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
Huge frame of giant hands, the mighty pile,
T' entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile *:
Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
Taught 'mid thy massy maze their mystic lore:
Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,
To Victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
Rear'd the rude heap; or, in thy hallow'd round,
Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line:
Or here those kings in solemn state were crown'd:
Studious to trace thy wondrous origin,
We muse on many an ancient tale renown'd.

Written after seeing Wilton-House.

From Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic Art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bow'rs,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
How to life's humbler scene can I depart?
My breast all glowing from those gorgeous tow'rs,
In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours?
Vain the complaint: for Fancy can impart
(To Fate superior, and to Fortune's doom)
Whate'er adorns the stately storied hall:
She, 'mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
Can dress the Graces in their Attic pall;
Bid the green landscape's vernal beauty gloom;
And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall.

* One of the bardish traditions about Stonehenge.

To Mr. Gray.

Not that her blooms are mark'd with beauty's hue,
My rustic Muse her votive chaplet brings;
Unseen, unheard, O Gray, to thee she sings,
While slowly pacing through the church-yard dew,
At curfew-time, beneath the dark green yew,
Thy pensive Genius strikes the moral strings;
Or, borne sublime on Inspiration's wings,
Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clue
Of Edward's race, with murders foul defil'd.
Can aught my pipe to reach thine ear essay?
No, bard divine! For many a care beguil'd
By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
For many a raptur'd thought, and vision wild,
To thee this strain of gratitude I pay.

Sonnet.

While summer-suns o'er the gay prospect play'd,
Through Surry's verdant scenes, where Epsom spreads,
'Mid intermingling elms, her flow'ry meads;
And Hascombe's hill, in tow'ring groves array'd,
Rear'd its romantic steep—with mind serene
I journey'd blithe. Full pensive I return'd:
For now my breast with hopeless passion burn'd.
Wet with hoar mists appear'd the gaudy scene
Which late in careless indolence I pass'd;
And Autumn all around those hues had cast
Where past delight my recent grief might trace.
Sad change! that Nature a congenial gloom
Should wear, when most, my cheerless mood to chase,
I wish'd her green attire, and wonted bloom!

On King Arthur's Round Table at Winchester.

Where Venta's Norman castle still uprears
Its rafter'd hall, that o'er the grassy foss
And scatter'd flinty fragments, clad in moss,
On yonder steep in naked state appears:
High-hung remains, the pride of warlike years,
Old Arthur's Board: on the capacious round
Some British pen has sketch'd the names renown'd,
In marks obscure, of his immortal peers.
Tho' join'd by magic skill, with many a rhyme,
The Druid frame unhonor'd falls a prey
To the slow vengeance of the wizard Time,
And fade the British characters away;
Yet Spenser's page, that chants in verse sublime
Those chiefs, shall live unconscious of decay.

To the River Lodon.

Ah! what a weary race my feet have run,
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath the azure sky, and golden sun,
Where

Where first my muse to lisp her notes begun!
While pensive memory traces back the round
Which fills the varied interval between,
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.
Sweet native stream! those skies and sun so pure
No more return to cheer my evening road!
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure
Nor useless all my vacant days have flow'd,
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature;
Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd.

The Old Cheese. King.

Young Slouch the farmer had a jolly wife,
That knew all the conveniences of life,
Whose diligence and cleanliness supplied
The wit which Nature had to him denied:
But then she had a tongue that would be heard,
And make a better man than Slouch afeard.
This made censorious persons of the town
Say, Slouch could hardly call his soul his own;
For, if he went abroad too much, she'd use
To give him slippers and lock up his shoes.
Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
Than when he was disturb'd or contradicted;
Yet still into his story she would break
With—"'Tis not so; pray give me leave to speak."
His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
Not diff'ring much from calling of him fool;
Told him he must exert himself, and be
In fact the master of his family.
He said, "That the next Tuesday-noon would show
Whether he were the lord at home or no;
When their good company he would entreat
To well-brew'd ale, and clean, if homely, meat."
With aching heart home to his wife he goes,
And on his knees does his rash act disclose;
And prays dear Suky, that one day at least
He might appear as master of the feast.
"I'll grant your wish," cries she, "that you may see
"'Twere wisdom to be govern'd still by me."
The guests upon the day appointed came,
Each bowsy farmer with his simp'ring dame.
"Ho, Sue!" cries Slouch, "why dost not thou appear?
Are these thy manners when aunt Snap is here?"
"I pardon ask," says Sue: "I'd not offend
Any my dear invites, much less his friend."
Slouch by his kinsman Gruffy had been taught
To entertain his friends with finding fault,
And make the main ingredient of his treat
His saying—"There was nothing fit to eat:
The boil'd Pork stinks, the roast Beef's not enough,
The Bacon's rusty, and the Hens are tough;
The Veal's all rags, the butter's turn'd to oil;
And thus I buy good meat for sluts to spoil.
'Tis we are the first Slouches ever sat
Down to a Pudding without Plums or Fat.
What Teeth or Stomach strong enough to feed
Upon a Goose my Grannum kept to breed?
Why must old Pigeons, and they stale, be drest,
When there's so many squab ones in the nest?
This Beer is sour; 'tis musty, thick, and stale,
And worse than any thing except the Ale."
Sue all this while many excuses made:
Some things she own'd; at other times she laid
The fault on chance, but oft'ner on the maid.
Then Cheese was brought. Says Slouch—"This e'en shall roll;
I'm sure tis hard enough to make a Bowl:
This is skim-milk, and therefore it shall go;
And this, because 'tis Suffolk, follow too."
But now Sue's patience did begin to waste;
Nor longer could dissimulation last.
"Pray let me rise," says Sue, "my dear; I'll find
A Cheese perhaps may be to lovy's mind."
Then in an entry standing close, where he
Alone, and none of all his friends, might see;
And brandishing a cudgel he had felt,
And far enough, on this occasion, smelt—
"I'll try, my joy," she cried, "if I can please
My dearest with a taste of his Old Cheese!"
Slouch turned his head, saw his wife's vigorous hand
Wielding her oaken sapling of command,
Knew well the twang—"Is't the Old Cheese, my dear?"
"No need; no need of Cheese," cries Slouch; "I'll swear,
I think I've din'd as well as my Lord Mayor."

The Pilgrim *and the* Peas. *A true Story.*
Peter Pindar.

A brace of sinners, for no *good*,
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,
And in a fair white wig look'd wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than *gravel*;
In short, their toes so gentle to *amuse*,
The priest had order'd peas into their shoes:
A *nostrum* famous in old Popish times
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes;
A sort of apostolic salt,
That Popish parsons for its powers exalt
For keeping souls of sinners *sweet*,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps *meat*.

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;
But very different was their speed, I wot:
One of the sinners gallop'd on
Light as a bullet from a gun;
The other limp'd as if he had been *shot*.

One saw the Virgin soon—*peccavi* cried—
Had his soul whitewash'd all so clever;
Then home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit with saints above to live *for ever*.

In

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother-rogue about half-way,
Hobbling with outstretch'd bum and bending knees,
Damning the souls and bodies of the peas:
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

"How now," the light-toed, whitewash'd pilgrim broke,
"You lazy lubber?"
"Odds curse it!" cried the other, "'tis no *joke:*
My feet, once hard as any rock,
"Are now as soft as *blubber.*

"Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—
As for Loretto, I shall not get there:
No! to the Devil my sinful soul must go,
For damme me if I han't lost ev'ry toe.
But, brother sinner, do explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain;

"What Pow'r hath work'd a wonder for *your* toes;
Whilst *I* just like a snail am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?
How is't that *you* can like a greyhound *go,*
Merry as if that nought had happen'd, burn ye?"—
"Why," cried the other, grinning, "you must know,
That, just before I ventur'd on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil *my* peas."

A Country Bumpkin and Razor-seller.

PETER PINDAR.

A FELLOW in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down,
And offer'd twelve for eighteen pence;
Which certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,
And for the money quite a heap,
As every man would buy with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard,—
Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,
That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose:
With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid;
And proudly to himself in whispers said,
"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

"No matter, if the fellow *be* a knave:
Provided that the razors *shave,*
It certainly will be a monstrous prize."
So home the clown with his good fortune went,
Smiling, in heart and soul content,
And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
Just like a hedger cutting furze;
'Twas a vile razor! then the rest he tried—
All were impostors—"Ah!" Hodge sigh'd,
"I wish my eighteen pence within my purse."

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut, and dug, and winced, and stamp'd, and swore;
Brought blood, and danced, blasphem'd, and made wry faces,
And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er.
His MUZZLE, form'd of *opposition* stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff:
So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds.
Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,
On the vile CHEAT that sold the goods.
"Razors!—a damn'd, confounded dog!—
Not fit to scrape a hog!"
Hodge sought the fellow, found him, and began—
"Perhaps, Master Razor-Rogue, to you 'tis fun,
That people flay themselves out of their lives:
You rascal! for an hour I have been grubbing,
Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing,
With razors just like oyster knives.
Sirrah! I tell you you're a knave,
To cry up razors that can't *shave.*"
"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm not a knave:
As for the razors you have bought,
Upon my soul I never thought
That they would *shave.*"
"Not think they'd shave!" quoth Hodge, with wond'ring eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
"What were they made for then, you dog?" he cries:
"Made!" quoth the fellow with a smile—
"to *sell.*"

The Bald-pated Welshman and the Fly.

SOMERVILLE.

——"Qui non moderabitur iræ,
Infectum volet esse, dolor quod suaserit et mens,
Dum pœnas odio per vim festinat inulto." HOR.

A SQUIRE of Wales, whose blood ran higher
Than that of any other squire,
Hasty and hot; whose peevish honor
Reveng'd each slight was put upon her;
Upon a mountain's top one day
Expos'd to Sol's meridian ray,
He fum'd, he rav'd, he curs'd, he swore,
Exhal'd a sea at ev'ry pore;
At last, such insults to evade,
Sought the next tree's protecting shade;
Where as he lay dissolv'd in sweat,
And wip'd off many a rivulet,
Off in a pet the beaver flies,
And flaxen wig, time's best disguise,
By which folks of maturer ages
Vie with smooth beaux, and ladies' pages;
Though 'twas a secret rarely known,
Ill-natur'd age had cropp'd his crown,
Grubb'd all the covert up, and now
A large smooth plain extends his brow.
Thus as he lay with numskull bare,
And courted the refreshing air,

New

New persecutions still appear;
A noisy fly offends his ear.
Alas! what man of parts and sense
Could bear such vile impertinence?
Yet, so discourteous is our fate,
Fools always buz about the great.
This insect now, whose active spite
Teas'd him with never-ceasing bite,
With so much judgment play'd his part,
He had him both in tierce and carte:
In vain with open hands he tries
To guard his ears, his nose, his eyes;
For now at last, familiar grown,
He perch'd upon his worship's crown,
With teeth and claws his skin he tore,
And stuff'd himself with human gore:
At last, in manners to excel,
Untruss'd a point, some authors tell.
But now what rhetoric could assuage
The furious squire, stark mad with rage?
Impatient at the foul disgrace
From insect of so mean a race,
And plotting vengeance on his foe,
With double fist he aims a blow.
The nimble fly escaped by flight,
And skipp'd from this unequal fight.
Th' impending stroke with all its weight
Fell on his own beloved pate.
Thus much he gain'd by this adventurous deed;
His foul'd his fingers, and he broke his head.

MORAL.

Let senates hence learn to preserve their state,
And scorn the fool, below their grave debate,
Who by the unequal strife grows popular and great.
Let him buz on, with senseless rant defy
The wise, the good, yet still 'tis but a fly.
With puny foes the toil's not worth the cost;
Where nothing can be gain'd, much may be lost:
Let cranes and pigmies in mock-war engage,
A prey beneath the gen'rous eagle's rage,
True honor o'er the clouds sublimely wings;
Young Ammon scorns to run with less than kings.

The Incurious Bencher. SOMERVILLE

At Jenny Mann's, where heroes meet,
And lay their laurels at her feet;
The modern Pallas, at whose shrine
They bow, and by whose aid they dine:
Colonel Brocade, among the rest,
Was every day a welcome guest.
One night as carelessly he stood,
Cheering his reins before the fire
(So every true-born Briton should)
Like that he chaf'd and fum'd with ire.
"Jenny," said he, "'tis very hard,
That no man's honor can be spar'd;
If I but sup with Lady Duchess,
Or play a game at ombre, such is
The malice of the world, 'tis said,
Although his Grace lay drunk in bed,
'Twas I that caus'd his aching head.
If Madame Doodle would be witty,
And I am summon'd to the city,
To play at blindman's-buff or so,
What won't such hellish malice do?
If I but catch her in a corner,
Humph! 'tis "Your servant, Colonel Horner."
But rot the sneering fops, if e'er
I prove it, it shall cost them dear;
I swear by this dead-doing blade,
Dreadful examples shall be made.
What, can't they drink bohea and cream,
But (d—n them) I must be their theme?
Other men's business let alone,
Why should not coxcombs mind their own?"
As thus he rav'd with all his might
(How insecure from fortune's spite,
Alas, is ev'ry mortal wight!)
To show his ancient spleen to Mars,
Fierce Vulcan caught him by the a—;
Stuck to his skirts, insatiate varlet!
And fed with pleasure on the scarlet.
Hard by, and in the corner, sate
A bencher grave, with looks sedate,
Smoking his pipe, warm as a toast,
And reading over last week's Post;
He saw the foe the fort invade,
And soon smelt out the breach he made;
But not a word—a little sly
He look'd, 'tis true, and from each eye
A sidelong glance sometimes he sent,
To bring him news, and watch th' event.
At length, upon that tender part
Where honor lodges (as of old
Authentic Hudibras has told)
The blust'ring colonel felt a smart;
Sore griev'd for his affronted bum,
Frisk'd, skipp'd, and bounc'd about the room:
Then turning short—"Zounds, sir," he cries;
"Pox on him! had the fool no eyes?
What! let a man be burnt alive?"
"I am not, Sir, inquisitive,"
Replied Sir Gravity, "to know
Whate'er your Honor's pleas'd to do:
If you will burn your tail to tinder,
Pray what have I to do to hinder?
Other men's business let alone,
Why should not coxcombs mind their own?"
Then, knocking out his pipe with care,
Laid down his penny at the bar;
And wrapping round his frieze surtout,
Took up his crabtree and walk'd out.

The Frog's Choice. SOMERVILLE.

Ὦ πόποι, οἷον δή νυ Θεοὺς βέροτοὶ ἀπιώνται.
Ἐξ ἡμέων γάρ φασι κάκ ἔμμεναι· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
Σφῆσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὑπὲρ μόρον ἄλγε' ἔχουσιν.

In a wild state of nature, long
The frogs at random liv'd,
The weak a prey unto the strong,
With anarchy oppress'd and griev'd.
At length the lawless rout,
Taught by their suff'rings, grew devout;
An embassy to Jove they sent,
And begg'd his highness would bestow
Some settled form of government,
A king to rule the fens below.

Jove,

Jove, smiling, grants their odd request:
A king, th' indulgent pow'r bestow'd,
Such as might suit their genius best:
A beam of a prodigious size,
With all its cumbrous load,
Came tumbling from the skies.
The waters dash against the shore,
The hollow caverns roar:
The rocks return the dreadful sound,
Convulsions shake the ground.
The multitude with horror fled,
And in his oozy bed
Each skulking coward hid his head.

When all is now grown calm again,
And smoothly glides the liquid plain,
A frog more resolute and bold,
Peeping with caution from his hold,
Recover'd from his first surprise,
As o'er the wave his head he popp'd,
He saw, but scarce believ'd his eyes.
On the same bank where first he dropp'd,
Th' imperial lubber lies,
Stretch'd at his ease, careless, content.
"Is this the monarch Jove has sent,"
Said he, "our warlike troops to lead?
Ah, 'tis a glorious prince indeed!
By such an active general led,
The routed mice our arm shall dread,
Subdued shall quit their claim:
Old Homer shall recant his lays,
For us new trophies raise,
Sing our victorious arms, and justify our fame!"
Then laughing impudently loud,
He soon alarm'd the dastard crowd.
The croaking nations with contempt
Behold the worthless indolent.
On wings of winds swift scandal flies,
Libels, lampoons, and lies,
Hoarse treasons, tuneless blasphemies.
With active leap at last upon his back they stride,
And on the royal loggerhead in triumph ride.

Once more to Jove they prayers address'd,
And once more Jove grants their request:
A stork he sends, of monstrous size,
Red lightning flashes in his eyes.
Rul'd by no block, as heretofore,
The gazing crowds press'd to his court;
Admire his stately mien, his haughty port,
And only not adore.
Addresses of congratulation,
Sent from each loyal corporation,
Full fraught with truth and sense,
Exhausted all their eloquence.
But now, alas! 'twas night; kings must have meat:
The Grand Vizier first goes to pot;
Three Bassas next, happy their lot!
Gain'd Paradise by being eat.
"And this," said he, "and this is mine,
And this by right divine:"
In short, 'twas all for public weal,
He swallow'd half a nation at a meal.

Again they beg Almighty Jove
This cruel tyrant to remove.
With fierce resentment in his eyes,
The frowning Thunderer replies;
"Those evils which yourselves create,
Rash fools! ye now repent too late;
Made wretched by the public voice,
Not through necessity, but choice!
Begone! nor wrest from Heaven some heavier curse:
Better bear this, this Stork, than worse."

MORAL.

Oppress'd with happiness, and sick with ease,
Not Heaven itself our fickle minds can please.
Fondly we wish, cloy'd with celestial store,
The leeks and onions which we loath'd before:
Still roving, still desiring, never pleas'd,
With plenty starv'd, and e'en with health diseas'd,
With partial eyes each present good we view,
Nor covet what is best, but what is new.
Ye pow'rs above, who make mankind your care,
To bless the supplicant, reject his pray'r!

The Oyster. SOMERVILLE.

——In jus
Acres procurrunt, magnum spectaculum uterque.
HOR.

Two comrades, as grave authors say
(But in what chapter, page, or line,
Ye critics, if ye please, define),
Had found an oyster in their way.
Contest and foul debate arose:
Both view'd at once with greedy eyes,
Both challeng'd the delicious prize,
And high words soon improv'd to blows.
Actions on actions hence succeed,
Each hero's obstinately stout,
Green bags and parchments fly about,
Pleadings are drawn, and counsel fee'd.
The parson of the place, good man!
Whose kind and charitable heart
In human ills still bore a part,
Thrice shook his head, and thus began:
"Neighbours and friends, refer to me
This doughty matter in dispute,
I'll soon decide th' important suit,
And finish all without a fee.
Give me the oyster then—'tis well"—
He opens it, and at one sup
Gulps the contested trifle up,
And smiling, gives to each a shell.
"Henceforth let foolish discord cease,
Your oyster's good as e'er was eat;
I thank you for my dainty treat;
God bless you both, and live in peace."

MORAL.

Ye men of Norfolk and of Wales,
From this learn common sense;
Nor thrust your neighbours into jails
For ev'ry slight offence.
Banish those vermin of debate
That on your substance feed;
The knaves who now are serv'd in plate
Would starve, if fools agreed.

Epitaph

Epitaph on Miss Basnet, in St. Pancras Church-yard.

Go, spotless Honor, and unsullied Truth;
Go, smiling Innocence and blooming Youth;
Go, female Sweetness, join'd with manly Sense;
Go, winning Wit, that never gave offence;
Go, soft Humanity, that bless'd the poor;
Go, saint-eyed Patience, from Affliction's door;
Go, Modesty, that never wore a frown;
Go, Virtue, and receive thy heavenly crown.
Not from a stranger came this heart-felt verse;
The friend inscribes thy tomb whose tears bedew'd thy hearse.

Ode. Thomson.

Tell me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me whither art thou fled?
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

Or dost thou free at pleasure roam,
And sometimes share the lover's woe;
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

O! if thou hov'rest round my walk,
While, under every well-known tree,
I to thy fancied shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee:
Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
O visit thou my soothing dream!

On Time. Anon.

Ev'n while the careless, disencumber'd soul
Sinks all dissolving into pleasure's dream,
Ev'n then to Time's tremendous verge we roll
With headlong haste along life's surgy stream.

Can gaiety the vanish'd years restore,
Or on the withering limbs fresh beauty shed,
Or sooth the sad, inevitable hour,
Or cheer the dark, dark mansions of the dead?

Ah! beauty's bloom avails not in the grave,
Youth's lofty mien, nor age's awful grace;
Moulder alike unknown the prince and slave,
Whelm'd in th' enormous wreck of human race!

The thought-fix'd portraiture, the breathing bust,
The arch with proud memorials array'd,
The long-liv'd pyramid, shall sink in dust,
To dumb oblivion's ever-desert shade.

SONGS, BALLADS, &c. &c.

§ 1. *Song.* Lord Lyttleton.

Say, Mira, why is gentle Love
A stranger to that mind,
Which pity and esteem can move,
Which can be just and kind?

Is it because you fear to share
The ills that love molest,
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the am'rous breast?

Alas! by some degree of woe
We ev'ry bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

§ 2. *Song.* Waller.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time, and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty, from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

§ 3. *Song. L'Amour Timide.* Moore.

If in that breast, so good, so pure,
Compassion ever lov'd to dwell,
Pity the sorrows I endure,
The cause I must not, dare not tell.

That grief that on my quiet preys,
That rends my heart, that checks my tongue,
I fear will last me all my days,
But feel it will not last me long.

§ 4. *Song.* Earl *of* Dorset*.

To all you ladies now at land
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write;

* Written at sea, the first Dutch war, 1665, the night before an engagement.

The

The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore, to write to you,
With a fa la, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea,
With a fa, &c.

Then, if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind;
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a day,
With a fa, &c.

The king, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tide will higher rise,
Than e'er it did of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of tears to Whitehall stairs,
With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree:
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?
With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst;
Be you to us but kind,
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe,
With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you,
With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan,
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in ev'ry note;
As if it sigh'd with each man's care
For being so remote:
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd,
With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honor lose
Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love,
With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea,
With a fa, &c.

---

§ 5. *Song.* Lord Lansdowne.

Why, cruel creature, why so bent
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent;
Love throws in vain his dart.

Let glittering fops in court be great,
For pay let armies move:
Beauty should have no other bait
But gentle vows and love.

If on those endless charms you lay
The value that's their due;
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
A thousand worlds too few.

But if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art,
Ah, Celia! if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart.

---

§ 6. *Song.* Sir Car Scroope.

One night, when all the village slept,
Myrtillo's sad despair
The wretched shepherd waking kept,
To tell the woods his care;
"Begone," said he, "fond thoughts, begone!
Eyes, give your sorrows o'er!
Why should you waste your tears for one
Who thinks on you no more?

Yet, O ye birds, ye flocks, ye pow'rs
That dwell within this grove,
Can tell how many tender hours
We here have pass'd in love!
Yon stars above (my cruel foes)
Have heard how she has sworn,
A thousand times, that, like to those,
Her flame should ever burn!

But since she's lost, O let me have
My wish, and quickly die!
In this cold bank I'll make a grave,
And there for ever lie:
Sad nightingales the watch shall keep,
And kindly here complain."
Then down the shepherd lay to sleep,
But never rose again.

---

§ 7. *A Pastoral Elegy.*

Ah, Damon, dear shepherd, adieu!
By love and first nature allied,
Together in fondness we grew;
Ah, would we together had died!

For

For thy faith, which resembled my own,
For thy soul, which was spotless and true,
For the joys we together have known,
Ah, Damon, dear shepherd, adieu!

What bliss can hereafter be mine?
Whomever engaging I see,
To his friendship I ne'er can incline,
For fear I should mourn him like thee.
Though the muses should crown me with art,
Though honor and fortune should join;
Since thou art denied to my heart,
What bliss can hereafter be mine?

Ah Damon, dear shepherd, farewell!
Thy grave with sad osiers I'll bind;
Though no more in one cottage we dwell,
I can keep thee for ever in mind.
Each morning I'll visit alone
His ashes who lov'd me so well,
And murmur each eve o'er his stone,
"Ah Damon, dear shepherd, farewell!"

§ 8. *Song.* Moore.

Hark! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb!
Come, Lucy, it cries, come away!
The grave of my Colin has room
To rest thee beside his cold clay.
I come, my dear shepherd, I come;
Ye friends and companions, adieu!
I haste to my Colin's dark home,
To die on his bosom so true.

All mournful the midnight bell rung,
When Lucy, sad Lucy, arose;
And forth to the green turf she sprung,
Where Colin's pale ashes repose.
All wet with the night's chilling dew,
Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground;
While stormy winds over her blew,
And night-ravens croak'd all around.

How long, my lov'd Colin, she cried,
How long must thy Lucy complain?
How long shall the grave my love hide?
How long ere it join us again?
For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,
With thee o'er the world would she fly;
For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd,
For thee would she lie down and die.

Alas! what avails it how dear
Thy Lucy was once to her swain!
Her face like the lily so fair,
And eyes that gave light to the plain!
The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,
That face and those eyes charm no more;
And Lucy, forgot and alone,
To death shall her Colin deplore.

While thus she lay sunk in despair,
And mourn'd to the echoes around,
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
And thunder shook dreadful the ground!
I hear the kind call, and obey,
O Colin, receive me, she cried:
Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
She hung on his tomb-stone, and died.

§ 9. *Song.* Gay.

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast!

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
Views tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on
Where gold and di'monds grow,
You'll find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain?
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain?
No eyes these rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear:
When, o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spied;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and died.

§ 10. *A Persian Song of Hafiz.* Sir William Jones.

Sweet maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck enfold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O! when

O! when these fair, perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks where living roses blow,
Where Nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate:—ah! change the theme,
And talk of odors, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream!
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That e'en the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear:
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage:)
While music charms the ravish'd ear;
While sparkling cups delight our ear;
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But O! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

---

§ 11. *Song.*

Hard by the hall, our master's house,
Where Mersey flows to meet the main;
Where woods, and winds, and waves dispose
A lover to complain;

With arms across, along the strand
Poor Lycon walk'd, and hung his head;
Viewing the footsteps in the sand,
Which a bright nymph had made.

The tide, said he, will soon erase
The marks so lightly here imprest;
But time or tide will ne'er deface
Her image in my breast.

Am I some savage beast of prey,
Am I some horrid monster grown,
That thus she flies so swift away,
Or meets me with a frown?

That bosom soft, that lily skin
(Trust not the fairest outside show!)
Contains a marble heart within,
A rock hid under snow.

Ah me! the flints and pebbles wound
Her tender feet, from whence there fell
Those crimson drops which stain the ground,
And beautify each shell.

Ah! fair one, moderate thy flight,
I will no more in vain pursue,
But take my leave for a long night;
Adieu! lov'd maid, adieu.

With that he took a running leap,
He took a Lover's Leap indeed,
And plung'd into the sounding deep.
Where hungry fishes feed.

The melancholy hern stalks by;
Around the squalling sea-gulls yell;
Aloft the croaking ravens fly,
And toll his funeral bell.

The waters roll above his head,
The billows toss it o'er and o'er,
His ivory bones lie scattered,
And whiten all the shore.

---

§ 12. *Song. Jemmy Dawson*.* Shenstone.

Come listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid!
Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid she lov'd him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came:
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

* Captain James Dawson, the amiable and unfortunate subject of these beautiful Stanzas, was one of the eight officers belonging to the Manchester regiment of volunteers, in the service of the young Chevalier, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington-Common, in 1746: and this Ballad, written about the time, is founded on a remarkable circumstance which actually happened at his execution. Just before his death he wrote a song on his own misfortunes, which is supposed to be still extant.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the favor'd youth astray!
The day the rebel clans appear'd,
O had he never seen that day!

Their colors and their sash he wore,
And in that fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, or yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said:
"O Dawson, monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
O George! without a pray'r for thee
My orisons should never close.

The gracious prince that gave him life
Would crown a never-dying flame;
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

But tho', dear youth, thou shouldst be dragg'd
To yonder ignominious tree;
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
To share thy bitter fate with thee."

O then her mourning-coach was call'd,
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Though borne in her triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her favorite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and steadfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And severed was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
And mangled was the beauteous breast
On which her love-sick head repos'd;

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For, though it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
"Now, now, she cried, I follow thee!

My death, my death, alone can show
The pure and lasting love I bore:
Accept, O Heaven! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more."

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid threw back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expir'd!

Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true.

---

§ 13. *Song. A Morning Piece: or, a Hymn for the Hay-makers.* Smart.

Brisk chanticleer his matins had begun,
And broke the silence of the night:
And thrice he call'd aloud the tardy sun,
And thrice he hail'd the dawn's ambiguous light;
Back to their graves the fear-begotten phantoms run.
Strong Labour got up with his pipe in his mouth,
And stoutly strode over the dale;
He lent new perfume to the breath of the south,
On his back hung his wallet and flail.
Behind him came Health from her cottage of thatch,
Where never physician had lifted the latch.

First of the village Colin was awake,
And thus he sung, reclining on his rake:
Now the rural Graces three
Dance beneath yon maple-tree!
First the vestal Virtue, known
By her adamantine zone;
Next to her, in rosy pride,
Sweet Society, the bride;
Last Honesty, full seemly drest
In her cleanly homespun vest.

The abbey-bells, in wak'ning rounds,
The warning peal have given;
And pious Gratitude resounds
Her morning hymn to Heaven.
All nature wakes; the birds unlock their throats,
And mock the shepherd's rustic notes.
All alive o'er the lawn,
Full glad of the dawn,
The little lambkins play:
Sylvia and Sol arise, and all is day!

Come, my mates, let us work,
And all hands to the fork,
While the sun shines, our haycocks to make;
So fine is the day,
And so fragrant the hay,
That the meadow's as blithe as the wake!

Our voice let us raise
In Phœbus's praise:
Inspir'd by so glorious a theme,
Our musical words
Shall be join'd by the birds,
And we'll dance to the tune of the stream!

---

§ 14. *Song.* *Sir* John Suckling.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'ythee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'ythee why so pale?

Why

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pr'ythee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Pr'ythee why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her;
The devil take her.

§ 15. *Song. Humphrey Gubbin's Courtship.*

A courting I went to my love,
Who is sweeter than roses in May;
And when I came to her, by Jove,
The devil a word could I say.
I walk'd with her into the garden,
There fully intending to woo her;
But may I be ne'er worth a farthing,
If of love I said any thing to her.

I clasp'd her hand close to my breast,
While my heart was as light as a feather;
Yet nothing I said, I protest,
But—"Madam, 'tis very fine weather."
To an arbor I did her attend,
She ask'd me to come and sit by her;
I crept to the furthermost end,
For I was afraid to come nigh her.

I ask'd her which way was the wind,
For I thought in some talk we must enter:
"Why, Sir, (she answer'd, and grinn'd),
Have you just sent your wits for a venture?"
Then I followed her into her house,
There I vow'd I my passion would try;
But there I was still as a mouse;
O what a dull booby was I!

§ 16. *Song. The Despairing Lover.* Walsh.

Distracted with care,
For Phillis the fair,
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Resolves in despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish;
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes,
Where a leap from above
Would soon finish his woes.

When, in rage, he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep;
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting,
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get;
But a neck, when once broken,
Can never be set:

And that he could die
Whenever he would;
But that he could live
But as long as he could;
How grievous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so.
But bold, unconcern'd,
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly return'd
To his cottage again.

§ 17. *Song.*

A cobbler there was, and he liv'd in a stall
Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen, and hall;
No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate,
No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy
If at night he could purchase a jug of brown nappy:
How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too, most sweet!
Saying, Just to a hair I have made both ends meet!
Derry down, down, &c.

But love, the disturber of high and of low,
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau;
He shot the poor cobbler quite thro' the heart;
I wish he had hit some more ignoble part.
Derry down, down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay;
Her eyes shone so bright when she rose every day,
That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way.
Derry down, down, &c.

He sung her love-songs as he sat at his work,
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk:
Whenever he spoke she would flounce and would fleer,
Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.
Derry down, down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd;
He pierced through his body instead of the sole,
So the cobbler he died, and the bell it did toll.
Derry down, down, &c.

And now, in good will, I advise, as a friend,
All cobblers take warning by this cobbler's end:
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find, by what's past,
That love brings us all to an end at the last.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

§ 18. *Song.* Moore.

When Damon languish'd at my feet,
And I believ'd him true,
The moments of delight how sweet!
But oh! how swift they flew!

The sunny hill, the flow'ry vale,
The garden, and the grove,
Have echo'd to his ardent tale,
And vows of endless love.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize,
He left her to complain;
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
And measure time by pain.

But Heaven will take the mourner's part,
In pity to despair;
And the last sigh that rends the heart
Shall waft the spirit there.

§ 19. *Song. The Lass of the Hill.*
Miss Mary Jones.

On the brow of a hill a young shepherdess dwelt,
Who no pangs of ambition or love had e'er felt;
For a few sober maxims still ran in her head,
That 'twas better to earn ere she ate her brown bread;
That to rise with the lark was conducive to health,
And to folks in a cottage, contentment was wealth.

Now young Roger, who liv'd in the valley below,
Who at church and at market was reckon'd a beau,
Had many times tried o'er her heart to prevail,
And would rest on his pitchfork to tell her his tale:
With his winning behaviour he melted her heart;
But, quite artless herself, she suspected no art.

He had sigh'd, and protested, had kneel'd and implor'd,
And could lie with the grandeur and air of a lord:
Then her eyes he commended in language well dress'd,
And enlarg'd on the torments that troubled his breast;
Till his sighs and his tears had so wrought on her mind,
That in downright compassion to love she inclin'd.

But as soon as he melted the ice of her breast,
All the flames of his love in a moment decreas'd;
And at noon he goes flaunting all over the vale,
Where he boasts of his conquest to Susan and Nell:
Though he sees her but seldom, he's always in haste,
And, if ever he mentions her, makes her his jest.

All the day she goes sighing, and hanging her head,
And her thoughts are so pester'd, she scarce earns her bread;
The whole village cries shame, when a-milking she goes,
That so little affection is shown to the cows:
But she heeds not their railing, e'en let them rail on,
And a fig for the cows now her sweetheart is gone.

Now beware, ye young virgins of Britain's gay isle,
How ye yield up a heart to a look or a smile:
For Cupid is artful, and virgins are frail,
And you'll find a false Roger in every vale,
Who to court you, and tempt you, will try all his skill;
But remember The Lass on the brow of the Hill.

§ 20. *Song.* Barton Booth, *Esq.*

Sweet are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose,
Soft as the down of turtle dove,
Gentle as air when Zephyr blows,
Refreshing as descending rains
To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or "as the dial to the sun;"
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon!
From ev'ry other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid pursues;
Sweet Philomel, in shady bow'rs
Of verdant spring, her note renews;
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
And vary as the seasons rise;
As winter to the spring gives place,
Summer th' approach of autumn flies;
No change in love the season's bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
And marble tow'rs, and gates of brass,
In his rude march he levels low:
But time destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only with his cruel dart
The gentle godhead can remove;
And drive him from the bleeding heart,
To mingle with the bless'd above;
Where known to all his kindred train,
He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister fair, the Soul,
Twin-born, from heaven together came;
Love will the universe control,
When dying seasons lose their name;
Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
When time and death shall be no more.

§ 21. *Song.* Parnell.

My days have been so wondrous free,
The little birds that fly
With careless ease from tree to tree
Were but as bless'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their stream?
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent a sigh to them?

But

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught;
The tender chains of sweet desire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

An eager hope within my breast
Does every doubt controul;
And lovely Nancy stands confest
The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
Ye swains that haunt the grove,
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
Ye close retreats of love!

With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design;
O teach a young, unpractis'd heart,
To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate
As much as of despair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind
Is mix'd with soft distress:
Yet, while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

§ 22. *Song. May Eve; or, Kate of Aberdeen.* CUNNINGHAM.

The silver moon's enamor'd beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go, balmy sleep,
('Tis where you've seldom been)
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love.
And see, the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight Fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love.
For see, the rosy May draws nigh!
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark, the happy shepherds cry,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!

§ 23. *Song. Sally in our Alley.* CAREY.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There's ne'er a lady in the land,
That's half so sweet as Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em:
Her mother she sells laces long,
To such as choose to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes, like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely;
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day;
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm dress'd, all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named:
I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away to Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
Oh! then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box and all,
I'll give it to my honey.
And would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally;
And but for her, I'd better be
A slave, and row a galley.
But, when my seven long years are out,
O then I'll marry Sally:
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley.

§ 24. *Song. The true Tar. By the same.*

A knave's a knave,
Though ne'er so brave,

Though diamonds round him shine;
What though he's great,
Takes mighty state,
And thinks himself divine?
His ill-got wealth
Can't give him health,
Or future ills prevent:
An honest tar
Is richer far,
If he enjoys content.

A soul sincere
Scorns fraud or fear,
Within itself secure;
For vice will blast,
But virtue last
While truth and time endure.
Blow high, blow low,
Frown fate or foe,
He scorns to tack about;
But to his trust
Is strictly just,
And nobly stems it out.

§ 25. *Song.* Johnson.

Not the soft sighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flowery vales,
The murmurs of the crystal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill;
Not all their charms, though all unite,
Can touch my bosom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's shore,
Not all Peru's unbounded store;
Not all the pow'r, nor all the fame,
That heroes, kings, or poets claim;
Nor knowledge, which the learn'd approve,
To form one wish my soul can move.

Yet nature's charms allure my eyes,
And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize;
Fame, wealth, and knowledge I obtain,
Nor seek I nature's charms in vain;
In lovely Stella all combine,
And, lovely Stella! thou art mine.

§ 26. *Delia. A Pastoral.* Cunningham.

The gentle swan, with graceful pride,
Her glossy plumage laves,
And, sailing down the silver tide,
Divides the whispering waves:
The silver tide, that wandering flows,
Sweet to the bird must be!
But not so sweet, blithe Cupid knows,
As Delia is to me.

A parent-bird, in plaintive mood,
On yonder fruit-tree sung,
And still the pendant nest she view'd
That held her callow young:
Dear to the mother's fluttering heart
The genial brood must be;
But not so dear, the thousandth part,
As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround
Were natives of the dale;
Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
Before their sweets grew pale!
My vital bloom would thus be froze,
If luckless torn from thee;
For what the root is to the rose,
My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new-fall'n snow,
So white the beauteous pair;
The birds on Delia I'll bestow,
They're, like her bosom, fair!
When, in their chaste connubial love,
My secret wish she'll see;
Such mutual bliss as turtles prove
May Delia share with me.

§ 27. *Song.* Akenside.

The shape alone let others prize,
The features of the fair;
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, and iv'ry arm,
Shall ne'er my wishes win:
Give me an animated form,
That speaks a mind within:

A face where awful honor shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame,
Without whose vital aid
Unfinish'd all her features seem,
And all her roses dead.

But, ah! where both their charms unite,
How perfect is the view,
With ev'ry image of delight,
With graces ever new!

Of pow'r to charm the greatest woe,
The wildest rage control;
Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
And rapture through the soul.

Their pow'r but faintly to express
All language must despair;
But go, behold Arpasia's face,
And read it perfect there.

§ 28. *Song. On Young Orlinda.*

When innocence and beauty meet,
To add to lovely female grace,
Ah, how beyond expression sweet
Is every feature of the face!

By virtue ripen'd from the bud,
The flow'r angelic odours breeds:
The fragrant charm of being good
Makes gaudy vice to smell like weeds.

O sacred Virtue! tune my voice
With thy inspiring harmony;
Then I shall sing of rapt'rous joys,
Which fill my soul with love of thee;

To

To lasting brightness be refin'd,
When this vain shadow flies away;
Th' eternal beauties of the mind
Will last when all things else decay.

§ 29. *Song. From the Lapland Tongue.* Steele.

Thou rising sun, whose gladsome ray
Invites my fair to rural play,
Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,
And bring my Orra to my eyes.

O were I sure my dear to view,
I'd climb that pine-tree's topmost bough,
Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
What wood conceals my sleeping maid?
Fast by the roots, enrag'd, I'd tear
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

O could I ride on clouds and skies,
Or on the raven's pinions rise!
Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
And waft a lover on his way!

My bliss too long my bride denies:
Apace the wasting summer flies:
Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
Nor storms or night shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare?
O, Love has fetters stronger far!
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel Love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast;
When thoughts torment, the first are best;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay:
Away to Orra, haste away!

§ 30. *Song. The Midsummer Wish.* Croxall.

Waft me, some soft and cooling breeze,
To Windsor's shady, kind retreat;
Where sylvan scenes, wide spreading trees,
Repel the dog-star's raging heat:

Where tufted grass, and mossy beds,
Afford a rural, calm repose;
Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,
And fragrant sweets around disclose.

Old oozy Thames, that flows fast by,
Along the smiling valley plays,
His glassy surface cheers the eye,
And through the flow'ry meadow strays.

His fertile banks with herbage green,
His vales with golden plenty swell;
Where'er his purer streams are seen,
The gods of health and pleasure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave
With naked arm once more divide;
In thee my glowing bosom lave,
And stem thy gently-rolling tide.

Lay me, with damask roses crown'd,
Beneath some osier's dusky shade:
Where water-lilies deck the ground,
Where bubbling springs refresh the glade

§ 31. *Song.* Miss Whateley.

Come, dear Pastora, come away!
And hail the cheerful spring:
Now fragrant blossoms crown the May,
And woods with love-notes ring:
Now Phœbus to the west descends,
And sheds a fainter ray;
And, as our rural labor ends,
We bless the closing day.

In yonder artless maple bow'r
With blooming woodbines twin'd,
Let us enjoy the evening hour,
On earth's soft lap reclin'd:
Or where yon poplar's verdant boughs
The crystal current shade;
O deign, fair nymph, to hear the vows
My faithful heart has made.

Within this breast no soft deceit,
No artful flatt'ry bides:
But truth, scarce known among the great,
O'er ev'ry thought presides:
On pride's false glare I look with scorn,
And all its glittering train;
Be mine the pleasures which adorn
This ever-peaceful plain.

Come then, my fair, and with thy love
Each rising care subdue;
Thy presence can each grief remove,
And ev'ry joy renew.
The lily fades, the rose grows faint,
Their transient bloom is vain;
But lasting truth and virtue paint
Pastora of the plain.

§ 32. *Song.*

Come, dear Amanda, quit the town,
And to the rural hamlets fly;
Behold, the wintry storms are gone,
A gentle radiance glads the sky.
The birds awake, the flowers appear,
Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee;
'Tis joy and music all we hear!
'Tis love and beauty all we see!

Come, let us mark the gradual spring,
How peep the buds, the blossom blows,
Till Philomel begins to sing,
And perfect May to spread the rose.
Let us secure the short delight,
And wisely crop the blooming day;
For soon, too soon, it will be night:
Arise, my love, and come away.

§ 33. *Song. From the Lapland Tongue.* Steel.

Haste, my rein-deer, and let us nimbly go
Our am'rous journey through this dreary waste:
Haste, my rein-deer! still, still thou art too slow!
Impetuous love demands the lightning's haste.

Around us far the rushy moors are spread:
Soon will the sun withdraw his cheerful ray;
Darkling and tir'd we shall the marshes tread,
No lay unsung to cheat the tedious way.

The wat'ry length of these unjoyous moors
Does all the flow'ry meadows' pride excel;
Through these I fly to her my soul adores;
Ye flow'ry meadows, empty pride, farewell!

Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd,
My breast is tortur'd with impatient fires;
Fly, my rein-deer, fly swifter than the wind!
Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce desires.

Our pleasing toil will then be soon o'erpaid,
And thou, in wonder lost, shalt view my fair,
Admire each feature of the lovely maid,
Her artless charms, her bloom, her sprightly air.

§ 34. *Song. Arno's Vale.*
Earl of Middlesex.*

When here, Lucinda, first we came,
Where Arno rolls his silver stream,
How blithe the nymphs, the swains how gay!
Content inspir'd each rural lay.
The birds in livelier concert sung,
The grapes in thicker clusters hung;
All look'd as joy could never fail
Among the sweets of Arno's vale.

But since the good Palemon died,
The chief of shepherds, and their pride,
Now Arno's sons must all give place
To northern men, an iron race.
The taste of pleasure now is o'er;
Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more;
The muses droop, the Goths prevail!
Adieu, the sweets of Arno's vale!

35. *Song. The passionate Shepherd to his Love.* Marlow.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, or hills and fields,
And all the steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

§ 36. *Song. The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd.* Sir W. Raleigh.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flow'rs do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reck'ning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joy no date, nor age no need;
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

§ 37. *Song. Summer.*
Thomas Brerewood, *Esq.*

Where the light cannot pierce, in a grove of tall trees,
With my fair one as blooming as May,
Undisturb'd by all sound but the sighs of the breeze,
Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

When the sun, less intense, to the westward inclines,
For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,
And see the rays dance, as inverted he shines,
On the face of some river or lake:

Where my fairest and I, on its verge as we pass
(For 'tis she that must still be my theme),
Our shadows may view on the watery glass,
While the fish are at play in the stream.

* Charles Sackville, afterwards Duke of Dorset. It was written at Florence in 1737, on the death of John Gaston, the late Duke of Tuscany, of the house of Medici; and addressed to Signora Muscovita, a singer, a favorite of the author's.

May

May the herds cease to low, and the lambkins to bleat,
When she sings me some amorous strain;
All be silent and hush'd, unless Echo repeat
The kind words and sweet sounds back again!

And when we return to our cottage at night,
Hand-in-hand as we sauntering stray,
Let the moon's silver beams through the leaves give us light,
Just direct us, and chequer our way.

Let the nightingale warble its notes in our walk,
As thus gently and slowly we move;
And let no single thought be express'd in our talk,
But of friendship improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with these rural delights,
And secure from ambition's alarms,
Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights,
And each morning shall rise with new charms.

§ 38. *Song.* Moore.

How bless'd has my time been, what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jesse my own!
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodbines as often we stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
How pleasing their sport is, the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jesse and me.

To try her sweet temper, sometimes am I seen
In revels all day with the nymphs of the green;
Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with compliance and smiles.

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good-humour bloom all the year through;
Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
And cheat with false vows the too-credulous fair,
In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

§ 39. *A Song.* Fitzgerald.

The charms which blooming beauty shows
From faces heavenly fair,
We to the lily and the rose,
With semblance apt, compare.

With semblance apt; for, ah! how soon,
How soon they all decay!
The lily droops, the rose is gone,
And beauty fades away.

But when bright virtue shines confess'd,
With sweet discretion join'd;
When mildness calms the peaceful breast,
And wisdom guides the mind:

When charms like these, dear maid, conspire
Thy person to approve,
They kindle generous chaste desire,
And everlasting love.

Beyond the reach of time or fate
These graces shall endure;
Still, like the passion they create,
Eternal, constant, pure.

§ 40. *Song.*

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I:
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up,
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short, and wears away.
Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline:
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

§ 41. *Song.*

Had Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea,
Been as wise, or at least been as merry, as we,
He'd have thought better on't, and instead of his brine
Would have fill'd the vast ocean with generous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the main
For the sake of good liquor as well as for gain!
No fear then of tempests, or danger of sinking;
The fishes ne'er drown that are always a-drinking.

The hot thirsty sun then would drive with more haste,
Secure in the evening of such a repast;
And when he'd got tipsy would have taken his nap
With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,
Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine;
What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,
To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

How happy us mortals, when bless'd with such rain,
To fill all our vessels, and fill them again!
Nay even the beggar, that has ne'er a dish,
Might jump into the river, and drink like a fish.

What mirth and contentment on ev'ry one's brow,
Hob as great as a prince dancing after the plough!
The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
Although they but sip, would eternally sing.

The stars, who, I think, don't to drinking incline,
Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine;
And, merrily twinkling, would soon let us know
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had

Had this been the case, then what had we enjoy'd,
Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd;
A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour!

§ 42. *A Song.* Shenstone.

Adieu, ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old Care in floods of wine;
And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
Discern him struggling in the bowl!

Not yet is hope so wholly flown,
Not yet is thought so tedious grown,
But limpid streams and shady tree
Retain as yet some sweets for me.

And see, through yonder silent grove,
See yonder does my Daphne rove:
With pride her footsteps I pursue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire,
Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire:
I scorn the madness you approve,
And value reason next to love.

§ 43. *Song.*

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God or nature hath assign'd:
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay:
I seek no more than may suffice:
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall:
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toil, and keep with fear:
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, nor wealthy store,
No force to win a victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a lover's eye:
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why? my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more:
They are but poor, though much they have;
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly wave my mind can toss:
I brook that is another's bane.
I fear no foe, nor fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health, and perfect ease:
My conscience clear my chief defence:
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

I take no joy in earthly bliss;
I weigh not Crœsus' wealth a straw;
For care, I know not what it is;
I fear not Fortune's fatal law.
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plain, I climb no hill;
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;
I feign not love where most I hate;
I break no sleep to win my will;
I wait not at the mighty's gate;
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like ne loath:
Extremes are counted worst of all:
The golden mean betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall;
This is my choice; for why? I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

§ 44. *Song.* Countess *of* Winchelsea.

Would we attain the happier state
That is design'd us here;
No joy a rapture must create,
No grief beget despair:

No injury fierce anger raise,
No honor tempt to pride:
No vain desires of empty praise
Must in the soul abide:

No charms of youth or beauty move
The constant, settled breast:
Who leaves a passage free to love
Shall let in all the rest.

In such a heart soft peace will live,
Where none of these abound;
The great blessing Heaven does give,
Or can on earth be found.

§ 45. *Song.* Bedingfield.

To hug yourself in perfect ease,
What would you wish for more than these?
A healthy, clean, paternal seat,
Well shaded from the summer's heat.

A little parlour-stove, to hold
A constant fire from winter's cold,
Where you may sit and think, and sing,
Far off from court, God bless the king.

Safe from the harpies of the law,
From party-rage, and great man's paw;
Have choice few friends of your own taste;
A wife agreeable and chaste:

An

An open, but yet cautious mind,
Where guilty cares no entrance find;
Nor miser's fears, nor envy's spite,
To break the sabbath of the night.

Plain equipage, and temp'rate meals,
Few tailors', and no doctors' bills;
Content to take, as Heaven shall please,
A longer or a shorter lease.

§ 46. *Song.* Miss Pilkington.

I envy not the proud their wealth,
Their equipage and state:
Give me but innocence and health,
I ask not to be great.

I in this sweet retirement find
A joy unknown to kings,
For sceptres to a virtuous mind
Seem vain and empty things.

Great Cincinnatus at his plough
With brighter lustre shone,
Than guilty Cæsar e'er could show,
Though seated on a throne.

Tumultuous joys and restless nights
Ambition ever knows,
A stranger to the calm delights
Of study and repose.

Then free from envy, care, and strife,
Keep me, ye pow'rs divine!
And, pleas'd when ye demand my life,
May I that life resign!

§ 47. *Song. The Character of a happy Life.* Sir Henry Wotton.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death:
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath!

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood;
How deepest wounds are giv'n by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good!

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great!

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend!

This man is freed from servile hands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

§ 48. *Song.* Hildebrand Jacob, *Esq.*

I envy not the mighty great,
Those pow'rful rulers of the state,
Who settle nations as they please,
And govern at th' expense of ease.

Far happier the shepherd swain,
Who daily drudges on the plain,
And nightly in some humble shed
On rushy pillows lays his head.

No curst ambition breaks his rest,
No factious wars divide his breast;
His flocks, his pipe, and artless fair,
Are all his hope, and all his care.

§ 49. *Song.*

No glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square;
The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
And the rest are but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize;
Whilst sweet meditation, and cheerful content,
Shall make me both healthful and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
Unenvied I'll challenge my part;
For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
The many their labors employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in life
Is what all, if they please, may enjoy.

§ 50. *Song.* *Dr.* Darlton*.

Nor on beds of fading flow'rs,
Shedding soon their gaudy pride,
Nor with swains in syren bow'rs,
Will true pleasure long reside.

On awful virtue's hill sublime
Enthroned sits th' immortal fair:
Who wins her height must patient climb;
The steps are peril, toil, and care.

So from the first did Jove ordain
Eternal bliss for transient pain.

§ 51. *Song. A Moral Thought.* Dr. Hawkesworth.

Through groves sequester'd, dark, and still,
Low vales, and mossy cells among,
In silent paths the careless rill
With languid murmurs steals along.

A while it plays with circling sweep,
And ling'ring leaves its native plain;
Then pours impetuous down the steep,
And mingles with the boundless main.

* In the Masque of Comus. It seems to be imitated from a passage in the 17th book of Tasso's Jerusalem.

O let

O let my years thus devious glide
Through silent scenes obscurely calm;
Nor wealth nor strife pollute the tide,
Nor honor's sanguinary palm.

When labor tires, and pleasure palls,
Still let the stream untroubled be,
As down the steep of age it falls,
And mingles with eternity.

§ 52. *Song.*

From the court to the cottage convey me away,
For I'm weary of grandeur, and what they call gay;
Where pride without measure,
And pomp without pleasure,
Make life in a circle of hurry decay.

Far remote and retir'd from the noise of the town,
I'll exchange my brocade for a plain russet gown:
My friends shall be few,
But well chosen and true,
And sweet recreation our evening shall crown.

With a rural repast, a rich banquet for me,
On a mossy green turf, near some shady old tree,
The river's clear brink
Shall afford me my drink,
And temp'rance my friendly physician shall be.

Ever calm and serene, with contentment still blest,
Not too giddy with joy, or with sorrow deprest,
I'll neither invoke,
Or repine at death's stroke,
But retire from the world as I would to my rest.

§ 53. *Song. The Blind Boy.* Colley Cibber*.

O say what is that thing call'd light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy:
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

§ 54. *Song.* Robert Dodsley†.

How happy a state does the miller possess,
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less!
On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

What though he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's be-powder'd, the more like a beau:
A clown in his dress may be honester far
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Though his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean:
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold, in handling, will stick to the fingers like meal.

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs without scruple from other men's sacks;
In this of right noble example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
In this he would mimic the tools of the state;
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down, when he's weary, contented does lie;
Then rises up cheerful to work and to sing:
If so happy, a miller, then who'd be a king?

§ 55. *Song. The Old Man's Wish.* Dr. Pope.

If I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate:—In a country town
May I have a warm house, with a stone at the gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate!
May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay!

Near a shady grove, and a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at distance, whereon I may look;
With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.
May I govern, &c.

With Horace, and Petrarch, and two or three more
Of the best wits that reign'd in the ages before;
With roast mutton, rather than ven'son or teal,
And clean, though coarse, linen at ev'ry meal.
May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, with stout humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar;
With *Monte Fiascone*, or Burgundy wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.
May I govern, &c.

* Written for, and set by, the late celebrated Mr. Stanley, organist of St. Andrew, Holborn.
† In the entertainment of the Miller of Mansfield.

With

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day;
And, when I am dead, may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
He's gone, and [has] left not behind him his fellow:

For he govern'd his passion with an absolute sway,
And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away,
Without gout or stone by a gentle decay.

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§ 56. *Song. Time's Alteration.*

When this old cap was new,
'Tis since two hundred year,
No malice then we knew,
But all things plenty were;
All friendship now decays
(Believe me this is true),
Which was not in those days
When this old cap was new.

The nobles of our land
Were much delighted then
To have at their command
A crew of lusty men,
Which by their coats were known
Of tawney, red, or blue,
With crests on their sleeves shown,
When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banish'd all,
Unto our land's reproach,
When he whose means are small
Maintains both horse and coach;
Instead of a hundred men,
The coach allows but two;
This was not thought on then,
When this old cap was new.

Good hospitality
Was cherish'd then of many;
Now poor men starve and die,
And are not help'd by any:
For charity waxeth cold,
And love is found in few;
This was not in time of old,
When this old cap was new.

Where'er you travell'd then,
You might meet on the way
Brave knights and gentlemen,
Clad in their country grey,
That courteous would appear,
And kindly welcome you:
No puritans then were,
When this old cap was new.

Our ladies, in those days,
In civil habit went;
Broad-cloth was then worth praise,
And gave the best content:
French fashions then were scorn'd,
Fond fangles then none knew,
Then modesty women adorn'd,
When this old cap was new.

A man might then behold
At Christmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small:
The neighbours were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not chidden,
When this old cap was new.

Black jacks to ev'ry man
Were fill'd with wine and beer,
No pewter pot, nor can,
In those days did appear:
Good cheer in a nobleman's house
Was counted a seemly show;
We wanted no brawn or souse,
When this old cap was new.

We took not such delight
In cups of silver fine:
None under degree of a knight
In plate drank beer or wine:
Now each mechanical man
Hath a cupboard of plate for a show,
Which was a rare thing then
When this old cap was new.

Then brib'ry was unborn,
No simony men did use;
Christians did usury scorn,
Devis'd among the Jews:
The lawyers to be feed
At that time hardly knew,
For man with man agreed,
When this old cap was new.

No captain then carous'd,
Nor spent poor soldiers' pay;
They were not so abus'd
As they are at this day:
Of seven days they make eight,
To keep them from their due;
Poor soldiers had their right
When this old cap was knew.

Which made them forward still
To go, although not press'd;
And going with good-will,
Their fortunes were the best.
Our English then in fight
Did foreign foes subdue,
And forc'd them all to flight,
When this old cap was new.

God save our gracious king,
And send him long to live!
Lord, mischief on them bring
That will not their alms give;
But seek to rob the poor
Of that which is their due:
This was not in time of yore,
When this old cap was new.

§ 57 *Song.*

§ 57. *Song. The Vicar of Bray.*

In good king Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high-churchman I was,
And so I got preferment:
To teach my flock I never miss'd,
Kings are by God appointed,
And damn'd are those that do resist
Or touch the Lord's Anointed.
And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir—
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When Royal James obtain'd the crown,
And popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration:
The church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And had become a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declar'd,
To ease the nation's grievance;
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance:
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne became our queen,
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a tory:
Occasional conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation;
And thought the church in danger was
By such prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding time came o'er,
And mod'rate men look'd big, sir!
I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
And so became a whig, sir:
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new faith's defender;
And almost ev'ry day abjur'd
The pope and the pretender.
And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
And protestant succession;
To these I do allegiance swear—
While they can keep possession:
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.
And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir—
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

§ 58. *Song. The Storm.* G. A. Stevens.

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer!
List, ye landsmen, all to me!
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea;
From bounding billows fast in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies!

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By topsail-sheets and haulyards stand!
Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces,
The topsail sheets now let go;
Luff, boys, luff! don't make wry faces,
Up your topsails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;
Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms;
Round us roars the tempest louder,
Think what fear our minds enthrals;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain calls!

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course;
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear;
Hands up, each preventure-brace set,
Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash,
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring.
In our eyes blue lightnings flash;
One wide water all around us:
All above us one black sky;
Different deaths at once surround us:
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces;
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the well—the leak increases,
Four feet water in the hold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from thence there's no retreating!
Alas! to them there's no return!
Still the leak is gaining on us!
Both chain-pumps are chok'd below:
Heaven have mercy here upon us!
For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys,
See! our mizen-mast is gone!

The

The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up, and rig a jury foremast,
She rights, she rights, boys, we're off shore!

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind Heaven has sav'd our lives!
Come, the can, boys! let's be drinking
To our sweethearts and our wives;
Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
Close to our lips a brimmer join:
Where's the tempest now, who feels it?
None—the danger's drown'd in wine.

§ 59. *Song. Neptune's raging Fury; or the gallant Seaman's Sufferings.*

You gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah, little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas;
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly show
[All] the cares, and the fears,
When the stormy winds do blow.

All you that will be seamen,
Must bear a valiant heart,
For when you come upon the seas
You must not think to start;
Nor once to be faint-hearted,
In hail, rain, blow, or snow,
Nor to think for to shrink
When the stormy winds do blow.

The bitter storms and tempests
Poor seamen do endure,
Both day and night, with many a fright,
We seldom rest secure;
Our sleep it is disturbed
With visions strange to know,
And with dreams on the streams,
When the stormy winds do blow.

In claps of roaring thunder,
Which darkness doth enforce,
We often find our ship to stray
Beyond her wonted course:
Which causeth great distractions,
And sinks our hearts full low;
'Tis in vain to complain,
When the stormy winds do blow

Sometimes in Neptune's bosom
Our ship is tost in waves,
And ev'ry man expecting
The sea to be their graves!
Then up aloft she mounteth,
And down again so low,
'Tis with waves, O with waves,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then down again we fall to pray'r,
With all our might and thought,
When refuge all doth fail us,
'Tis that must bear us out;
To God we call for succour,
For he it is, we know,
That must aid us, and save us,
When the stormy winds do blow.

The lawyer and the usurer,
That sit in gowns of fur,
In closets warm, can take no harm,
Abroad they need not stir;
When winter fierce with cold doth pierce,
And beats with hail and snow,
We are sure to endure,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We bring home costly merchandize,
And jewels of great price,
To serve our English gallantry,
With many a rare device;
To please our English gallantry,
Our pains we freely show,
For we toil and we moil,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We sometimes sail to th' Indies,
To fetch home spices rare;
Sometimes again, to France and Spain,
For wines beyond compare;
Whilst gallants are carousing,
In taverns on a row,
Then we sweep o'er the deep,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When tempests are blown over,
And greatest fears are past,
In weather fair, and temp'rate air,
We straight lie down to rest;
But when the billows tumble,
And waves do furious grow,
Then we rouse, up we rouse,
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,
When England is at war
With any foreign nations,
We fear not wound nor scar;
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
Our valor for to know,
Whilst they reel, in the keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We are no cowardly shrinkers,
But true Englishmen bred,
We'll ply our parts, like valiant hearts,
And never fly for dread;
We'll play our business nimbly
Whene'er we come or go,
With our mates, to the Straits,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
And never be dismay'd,
Whilst we have bold adventurers
We ne'er shall want a trade;
Our merchants will employ us,
To fetch them wealth, I know;
Then be bold, work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When we return in safety,
With wages for our pains,
The tapster and the vintner
Will help to share our gains:
We call for liquor roundly,
And pay before we go;
Then we'll roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow.

§ 60. *Song.*

§ 60. *Song.* Goldsmith.

The wretch condemn'd with life to part
Still, still on hope relies;
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.
Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

§ 61. *Song.* Goldsmith.

O memory! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain:
Thou, like the world, th' oppress'd oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

§ 62. *Song.*

Gently touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe seems inclin'd to rest;
Fill her soul with fond desire,
Softest notes will sooth her breast:
Pleasing dreams assist in love:
Let them all propitious prove.

On the mossy bank she lies
(Nature's verdant velvet bed),
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head;
Zephyrs waft their odours round,
And indulging whispers sound.

§ 63. *The same parodied.*

Gently stir and blow the fire,
Lay the mutton down to roast,
Dress it quickly, I desire,
In the dripping put a toast.
That I hunger may remove;
Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dresser see it lie,
O! the charming white and red!
Finer meat ne'er met my eye.
On the sweetest grass it fed:
Let the jack go swiftly round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table spread the cloth,
Let the knives be sharp and clean:
Pickles get, and salad both,
Let them each be fresh and green:
With small beer, good ale, and wine,
O ye Gods! how I shall dine!

§ 64. *Song.* Shakspeare.

Under the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i' th' sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see,
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

§ 65. *A Dirge.* D'Urfey.

Sleep, sleep, poor youth! sleep, sleep in peace,
Reliev'd from love, and mortal care;
Whilst we, that pine in life's disease,
Uncertain blest less happy are.

Couch'd in the dark and silent grave,
No ills of fate thou now canst fear;
In vain would tyrant power enslave,
Or scornful beauty be severe.

Wars that do fatal storms disperse,
Far from thy happy mansion keep:
Earthquakes that shake the universe,
Can't rock thee into sounder sleep.

With all the charms of peace possest,
Secure from life's tormentor, pain,
Sleep, and indulge thyself with rest,
Nor dream thou e'er shalt rise again.

chorus.

Past is the fear of future doubt,
The sun is from the dial gone,
The sands are sunk, the glass is out,
The folly of the farce is done!

§ 66. *Song.* Garrick.

Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakspeare would dream,
The fairies by moon-light dance round his green bed,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.
The love-stricken maiden, the soft-sighing swain,
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain:
The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.
Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their truth,
And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth;
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.
Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow!
Be the swans on thy borders still whiter than snow!
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread!
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head.

§ 67. *Song.*

§ 67. *Song. The Fairies.*

Come follow, follow me,
Ye fairy elves that be,
Light tripping o'er the green;
Come follow Mab, your queen:
Hand in hand we'll dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest;
Unheard and unespied,
Through key-holes we do glide;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep;
Then we pinch their arms and thighs;
None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid:
Every night before we go,
We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread;
A grain of rye or wheat,
The diet that we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that's easily chew'd;
Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,
Do make a dish that's wondrous nice!

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our ministrelsy;
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile:
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass
So nimbly we do pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

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§ 68. *Song. The Thief and Cordelier.* Prior.

Who has e'er been at Paris must needs know the *Grève*,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave;
Where honor and justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles which force had put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge had begun:
There the squire of the pad, and the knight of the post,
Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes no more cross'd.
Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are known;
And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his own;
But my hearers cry out, What a deuce dost thou ail?
Put off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear;
And who to assist but a grave Cordelier!
Derry down, &c.

The squire whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seem'd not in great haste that the show should begin;
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.
Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good son? says the priest;
You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess'd.
O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon;
For 'twas not that I murdered, but that I was taken.
Derry down, &c.

Pooh! pry'thee, ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies;
Rely on the aid you shall have from St. Francis:
If the money you promised be brought to the chest,
You have only to die; let the church do the rest.
Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend! to-day is your period of sorrow:
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow? our hero replied in a fright;
He that's hang'd before noon ought to think of to-night.
Tell your beads, says the priest, and be fairly truss'd up;
For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the squire, howe'er sumptuous the treat,
Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat:
I should therefore esteem it great favor and grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my place.
Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the father, and thank you to boot;
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit:

The feast I propos'd to you, I cannot taste;
For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a fast.
Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the hangman, he said:
Dispatch me, I pray thee, this troublesome blade;
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie;
And we live by the gold for which other men die.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

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§ 69. *Song. Admiral Hosier's Ghost.*
GLOVER.

It was written by the ingenious author of Leonidas, on the taking of Porto-Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov. 22, 1739.—The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this: In April, 1726, that commander was sent with a strong fleet to the West Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country; or, should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them to England: he accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos, near Porto-Bello, but being restricted by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage, lay inactive on that station until he became the jest of the Spaniards: he afterwards removed to Carthagena, and continued cruising in these seas till the far-greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate.—This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart.

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently-swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;
There, while Vernon sate all-glorious
From the Spaniard's late defeat,
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet;

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard:
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd;
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And, with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre;
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands were seen to muster,
Rising from their wat'ry grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, O heed, our fatal story!
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost;
You, who now have purchas'd glory
At this place where I was lost:
Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears;
When you think of my undoing,
You will mix your joys with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping:
These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
Who were once my sailors bold;
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,
Did the Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders not to fight.
O! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain;
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achiev'd with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonor seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this galleon train had been.

Thus like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though, condemn'd for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom:
To have fallen, my country crying,
"He has play'd an English part,"
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence, with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feel my constant woe:
Here, the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

O'er the waves, for ever mourning,
Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
If, to Britain's shores returning,
You neglect my just request:
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England—sham'd in me.

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§ 70. *Song. Captain Death**.

The muse and the hero together are fir'd,
The same noble views have their bosoms inspir'd;

* Written, as it is said, by one of his surviving crew.

As freedom they love, and for glory contend,
The muse o'er the hero still mourns as a friend:
And here let the muse her poor tribute bequeath
To one British hero—'tis brave captain Death!
His ship was the Terrible—dreadful to see!
His crew was as brave and as gallant as he;
Two hundred or more was their good complement,
And sure braver fellows to sea never went:
Each man was determin'd to spend his last breath
In fighting for Britain and brave captain Death.
A prize they had taken diminish'd their force,
And soon the good prize-ship was lost in her course:
The French privateer * and the Terrible met:—
The battle begun—all with horror beset!
No heart was dismay'd, each as bold as Macbeth;
They fought for old England, and brave captain Death.
Fire, thunder, balls, bullets, were seen, heard, and felt;
A sight that the heart of Bellona would melt!
The shrouds were all torn, and the decks fill'd with blood,
And scores of dead bodies were thrown in the flood:
The flood, from the days of old Noah and Seth,
Ne'er saw such a man as our brave captain Death.
At last the dread bullet came wing'd with his fate,
Our brave captain dropp'd, and soon after his mate;
Each officer fell, and a carnage was seen,
That soon dyed the waves to a crimson from green:
And Neptune rose up, and he took off his wreath,
And gave it a Triton to crown captain Death.
Thus fell the strong Terrible bravely and bold;
But sixteen survivors the tale can unfold!
The French were the victors, though much to their cost,
For many brave French were with Englishmen lost.
And thus says old Time, "From good queen Elizabeth,
I ne'er saw the fellow of brave captain Death."

§ 71. *Song. The Sea Fight in* XCII†.

Thursday in the morn, the ides of May,
Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,
Brave Russel did discern, by dawn of day,
The lofty sails of France advancing now;
All hands aloft, aloft, let English valor shine,
Let fly a culverin, the signal for the line;
Let every hand supply his gun;
Follow me,
And you'll see
That the battle will be soon begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,
To meet the gallant Russel in combat on the deep;
He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To sink the English admiral and his fleet.
Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,
The bloody fight's begun, the sea itself on fire:
And mighty Fate stood looking on;
Whilst a flood,
All of blood,
Fill'd the scuppers of the Royal Sun!

Sulphur, smoke, and fire, disturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic shore;
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see the lofty streamers now no more.
At six o'clock the Red the smiling victors led,
To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow;
Now death and horror equal reign;
Now they cry,
Run or die,
British colors ride the vanquish'd main!

See, they fly amaz'd o'er rocks and sands!
One danger they grasp at to shun the greater fate;
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands;
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate!
For ever more adieu, thou Royal dazzling Sun,
From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun:
Enough, thou mighty god of war!
Now we sing,
Bless the king,
Let us drink to every English tar.

§ 72. *Song. Peggy*‡. Garrick.

Once more I'll tune the vocal shell,
To hills and dales my passion tell,
A flame which time can never quell,
That burns for thee, my Peggy:
Yet greater bards the lyre should hit;
For pray what subject is more fit,
Than to record the sparkling wit
And bloom of lovely Peggy?

* Called the Vengeance.

† The great naval victory, intended to be celebrated by this excellent old song, was determined, after a running action of several days, off Cape La Hogue, on the coast of Normandy, the 22d of May, 1692, in favor of the English and Dutch combined fleets, consisting of 99 sail of the line, under the command of Admiral Russel, afterwards Earl of Orford, over a French squadron of about half that number, commanded by the Chevalier Tourville, whose ship *Le Soleil Royal* carried upwards of a hundred guns, and was esteemed the finest vessel in Europe. This last fleet was fitted out for the purpose of restoring King James the Second to his dominions; and that prince, together with the Duke of Berwick, and several great officers both of his own court and of the court of France, and even Tourville himself, beheld the final destruction of the French ships from an eminence on the shore. It is now certain that Russel had engaged to favor the scheme of his old master's restoration, on condition that the French took care to avoid him; but Tourville's impetuosity and rashness rendered the whole measure abortive: and the distressed and ill-fated monarch retired in a fit of despondency, to mourn his misfortunes, and recover his peace of mind, amid the solitary gloom of La Trappe.

‡ This song was written in compliment to Mrs. Woffington.

The sun first rising in the morn,
That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn,
As does my lovely Peggy:
And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
He's not so beauteous as undress'd
Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyr on the violet blows,
Or breathes upon the damask rose,
He does not half the sweets disclose
That does my lovely Peggy.
I stole a kiss the other day,
And, trust me, nought but truth I say,
The fragrance of the blooming May
Is not so sweet as Peggy.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon the oaten reed,
To please my lovely Peggy:
With her a cottage would delight,
All's happy when she's in my sight;
But when she 's gone it 's endless night—
All's dark without my Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r shall rove,
And linnets warble through the grove,
Or stately swans the rivers love,
So long shall I love Peggy:
And when death with his pointed dart
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
My words shall be, when I depart,
"Adieu, my lovely Peggy!"

§ 73. *Song. The Miller's Wedding.* Garrick.

Leave, neighbours, your work, and to sport and to play;
Let the tabor strike up, and the village be gay:
No day through the year shall more cheerful be seen;
For Ralph of the Mill marries Sue of the Green.

CHORUS.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
And while the wind blows,
And while the mill goes,
Who'll be so happy, so happy as we?

Let lords and fine folks, who for wealth take a bride,
Be married to-day, and to-morrow be cloy'd:
My body is stout, and my heart is as sound;
And my love, like my courage, will never give ground.
Chorus——I love Sue, &c.

Let ladies of fashion the best jointures wed,
And prudently take the best bidders to bed:
Such signing and sealing's no part of our bliss;
We settle our hearts, and we seal with a kiss.
Chorus——I love Sue, &c.

Though Ralph is not courtly, nor none of your beaux,
Nor bounces, nor flatters, nor wears your fine clothes.
In nothing he'll follow the folks of high life,
Nor e'er turn his back on his friend or his wife.
Chorus——I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill,
While thus thou art kind, and thy tongue but lies still,
Our joys shall continue and ever be new,
And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.
Chorus——I love Sue, &c.

§ 74. *Sung in the Winter's Tale.* Garrick.

Come, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we must shear;
In your holiday-suits with your lasses appear:
The happiest of folk are the guileless and free;
And who are so guileless, so happy, as we?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught,
We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught;
What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes;
For, knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led,
But we as the children of Nature are bred;
By her hand alone we are painted and dress'd;
For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the breast.

That giant, ambition, we never can dread;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head:
Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door,
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possest us, that love we reveal;
Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel;
So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

§ 75. *Song.* Garrick.

Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once blest is a lover no more;
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
Your roses and lilies, may make the men sigh;
But roses, and lilies, and sighs pass away,
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your favorite guitar,
Though music's in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame at your kindness, and come at command:
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
For hearts, like young birds, may be tam'd to your will.

Be gay and good-humor'd, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind;
'Tis thus that a wife may her conquest improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of Love.

§ 76. *Song*

§ 76. *Song in Harlequin's Invasion.* Garrick.

To arms! ye brave mortals, to arms:
The road to renown lies before you!
The name of King Shakspeare has charms
To rouse you to actions of glory.

Away! ye brave mortals, away!
'Tis Nature calls on you to save her;
What man but would Nature obey,
And fight for her Shakspeare for ever!

§ 77. *Song in the same.* Garrick.

Thrice happy the nation that Shakspeare has charm'd!
More happy the bosoms his genius has warm'd!
Ye children of nature, of fashion and whim,
He painted you all, all join to praise him.
Chorus. Come away! come away!
His genius calls—you must obey.

From highest to lowest, from old to the young,
All states and conditions by him have been sung;
All passions and humors were rais'd by his pen;
He could soar with the eagle, and sink with the wren.
Chorus. Come away, &c.

To praise him ye Fairies and Genii repair,
He knew where ye haunted, in earth or in air:
No phantom so subtle could glide from his view,
The wings of his fancy were swifter than you.
Chorus. Come away! come away!
His genius calls—you must obey.

§ 78. *Song in the Country Girl.* Garrick.

Tell not me of the roses and lilies
Which tinge the fair cheek of your Phillis;
Tell not me of the dimples and eyes
For which silly Corydon dies:
Let all whining lovers go hang;
My heart would you hit,
Tip your arrow with wit,
And it comes to my heart with a twang, twang,
And it comes to my heart with a twang.

I am rock to the handsome and pretty,
Can only be touch'd by the witty;
And beauty will ogle in vain:
The way to my heart's through my brain.
Let all whining lovers go hang:
We wits, you must know,
Have two strings to our bow,
To return them their darts with a twang, twang,
To return them their darts with a twang.

§ 79. *Air in Cymon.* Garrick.

You gave me last week a young linnet,
Shut up in a fine golden cage;
Yet how sad the poor thing was within it,
O how it did flutter and rage!
Then he mop'd and he pin'd,
That his wings were confin'd,
Till I open'd the door of his den:
Then so merry was he;
And, because he was free,
He came to his cage back again.

§ 80. *Air in Cymon.* Garrick.

Yet awhile, sweet sleep, deceive me,
Fold me in thy downy arms;
Let not care awake to grieve me,
Lull it with thy potent charms.

I, a turtle doom'd to stray,
Quitting young the parent's nest,
Find each bird a bird of prey;
Sorrow knows not where to rest!

§ 81. *Shakspeare's Mulberry Tree.* Garrick.

Behold this fair goblet! 'twas carv'd from the tree,
Which, O my sweet Shakspeare, was planted by thee!
As a relic I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine!
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree;
Bend to thee,
Blest Mulberry!
Matchless was he
Who planted thee,
And thou like him immortal shalt be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
Who spread round your branches, whose heads sweep the sky;
Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here
To root out the natives at prices so dear;
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast;
But of fir we make ships, we have thousands that fight,
While one, only one, like our Shakspeare can write.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flowers;
The garden of Shakspeare all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flowers, and fairest of fruit.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch
Supplies law and physic, and grace for the church;
But law and the gospel in Shakspeare we find,
And he gives the best physic for body and mind.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,
From him and his merits this takes its degree;
Let Phœbus and Bacchus their glories resign,
Our tree shall surpass both the laurel and vine.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c.

The genius of Shakspeare outshines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
So the tree that he planted, by making his own,
Has laurel, and bays, and the vine, all in one.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c.

Then each take a relic of this hallow'd tree;
From folly and fashion a charm let it be:
Fill, fill to the planter the cup to the brim;
To honor the country, do honor do him.

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree;
Bend to thee,
Blest Mulberry!
Matchless was he
Who planted thee,
And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

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§ 82. *The Friar of Orders Grey.*

"Dispersed through Shakspeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor was tempted to select some of them, and with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together, and form them into a little tale.

"One small fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher."

It was a friar of orders grey
Walk'd forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever, at yon holy shrine,
My true-love thou didst see.

And how should I know your true-love
From many another one?—
O, by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon:

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks, that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green-grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloisters long
He languish'd, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

Here bore him, bare-faced on his bier,
Six proper youths and tall;
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth?
And art thou dead and gone?
And didst thou die for love of me?
Break, cruel heart of stone!

O weep not, lady, weep not so!
Some ghostly comfort seek:
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

And now, alas! for thy sad loss,
I'll ever weep and sigh;
For thee I only wish to live,
For thee I wish to die.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain:
For violets pluck'd, the sweetest show'rs
Will ne'er make grow again.

Our joys as winged dreams do fly,
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past.

O say not so, thou holy friar!
I pray thee, say not so!
For since my true-love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he never come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah, no! he is dead, and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose,
The comeliest youth was he.
But he is dead, and laid in his grave,
Alas! and woe is me!

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea, and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer-trees were leafy.

Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee, say not so!
My love he had the truest heart;
O he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth?
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell, home! for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay;
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay.

Yet stay, fair lady, stay a while
Beneath this cloister wall:
See, through the hawthorn blows the wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall.

O stay me not, thou holy friar,
O stay me not, I pray!
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of grey,
Thy own true-love appears.

Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought:
And here, amidst these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought.

But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet pass'd away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay.

Now

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I've found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.

§ 83. *Song. Black-eyed Susan.* Gay.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
O where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew.

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
The cord glides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear:
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
At every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet free from harms,
William shall to his dear return:
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gives the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
No longer must she stay on board:
They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head;
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
Adieu! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

§ 84. *Song.* Rowe.

As on a summer's day,
In the greenwood shade I lay,
The maid that I lov'd,
As her fancy mov'd,
Came walking forth that way.

And as she passed by,
With a scornful glance of her eye,
What a shame, quoth she,
For a swain must it be,
Like a lazy loon for to lie!

And dost thou nothing heed
What Pan our god has decreed,
What a prize to-day
Shall be given away
To the sweetest shepherd's reed?

There's not a single swain
Of all this fruitful plain,
But with hopes and fears
Now busily prepares
The bonny boon to gain.

Shall another maiden shine
In brighter array than thine?
Up, up, dull swain,
Tune thy pipe once again,
And make the garland mine.

Alas! my love, I cried,
What avails this courtly pride?
Since thy dear desert
Is written in my heart,
What is all the world beside?

To me thou art more gay,
In this homely russet grey,
Than the nymphs of our green,
So trim and so sheen,
Or the brightest queen of May.

What though my fortune frown,
And deny thee a silken gown;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this shade,
And a shepherd all thy own.

§ 85. *Song.* Prior.

Alexis shunn'd his fellow-swains,
Their rural sports and jocund strains:
Heaven shield us all from Cupid's bow!
He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
And, wand'ring through the lonely rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came,
His grief some pity, others blame,
The fatal cause all kindly seek;
He mingled his concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly tears,
He sigh'd, but could not speak.

Clarinda came, among the rest;
And she, too, kind concern express'd,
And ask'd the reason of his woe;
She ask'd, but with an air and mien
That made it easily foreseen
She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head.
And will you pardon me, he said,
While I the cruel truth reveal;
Which nothing from my breast should tear,
Which never should offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain,
You are the cause of all my care:
Your eyes ten thousand daggers dart,
Ten thousand torments vex my heart,
I love, and I despair.

Too much, Alexis, have I heard;
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd,
And yet I pardon you, she cried;
But you shall promise, ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your pain:
He bow'd, obey'd—and died.

§ 86. *Song.*

One morning very early, one morning in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did sing;
Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus sung she,
I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O cruel were his parents who sent my love to sea,
And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love from me!
Yet I love his parents, since they're his, altho' they've ruin'd me,
And I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O! should it please the pitying pow'rs to call me to the sky,
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge, around my love to fly;
To guard him from all dangers, how happy should I be!
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wondrous fine,
With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine,
And I'll present it to my love, when he returns from sea;
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O if I were a little bird to build upon his breast,
Or if I were a nightingale to sing my love to rest!
To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward should be!
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O, if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky!
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my love might spy:
But ah, unhappy maiden! that love you ne'er shall see:
Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

§ 87. *Song.*

The sun was sunk beneath the hill,
The western clouds were lin'd with gold;
Clear was the sky, the wind was still,
The flocks were penn'd within the fold;
When in the silence of the grove
Poor Damon thus despair'd of love:

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
From the hard rock or oozy beach,
Who from each weed that barren grows
Expects the grape or downy peach,
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in woman-kind.

No herds have I, no fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain,
No pastures green, or gardens fair,
A woman's venal heart to gain;
Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
Whose whole estate, alas! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since women's hearts are bought and sold!
They ask no vows of sacred truth;
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold:
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove;
But I am scorn'd—who have but love.

To buy the gem of India's coast
What wealth, what riches, would suffice?
Yet India's shore should never boast
The lustre of thy rival eyes;
For there the world too cheap must prove:
Can I then buy—who have but love?

Then, Mary, since nor gems nor ore
Can with thy brighter self compare,
Be just, as fair, and value more
Than gems or ore a heart sincere:
Let treasure meaner beauties move;
Who pays thy worth must pay in love.

§ 88. *Song.*

What beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
But Mary's, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure can yield.

The warblers are heard in each grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant ev'ry bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
Kind Nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her can compare;
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's fairest where thousands are fair.

Say,

Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
O tell me, at noon where they feed!
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

§ 89. *Song. Nancy of the Vale.* Shenstone.

The western sky was purpled o'er
With ev'ry pleasing ray,
And flocks, reviving, felt no more
The sultry heat of day;
When from a hazel's artless bow'r
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
He bless'd the scene, he bless'd the hour,
While Nancy's praise he sung.

Let fops with fickle falsehood range
The paths of wanton love;
Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
And sadden ev'ry grove:
But endless blessings crown the day
I saw fair Esham's dale;
And every blessing find its way
To Nancy of the Vale.

'Twas from Avona's bank the maid
Diffus'd her lovely beams;
And ev'ry shining glance display'd
The Naiad of the streams.
Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
That float on Avon's tide,
Bright as the water-lily sprung
And glitt'ring near its side.

Fresh as the bord'ring flow'rs her bloom,
Her eye all mild to view;
The little halcyon's azure plume
Was never half so blue.
Her shape was like the reed, so sleek,
So taper, straight, and fair;
Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
How charming sweet they were!

Far in the winding vale retir'd
This peerless bud I found,
And shadowing rocks and woods conspir'd
To fence her beauties round.
That nature in so lone a dell
Should form a nymph so sweet,
Or fortune to her secret cell
Conduct my wand'ring feet!

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
But she would ne'er incline:
Prove to your equals true, she cried,
As I will prove to mine.
'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow
Has won my right good-will;
To him I give my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill.

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I clasp'd the constant fair;
To her alone I give my youth,
And vow my future care.
And when this vow shall faithless prove,
Or I these charms forego,
The stream that saw our tender love,
That stream shall cease to flow.

§ 90. *Song. To the Memory of W. Shenstone, Esq.* Cunningham.

Come, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
And see our lov'd Corydon laid:
Though sorrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let the sad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the pride of the plain;
In sooth he was gentle and kind;
He mark'd, in his elegant strain,
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd the thyme for the bees,
But never would rifle their cell.
Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat, and your master bemoan;
His music was artless and sweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
No bloom on the blossoms appear;
The sweets of the forest shall fail,
And winter discolour the year.
No birds in our hedges shall sing
(Our hedges so vocal before),
Since he that should welcome the spring
Can greet the gay season no more.

His Phillis was fond of his praise,
And poets came round in a throng;
They listen'd, and envy'd his lays,
But which of them equall'd his song?
Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
For lost is the pastoral strain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

§ 91. *Song.* Lyttelton

The heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me;
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in ev'ry look declare
Your heart is still the same;
And heal each idle anxious care
Our fears in absence frame?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene
When shortly we shall meet,
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that sooths my mind
Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love;

All I of Venus ask is this—
No more to let us join;
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
To die and think you mine.

§ 92. *Song.*

§ 92. *Song.* Lyttelton.

When Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other swain commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, the shadiest grove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for ev'ry swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

§ 93. *Song.* Soame Jenyns.

Too plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare;
But for love's sake let it suffice
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
Nor further urge your sway;
Press not for what I must deny,
For fear I should obey.

Could all your arts successful prove,
Would you a maid undo,
Whose greatest failing is her love,
And that her love for you?

Say, would you use that very pow'r
You from her fondness claim,
To ruin in one fatal hour
A life of spotless fame?

Resolve not then to do an ill,
Because perhaps you may;
But rather use your utmost skill
To save me, than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard;
Defend, and not pursue;
Since 'tis a task for me too hard
To strive with love and you.

§ 94. *Song. The Power of Music.* Lisle.

When Orpheus went down to the regions below,
Which men are forbidden to see,
He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories show,
To set his Eurydice free.

All hell was astonish'd a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far—but how vast their surprise,
When they heard that he came for his wife!

To find out a punishment due to his fault,
Old Pluto long puzzled his brain;
But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought—
So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding found place in his heart;
And, pleas'd with his playing so well,
He took her again in reward of his art.
Such power had music in hell!

§ 95. *Song.* Rowe.

To the brook and the willow, that heard him complain,
Ah willow! willow!
Poor Colin went weeping, and told him his pain.
Sweet stream, he cried, sadly I'll teach thee to flow,
And the waters shall rise to the brink with my woe.
All restless and painful my Celia now lies,
And counts the sad moments of time as it flies:
To the nymph, my heart's love, ye soft slumbers, repair,
Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her your care;
Let me be left restless, mine eyes never close,
So the sleep that I lose give my dear one repose.
Sweet stream! if you chance by her pillow to creep,
Perhaps your soft murmurs may lull her to sleep:
But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed,
And the loss of my charmer the fates have decreed,
Believe me, thou fair one, thou dear one, believe,
Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give;
One fate to thy Colin and thee shall betide,
And soon lay thy shepherd down by thy cold side.
Then glide, gentle brook, and to lose thyself haste,
Bear this to my willow; this verse is my last.
Ah willow! willow! Ah willow! willow!

§ 96. *Song.*

Dear Chloe, while thus beyond measure
You treat me with doubts and disdain,
You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
And hoard up an old age of pain:
Your maxim, that love is still founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You will find to be very ill-grounded
When once you its dictates obey.

The passion from beauty first drawn,
Your kindness will vastly improve;
Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,
Fruition's the sunshine of love:
And though the bright beams of your eyes
Should be clouded that now are so gay,
And darkness obscure all the skies,
We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
You oft have regarded with wonder;
He is dropsical, she is sore-ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneasy asunder:
Together they totter about,
And sit in the sun at the door;
And at night, when old Darby's pipe's out,
His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty or wit they possess,
Their several failings to smother;
Then what are the charms, can you guess,
That make them so fond of each other?
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
The endearments that love did bestow,
The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
The best of all blessings below.

These

These traces for ever will last,
Which sickness nor time can remove;
For when youth and beauty are past,
And age brings the winter of love,
A frendship insensibly grows
By reviews of such raptures as these,
And the current of fondness still flows,
Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

§ 97. *Song.* Gilbert Cooper.

Away! let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move thy fear;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.

What though no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble, we'll be good.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess;
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Shall sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke,
And all the great ones much shall wonder
How they admire such little folk.

Through youth and age, in love excelling,
We 'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
Whilst round my knees they fondly clung,
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy Time transported
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

§ 98. *Song.* Percy.

O Nancy! wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer drest in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go;
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

§ 99. *Song.* Mallet.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
And, while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies;
And in soft raptures waste the day,
Among the shades of Endermay!

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At *this* thy living bloom must fade,
As *that* will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er;
The feather'd songsters love no more:
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the shades of Endermay.

§ 100. *The Spanish Lady's Love.*

Will you hear a Spanish lady,
How she woo'd an English man?
Garments gay, as rich as may be,
Deck'd with jewels had she on:
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
Both by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lie;
Cupid's bands did tie them faster,
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
For to set all ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.
O then, said this lady gay, full woe is me!
O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

Gallant captain, show some pity
To a lady in distress;
Leave me not within this city,
For to die in heaviness:
Thou hast set, this present day, my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee.

" How

" How shouldst thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou know'st thy country's foe?
Thy fair words make me suspect thee;
Serpents lie where flowers grow."
All the harm I wish on thee, most courteous knight,
God grant upon my head the same may fully light!

Blessed be the time and season
That thou cam'st on Spanish ground!
If you may our foes be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts each one,
Then to your country bear away that is your own.

" Rest you still, most gallant lady:
Rest you still, and weep no more;
Of fair flowers you have plenty,
Spain doth yield you wondrous store."
Spaniards fraught with jealousy we oft do find,
But Englishmen throughout the world are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
Thou alone enjoy'st my heart;
I am lovely, young and tender,
Love is likewise my desert:
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;
The wife of ev'ry Englishman is counted blest.

" It would be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
I will quickly change myself, if it be so,
And, like a page, will follow thee where'er thou go.

" I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case:
And to travel is great charges;
As you know, in ev'ry place."
My chains and jewels ev'ry one shall be thy own,
And eke ten thousand pounds in gold that lies unknown.

" On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from wat'ry eyes."
Well, in troth I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.

" Courteous lady, leave this folly,
Here comes all that breeds the strife;
I, in England, have already
A sweet woman to my wife;
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

O how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend;
Many happy days God send her!
And of my suit I 'll make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which love and true affection did first commence.

Commend me to that gallant lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold,
With these bracelets for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold:
All my jewels, in like sort, take thou with thee;
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all his laws defy;
In a nunnery I will shroud me,
Far from any company:
But, ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

Thus farewell, most gallant captain!
Farewell to my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my mind was bent:
Joy and true prosperity go still with thee!
" The like fall unto thy share, most fair lady!"

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§ 101. *Ballad. The Children in the Wood: or, The Norfolk Gentleman's last Will and Testament.*

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
The words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk liv'd of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help that he could have;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possess'd one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind:
In love they liv'd, in love they died,
And left two babes behind:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old:
The other a girl, more young than he,
And made in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year;

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage day,
Which might not be controll'd.
But if the children chanc'd to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth;
For so the will did run.

Now brother, said the dying man,
Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else I have here:
To God and you I do commend
My children night and day;
But little while, be sure, we have
Within this world to stay.

You

You must be father and mother both,
And uncle, all in one;
God knows what will become of them
When I am dead and gone.
With that bespake their mother dear:
O brother kind, quoth she,
You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery.

And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
If otherwise you seem to deal,
God will your deeds regard.
With lips as cold as any stone
She kiss'd her children small:
God bless you both, my children dear
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke
To this sick couple there:
The keeping of your children dear,
Sweet sister, do not fear;
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in grave!

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them both unto his house,
And much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
When for their wealth he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young,
And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife, and all he had,
He did the children send
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide;
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decay.

So that the pretty speech they had,
Made murd'rers' hearts relent;
And they that undertook the deed
Full sore they did repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell at strife;
With one another they did fight
About the children's life.
And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
When tears stood in their eye;
And bade them come and go with him,
And look they did not cry:
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain:
Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,
When I do come again.

These pretty babes with hand in hand
Went wandering up and down:
But never more they saw the man
Approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmear'd and dy'd;
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wander'd these two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
As babes wanting relief.
No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breast painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt a hell.
His barns were fir'd, his goods consum'd,
His lands were barren made,
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him staid.

And, in the voyage of Portugal,
Two of his sons did die;
And, to conclude, himself was brought
To extreme misery:
He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land
Ere seven years came about,
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out:

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to die,
As was God's blessed will;
Who did confess the very truth,
The which is here express'd;
Their uncle died, while he for debt
In prison long did rest.

All you that be executors made,
And overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek:
Take you example by this thing,
And give to each his right;
Lest God with such like misery,
Your wicked minds requite.

---

§ 102. *Ballad. The Hunting in Chevy Chase*

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all!
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chase befal.

To

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take;

The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase
To kill and bear away.
The tidings to Earl Douglas came
In Scotland, where he lay;

Who sent Earl Percy present word
He would prevent his sport.
The English earl, not fearing this,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might;
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deer;
On Monday they began to hunt,
When day-light did appear;

And, long before high noon, they had
A hundred fat bucks slain;
Then, having din'd, the drovers went
To rouse them up again.

The bowmen muster'd on the hills,
Well able to endure,
Their back-sides all, with special care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take;
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughter'd deer;
Quoth he, Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here:

If that I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay.
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say:

Lo! yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Tividale,
Fast by the river Tweed.
Then cease your sport, Earl Percy said,
And take your bows with speed:

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horseback come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear.

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold:

Show me, said he, whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here;
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer?

The man that first did answer make,
Was noble Percy he:
Who said, We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be:

Yet will we spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest harts to slay.
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:

Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die:
I know thee well; an earl thou art,
Lord Percy: so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside.
Accurs'd be he, Lord Percy said,
By whom this is denied.

Then stepp'd a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, I would not have it told
To Henry our king, for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on:
You be two earls, said Witherington,
And I a squire alone:

I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have strength to stand;
While I have pow'r to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots they slew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Douglas had the bent;
A captain mov'd with mickle pride,
The spears to shivers sent.

They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scatter'd here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might;
Like lions mov'd, they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight.

They

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of temper'd steel:
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, Lord Percy, Douglas said;
In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced be,
By James our Scottish king.

Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee:
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see.

No, Douglas, quoth Earl Percy then,
Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow:

Who never spoke more words than these:
Fight on, my merry men all;
For why? my life is at an end:
Lord Percy sees my fall.

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand:
And said, Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I have lost my land!

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take.

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery he was call'd;
Who, with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight:

And pass'd the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear;
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The spear went through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain.
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble earl was slain;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he:

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The grey-goose wing that was thereon
In his heart-blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell
The battle scarce was done.

With the Earl Percy there was slain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold baron:

And with Sir George, and good Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For, when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery;
Sir Charles Currèl, that from the field
One foot would never fly;

Sir Charles Murrèl of Ratcliffe too,
His sister's son was he:
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell, in like wise,
Did with Earl Douglas die:
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,
Under the greenwood-tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times
When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

O heavy news! King James did say;
Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he.

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy Chase.

Now God be with him, said our king,
Sith 'twill no better be;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred good as he.

Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take;
And be revenged on them all
For brave Lord Percy's sake.

This,

This vow full well the king perform'd,
After, on Humbledown.
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown:

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many hundreds die.
Thus ended the hunting of Chevy Chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

§ 103. *Song. Sir Cauline.*

There is something peculiar in the metre of this old ballad; it is unusual to meet with redundant stanzas of six lines; but the occasional insertion of a double third or fourth line, as ver. 31, 44, &c. is an irregularity I do not remember to have seen elsewhere.

It may be proper to inform the reader before he comes to Pt. 2, ver. 110, 111, that the round table was not peculiar to the reign of king Arthur, but was common in all the ages of chivalry. The proclaiming a great tournament (probably with some peculiar solemnities) was called "holding a Round Table." Dugdale tells us, that the great baron Roger de Mortimer "having procured the honor of knighthood to be conferred 'on his three sons' by king Edward I. he, at his own costs, caused a tournament to be held at Kenilworth, where he sumptuously entertained an hundred knights and as many ladies, for three days; the like whereof was never before in England; and there began the round table, (so called by reason that the place wherein they practised those feats was environed with a strong wall made in a round form:) and upon the fourth day, the golden lion, in sign of triumph, being yielded to him, he carried it (with all the company) to Warwick." It may further be added that Matthew Paris frequently calls justs and tournaments *Hastiludia Mensæ Rotundæ*.

As to what will be observed in this ballad, of the art of healing being practised by a young princess; it is no more than what is usual in all the old romances, and was conformable to real manners; it being a practice derived from the earliest times among all the Gothic and Celtic nations, for women, even of the highest rank, to exercise the art of surgery. In the Northern Chronicles we also find the young damsels stanching the wounds of their lovers, and the wives those of their husbands. And even so late as the time of queen Elizabeth, it is mentioned among the accomplishments of the ladies of her court, that "the eldest of them are skilful in surgery." See Harrison's Description of England, prefixed to Hollingshed's Chronicle, &c.

The First Part.

In Ireland, ferr over the sea,
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;
And with him a yong and comlye knighte,
Men call him Syr Cauline.

The kinge had a lady to his daughter,
In fashyon she hath no peere;
And princely wightes that ladye wooed,
To be theyr wedded feere.

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,
But nothing durst he saye;
Ne descreeve his counsayl to no man
But dearlye he lovde this may.

Till on a daye it so beffell,
Great dill to him was dight;
The maydens love removde his mynd,
To care-bed went the knighte.

One while he spred his arms him fro,
One while he spred them nye;
And aye! but I winne that ladyes love,
For dole now I mun dye.

And when our parish-masse was done,
Our kinge was bowne to dyne:
He says, Where is Syr Cauline,
That is wont to serve the wyne?

Then aunswerde him a courteous knighte,
And fast his handes gan wringe:
Syr Cauline is sick, and like to dye
Without a good leechinge.

Fetche me downe my daughter deere,
She is a leeche fulle fine:
Goe take him doughe, and the baken bread,
And serve him with the wyne soe red;
Lothe I were him to tine.

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,
Her maydens followyng nye:
O well, she sayth, how doth my lord?
O sicke, thou fayre ladyè.

Now ryse up wightlye, man, for shame,
Never lye soe cowardlee;
For it is told in my father's halle,
You dye for love of mee.

Fayre ladye, it is for your love
That all this dill I drye:
For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,
Then were I brought from bale to blisse,
No longer would I lye.

Syr knighte, my father is a kinge,
I am his only heire;
Alas! and well you knowe, syr knighte,
I never can be your feere.

O ladye, thou art a kinges daughtér,
And I am not thy peere,
But let me doe some deedes of armes,
To be youre bacheleere.

Some deeds of armes if thou wilt doe,
My bacheleere to be,
(But ever and aye my heart would rue,
Giff harm should happe to thee,)

Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,
Upon the mores brodínge;
And dare ye, syr knighte, wake there all nighte,
Untill the fair morninge?

For the Eldridge knighte, so mickle of mighte,
Will examine you beforne;
And never man bare life away,
But he did him scath and scorne.

That knighte he is a foul paynim,
And large of limb and bone;
And but if heaven may be thy speede,
Thy life it is but gone.

Nowe on the Eldridge hills Ile walke,
For thy sake, fair ladie;
And Ile either bring you a ready tokén,
Or Ile never more you see.

The

The ladye is gone to her own chaumbère,
Her maydens following bright:
Syr Cauline lop'd from care-bed soone,
And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,
He walked up and downe;
Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe
Over the bents soe browne.
Quoth hee, If cryance come till my heart,
I am ffar from any good towne.

And soon he spyde on the mores so broad
A furyous wight and fell;
A ladye bright his brydle led,
Clad in a fayre kyrtèll:

And soe fast he called on syr Cauline,
O man, I reede thee flye,
For but if cryance come till thy heart,
I weene but thou mun dye.

He sayth, No cryance comes till my heart,
Nor, in fayth, I will not flee;
For, cause thou minged not Christ before,
The less me dreadeth thee.

The Eldridge knighte he pricked his steed;
Syr Cauline bold abode:
Then either shooke his trustye speare,
And the timber these two children* bare
So soon in sunder slode.

Then took they out theyr two good swordes,
And layden on full faste,
Till helme and hawkbere, mail and sheelde,
They all were well-nye brast.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
And stiffe in stower did stand;
But syr Cauline with a backward stroke
He smote off his right hand;
That soone he with paine and lacke of blond
Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then up syr Cauline lift his brande
All over his head so hye:
And here I sweare by the holy roode,
Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye.

Then up and came that ladye brighte,
Faste wringing of her hande:
For the maydens love, that most you love,
Withhold that deadly brande:

For the maydens love, that most you love,
Now smyte no more I praye;
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
He shall thy hests obaye.

Now swear to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,
And here on this lay-land,
That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,
And thereto plight thy hand:

And that thou never on Eldridge come
To sporte, gamon, or playe;
And that thou here give up thy armes
Until thy dying day.

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes
With many a sorrowfulle sighe;
And sware to obey sir Caulines hest,
Till the time that he shold dye.

And he then up, and the Eldridge knighte
Sett him in his saddle annone,
And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye
To theyr castle they are gone.

Then he tooke up the bloudy hand,
That was so large of bone,
And on it he founde five ringes of gold
Of knightes that had been slone.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,
As hard as any flint;
And he took off those ringès five
As bright as fire and brent.

Home then pricked syr Cauline
As light as leafe on tree:
I wys he neither stint ne blanne,
Till he his ladye see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee
Before that ladye gay:
O ladye, I have been on the Eldridge hills:
These tokens I bring way.

Now welcome, welcome, syr Cauline,
Thrice welcome unto mee,
For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,
Of valour bold and free.

O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,
Thy hests for to obaye;
And mought I hope to winne thy love!—
Ne more his tonge colde say.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde,
And fette a gentill sighe:
Alas! sir knighte, how may this bee,
For my degree's soe highe?

But sith thou hast hight, thou comely youth,
To be my batchilere,
Ile promise if thee I may not wedde
I will have none other fere.

Then shee held forthe her lily-white hand
Towards that knighte so free:
He gave to it one gentill kisse,
His heart was brought from bale to blisse,
The teares sterte from his ee.

But keep my counsayl, syr Cauline,
Ne let no man it knowe;
For an ever my father sholde it ken,
I wot he wolde us sloe.

From that day forthe that ladye fayre
Lovde syr Cauline the knighte:
From that daye forthe he only joyde
Whan shee was in his sight.

Part the Second.

Everye white will have its blacke,
And every sweete its sowre:
This found the ladye Christabelle
In an untimely howre.

* Knights.

For so it befelle, as syr Cauline
Was with that ladye faire,
The king her father walked forthe
To take the evenyng aire:

And into the arboure as he went
To rest his wearye feet,
He found his daughter and syr Cauline
There sette in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge hee sterted forth, iwys,
And an angrye man was hee:
Now, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,
And rewe shall thy ladie.

Then forth syr Cauline he was ledde,
And throwne in dungeon deepe;
And the ladye into a towre so hye,
There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene she was syr Caulines friend,
And to the kinge said she:
I pray you save syr Caulines life,
And let him banisht bee.

Now, dame, that traitor shall be sent
Across the salt sea fome:
But here I will make with thee a band,
If ever he come within this land,
A foule deathe is his doome.

All woe-begone was that gentill knight
To parte from his ladyè;
And many a time he sighed sore,
And cast a wistfulle eye:
Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,
Farre lever had I dye.

Faire Christabelle, that ladye brighte,
Was had forthe of the towre:
But ever shee droopeth in her minde,
As, nipt by an ungentle winde,
Doth some faire lillye flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe
To tint her lover soe;
Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,
But I will still be true.

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,
And lords of high degree,
Did sue to that fayre ladye of love;
But never she wolde them nee.

When many a daye was past and gone,
Ne comforte she colde finde,
The kinge proclaimed a tourneament,
To cheere his daughters mind:

And there came lords, and there came knightes,
Fro manye a farre countrye
To break a spere for theyr ladyes love,
Before that faire ladye.

And many a ladye there was sette
In purple and in palle;
But faire Christabelle soe woe-begone
Was the fayrest of them all.

Then many a knighte was mickle of might
Before his ladye gaye:
But a stranger wight, whom no man knewe,
He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke,
His hewberke and his sheelde,
Ne noe man wist whence he did come,
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone
When they came out the feelde.

And now three days were prestlye past
In feates of chivalrye,
When lo, upon the fourth morninge
A sorrowfulle sight they see.

A hugye giaunt stiff and starke,
All foule of limbe and lere;
Two goggling eyen like fire farden,
A mouthe from care to eare.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,
That waited on his knee;
And at his backe five heads he bare,
All wan and pale of blee.

Sir, quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,
Behold that hend soldain!
Behold these heads I bear with me!
They are kings which he hath slain.

The Eldridge knighte is his own cousine,
Whom a knighte of thine hath shent:
And hee is come to avenge his wrong;
And to thee, all thy knightes among,
Defiance here hath sent.

But yette he will appease his wrath
Thy daughters love to winne:
And but thou yeelde him that fayre mayd
Thy halls and towers must brenne.

Thy head, syr king, must go with mee;
Or else thy daughter deere;
Or else within these lists soe broad
Thou must find him a peere.

The king he turned him round aboute,
And in his heart was woe.
Is there never a knighte of my round tablè,
This matter will undergo?

Is there never a knighte amongst yee all
Will fight for my daughter and mee?
Whoever will fight yon grimme soldàn,
Right faire his meede shall be;

For he shall have my broad lay-lands,
And of my crowne be heyre;
And he shall winne fayre Christabelle,
To be his wedded fere.

But every knighte of his round tablè
Did stand both still and pale;
For whenever they lookt on the grim soldàn,
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,
When she saw no helpe was nye:
She cast her thought on her own true-love,
And the teares gusht from her eye.

Up then sterte the stranger knighte,
Said, Ladye, be not affrayd;
Ile fight for thee with this grimme soldàn,
Thoughe he be unmacklye made.

And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sworde,
That lyeth within thy bowre,
I trust in Christe for to slay this fiende,
Thoughe he be stiffe in stowre.

Goe

Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge sworde,
The kinge he cryde, with speede:
Nowe heaven assist thee, courteous knighte;
My daughter is thy meede.

The gyaunt he stepped into the lists,
And sayd, Awaye, awaye:
I sweare, as I am the hend soldàn,
Thou lettest me here all daye.

Then forth the stranger knighte he came
In his blacke armoure dight:
The ladye sighed a gentle sighe,
"That this were my true knighte!"

And now the gyaunt and knighte be mett
Within the lists so broad:
And now with swordes so sharpe of steele,
They gan to lay on load.

The soldan strucke the knighte a stroke,
That made him reele asyde:
Then woe-begone was that faire ladye,
And thrice she deeply sighde.

The soldan strucke a second stroke,
And made the bloude to flowe:
All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,
And thrice she wept for woe.

The soldan strucke a third fell stroke,
Which brought the knighte on his knee;
Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,
And she shriekt loud shriekings three.

The knighte he leapt upon his feete,
All recklesse of the paine;
Quoth he, But heaven be now my speede,
Or else I shall be slaine.

He grasped his sword with mayne and mighte,
And spying a secrette part,
He drave it into the soldan's syde,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shoute,
When they sawe the soldan falle:
The ladye wept, and thanked Christ,
That had reskewed her from thrall.

And nowe the kinge with all his barons
Rose uppe from off his seate,
And downe he stepped into the listes,
That curteous knighte to greete.

But he for paine and lacke of bloude
Was fallen into a swounde,
And there all waltering in his gore,
Lay lifelesse on the grounde.

Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare,
Thou art a leeche of skille;
Farre lever had I lose half my landes,
Than this good knighte sholde spille.

Down then stepped that faire ladyè,
To helpe him if she maye;
But when she did his beavere raise,
It is my life, my lord, she sayes,
And shriekte and swound awaye.

Sir Cauline juste lifte up his eyes
When he heard his ladye crye.
O ladye, I am thine owne true love;
For thee I wisht to dye.

Then giving her one partinge looke,
He closed his eyes in death,
Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,
Began to draw her breathe.

But when she founde her comelye knighte
Indeed was dead and gone,
She layd her pale cold cheeke to his,
And thus she made her moane:

O staye, my deare and onlye lord,
For me thy faithful feere;
'Tis meet that I shold followe thee,
Who hast bought my love soe deare.

Then fayntinge in a deadly swoune,
And with a deep-fette sighe
That burst her gentle heart in twayne,
Fayre Christabelle did dye.

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§ 104. *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne.*

"In this time (about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard I.) were many robbers, and out-lawes, among the which Robin Hood, and Little John, renowned theeves, continued in woods, despoyling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them; or by resistance for their own defence.

"The said Robert entertained an hundred tall men and good archers with such spoiles and thefts as he got, upon whom four hundred (were they ever so strong) durst not give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested; poore men's goods he spared, abundantlie relieving them with that, which by theft he got from abbeys and the houses of rich earles; whom Maior the historian blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all theeves he affirmeth him to be the prince and the most gentle theefe." *Stowe's Annals*, p. 159.

Whan shaws beene sheene, and shraddes full fayre,
And leaves both large and longe,
Itt's merrye walkyng in the fayre forrest
To hear the small birdes songe.

The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,
Sitting upon the spraye,
So lowde, he wakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.

Now by my faye, said jollye Robin,
A sweaven I had this night;
I dreamt me of tow wighty yemen,
That fast with me gan fight.

Methought they did me beat and binde,
And tooke my bowe me froe;
Iff I be Robin alive in this lande,
Ile be wroken on them towe.

Sweavens are swift, sayd Lyttle John,
As the wind blowes over the hill;
For iff it be never so loude this night,
To-morrow it may be still.

Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
And John shall goe with mee,
For Ile goe seeke yond wighty yeomen,
In greenwood where they bee.

They then cast on theyr gownes of grene,
And took theyr bowes each one;
And they away to the grene forrest
A shooting forth are gone;

Untill they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdest to bee:
There they were ware of a wight yeoman,
That leaned against a tree.

A sworde and a dagger he wore by his side,
Of manye a man the bane;
And he was clad in his capull hyde
Top and tayll and mayne.

Stand still, master, quoth Lyttle John,
Under this tree so green,
And I will go to yond wight yeoman
To know what he doth meane.

Ah! John, by me thou settest noe store,
And that I farley finde:
How often send I my men before,
And tarry myselfe behinde?

It is no cunning a knave to ken,
An a man but heare him speake;
An it were not for bursting of my bowe,
John, I thy head would breake.

As often wordes they breeden bale,
So they parted Robin and John;
And John is gone to Barnesdale,
The gates* he knoweth eche one.

But when he came to Barnesdale,
Great heavinesse there hee hadd,
For he found tow of his owne fellowes
Were slaine both in a slade,

And Scarlette he was flying a-foote
Fast over stocke and stone,
For the proud sheriffe with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.

One shoote now I will shoote, quoth John,
With Christ his might and mayne;
Ile make yond sheriffe that wends so fast,
To stopp he shall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bowe,
And fettled him to shoote:
The bow was made of tender boughe,
And fell downe at his foote.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
That ever thou grew on a tree;
For now this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou shold bee.

His shoote it was but loosely shott,
Yet flew not the arrowe in vaine,
For it mett one of the sheriffes men,
And William a Trent was slaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent
To have bene abed with sorrowe,
Than to be that day in the greenwood slade
To meet with Little John's arrowe.

But as it is said, when men be mett,
Fyve can doe more than three,
The sheriffe hath taken Little John,
And bound him fast to a tree.

Thou shalt be drawen by dale and downe,
And hanged hye on a hill.
But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose, quoth John,
If it be Christ his will.

Lett us leave talking of Little John,
And thinke of Robin Hood,
How he is gone to the wight yeoman,
Where under the leaves he stood.

Good morrow, good fellowe, sayd Robin so fayre,
Good morrow, good fellow, quo he:
Methinks, by this bowe thou beares in thy hande,
A good archere thou sholdst bee.

I am wilfulle of my waye, quo' the yeman,
And of my morning tyde.
Ile lead thee through the wood, sayd Robin:
Good fellow, Ile be thy guide.

I seeke an outlawe, the straunger sayd,
Men call him Robin Hood;
Rather I'd meet with that proud outlawe
Than fortye pound soe good.

Now come with me, thou wighty yeman,
And Robin thou soone shalt see:
But first let us some pastime find
Under the greenwood tree.

First let us some masterye make
Among the woods so even,
We may chance to meet with Robin Hood
Here at some unsett steven.

They cut them down two summer shroggs,
That grew both under a breere,
And set them threescore rood in twaine
To shoote the prickes y-fere.

Leade on, good fellowe, quoth Robin Hood,
Leade on, I do bidd thee.
Nay by my faith, good fellowe, hee sayd,
My leader thou shalt bee.

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,
He mist but an inch it fro:
The yeoman he was an archer good,
But he cold never do soe.

The second shoote had the wightye yeman,
He shot within the garland:
But Robin he shot far better than hee,
For he clave the good pricke-wande.

A blessing upon thy heart, he sayd;
Goode fellowe, thy shooting is goode;
For an thy heart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better than Robin Hood.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, sayd he,
Under the leaves of lyne.
Nay by my faith, quoth bolde Robin,
Till thou have told me thine.

I dwelle by dale and downe, quoth hee,
And Robin to take I me sworne;
And when I am called by my right name
I am Guy of good Gisborne.

My dwelling is in this wood, says Robin,
By thee I set right nought:
I am Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
Whom thou so long hast sought.

* Ways, passes, paths.

He that had neyther been kithe nor kin,
Might have seen a full fayre sight,
To see how together these yeomen went
With blades both browne and bright:

To see how these yeomen together they fought,
Two howres of a summer's day:
Yet neither Robin Hood nor Sir Guy
Them fettled to fly awaye.

Robin was reachles on a roote,
And stumbled at that tyde;
And Guy was quicke and nimble withall,
And hitt him upon the syde.

Ah deere Ladye, said Robin Hood, thou
That art both mother and may,
I think it was never mans destinye
To dye before his day.

Robin thought on our Ladye deere,
And soon leapt up againe;
And strait he came with a backward stroke,
And he Sir Guy hath slayne.

He took Sir Guys head by the hayre,
And stuck it upon his bowes end:
Thou hast been a traytor all thy life,
Which thing must have an end.

Robin pulled forth an Irysh knife,
And nicked Sir Guy in the face,
That he was never on woman born
Cold know whose head it was.

Sayes, Lye there, lye there, now, Sir Guye,
And with me be not wrothe:
Iff thou have had the worst strokes at my hand,
Thou shalt have the better clothe.

Robin did off his gowne of greene,
And on Sir Guy did throwe,
And he put on that capull hyde,
That clad him topp to toe.

Thy bowe, thy arrows, and little horne,
Now with me I will beare;
For I will away to Barnesdale,
To see how my men doe fare.

Robin Hood sett Guys horne to his mouth,
And a loud blast in it did blow,
That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.

Hearken, hearken, sayd the sheriffe,
I heare nowe tydings good,
For yonder I hear Sir Guyes horne blowe,
And he hath slaine Robin Hoode.

Yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blowe,
Itt blowes soe well in tyde;
And yonder comes that wightye yeoman,
Cladd in his capull hyde.

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good Sir Guy,
Aske what thou wilt of mee.
O I will none of thy gold, sayd Robin,
Nor I will none of thy fee:

But now I have slaine the master, he sayes,
Lett me goe strike the knave;
For this is all the meede I aske,
None other reward Ile have.

Thou art a madman, sayd the sheriffe,
Thou sholdst have had a knightes fee:
But seeing thy asking hath beene soe bad,
Well granted it shall bee.

When Little John heard his master speake,
Well knew he it was his steven:
Now shall I bee looset, quoth Little John,
With Christ his might in heaven.

Fast Robin hee hyed him to Little John,
He thought to loose him blive;
The sheriffe and all his companye
Fast after him gan drive.

Stand abacke, stand abacke, sayd Robin;
Why draw you me so neere?
Itt was never the use in our countrye,
Ones shrift another shold heere.

But Robin pulled forth an Irysh knife,
And losed John hand and foote,
And gave him Sir Guyes bow into his hand,
And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guyes bow in his hand,
His bolts and arrowes eche one;
When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,
He fettled him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham towne
He fled full fast away:
And so did all the companye:
Not one behind wold stay.

But he cold neither runne soe fast,
Nor away so fast cold ryde,
But Little John with an arrowe soe broad,
He shott him into the backe-syde.

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§ 105. *Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly.*

They were three noted outlaws, whose skill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of residence was in the forest of Englewood, not far from Carlisle (called corruptly in the ballad English-wood, whereas Engle or Ingle wood signifies wood for firing). At what time they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballad on the pedigree, education, and marriage, of Robin Hood, makes them contemporary with Robin Hood's father, in order to give him the honor of beating them; viz.

The father of Robin a forester was,
And he shot in a lusty long bow
Two north-country miles and an inch at a shot,
As the pinder of Wakefield does know;
For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,
And William of Clowdèslee,
To shoot with our forester for forty mark;
And our forester beat them all three.
Collect. of Old Ballads, 1723, 1st vol. p. 67.

This seems to prove that they were commonly thought to have lived before the popular hero of Sherwood.

I have only to add further concerning the principal hero of this ballad, that the Bells were noted rogues in the north so late as the time of Q. Elizabeth. See, in Rymer's Fœdera, a letter from Lord William Howard to some of the officers of state, wherein he mentions them.

Part the First.

Mery it was in grene forèst
Among the levès grene,
Whereas men hunt east and west
Wyth bowes and arrowes kene;

To ryse the dere out of theyr denne:
Suche sightes hath ofte bene sene;
As by thre yemen of the north countrèy,
By them it is I meane.

The one of them hight Adam Bel,
The other Clym of the Clough*,
The thyrd was William of Cloudesly,
An archer good ynough.

They were outlawed for venyson,
These yemen everchone;
They swore them brethren upon a day,
To Englyshe wood for to gone.

Now lith and lysten, gentylmen,
That of myrthe loveth to here:
Two of them were single men,
The third had a wedded fere.

Wyllyam was the wedded man,
Muche more than was hys care:
He sayde to hys brethren upon a day,
To Carleil he wold fare;

For to speke with fayre Alyce his wife,
And with hys children thre.
By my trouth, sayde Adam Bel,
Not by the counsell of me:

For if ye go to Carleil, brother,
And from thys wylde wode wende,
If the justice may you take,
Your lyfe were at an ende.

If that I come not to-morrow, brother,
By tyme to you agayne,
Truste not els but that I am take,
Or else that I am slayne.

He took his leave of his brethren two,
And to Carleil he is gon:
Theyre he knocked at his owne windowe,
Shortly and anone.

Wher be you, fayre Alyce my wyfe,
And my chyldren thre?
Lyghtly let in thine owne husbande,
Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

Alas! then sayde fayre Alyce,
And syghed wonderous sore,
Thys place hath ben besette for you
Thys halfe yere and more.

Now am I here, said Cloudeslè,
I wold that in I were:
Now fetche us meate and drynke ynoughe,
And let us make good chere.

She fetched hym meate and drynke plentyè,
Lyke a true wedded wyfe:
And pleased hym with that she had,
Whome she loved as her lyfe.

There lay an old wyfe in that place,
A lytle besyde the fyre,
Whych Wyllyam had found of charytyè
More than seven yere.

Up she rose, and forth she goes,
Evel mote she spede therefoore;
For she had not set no fote on ground
In seven yere before.

She went unto the justice-hall,
As fast as she could hye:
Thys night is come unto thys town
Wyllyam of Cloudeslyè.

Thereof the justice was full fayne,
And so was the sherife also:
Thou shalt not trauaill hither, dame, for nought,
Thy mede thou shalt have or thou go.

They gave to her a ryght good goune
Of scarlate and of graine:
She toke the gyfte, and home she wente,
And couched her downe agayne.

They rysed the towne of mery Carleile
In all the haste they can;
And came thronging to Wyllyames house,
As fast as they might gone.

Theyre they besette that good yemàn
About on every side:
Wyllyam hearde great noyse of folkes,
That theytherward they hyed.

Alyce opened a back wyndow,
And loked all aboute:
She was ware of the justice and shirife bothe,
Wyth a full great route.

Alas! treason, cryed Alyce,
Ever wo may thou be!
Goe into my chamber, husband, she sayd,
Sweet Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

He toke hys sweard and hys bucler,
Hys bow and hys chyldren thre,
And wente into hys strongest chamber,
Where he thought surest to be.

Fayre Alyce, lik a lover true,
Took a pollaxe in her hande:
He shal be dead that here commeth in
Thys dore, whyle I may stand.

Cloudeslè bente a wel-good bowe,
That was of trusty tre:
He smot the justice on the brest,
That hys arowe brest in three.

A curse on his harte, said William,
Thys day thy cote dyd on!
If it had ben no better than myne,
It had gone nere thy bone.

Yeld the, Cloudeslè, sayd the justise,
Thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro.
A curse on hys hart, said fair Alyce,
That my husband concelleth so.

* Clym of the Clough, means Clem. (Clement) of the valley; for so Clough signifies in the North.

Set

Set fyre on the house, saide the sherife,
Syth it wyll no better be,
And brenne we therein William, he saide,
Hys wyfe and chyldren thre.

They fyred the house in many a place;
The fyre flew up on hye:
Alas! then cryed fair Alyce,
I se we here shall dy.

William openyd a back wyndòw,
That was in hys chamber hie,
And wyth shetes let downe his wyfe,
And eke hys chyldren thre.

Have here my treasure, sayde William,
My wyfe and my chyldren thre:
For Christès love do them no harme,
But wreke you all on me.

Wyllyam shot so wonderous weli,
Tyll hys arrowes were all agoe,
And the fyre so fast upon hym fell,
That hys bowstryng brent in two.

The sparkles brent and fell upon
Good Wyllyam of Cloudesle:
Than he was a wofull man, and sayde,
Thys is a cowardes death to me.

Lever had I, sayde Wyllyam,
With my sworde in the route to renne,
Then here among myne enemyes wode
Thus cruelly to bren.

He toke hys sweard and hys buckler,
And among them all he ran,
Where the people were most in prece,
He smote down many a man.

There myght no man abyde his stroke,
So fersly on them he ran:
Then they threw wyndowes and dores on him,
And so toke that good yeman.

There they hym bounde both hande and fote,
And in depe dongeon cast.
Now, Cloudesle, sayd the hye justice,
Thou shalt be hanged in hast.

A payre of new gallowes, sayd the sherife,
Now shal I for the make;
And the gates of Carleil shal be shutte,
No man shall come in thereat.

Then shall not helpe Clym of the Cloughe,
Nor yet shall Adam Bell,
Though they come with a thousand mo,
Nor all the devels in hell.

Early in the mornynge the justice uprose,
To the gates first gan he gon,
And commaundeth he to be shut full close
Lightilè everychone.

Then went he to the markett place,
As fast as he could hye;
A payre of new gallous there he set up
Besyde the pyllorye.

A lyttle boy among them asked,
What meaneth that gallow-tree?
They sayde, To hang a good yeamàn,
Called Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

That lytle boye was the towne swyne-heard,
And kept fayre Alyces swine:
Oft he had seene Cloudesle in the woode,
And geuend hym there to dyne.

He went out att a crevis in the wall,
And lightly to the wood dyde gone:
There met he with these wightye yemen
Shortly and anone.

Alas! then sayde that lytle boye,
Ye tary here all to longe;
Cloudesle is taken, and dampned to death,
All readye for to honge.

Alas! then sayd good Adam Bell,
That ever we see thys daye!
He had better with us have taryed,
So ofte as we dyd hym praye.

He myght have dwellyd in grene forèste,
Under the shadowes grene,
And have kept both hym and us in reste,
Out of trouble and teene.

Adam bent a ryghte good bow,
A great hart sone had he slayne:
Take that, chylde, he sayde, to thy dynner,
And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.

Now go we hence, sayde these wightye yeomen,
Tary we no lenger here;
We shall hym borowe by God his grace,
Though we bye it full dere.

To Carleil wente these good yemen,
In a merry mornynge of Maye.—
Here is a Fyt* of Cloudeslye,
And another is for to saye.

Part the Second.

And when they came to merry Carleil,
And in the mornynge tyde,
They founde the gates shut them untyll
About on every syde.

Alas! then sayd good Adam Bell,
That ever we were made men!
These gates be shut so wonderous wel,
We may not come here in.

Then bespake him Clym of the Clough,
Wyth a wyle we wyl us in bryng:
Let us saye we be messengers,
Streyght come nowe from our king.

Adam sayd, I have a letter written,
Now let us wysely werke,
We wyl saye we have the kynges seals;
I holde the porter no clerke.

Then Adam Bell bete on the gate,
With strokes great and strong;
The porter herde such noyse therat,
And to the gate he throng.

Who is there nowe, sayde the porter,
That maketh all thys dinne?
We be tow messengers, sayde Clim of the Clough,
Be come ryght from our kyng.

We have a letter, sayde Adam Bel,
To the justice we must it bryng:
Let us in our message to do,
That we were agayne to the kyng.

* Part.

Here cometh none in, sayd the porter,
Be hym that dyed on a tre,
Tyll a false theefe be hanged up
Called Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

Then spake the good yeman Clym of the Clough
And swore by Mary fre:
An if that we stande long without,
Lyk a theefe honge thou shalt be.

Lo! here we have the kynges seale:
What, lurden, art thou wode?
The porter went it had been so,
And lyghtly dyd off hys hode.

Welcome be my lordes seale, he sayde;
For that ye shall come in.
He opened the gate full shortlye;
An euyl openyng for him.

Now are we in, sayde Adam Bell,
Therof we are full faine;
But Christ he knowes, that harowed hell,
How we shall com out agayne.

Had we the keys, sayd Clim of the Clough,
Ryght wel then should we spede,
Then might we come out wel ynough
When we se tyme and nede.

They called the porter to counsell,
And wrange hys necke in two,
And cast him in a depe dongeon,
And toke hys keys hym fro.

Now am I porter, sayd Adam Bell,
Se, brother, the keys are here,
The worst porter to merry Carleile
They have had thys hundred yere.

And now wyll we our bowes bend,
Into the towne wyll we go,
For to delyuer our dere brother,
That lyeth in care and wo.

Then they bent theyr good yewe bowes,
And loked theyr stringes were sound,
The markett place in mery Carleile
They beset that stound.

And, as they loked them besyde,
A pair of new galowes thei see,
And the justice, with a quest of squyers,
Had judged theyr fere to de:

And Cloudesle himselfe lay in a carte,
Fast bound both fote and hand;
And a stronge rope about hys necke,
All readye for to hange.

The justice called to hym a ladde,
Cloudeslès clothes should he have,
To take the measure of that yemàn,
Therafter to make hys grave.

I have sene as great mervaile, sayde Cloudesle,
As betweyne thys and pryme,
He that maketh thys grave for me
Hymselfe may lye therin.

Thou speakest proudli, sayd the justice,
I shall the hange with my hande.
Full well herd this his bretheren two,
There styll as they did stande.

Then Cloudeslè cast his eyen asyde,
And saw hys brethren twaine
At a corner of the market-place,
Redy the justice for to slaine.

I se comfort, sayd Cloudesle,
Yet hope I well to fare,
If I might have my hands at wyll
Ryght lytle wolde I care.

Then bespake good Adam Bell
To Clym of the Clough so free:
Brother, se ye marke the justice wel;
Lo! yonder ye may him see:

And at the sherife shote I wyll
Strongly wyth arrowe kene;
A better shote in mery Carleile
Thys seven yere was not sene.

They loosed their arrowes both at once,
Of no man had thei dread;
The one hyt the justice, the other the sheryfe,
That both theyr sides gan blede.

All men voyded, that them stode nye,
When the justice fell to the grounde,
And the sheryf fell hym by;
Eyther had his deathes wounde.

All the citizens fast gan flye,
They durst no lenger abyde:
There lyghtly they loosed Cloudeslè,
Where he with ropes lay tyde.

Wyllyam sterte to an officer of the towne,
His axe fro hys hand he wronge,
On eche syde he smote them downe,
Hym thought he taryed to long.

Wyllyam saide to his brethren two:
Thys daye let us lyve and de;
If ever you have nede as I have now,
The same shall you finde by me.

They shot so well in that tyde,
Theyr stringes were of silke ful sure,
That they kept the stretes on every side;
That batayle did long endure.

The fought together as brethren tru,
Lyke hardy men and bolde,
Many a man to the ground they thrue,
And many a herte made colde.

But when their arrowes were all gon,
Men preced to them full fast,
They drew their swordes then anone,
And theyr bowes from them cast.

They wenten lyghtlye on theyr way,
With swordes and bucklers round:
By that it was myd of the day,
They made mani a wound.

There was many a nout-horne in Carleile blowen,
And the belles backward did ryng,
Many a woman sayde, Alas!
And many theyr handes did wryng.

The mayre of Carleile forth was com,
Wyth hym a full great route:
These yemen dred him full sore,
Of their lyves they stode in doute.

The

The mayre came armed a full great pace,
With a pollaxe in hys hande;
Many a strong man wyth him was,
There in that stowre to stande.

The mayre smot at Cloudeslè with his bil,
Hys bucler he brast in two,
Full many a yeman with great evyll,
Alas! they cryed for wo.
Keepe we the gates fast, they bad,
That these traytours thereout not go.

But al for nought was that the wrought,
For so faste they downe were layde,
Tyll they all thre, that so manfulli fought,
Were gotten without, abraide.

Have here your keys, sayd Adam Bel,
Myne office I here forsake,
And yf you do by my counsell,
A new porter do ye make.

He threw theyr keys at theyre heads,
And bade them well to thryve,
And all that letteth any good yeman
To com and comfort his wyfe.

Thus be these good yemen gon to the wod,
And lyghtly, as lefe on lynde;
The lough and be mery in theyre mode,
Theyr foes wer ferr behind.

And when they came to the old Englishe wode,
Under the trusty tre,
There they found bowes full good,
And arrowes full great plentyè.

So God me help, sayd Adam Bell,
And Clym of the Clough so fre,
I would we were in mery Carleile,
Before that fayre meynè.

They set them downe, and made good chere,
And eate and dranke full well.—
A Second Fyt of the wighty yeomen:
Another I wyll you tell.

Part the Third.

As they sat in Englyshe wood,
Under the green-wode tre,
They thought they heard a woman wepe,
But her they mought not se.

Sore then syghed the fayre Alyce:
That ever I sawe thys daye!
For nowe is my dere husband slayne:
Alas! and well-a-day!

Might I have spoke with his dere brethren,
Or with eyther of them twayne,
To shew them what him befell,
My heart were out of payne.

Cloudeslè walk'd a little beside,
Lookt under the green-wood linde,
He was ware of his wife, and children thre,
Full wo in harte and mynde.

Welcome, wyfe, then sayd Wyllyam,
Under this trusti tre:
I wende yesterday, by sweete saynt John,
Thou shoulde me never have see.

"Now well is me that ye be here,
My harte is out of wo."
Dame, he sayde, be mery and glad,
And thanke my brethren two.

Herof to speake, said Adam Bell,
Iwis it is no bote:
The meate that we must supp withall,
It runneth yet fast on fote.

Then went they downe into a launde,
These noble archares thre;
Eche of them slew a hart of greece,
The best that they could se.

Have here the best, Alyce my wyfe,
Sayde Wyllyam of Cloudeslye;
By cause ye so bouldly stode by me,
When I was slayne full nye.

Then went they to theyr suppère
Wyth suche meate as they had;
And thanked God of their fortune,
They were both mery and glad.

And when thei had supped well,
Certain wythouten lease,
Cloudeslè sayd, We wyll to our kyng,
To get us a charter of peace.

Alyce shal be at our sojournyng,
In a nunnery here besyde;
My tow sons shall wyth her go,
And there they shall abyde.

Myne eldest son shall go wyth me;
For hym have you no care;
And he shall breng you worde agayn,
How that we all do fare.

Thus be these yemen to London gone,
As fast as they might he*,
Tyll they came to the kyng's pallàce,
Where they would nedes be.

And whan they came to the kyngès courte,
Unto the pallace-gate,
Of no man wold they ask no leave,
But boldly went in therat.

The preced prestly, went into the hall,
Of no man had they dreade:
The porter came after, and dyd them call,
And with them gan to chyde.

The usher sayde, Yemen, what would ye have?
I pray you tell to me:
You myght thus make offycers shent:
Good syrs, of whence be ye?

Syr, we be outlawes of the forest,
Certayne withouten lease:
And hether we be come to our kyng,
To get us a charter of peace.

And whan they came before the kyng,
As it was the lawe of the lande,
They kneled downe without lettyng,
And eche held up his hand.

The sayed, Lord, we beche the here,
That ye will graunt us grace:
For we have slayne your fat fałow-dere
In many a sondry place.

What be your nams, then said our kyng,
Anone that you tell me?
They said, Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
And Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

* Hie, hasten.

Be ye those theves, then sayd our kyng,
That men have tolde of to me?
Here to God I make an avowe,
Ye shall be hanged all thre.

Ye shal be dead without mercy,
As I am kynge of this lande.
He commandeth his officers every one,
Fast on them to lay hande.

There they toke these good yemen,
And arrested them all thre:
So may I thryve, said Adam Bell,
Thys game lyketh not me.

But, good lorde, we beseche you now,
That yee graunt us grace,
Insomuche as frelè to you we comen,
As frelè fro you to passe,

With such weapons as we have here,
Tyll we be out of your place;
And yf we lyve this hundreth yere,
We wyll aske you no grace.

Ye speake proudly, sayd the kynge;
Ye shall be hanged all thre.
That were great pity, then said the quene,
If any grace myght be.

My lorde, when I came fyrst into this lande
To be your wedded wyfe,
The fyrst boone that I wold aske,
Ye wold graunt it me belyfe:

And I never asked none tyll now;
Then, good lorde, graunt it me.
Now ask it, madam, said the kynge,
And graunted it shall be.

Then, good my lord, I you beseche,
These yemen graunt ye me.
Madame, ye myght have asked a boone
That should have been worth them all three.

Ye myght have asked towres and townes,
Parkes and forests plentè.
But none soe pleasant to my pay, shee sayd;
Nor none so lefe to me.

Madame, sith it is your desire,
Your asking graunted shal be;
But I had lever have geven you
Good market townes thre.

The quene was a glad woman,
And so ale, Lord, gramarcyè;
I dare undertake for them
That true men they shal be.

But, good my lord, speke some mery word,
That comfort they may se.
I graunt you grace, then sayd our kyng,
Washe, felos, and to meate go ye.

They had not setten but a whyle
Certayne without lesynge,
There came messengers out of the north
With letters to our kyng:

And whan they came before the kynge,
They knelt downe on theyr kne;
Sayd, Lord, your officers grete you well,
Of Carleile in the north cuntrè.

How fareth my justice, sayd the kyng,
And my sherife also?
Syr, they be slayne, without leasynge,
And many an officer mo.

Who hath them slayne? sayd the kyng:
Anone thou tell to me.
Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,
And Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

Alas for rewth! then sayd our kynge,
My hart is wonderous sore;
I had lever than a thousande pounde,
I had known of thys before;

For I have graunted them grace,
And that forthynketh me:
But had I knowen all thys before,
They had been hanged all thre.

The kyng he opened the letter anone,
Himselfe he read it thro',
And founde how these outlawes had slaine
Thre hundred men and mo

Fyrst the justice, and the sheryfe,
And the mayre of Carleile towne;
Of all the constables and catchipolles,
Alyve were scant left one.

The baylyes and the bedyls both,
And the sergeaunte of the law,
And forty fosters of the fe,
These outlawes had yslaw.

And broke his parks, and slayne his dere;
Of all they chose the best;
So perelous outlawes as they were,
Walked not by easte or west.

When the kyng this letter had red,
In harte he syghed sore:
Take up the tables anone, he bad,
For I may eat no more.

The kyng called hys best archars,
To the buttes with him to go:
I wyl see these felowes shote, he sayd,
In the north have wrought this wo.

The kynges bowmen busket them blyve,
And the quenes archers also:
So dyd these thre wyghtye yemen;
With them they thought to go.

There twise or thryse they shote about,
For to assay theyr hande;
There was no shote those yemen shot
That any prycke * myght stand.

Then spake Wyllyam of Cloudeslè:
By him that for me dyed,
I hold him never no good archar,
That shoteth at buttes so wyde.

"At what a butte now wold ye shote,
I pray thee tell to me?"
At such a but, syr, he sayd,
As men use in my countrè.

Wyllyam went into a fyeld,
With his two bretherène:
There they set up two hasell roddes,
Full twenty score betwene.

* Mark.

I hold

I hold him an archar, said Cloudeslè,
That yonder wand cleveth in two.
Here is none suche, sayd the kyng,
Nor none that can so do.

I shall assaye, sir, sayd Cloudesly,
Or that I farther go.
Cloudesly with a bearying arowe
Clave the wand in two.

Thou art the best archer, then said the king,
For sothe, that ever I see.
And yet for your love, sayd Wyllyam,
I wyll do more mastery.

I have a sonne is seven yeare olde,
He is to me full deare;
I wyll hym tye to a stake;
All shall se, that be here;

And lay an apple upon hys head,
And go syxe score hym fro,
And I my selfe with a broad arow
Shall cleave the apple in two.

Now haste the, then said the king;
By hym that dyed on a tre,
But yf thou do not as thou hast sayde,
Hanged shalt thou be.

An thou touche his head or gowne,
In syght that men may se,
By all the sayntes that be in heaven,
I shall hange you all thre.

That I have promised, said Wyllyam,
That wyll I never forsake.
And there even before the kynge
In the earth he drove a stake:

And bound thereto his eldest sonne,
And bad hym stand styll thereat;
And turned the childes face him fro,
Because he should not sterte.

An apple upon his head he set,
And then his bowe he bent;
Syxe score paces they were out mete,
And thether Cloudeslè went.

There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe,
Hys bowe was great and longe;
He set that arrowe in his bowe,
That was both styffe and stronge.

He prayed the people that wer there
That they all still wold stand,
For he that shoteth for such a wager
Behoveth a stedfast hand.

Much people prayed for Cloudeslè,
That his lyfe saved myght be;
And whan he made him redy to shote,
There was many a weeping ee.

But Cloudeslè cleft the apple in twaine,
His sonne he did not nee.
Over Gods forbode, sayde the kynge,
That thou shold shote at me.

I geve thee eightene pence a day,
And my bowe shalt thou bere,
And over all the north countrè
I make the chyfe rydère.

And I thyrtene pence a day, said the quene,
By God and by my fay;
Come feche thy payment when thou wylt,
No man shall say the nay.

Wyllyam, I make the a gentleman
Of clothyng, and of fe:
And thy two breathren, yemen of my chambre,
For they are so semely to se.

Your sonne, for he is tendre of age,
Of my wyne-seller he shall be:
And when he cometh to man's estate,
Shall better avaunced be.

And, Wyllyam, bring to me your wife,
Me longeth her sore to se;
She shall be my chefe gentlewoman,
To govern my nurserye.

The yemen thanketh them courteously:
To some bishop wyl we wend,
Of all the synnes, that we have done,
To be assoyl'd at his hand.

So forth be gone these good yemen,
As fast as they might be;
And after came and dwelled with the kynge,
And dyed good men all three.

Thus endeth the lives of these good yemen,
God send them eternal blysse;
And all that with a hand-bowe shoteth,
That of heaven they never mysse. Amen.

---

§ 106. *Song. Willow, willow, willow.*

It is from the following stanzas that Shakspeare has taken his song of the Willow in his Othello, A. 4. s. 3. though somewhat varied, and applied by him to a female character. He makes Desdemona introduce it in this pathetic and affecting manner:

" My mother had a maid call'd Barbarie;
She was in love; and he she lov'd forsook her,
And she prov'd mad. She had a song of Willow;
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune:
And she dyed singing it."

A poor soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree,
O willow, willow, willow!
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee;
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

He sighed in his singing, and after each grone,
O willow, &c.
I am dead to all pleasure, my true-love is gone;
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

My love is turned; untrue she doth prove:
O willow, &c.
She renders me nothing but hate for my love.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O pitty me (cried he) ye lovers, each one;
O willow, &c.
Her heart's hard as marble, she rues not my mone
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The

The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;
O willow, &c.
The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The mute birds sat by him, made tame by his mones:
O willow, &c.
The salt tears fell from him, which softened the stones.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove:
O willow, &c.
She was borne to be faire; I to die for her love.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O that beauty should harbour a heart that's so hard!
O willow, &c.
My true love rejecting without all regard.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Let Love no more boast him in palace or bower;
O willow, &c.
For women are trothles, and flote in an houre.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

But what helps complaining? In vain I complain:
O willow, &c.
I must patiently suffer her scorne and disdaine.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Come, all you forsaken, and sit down by me;
O willow, &c.
He that plaines of his false love, mine's falser than she.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The willow wreath weare I, since my love did fleet;
O willow, &c.
A garland for lovers forsaken most meete.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

Part the Second.

Lowe layd by my sorrow, begot by disdaine,
O willow, willow, willow!
Against her too cruell, still, still I complaine,
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

O love too injurious, to wound my poor heart!
O willow, &c.
To suffer the triumph, and joy in my smart,
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O willow, willow, willow! the willow garland,
O willow, &c.
A signe of her falsenesse, before me doth stand:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As here it doth bid to despaire and to dye,
O willow, &c.
So hang it, friends, ore me in grave where I lye.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

In grave where I rest mee, hang this to the view,
O willow, &c.
Of all that doe know her, to blaze her untrue.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

With these words engraven, as epitaph meet,
O willow, &c.
"Here lyes one drank poyson for potion most sweet."
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Though she thus unkindly hath scorned my love,
O willow, &c.
And carelessly smiles at the sorrowes I prove:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

I cannot against her unkindly exclaim,
O willow, &c.
Cause once well I lov'd her, and honour'd her name.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The name of her sounded so sweet in mine eare,
O willow, &c.
It rais'd my heart lightly, the name of my deare.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my griefe;
O willow, &c.
It now brings me anguish, then brought me reliefe.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Farewell, faire false-hearted: plaints end with my breath!
O willow, willow, willow!
Thou dost loath me, I love thee, though cause of my death.
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

---

§ 107. *Barbara Allen's cruelty.*

In Scarlet towne, where I was borne,
There was a fair maid dwellin,
Made every youth crye, Wel-awaye!
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merrye month of Maye,
When greene buds they were swellin,
Young Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He

He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where shee was dwellin;
You must come to my master deare,
Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

For death is printed on his face,
And ore his harte is stealin:
Then haste away to comfort him,
O lovely Barbara Allen.

Though death be printed on his face,
And ore his harte is stealin:
Yet little better shall he bee
For bonny Barbara Allen.

So slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nye him;
And all she sayd, when there she came,
Young man, I think y're dying.

He turn'd his face unto her strait,
With deadlye sorrow sighing;
O lovely maid, come pity mee,
Ime on my death-bed lying.

If on your death-bed you doe lye,
What needs the tale you are tellin?
I cannot keep you from your death;
Farewell, sayd Barbara Allen.

He turned his face unto the wall,
As deadly pangs he fell in:
Adieu! adieu! adieu to all!
Adieu to Barbara Allen!

As she was walking ore the fields,
She heard the bells a knellin;
And every stroke did seem to saye,
Unworthye Barbara Allen.

She turned her bodye round about,
And spied the corpse a coming;
Laye down, laye down the corps, she sayd,
That I may look upon him.

With skornful eye she looked downe,
Her cheek with laughter swellin;
Whilst all her friends cryed out amaine,
Unworthy Barbara Allen.

When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Her harte was struck with sorrowe.
O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall dye to-morrowe.

Hard-harted creature, him to slight,
Who loved me so dearlye:
O that I had been more kind to him,
When he was alive and neare me!

She, on her death-bed as she laye,
Beg'd to be buried by him;
And sore repented of the daye
That she did ere denye him.

Farewell, she said, ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in;
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen.

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§ 108. *The Frolicksome Duke, or the Tinker's good Fortune.*

The following ballad is upon the same subject as the Induction to Shakspeare's Taming of the Shrew: whether it may be thought to have suggested the hint to the dramatic poet, or is not rather of later date, the reader must determine.

The story is told of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy; and is thus related by an old English writer: "The said Duke, at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the King of Portugall, at Bruges, in Flanders, which was solemnized in the deepe of winter; when as by reason of unseasonable weather he could neitheir hawke nor hunt, and was now tired with cards, dice, &c. and such other domestick sports, or to see ladies dance; with some of his courtiers, he would in the evening walke disguised all about the towne. It so fortuned, as he was walking late one night, he found a country fellow dead drunke, snorting on a bulke; he caused his followers to bring him to his palace, and there stripping him of his old clothes, and attyring him after the court fashion, when he awakened, he and they were all ready to attend upon his excellency, and persuade him that he was some great duke. The poor fellow, admiring how he came there, was served in state all day long: after supper, he saw them dance, heard musicke, and all the rest of those court-like pleasures: but late at night, when he was well tippled, and again fast asleepe, they put on his old robes, and so conveyed him to the place where they first found him. Now the fellow had not made them so good sport the day before, as he did now, when he returned to himself: all the jest was to see how he looked upon it. In conclusion, after some little admiration, the poor man told his friends he had seen a vision; constantly believed it; would not otherwise be persuaded, and so the jest ended." Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, pt. 2. sect. 2. memb. 4. 2d ed. 1624, fol.

Now as fame does report, a young duke keeps a court,
One that pleases his fancy with frolicksome sport:
But among all the rest, here is one I protest,
Which will make you to smile when you hear the true jest.

A poor tinker he found lying drunk on the ground,
As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swound.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard, and Ben,
Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with him then.

O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd
To the palace, although he was poorly arrayd:
Then they stript off his clothes, both his shirt, shoes, and hose,
And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over dirt,
They did give him clean Holland, which was no great hurt:
On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his crown.

In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,
For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of state,
Till at last knights and squires they on him did wait;
And the chamberlain bare then did likewise declare,
He desired to know what apparel he'd wear:
The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,
And admired how he to his honor was rais'd.

Though

Though he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a rich suit,
Which he straitways put on without longer dispute;
With a star on each side, which the tinker oft eyed,
And it seem'd for to swell him no little with pride;
For he said to himself, Where is Joan my sweet wife?
Sure she never did see me so fine in her life.

From a convenient place the right duke his good grace
Did observe his behaviour in every case.
To a garden of state on the tinker they wait,
Trumpets sounding before him; thought he, This is great:
Where an hour or two pleasant walks he did view,
With commanders and squires in scarlet and blue.

A fine dinner was drest, both for him and his guests;
He was placed at the table above all the rest,
In a rich chair or bed, lined with fine crimson red,
With a rich golden canopy over his head:
As he sat at his meat the music play'd sweet,
With the choicest of singing, his joys to complete.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary and sherry, and tent superfine.
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,
Till at last he began for to tumble and roll
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did snore,
Being seven times drunker than ever before.

Then the duke did ordaine, they should strip him amain,
And restore him his old leather garments again:
'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it they must,
And they carried him straight where they found him at first;
Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might;
But when he did waken his joys took their flight.

For his glory to him so pleasant did seem,
That he thought it to be but a mere golden dream;
Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he sought
For a pardon, as fearing he'd set him at nought;
But his highness he said, Thou'rt a jolly bold blade,
Such a frolic before I think never was play'd.

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloke,
Which he gave for the sake of this frolicksome joke;
Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of ground:
Thou shalt never, said he, range the counteries round,
Crying Old brass to mend, for I'll be thy good friend,
Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my duchess attend.

Then the tinker replied, What! must Joan, my sweet bride,
Be a lady, in chariots of pleasure to ride?
Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at command?
Then I shall be a squire I well understand:
Well, I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace;
I was never before in so happy a case.

§ 109. *Song. Death's final Conquest.*

These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song in a play of James Shirley's intitled, The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses. Shirley flourished as a dramatic writer early in the reign of Charles I. but he outlived the Restoration. His death happened Oct. 23, 1666, æt. 72. It is said to have been a favorite song with King Charles II.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds:
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds.
All heads must come
To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom, in the dust.

§ 110. *Song.* Smollett.

To fix her, 'twere a task as vain
To count the April drops of rain,
To sow in Afric's barren soil,
Or tempests hold within a toil.

I know it, friend, she's light as air,
False as the fowler's artful snare,
Inconstant as the passing wind,
As winter's dreary frost unkind.

She's such a miser too in love,
Its joys she'll neither share nor prove;
Though hundreds of gallants await
From her victorious eyes their fate.

Blushing at such inglorious reign,
I sometimes strive to break my chain;
My reason summon to my aid,
Resolve no more to be betray'd.

Ah,

Ah, friend! 'tis but a short-liv'd trance,
Dispell'd by one enchanting glance;
She need but look, and I confess
Those looks completely curse or bless.
So soft, so elegant, so fair,
Sure something more than human's there:
I must submit, for strife is vain;
'Twas destiny that forg'd the chain.

§ 111. *Song. Gilderoy.*

He was a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the 17th century; if we may credit the histories and story-books of highwaymen, which relate many improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal Richelieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c. But these stories have probably no other authority than the records of Grub-street.

Gilderoy was a bonnie boy,
Had roses tull his shoone,
His stockings were of silken soy,
Wi' garters hanging doune:
It was, I weene, a comelie sight,
To see sae trim a boy;
He was my joy and heart's delight,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! sike twe charming een he had,
A breath as sweet as rose;
He never ware a Highland plaid,
But costly silken clothes.
He gain'd the luve of ladies gay,
Nane eir tull him was coy,
Ah! wae is mee! I mourn the day,
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
Baith in one toun together;
We scant were seven years beforn
We gan to luve each other;
Our daddies and our mammies thay
Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,
To think upon the bridal day
'Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luve of mine,
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding sark of Holland fine
Wi' silken flowers wrought:
And he gied me a wedding-ring,
Which I receiv'd with joy,
Nae lad nor lassie eir could sing
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,
Till we were baith sixteen,
And aft we past the langsome time
Among the leaves sae green:
Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,
And sweetly kiss and toy;
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! that he still had been content
Wi' me to lead his life;
But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent
To stir in feats of strife!
And he in many a venturous deed
His courage bauld wad try;
And now this gars mine heart to bleed
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wet mine ee;
I gave tull him a parting luik,
"My benison gang wi' thee!
God speed thee weil, mine ain dear heart,
For gane is all my joy;
My heart is rent, sith we maun part,
My handsome Gilderoy!"

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,
Was fear'd in ev'ry toun,
And bauldly bare away the gear
Of many a lawland loun:
Nane eir durst meet him man to man,
He was sae brave a boy;
At length wi' numbers he was tane,
My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws,
To hang a man for gear,
To reave of life for ox or ass,
For sheep, or horse, or mare:
Had not their laws been made sae strick,
I neir had lost my joy;
Wi' sorrow neir had wat my cheek
For my dear Gilderoy.

Gif Gilderoy had done amisse,
He mought hae banisht been;
Ah, what fair cruelty is this,
To hang sike handsome men!
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
Sae sweet and fair a boy;
Nae lady had so white a hand
As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae fraid they were,
They bound him mickle strong,
Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
And on a gallows hung:
They hung him high aboon the rest,
He was so trim a boy:
Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
I bare his corpse away;
Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,
I washt his comelye clay;
And siker in a grave sae deep
I laid the dear-lued boy,
And now for evir maun I weep
My winsome Gilderoy.

§ 112. *Song. Bryan and Pereene, a West-Indian Ballad, founded on a real Fact that happened in the Island of St. Christopher's.*

Grainger.

The north-east wind did briskly blow,
The ship was safely moor'd;
Young Bryan thought the boat's crew slow,
And so leap'd overboard.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall;
And whoso his impatience blames,
I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long

A long long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on English land;
Nor once in thought or deed would stray,
Though ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
Right blythesome roll'd his een;
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung:
He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
That graced his mistress true?
Such charms the old world seldom saw,
Nor oft, I ween, the new:

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy rose-buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied,
She cast her weeds away;
And to the palmy shore she hied,
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad
She there impatient stood;
The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave;
Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all
Rejoicing crowd the strand;
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain;
When, ah! a shark bit through his waist:
His heart's blood dyed the main;

He shriek'd! his half sprang from the wave;
Streaming with purple gore;
And soon it found a living grave,
And, ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the spring:
She falls, she swoons, she dies away,
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May-morning round her tomb,
Ye fair, fresh flowrets strew;
So may your lovers scape his doom,
Her helpless fate scape you!

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§ 113. *Song. Gentle river, gentle river: translated from the Spanish.* Percy.

Although the English are remarkable for the number and variety of their ancient ballads, and retain perhaps a greater fondness for these old simple rhapsodies of their ancestors than most other nations, they are not the only people who have distinguished themselves by compositions of this kind. The Spaniards have great multitudes of them, many of which are of the highest merit. They call them in their language Romances. Most of them relate to their conflicts with the Moors, and display a spirit of gallantry peculiar to that romantic people. The two following are specimens.

Gentle river, gentle river,
Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore;
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
All beside thy sand so bright,
Moorish chiefs, and Christian warriors,
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords and dukes, and noble princes,
On thy fatal banks were slain:
Fatal banks, that gave to slaughter
All the pride and flow'r of Spain!

There the hero, brave Alonzo,
Full of wounds and glory died;
There the fearlesss Urdiales
Fell a victim by his side.

Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra
Through their squadrons slow retires;
Proud Seville his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Close behind, a renegado
Loudly shouts, with taunting cry:
Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra!
Dost thou from the battle fly?

Well I know thee, haughty Christian,
Long I liv'd beneath thy roof;
Oft I've in the lists of glory
Seen thee win the prize of proof.

Well I know thy aged parents,
Well thy blooming bride I know;
Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and woe.

May our Prophet grant my wishes,
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine:
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow
Which I drank when I was thine.

Like a lion turns the warrior,
Back he sends an angry glare:
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
Vainly whizzing through the air

Back the hero full of fury
Sent a deep and mortal wound:
Instant sunk the renegado
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,
Brave Saavedra stands at bay:
Wearied out, but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting, great Alonzo
Stout resists the paynim bands;
From his slaughter'd steed dismounted,
Firm intrench'd behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadron,
Furious he repels their rage.
Loss of blood at length enfeebles:
Who can war with thousands wage?

Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows,
Close beneath its foot retir'd,
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,
And without a groan expir'd.

§ 114. *Alcanzor and Zaida, a Moorish Tale: imitated from the Spanish.* Percy.

Softly blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night;
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shunning ev'ry glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida,
Whom he loves with flame so pure:
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies,
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for th' appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro:
Stopping now, now moving forwards,
Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate tease him,
Oft he sighs with heartfelt care.
See, fond youth, to yonder window
Softly steps the tim'rous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre
To the lost benighted swain,
When all silvery bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's full glory
To the fainting seaman's eyes,
When, some horrid storm dispersing,
O'er the wave his radiance flies.

But a thousand times more lovely
To her longing lover's sight,
Steals half-seen the beauteous maiden
Through the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
Whispering forth a gentle sigh:
Alla* keep thee, lovely lady!
Tell me, am I doom'd to die?

Is it true, the dreadful story
Which thy damsel tells my page,
That, seduc'd by sordid riches,
Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age?

An old lord from Antiquera
Thy stern father brings along;
But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
Thus consent my love to wrong?

If 'tis true, now plainly tell me,
Nor thus trifle with my woes;
Hide not then from me the secret
Which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
While the pearly tears descend;
Ah! my lord, too true the story;
Here our tender loves must end.

Our fond friendship is discover'd,
Well are known our mutual vows;
All my friends are full of fury;
Storms of passion shake the house.

Threats, reproaches, fears, surround me;
My stern father breaks my heart;
Alla knows how dear it costs me,
Gen'rous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient wounds of hostile fury
Long have rent our house and thine;
Why then did thy shining merit
Win this tender heart of mine?

Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee,
Spite of all their hateful pride,
Though I fear'd my haughty father
Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

Well thou know'st what cruel chidings
Oft I've from my mother borne,
What I've suffer'd here to meet thee
Still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may resist them;
All to force my hand combine;
And to-morrow to thy rival
This weak frame I must resign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
Can survive so great a wrong;
Well my breaking heart assures me
That my woes will not be long.

Farewell then, my dear Alcanzor!
Farewell too my life with thee!
Take this scarf, a parting token;
When thou wear'st it, think on me.

Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden
Shall reward thy gen'rous truth;
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
Died for thee in prime of youth.

To him, all amaz'd, confounded,
Thus she did her woes impart;
Deep he sigh'd; then cried, O Zaida,
Do not, do not break my heart!

Canst thou think I thus will lose thee?
Canst thou hold my love so small?
No! a thousand times I'll perish!
My curst rival too shall fall.

Canst thou, wilt thou, yield thus to them?
O break forth, and fly to me!
This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,
These fond arms shall shelter thee.

'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor;
Spies surround me, bars secure:
Scarce I steal this last dear moment,
While my damsel keeps the door.

Hark, I hear my father storming!
Hark, I hear my mother chide!
I must go; farewell for ever!
Gracious Alla be thy guide!

* Alla is the Mahometan name of God.

§ 115. *King Edward IV. and the Tanner of Tamworth.*

In summer time when leaves grow greene,
And blossoms bedecke the tree,
King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
Somme pastime for to see.

With hawke and hounde he made him bowne,
With horne, and eke with bowe;
To Drayton Basset he took his waye,
With all his lordes arowe.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe
By eight o'clocke in the day,
When he was ware of a bold tannèr,
Come ryding along the waye.

A fayre russet coat the tanner had on
Fast buttoned under his chin;
And under him a good cow-hide,
And a mare of four shilling.

Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,
Under the greene wood spraye,
And I will wende to yonder fellowe,
To weet what he will saye.

God speede, God speede thee, said our king.
Thou art welcome, sir, sayde hee.
The readyest waye to Drayton Basset
I praye thee to shewe to mee.

To Drayton Basset wouldst thou goe,
Fro the place where thou dost stand,
The next payre of gallowes thou comest unto,
Turn in upon thy right hand.

That is an unready waye, sayd the king,
Thou doest but jest, I see:
Now shewe me out the nearest waye,
And I pray thee wend with mee.

Awaye with a vengeance! quoth the tanner,
I hold thee out of thy witt:
All daye have I ridden on Brocke my mare,
And I am fasting yett.

Go with me downe to Drayton Basset,
No daynties we will spare:
All daye shalt thou eate and drink of the best,
And I will paye thy fare.

Gramercye for nothing, the tanner replyde,
Thou payest no fare of mine:
I trow I've more nobles in my purse,
Than thou hast pence in thine.

God give thee joy of them, sayd the king,
And send them well to priefe.
The tanner wolde faine have been away,
For he weende he had beene a thiefe.

What art thou, he sayde, thou fine fellowe?
Of thee I'm in greate feare;
For the cloathes thou wearest upon thy backe
Might beseeme a lord to weare.

I never stole them, quoth our king,
I tell you, sir, by the roode.
Then thou playest as many an unthrift doth,
And standeth in midds of thy goode.

What tydings heare you, sayd the kynge,
As you ryde far and neare?
I hear no tydings, sir, by the masse,
But that cow-hides are deare.

Cowe-hides! cowe-hides! what things are those?
I marvell what they bee?
What, art thou a foole? the tanner reply'd;
I carry one under mee.

What craftsman art thou? said the king;
I pray thee tell me trowe.
I am a barker*, sir, by trade;
Now tell me what art thou?

I am a poore courtier, sir, quoth he,
That am forth of service worne;
And fain I wolde thy prentise bee,
Thy cunninge for to learne.

Marrye, heaven forfend, the tanner replyde,
That thou my prentise were:
Thou woldst spend more good than I shold winn,
By fortye shilling a yere.

Yet one thinge wold I, sayd our king,
If thou wilt not seeme strange;
Thoughe my horse be better than thy mare,
Yet with thee I faine wold change.

Why if with me thou faine wilt change,
As change full well maye wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou proude fellowe,
I will have some boot of thee.

That were against reason, sayd the king,
I sweare, so mote I thee:
My horse is better than thy mare,
And that thou well mayst see.

Yea, sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
And softly she will fare:
Thy horse is unrulye and wild, I wiss;
Aye skipping here and theare.

What boote wilt thou have? our king replied;
Now tell me in this stounde.
Noe pence, nor half-pence, by my faye,
But a noble in gold so rounde.

Here's twenty groates of white moneyè,
Sith thou wilt have it of mee.
I would have sworne now, quoth the tannèr,
Thou hadst not had one penniè.

But since we two have made a change,
A change we must abide;
Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,
Thou gettest not my cowe-hide.

I will not have it, sayde the kynge,
I sweare, so mote I thee;
Thy foule cowe-hide I would not beare,
If thou woldst give it mee.

The tanner he took his good cowe-hide,
That of the cowe was hilt;
And threwe it upon the king's saddèlle,
That was so fayrely gilte.

Now help me up, thou fine fellowe,
'Tis time that I were gone;
When I come home to Gyllian my wife,
She'll say I'm a gentilmon.

The kinge he took him by the legge;
The tanner a f*** let fall.
Now marrye, good fellowe, said the kinge,
Thy courtesye is but small.

When the tanner he was in the king's saddèlle,
And his foote in the stirrup was,
He marvelled greatlye in his minde,
Whether it were golde or brass.

But when his steede saw the cows-taile wagge,
And eke the black cowe-horne,
He stamped, and stared, and awaye he ranne,
As the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pull'd, the tanner he sweat,
And held by the pummil fast;
At length the tanner came tumbling downe:
His necke he had well-nye brast.

* Dealer in bark.

Take

Take thy horse again with a vengeance, he sayd,
With mee he shall not byde.—
" My horse would have borne thee well enoughe,
But he knewe not of thy cowe-hide:

Yet if againe thou faine woldst change,
As change full well may wee,
By the faith of thy bodye, thou jolly tannèr,
I will have some boote of thee."

What boote wilt thou have, the tanner reply'd,
Nowe tell me in this stounde?
Noe pence, nor half-pence, sir, by my faye,
But I will have twentye pounde.

Here's twenty groates out of my purse;
And twentye I have of thine:
And I have one more, which we will spend
Together at the Vine.

The kinge set a bugle horne to his mouthe,
And blewe bothe loude and shrille;
And soone came lords, and soone came knights,
Fast ryding over the hille.

Nowe, out alas! the tanner he cryde,
That ever I sawe this daye!
Thou art a strong thefe, yon come thy fellowes
Will beare my cowe-hide away.

They are no thieves, the king replyde,
I sweare, so mote I thee:
But they are the lords of the north countrèy,
Here come to hunt with mee.

And soone before our king they came,
And knelt downe on the grounde:
Then might the tanner have beene awaye,
He had lever than twentye pounde.

A coller, a coller, here, sayd the kinge,
A coller, he loud did crye.
Then woulde he lever than twentye pounde
He had not been so nighe.

A coller, a coller, the tanner he sayd,
I trowe it will breede sorrowe:
After a coller comes a halter,
And I shall be hanged to-morrowe.

Away with thy feare, thou jolly tannèr;
For the sport thou hast shewn to mee,
I wote noe halter thou shalt weare,
But thou shalt have a knight's fee.

For Plumpton parke I will give thee,
With tenements faire beside,
'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,
To maintain thy good cowe-hide."

Gramercye, my liege, the tanner replyde,
For the favour thou hast me showne;
If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth,
Neates leather shall clout thy shoen.

§ 116. *Lady Ann Bothwell's Lament. A Scottish Song.*

The subject of this pathetic ballad is, A lady of quality, of the name of Bothwell, or rather Boswell, having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband, or lover, composed these affecting lines herself.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe;
If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.

Balow, my boy, thy mithers joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

When he began to court my luve,
And with his sugred words to muve,
His faynings fals, and flettering cheire,
To me that time did not appeire:
But now I see, most cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.
Balow, &c.

Ly stil, my darlinge, sleipe a while,
And when thou wakest sweitly smile:
But smile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids; nay, God forbid!
But yette I feire, thou wilt gae neire,
Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.
Balow, &c.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
Be luving to thy father stil:
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
My love with him maun still abyde:
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neir depart him frae.
Balow, &c.

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline:
Be loyal to thy luver trew,
And nevir change hir for a new:
If gude or faire, if hir have care,
For womens banning's wonderous sair.
Balow, &c.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine:
My babe and I'll together live,
He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve:
My babe and I right saft will ly,
And quite forget man's cruelty.
Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
That ever kist a woman's mouth!
I wish all maides be warn'd by mee,
Nevir to trust man's curtesy;
For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They'lle use us than they care not how.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

§ 117. *Corydon's doleful Knell.*

The burthen of the song, Ding, Dong, &c. is at present appropriated to burlesque subjects, and therefore may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader, but in the time of our poet it usually accompanied the most solemn and mournful strains.

My Phillida, adieu love!
For evermore farewell!
Ay me! I've lost my true love,
And thus I ring her knell.
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My Phillida is dead!
I'll stick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

For my fair Phillida
Our bridal bed was made:
But 'stead of silkes so gay,
She in her shroud is laid. Ding, &c.

Her corpse shall be attended
By maides in faire array,
Till th' obsequies are ended,
And she is wrapt in clay. Ding, &c.
Her herse it shall be carried
By youths that do excel;
And when that she is buried,
I thus will ring her knell. Ding, &c.
A garland shall be framed
By art and nature's skill,
Of sundry-colour'd flowers,
In token of good-will*; Ding, &c.
And sundry-colour'd ribbands
On it I will bestow;
But chiefly blacke and yellowe
With her to grave shall go. Ding, &c.
I'll deck her tomb with flowers,
The rarest ever seen;
And with my tears, as showers,
I'll keepe them fresh and green. Ding, &c.
Instead of fairest colours,
Set forth with curious art†,
Her image shall be painted
On my distressed heart. Ding, &c.
And thereon shall be graven
Her epitaph so faire,
"Here lies the loveliest maiden
"That e'er gave shepherd care." Ding, &c.
In sable will I mourne;
Blacke shall be all my weede:
Ay me! I am forlorne,
Now Phillida is dead. Ding, &c.

§ 118. *The old and young Courtier.*

The subject of this excellent old song is a comparison between the manners of the old gentry as still subsisting in the times of Elizabeth, and the modern refinements affected by their sons in the reigns of her successors.

An old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.
With an old lady whose anger one word assuages;
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
And never knew what belonged to coachman, footmen, nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;
Like an old courtier, &c.
With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks,
With an old buttery-hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen that maintain'd half a dozen old cooks;
Like an old courtier, &c.
With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,
With old swords, and bucklers, that had borne many shrewde blows,
And an old frize coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of old sherry to comfort his copper nose,
Like an old courtier, &c.
With a good old fashion, when Christmasse was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
With goodcheer enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man dumb;
Like an old courtier, &c.
With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,
That never hawked nor hunted but in his own grounds,
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds,
And when he dyed gave every child a thousand good pounds;
Like an old courtier, &c.
But to his eldest son his house & land he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountifull mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours be kind:
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclin'd,
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.
Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes up a thousand pound upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor stand!
Like a young courtier, &c.
With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice and spare,
Who never knew what belonged to good housekeeping, or care;
Who buys gaudy-colour'd fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other women's hair;
Like a young courtier, &c.
With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures that do the poor no good,
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal nor wood,
And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no victuals e'er stood;
Like a young courtier, &c.

* It is a custom in many parts of England, to carry a fine garland before the corpse of a woman who dies unmarried.

† This alludes to the painted effigies of alabaster anciently erected upon tombs and monuments.

With

With a new study stuft full of pamphlets and plays,
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,
With a new buttery-hatch that opens once in four or five days,
And a new French cook to devise fine kickshaws and toys;
Like a young courtier, &c.
With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must be gone,
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone;
Like a young courtier, &c.
With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is complete,
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up the meat,
With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
Who, when her lady has din'd, lets the servants not eat;
Like a young courtier, &c.
With new titles of honour bought with his father's old gold,
For which sundry of his ancestor's old manors are sold;
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good house-keeping is now grown so cold
Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

§ 119. *Loyalty confined.*

This excellent old song is preserved in David Lloyd's "Memoires of those that suffered in the cause of "Charles I." He speaks of it as the composition of a worthy personage, who suffered deeply in those times, and was still living, with no other reward than the conscience of having suffered. The author's name he has not mentioned; but, if tradition may be credited, this song was written by Sir R. L'Estrange.

Beat on, proud billows; Boreas, blow;
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivility doth show,
That innocence is tempest-proof;
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm;
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me:
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty;
Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

I, whilst I wish'd to be retir'd,
Into this private room was turn'd,
As if their wisdoms had conspir'd
The salamander should be burn'd:
Or like those sophists that would drown a fish,
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynic loves his poverty;
The pelican her wilderness;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus:
Contentment cannot smart; Stoics, we see,
Make torments easie to their apathy.

These manicles upon my arm
I as my mistress' favours wear;
And, for to keep my ancles warm,
I have some iron shackles there:
These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet lock'd up,
Like some high-prized margarite,
Or, like the great mogul or pope,
Am cloyster'd up from public sight:
Retiredness is a piece of majesty,
And thus, proud Sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, and keep me in:
Malice of late's grown charitable, sure;
I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife,
Did only wound him to a cure.
Malice, I see, wants wit: for what is meant
Mischief, oftimes proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem;
And to make smooth so rough a path,
I can learn patience from him:
Now not to suffer, shows no loyal heart;
When kings want ease, subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my king,
Neither in person or in coin;
Yet contemplation is a thing
That renders what I have not mine:
My king from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart!

Have you not seen the nightingale,
A prisoner like, coopt in a cage;
How doth she chant her wonted tale
In that her narrow hermitage!
Even then her charming melody doth prove
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corps confine,
Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free:
And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and sing
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king!

My soul is free as ambient air,
Although my baser part's immew'd,
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
T' accompany my solitude:
Although rebellion do my body binde,
My king alone can captivate my minde.

§ 120. *To Althea from Prison.*

This excellent Sonnet, which possessed a high degree of fame among the old Cavaliers, was written by Colonel Richard Lovelace during his confinement in the Gatehouse, Westminster; to which he was committed by the House of Commons, in April 1642, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. See Wood's Athenæ, vol. ii. p. 226; where may be seen at large the affecting story of this elegant writer; who, after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want, in 1658.

When love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lye tangled in her haire,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the aire
Know no such libertie.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our carelesse heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe,
When healths and drafts goe free,
Fishes that tipple in the deepe,
Know no such libertie.

When, linnet-like, confined I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercye, sweetness, majestye,
And glories, of my king;
When I shall voyce aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Th' enlarged windes that curle the flood
Know no such libertie.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron barres a cage;
Mindes innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soare above,
Enjoy such libertie.

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§ 121. *The Braes of Yarrow, in Imitation of the ancient Scots Manner.*

Was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq. who died March 25, 1754, aged 50.

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think no mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
A. I gat her where I dare na weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride!
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow:

For she has tint her luver, luver dear,
Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comliest swain
That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow reid?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weids
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
O 'tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow!

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow!

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;
And weep around in waeful wise
His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to luve?
And warn from fight? but, to my sorrow,
Too rashly bauld, a stronger arm
Thou mett'st, and fell'st on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's banks the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow;
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae its rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luve, fair, fair indeed thy luve,
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
Though he was fair, and well beluv'd again,
Than me he never lov'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and luve me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How luve him upon the banks of Tweed,
That slew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow?
O Yarrow

O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover!
For there was basely slain my luve,
My luve, as he had not been a luver!

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing:
Ah wretched me! I little, little kenn'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
But, ere the dewfall of the night,
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeful, waeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning:
But lang ere night the spear was flown,
That slew my luve, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My luver's blood is on thy spear!
How canst thou, barbarous man! then wooe me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud;
With cruel and ungentle scoffin',
May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes
My luver nailed in his coffin:

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatning words to muve me;
My luver's blood is on thy spear!
How canst thou ever bid me luve thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve,
With bridal sheets my body cuver:
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husbande luver.

But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter:
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lye all night between my briests,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed! O lovely, lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lye all night between my breists,
No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful mournful bride,
Return, and dry thy useless sorrowe;
Thy luver heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

§ 122. *Childe Waters.*

Child is frequently used by our old writers as a title. It is repeatedly given to Prince Arthur in the Faerie Queene; and the son of a king is in the same poem called "Child Tristram." And it ought to be observed that the word *child* or *chield* is still used in North Britain to denominate a man, commonly with some contemptuous character affixed to him, but sometimes to denote man in general.

Childe Waters in his stable stoode,
And stroakt his milke-white steede:
To him a fayre yonge ladye came
As ever ware womans weede.

Sayes, Christ you save! good Childe Watèrs,
Sayes, Christ you save! and see,
My girdle of gold, that was too longe,
Is now too short for mee.

And all is with one childe of yours,
I feele sturre at my side:
My gowne of greene it is too strait;
Before, it was too wide.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,
Be mine, as you tell mee;
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
Take them your owne to bee.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,
Be mine, as you doe sweare;
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
And make that childe your heyre.

Shee sayes, I had rather have one kine,
Childe Waters, of thy mouth;
Than I wolde haveCheshire and Lancashire both,
That lye by north and southe.

And I had rather have one twinkling,
Childe Waters, of thine ee;
Then I wolde haveCheshire and Lancashire both,
To take them mine owne to bee.

To-morrow, Ellen, I must forth ryde
Farr into the north countree;
The fayrest ladye that I can finde,
Ellen, must go with mee.

Thoughe I am not that ladye fayre,
Yet let me goe with thee:
And ever, I pray you, Childe Watèrs,
Your foot-page let me bee.

If you will my foot-page bee, Ellèn,
As you doe tell to mee;
Then you must cut your gowne of greene
An inch above your knee.

Soe must you doe your yellowe lockes,
An inch above your ee:
You must tell no man what is my name;
My foot-page then you shall bee.

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoot by his syde;
Yet was he never soe courteous a knighte,
To say, Ellen, will you ryde?

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote thorow the broome;
Yet was he never soe courteous a knighte,
To say, Put on your shoone.

Ride softlye, shee sayd, O Childe Watèrs,
Why doe you ride so fast?
The childe, which is no man's but thine,
My body itt will brast.

Hee sayth, Seest thou yond water, Ellen,
That flows from banke to brimme?—
I trust in God, O Childe Watèrs,
You never will see * me swimme!

But when shee came to the water syde,
She sayled to the chinne:
Nowe the Lord of Heaven be my speede,
For I must learne to swimme!

The salt waters bare up her clothes;
Our Ladye bare up her chinne:
Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
To see faire Ellen swimme!

And when shee over the water was,
Shee then came to his knee;
Hee sayd, Come hither, thou fayre Ellèn,
Loe yonder what I see!

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of red gold shines the yate:
Of twenty-four faire ladyes there,
The fairest is my mate.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of red gold shines the towre:
There are twenty-four fayre ladyes there,
The fayrest is my paramoure.

I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red gold shines the yate:
God give you good now of yourselfe,
And of your worthy mate.

I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red gold shines the towre:
God give you good now of yourself,
And of your paramoure.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were
A playing at the ball;
And Ellen, the fayrest ladye there,
Must bring his steed to the stall.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were
A playinge at the chesse:
And Ellen, the fayrest ladye there,
Must bring his horse to gresse.

And then bespake Childe Waters sistèr,
These were the wordes sayd shee:
You have the prettyest page, brother,
That ever I did see.

But that his bellye it is soe bigge,
His girdle stands soe hye:
And ever, I pray you, Childe Watèrs,
Let him in my chamber lye.

It is not fit for a little foot-page,
That has run thro mosse and myre,
To lye in the chamber of any ladye
That wears so rich attyre.

It is more meete for a little foot-page,
That has run throughe mosse and myre,
To take his supper upon his knee,
And lye by the kitchen fyre.

Now when they had supped every one,
To bedd they tooke theyre waye:
He sayd, Come hither, my little foot-page,
And hearken what I saye:

Goe thee downe unto yonder towne,
And lowe into the streete;
The fayrest ladye that thou canst finde
Hyre, in mine armes to sleepe;
And take her up in thine armes twaine,
For filing † of her feete.

Ellen is gone into the towne,
And lowe into the streete;
The fayrest ladye that she colde finde,
She hyred in his armes to sleepe;
And took her up in her armes twayne,
For filing of her feete.

I pray you nowe, good Childe Watèrs,
Let me lye at your feete:
For there is noe place about this house
Where I may saye ‡ a sleepe.

He gave her leave, and faire Ellèn
Down at his beds feet laye:
This done, the night drove on apace;
And, when it was near the daye,

Hee sayd, Rise up, my little foot-page!
Give my steede corne and haye;
And give him nowe the good black oates,
To carry mee better awaye.

Up then rose the fayre Ellen,
And gave his steede corne and haye;
And soe shee did the good black oates,
To carry him better awaye.

She leaned her back to the manger side,
And grievouslye did groane:
Shee leaned her back to the manger side,
And there she made her moane.

And that beheard his mother deare,
She heard her woeful woe,
She sayd, Rise up, thou Childe Watèrs,
And into thy stable goe;

For in thy stable is a ghost,
That grievouslye doth grone:
Or else some woman laboures with childe,
She is so woe-begone.

Up then rose Childe Waters soone,
And did on his shirte of silke;
And then he put on his other clothes,
On his bodye as white as milke.

And when he came to the stable dore,
Full still there hee did stand,
That he might heare his fayre Ellèn,
Howe shee made her monand§.

She sayd, Lullabye, mine owne deare childe,
Lullabye, deare childe, dear:
I wolde thy father were a kinge,
Thy mother layd on a biere!

* Permit, suffer. † Defiling. ‡ Essay, attempt. § Moaning, bemoaning.

Peace

Peace nowe, hee sayd, good faire Ellen,
Bee of good cheere, I praye!
And the bridale and the churchinge bothe
Shall be upon one daye.

§ 123. *The King and the Miller of Mansfield.*

It has been a favourite subject with our English ballad-makers, to represent our kings conversing either by accident or design with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind, besides this song of the King and the Miller, we have King Henry and the Soldier; King James I. and the Tinker; K. William III. and the Forester, &c. Of the latter sort are K. Alfred and the Shepherd; K. Edward IV. and the Tanner; K. Henry VIII. and the Cobbler, &c.——This is a piece of great antiquity, being written before the time of Edward IV.; and for its genuine humour, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of rustic manners, is infinitely superior to all that have been since written in imitation of it.

Part the First.

Henry, our royall king, would ride a hunting
To the greene forest so pleasant and faire,
To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping:
Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire:
Hawke and hound were unbound, all things prepar'd
For the game, in the same, with good regard.

All a long summers day rode the king pleasantly,
With all his princes and nobles eche one;
Chasing the hart and hind, and the bucke gallantlye,
Till the darke evening forced all to turne home.
Then, at last, riding fast, he had lost quite
All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

Wandering thus wearilye, all alone, up and downe,
With a rude miller he mett at the last:
Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham:
Sir, quoth the miller, I mean not to jest,
Yet I think, what I thinke sooth for to say,
You doe not lightlye ride out of your way.

Why, what dost thou think of me, quoth our king merrily,
Passing thy judgment on me so briefe?
Good faith, said the miller, I mean not to flatter thee;
I guess thee to be but some gentleman thiefe;
Stand thee backe, in the darke; light not adowne,
Lest I presently cracke thy knaves crowne.

Thou dost abuse me much, quoth the king, saying thus;
I am a gentleman; lodging I lacke.
Thou hast not, quoth the miller, one groat in thy purse;
All thy inheritance hanges on thy backe;
I have gold to discharge all that I call;
If it be forty pence, I will pay all.

If thou beest a true man, then quoth the miller,
I sweare by my toll-dish I'll lodge thee all night.
Here's my hand, quoth the king, that was I ever.
Nay, soft, quoth the miller, thou mayst be a sprite.
Better I'll know thee, ere hands we will shake;
With none but honest men hands will I take.

Thus they went all along unto the miller's house;
Where they were seething of puddings and souse:
The miller first entered in, after him went the king,
Never came hee in soe smoakye a house.
Now, quoth he, let me see here what you are.
Quoth our king, Look your fill, and do not spare.

I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face;
With my son Richard this night thou shalt lye.
Quoth his wife, By my troth, it is a handsome youth
Yet its best, husband, to deal warilye.
Art thou no runaway, prythee, youth, tell?
Shew me thy passport, and all shal be well.

Then our king presentlye, making lowe courtesye
With his hatt in his hand, thus he did say:
I have no passport, nor never was servitor,
But a poor courtyer rode out of my way:
And for your kindness here offered to mee,
I will requite you in everye degree.

Then to the miller his wife whispered secretlye,
Saying, It seemeth this youth's of good kin,
Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners;
To turne him out, certainlye, were a great sin.
Yea, quoth hee, you may see, he hath some grace,
When he doth speake to his betters in place.

Well, quo' the miller's wife, young man, ye're welcome here;
And, though I say it, well lodged shall be:
Fresh straw will I have laid on thy bed so brave,
And good brown hempen sheets likewise, quoth shee.
Aye, quoth the good man, and when that is done,
Thou shalt lye with no worse than our own sonne.

Nay, first, quoth Richard, good-fellowe, tell me true,
Hast thou noe creepers within thy gay hose?
Or art thou not troubled with the scabbado?
I pray, quoth the king, what creatures are those?
Art thou not lowsy, nor scabby? quoth he:
If thou beest, surely thou lyest not with mee.

This caus'd the king suddenlye to laugh most heartilye,
Till the tears trickled fast downe from his eyes.
Then to their supper were they set orderlye,
With hot bag-puddings, and good apple-pyes,
Nappy ale, good and stale, in a brown bowle,
Which did about the board merrily trowle.

Here, quoth the miller, good fellow, I drink to thee,
And to all cuckolds, wherever they bee.
I pledge thee, quoth our king, and thanke thee heartilye
For my good welcome in every degree:
And here, in like manner, I drink to thy sonne.
Do then, quoth Richard, and quicke let it come.

Wife,

Wife, quoth the miller, fetch me forth Lightfoote,
And of his sweetnesse a little we'll taste.
A faire ven'son pastye brought she out presentlye.
Eate, quoth the miller, but, sir, make no waste:
Here's dainty Lightfoote! In faith, said the king,
I never before eate so dainty a thing.

I wis, quoth Richard, no dainty at all it is,
For we do eat of it everye day.
In what place, sayd our king, may be bought like to this?
We never pay pennye for itt, by my fay:
From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here;
Now and then we make bold with our king's deer.

Then I thinke, sayd our king, that it is venison.
Eche foole, quoth Richard, full well may know that:
Never are we without two or three in the roof,
Very well fleshed, and excellent fat:
But prythee, say nothing wherever thou goe;
We would not for two pence the king should it knowe.

Doubt not, then sayd the king, my promised secresye:
The king shall never know more on't for me.
A cup of lambs-wool they dranke unto him then,
And to their beds they past presentlie.
The nobles, next morning, went all up and down,
For to seeke out the king in everye towne.

At last, at the millers cott, soone they espy'd him out,
As he was mounting upon his faire steede;
To whom they came presently, falling down on their knee;
Which made the millers heart wofully bleede:
Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,
Thinking he should have been hang'd by the rood.

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling,
Drew forth his sword, but nothing he sed:
The miller downe did fall, crying before them all,
Doubting the king would have cu toff his head:
But he, his kind courtesy for to requite,
Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a knight.

Part the Second.

Whenas our royall king was come home from Nottingham,
And with his nobles at Westminster lay;
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had taken
In this late progress along on the way;
Of them all, great and small, he did protest,
The miller of Mansfield's sport liked him best.

And now, my lords, quoth the king, I am determined,
Against St. George's next sumptuous feast,
That this old miller, our new-confirmed knight,
With his son Richard, shall here be my guest:
For, in this merriment, 'tis my desire
To talke with the jolly knight, and the young squire.

Whenas the noble lords saw the kinges pleasantness,
They were right joyfull and glad in their hearts:
A pursuivante there was sent straight on the business,
The which had oftentimes been in those parts.
When he came to the place where they did dwell,
His message orderlye then gan he tell.

God save your worshippe, then said the messenger,
And grant your ladye her owne hearts desire;
And to your sonne Richard good fortune and happiness;
That sweet, gentle, and gallant young squire!
Our king greets you well, and thus he doth say,
You must come to the court on St. Georges day.

Therefore, in any case, faile not to be in place.
I wis, quoth the miller, this is an odd jest:
What should we doe there? faith, I am halfe afraid.
I doubt, quoth Richard, to be hang'd at the least.
Nay, quoth the messenger, you doe mistake;
Our king he provides a great feast for your sake.

Then sayd the miller, By my troth, messenger,
Thou hast contented my worshippe full well.
Hold, here are three farthings, to quite thy gentleness
For these happy tydings which thou dost tell.
Let me see, heare thou mee; tell to our king,
We'll wait on his mastershipp in everye thing.

The pursuivant smiled at their simplicitye,
And, making many leggs, tooke their reward;
And his leave taking with great humilitye,
To the kings court againe he repair'd;
Shewing unto his grace, merry and free,
The knightes most liberall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus gan the miller say:
Here come expences and charges indeed!
Now must we needs be brave, tho' we spend all we have;
For of new garments we have great need:
Of horses and serving-men we must have store,
With bridles and saddles, and twenty things more.

Tushe! sir John, quoth his wife, why should you frett or frown?
You shall ne'er be att no charges for mee;
For I will turn and trim up my old russet gowne,
With every thing else as fine as may bee:
And on our mill-horses swift we will ride,
With pillowes and pannells as we shall provide.

In this most stately sort rode they unto the court,
Their jolly son Richard rode foremost of all;
Who set up, for good hap, a cocks feather in his cap,
And so they jetted downe to the king's hall;
The merry old miller with hands on his side;
His wife like maid Marian did mince at that tide.

The king and his nobles, that heard of their coming,
Meeting this gallant knight with his brave traine;
Welcome, sir knighte, quoth he, with your gay lady;
Good sir John Cockle, once welcome againe:
And

And soe is the squire, of courage so free.
Quoth Dicke, A bots on you! do you know me?
Quoth our king gentlye, How should I forget thee?
That wast my own bed-fellowe, well it I wot.
Yea, sir, quoth Richard, and by the same token,
Thou with thy farting didst make the bed hot.
Thou whoreson unhappy knave, then quoth the knight,
Speak cleanly to our king, or else go sh*t*.

The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartily,
While the king taketh them both by the hand;
With the court dames and maids, like to the queen of spades,
The miller's wife did so orderly stand,
A milkmaids courtesye at every word;
And downe all the folkes were set to the board.

There the king royally, in princelye majestye,
Sate at his dinner with joy and delight;
When they had eaten well, then he to jesting fell,
And in a bowle of wine dranke to the knight:
Here's to you both, in wine, ale, and beer;
Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer.

Quoth sir John Cockle, I'll pledge you a pottle,
Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire.
But then, said our king, now I think of a thing,
Some of your Lightfoot I would we had here.
Ho! ho! quoth Richard, full well I may say it,
'Tis knavery to eate it, and then to betray it.

Why art thou angry? quoth our king merrilye;
In faith, I take it now very unkind:
I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine heartily.
Quoth Dicke, You are like to stay till I have din'd:
You feed us with twatling dishes so small;
Zounds, a black pudding is better than all.

Aye, marry, quoth our king, that were a daintye thing,
Could a man get but one here for to eat.
With that Dick straight arose, and pluck'd one from his hose,
Which with heat of his breech gan for to sweate.
The king made a proffer to snatch it away.—
'Tis meat for your master, good sir, you must stay.

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly spent;
And then the ladyes prepared to dance:
Old sir John Cockle and Richard incontinent
Unto their places the king did advance:
Here with the ladyes such sport they did make,
The nobles with laughing did make their sides ake.

Many thanks for their pains did the king give them,
Asking young Richard then if he would wed:
Among these ladyes free, tell me which liketh thee?
Quoth he, Jugg Grumball, sir, with the red head:
She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed;
She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead.

Then sir John Cockle the king called unto him,
And of merry Sherwood made him o'erseer;
And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearlye;
Take heed now you steal no more of my deer;
And once a quarter let's here have your view;
And now, sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu.

§ 124. *The Witches' Song.*

From Ben Jonson's Masque of Queens, presented at Whitehall, Feb. 2, 1609.

It is true, this song of the Witches, falling from the learned pen of Ben Jonson, is rather an extract from the various incantations of classic antiquity, than a display of the opinions of our own vulgar. But let it be observed, that a parcel of learned wiseacres had just before busied themselves on this subject, with our British Solomon, James I. at their head; and these had so ransacked all writers, ancient and modern, and so blended and kneaded together the several superstitions of different times and nations, that those of genuine English growth could no longer be traced out and distinguished.

By good luck the whimsical belief of fairies and goblins could furnish no pretences for torturing our fellow-creatures, and therefore we have this handed down to us pure and unsophisticated.

1 Witch.

I have beene all day looking after
A raven feeding upon a quarter:
And, soone as she turn'd her back to the south,
I snatch'd this morsell out of her mouth.

2 Witch.

I have beene gathering wolves haires,
The mad dogges foame, and adders eares;
The spurging of a dead man's eyes:
And all since the evening starre did rise.

3 Witch.

I last night lay all alone
O' the ground, to heare the mandrake grone;
And pluckt him up, though he grew full low:
And, as I had done, the cocke did crow.

4 Witch.

And I h' beene chusing out this scull,
From charnel houses that were full,
From private grots and publike pits:
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5 Witch.

Under a cradle I did creepe
By day, and when the childe was a-sleepe
At night, I suck'd the breath; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

6 Witch.

I had a dagger: what did I with that?
Killed an infant to have his fat:
A piper it got, at a church-ale:
I bade him again blow wind i' the taile.

7 Witch.

A murderer yonder was hung in chaines;
The sunne and the wind had shrunke his veines:
I bit off a sinew; I clipp'd his haire;
I brought off his ragges, that danc'd i' the ayre.

8 Witch

8 Witch.

The scrich-owles egges, and the feathers blacke,
The bloud of the frogge, and the bone in his backe,
I have been getting; and made of his skin
A purset, to keep sir Cranion in.

9 Witch.

And I ha' been plucking (plants among)
Hemlock, henbane, adders tongue,
Night-shade, moone-wort, libbards bane;
And twise by the dogges was like to be tane.

10 Witch.

I from the jaws of a gardiner's bitch
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch:
Yet went I back to the house againe,
Kill'd the blacke cat, and here is the braine.

11 Witch.

I went to the toade, breeds under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owle before;
I tore the batts wings: what would you have more?

Dame.

Yes: I have brought, to helpe your vows,
Horned poppie, cypresse boughes,
The fig-tree wild that grows on tombes,
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,
The basilisk's bloud, and the vipers skin;
And now our orgies let's begin.

§ 125. *The Fairies Farewell.*

This humourous old song fell from the hand of the witty Dr. Corbet, afterwards bishop of Norwich, &c. In his Poetica Stromata it is called "A proper new Ballad, intituled, The Fairies Farewell, or God-a-mercy Will: to be sung or whistled to the tune of the Meadow Brow, by the learned; by the unlearned, to the tune of Fortune."

Farewell, rewards and Fairies!
Good housewives now may say;
For now foule sluts in dairies
Doe fare as well as they;
And though they sweepe their hearths no less
Than mayds were wont to doe,
Yet who of late for cleaneliness
Finds six-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old abbies,
The fairies lost command!
They did but change priests babies,
But some have chang'd your land:
And all your children stolne from thence
Are now growne Puritanes,
Who live as changelings ever since,
For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleepe and sloth
These prettie ladies had.
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Cis to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabour,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelayes
Of theirs, which yet remaine;
Were footed in queen Maries dayes
On many a grassy playne.
But since of late Elizabeth
And later James came in;
They never dane'd on any heath,
As when the time had been.

By which wee note the fairies
Were of the old profession;
Their songs were Ave Maries,
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure;
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punish'd sure:
It was a just and Christian deed
To pinch such blacke and blue:
O how the common-welth doth need
Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters;
A Register they have,
Who can preserve their charters;
A man both wise and grave.
An hundred of their merry pranks
By one that I could name
Are kept in store; con twenty thanks
To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire,
Give laud and praises due,
Who every meale can mend your cheare
With tales both old and true;
To William all give audience,
And pray yee for his noddle;
For all the fairies evidence
Were lost, if it were addle.

§ 126. *Unfading Beauty.*

This little beautiful Sonnet is reprinted from a small volume of "Poems by Thomas Carew, Esq. one of the gentlemen of the privie-chamber, and sewer in ordinary to his majesty Charles I. Lond. 1640." This elegant, and almost forgotten writer, whose Poems have been deservedly revived, died in the prime of his age, in 1639.

In the original follows a third stanza, which, not being of general application, nor of equal merit, I have ventured to omit.

Hee that loves a rosie cheeke,
Or corall lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuell to maintaine his fires;
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfaste mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires;
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

* * * * *

§ 127. *Song.*

§ 127. *Song. The Sky-Lark.* Shenstone.

Go, tuneful bird, that gladd'st the skies,
To Daphne's window speed thy way;
And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song,
Tell her, the sounds that sooth her ear
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may shine;
But ask the lovely, partial maid,
Where are his notes compar'd with thine?

Then bid her treat yon witless beau
And all his flaunting race with scorn;
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

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§ 128. *The Hermit.* Beattie.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove—
'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain reclin'd,
A hermit his nightly complaint thus began:
Though mournful his numbers, his soul was resign'd;
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

'Ah! why, thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow;
And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
Yet, if pity inspire thee, O cease not thy lay!
Mourn, sweetest companion! man calls thee to mourn:
O sooth him whose pleasures, like thine, pass away!
Full quickly they pass, but they never return!

'Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon, half extinct, a dim crescent displays;
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on then, fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again:
But man's faded glory no change shall renew;
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:
I mourn; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind Nature the embryo-blossom shall save:
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?'

§ 129. *A Pastoral Ballad. In Four Parts.* Shenstone.

I. ABSENCE.

Ye shepherds so chearful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
O call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None, once, was so watchful as I:
—I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah, lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel:
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phillis farewell.

Since Phillis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dream'd of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine!
I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are pass'd, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain?
Why wander thus pensively here?
O, why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favorite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought, but it might not be so,
'Twas with pain when she saw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew:
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far-distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus, widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relique I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains, all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bell and violet grow.

Not

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-brier twines it around.
Not my fields in the prime of the year
More charms than my cattle unfold:
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labor'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to a dove,
That it ever attended the bold;
And she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks, I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught in her absence could please.

But where does my Phillida stray?
And where are her grots and her bowers?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle, as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

Why will you my passion reprove,
Why term it a folly to grieve,
Ere I show you the charms of my love?
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave;
With her wit she engages the free;
With her modesty pleases the grave;
She is every way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays!
I could lay down my life for the swain
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay, on him let not Phillida frown;
—But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favor with Phillis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—O may Phillis beware
Of a magic there is in the sound!

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
"How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold;
How the nightingales labor the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phillis's feet.
"O Phillis," he whispers, "more fair,
More sweet, than the jessamine's flow'r!
What are pinks in a morn, to compare?
What is eglantine after a shower?

"Then the lily no longer is white;
Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom,
Then the violets die with despite,
And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phillis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phillis the trophy despise;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phillis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
Yet may she beware of his art!
Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do but to stray,
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove:
She was fair, and my passion begun;
She smil'd, and I could not but love;
She is faithless, and I am undone.

Perhaps

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire:
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile!

She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let Reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of a higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes,
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose?
Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shown to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own:
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my Phillis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase,
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it began;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithless, and I am undone!

§ 130. *Phœbe. A Pastoral.* Byrom.

My time, O ye muses! was happily spent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went:
Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest.
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought it was spring; but alas! it was she.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
It was pleasant to look at, 'twas music to hear!
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And, still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide:
Must you be so cheerful, whilst I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phœbe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
"Come hither, poor fellow!" and patted his head:
But now, when he's fawning, I, with a sour look,
Cry, "Sirrah!" and give him a blow with my crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be dull as his master, when Phœbe's away?

Sweet music went with us both all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone!
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gives every thing else its agreeable sound.

Will no pitying Power that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove.
But what swain is so silly to live without love?
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return;
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair:
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye love one so fair

§ 131. *A Pastoral Ballad.* Rowe.

Despairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And, while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was!
(Thus sadly complaining, he cried;)
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had died.
She talk'd, and I bless'd her dear tongue;
When she smil'd, it was pleasure too great;
I listen'd, and cried, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet!

How foolish was I to believe
She could doat on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forsake the fine folk of the town!
To think that a beauty so gay
So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad, like our maidens, in grey,
Or live in a cottage on love!

What though I have skill to complain,
Though the muses my temples have crown'd;
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around;
Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy fair one inclines to a swain
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

All

All you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Though through the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be false, and to change;
'Tis mine to be constant, and die.

If, while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found;
Let her come, with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground:
The last humble boon that I crave
Is, to shade me with cypress and yew;
And, when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array;
Be finest at ev'ry fine show,
And frolic it all the long day:
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
Unless when, beneath the pale moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green.

§ 132. *A Fairy Tale.* Parnell.

In Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight fairies daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Though badly shap'd he been.

His mountain back mote well be said
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above;
Yet, spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And, if a shape could win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion paced along
All in the moony light;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort,
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour town:
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
A trembling rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once an hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
And now the sounds increase:
And, from the corner where he lay,
He sees a train, profusely gay,
Come prankling o'er the place.

But (trust me, gentles) never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich, before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now, whilst he gaz'd, a gallant, drest
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awful accent cried:
"What mortal, of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presum'd to hide?"

At this the swain, whose vent'rous soul
No fears of magic art control,
Advanc'd in open sight;
"Nor have I cause of dread," he said,
"Who view, by no presumption led,
Your revels of the night.

"'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
Which made my steps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly dew."
"'Tis well," the gallant cries again,
"We fairies never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

"Exalt thy love-dejected heart;
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
To make thee grief resign;
Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;
Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
Be little Mable thine."

He spoke, and, all a sudden, there
Light music floats in wanton air;
The Monarch leads the Queen:
The rest their fairie partners found:
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dancing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made
As heart and lip desire:
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But now, to please the fairie king,
Full every deal they laugh and sing,
And antic feasts devise;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other some transmute their shape,
In Edwin's wond'ring eyes.

Till one, at last, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids at night,
Has bent him up aloof;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung,
To sprawl unneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverse my charm," he cries,
"And let it fairly now suffice,
The gambol has been shown."
But Oberon answers, with a smile,
"Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
The vantage is thine own."—

Here

Here ended all the phantom-play;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind, that bore the crowd,
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.
Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;
Poor Edwin falls to floor:
Forlorn his state and dark the place,
Was never wight in such a case
Through all the land before!
But, soon as dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes!
He feels his back the less;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want success:
With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a-dauncing as he walks;
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a bunch behind!
The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
(The youth of Edith erst approv'd)
To see the revel scene:
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.
As there he bides, it so befel,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall:
Up sprung the tapers, as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And music fills the hall.
But, certes, sorely sunk with woe
Sir Topaz sees the elfin show,
His spirits in him die;
When Oberon cries, "A man is near;
A mortal passion, cleped fear,
Hangs flagging in the sky."
With that sir Topaz, hapless youth!
In accents fult'ring aye for ruth,
Intreats them pity graunt;
For als he been a mister wight
Betray'd by wand'ring in the night
To tread the circling haunt.
"Ah, losel vile!" at once they roar,
"And little skill'd of fairie lore,
Thy cause to come we know:
Now has thy kestrell courage fell;
And fairies, since a lye you tell,
Are free to work thee woe."
Then Will who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The captive upward flung;
There, like a tortoise in a shop,
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilom Edwin hung.
The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor sir Topaz hangs the while,
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink;
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
And down ydrops the knight:
For never spell by fairie laid
With strong enchantment, bound a glade
Beyond the length of night.
Chill, dark, alone, adreed he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot;
His seely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin lost afore.—
This tale a Sybil nurse ared;
She softly stroak'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done:
"Thus some are born, my son," she cries,
"With base impediments to rise,
And some are born with none.
But virtue can itself advance
To what the fav'rite fools of chance
By fortune seem'd design'd;
Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
And from itself shake off the weight
Upon th' unworthy mind."

§ 133. *Song.* Thomson.

For ever, Fortune! wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part;
Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of love is gone?
But busy, busy, still art thou,
To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.
For once, O Fortune! hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

§ 134. *The Barber's Nuptials.*

In Liquorpond-street, as is well known to many,
An artist resided, who shav'd for a penny,
Cut hair for three halfpence, for three-pence he bled,
And would draw for a groat every tooth in your head.

What annoy'd other folks never spoil'd his repose,
'Twas the same thing to him whether stocks fell or rose:
For blast and for mildew he car'd not a pin;
His crops never fail'd, for they grew on the chin.

Unvex'd by the cares that ambition and state has,
Contented he din'd on his daily potatoes;
And the pence that he earn'd by excision of bristle
Were nightly devoted to wetting his whistle.

When copper ran low he made light of the matter,
Drank his purl upon tick at the old Pewter Platter,
Read the news, and as deep in the secret appear'd
As if he had lather'd the minister's beard.

But Cupid, who trims men of every station,
And 'twixt barbers and beaux makes no discrimination,
Would not let this superlative shaver alone,
Till he tried if his heart was as hard as his hone.

The fair one whose charms did the barber inthral,
At the end of Fleet-market, of fish keep a stall.
As red as her cheek was no lobster e'er seen,
Not an eel that she sold was so soft as her skin.

By love strange effects have been wrought, we are told,
In all countries and climates, hot, temp'rate, or cold;
Thus the heart of our barber love scorch'd like a coal,
Though 'tis very well known he liv'd under the *pole*.

First, he courted his charmer in sorrowful fashion,
And lied like a lawyer to move her compassion:
He should perish, he swore, did his suit not succeed,
And a barber to slay was a barbarous deed.

Then he alter'd his tone, and was heard to declare,
If valor deserv'd the regard of the fair,
That his courage was tried, though he scorn'd to disclose
How many brave fellows he'd took by the nose.

For his politics too, they were thoroughly known,
A patriot he was to the very backbone;
Wilkes he gratis had shav'd, for the good of the nation,
And he held the *Wig* Club in profound veneration.

For his tenets religious—he could well expound
Emanuel Swedenborg's myst'ries profound,
And new doctrines could broach with the best of 'em all;
For a periwig-maker ne'er wanted a *caul*.

Indignant she answer'd: "No chin-scraping sot
Shall be fasten'd to me by the conjugal knot;
No! to Tyburn repair, if a noose you must tie:
Other fish I have got, Mr. Tonsor, to fry:

"Holborn-bridge and Blackfriars my triumphs can tell,
From Billingsgate beauties I've long borne the bell;
Nay, tripemen and fishmongers vie for my favour:—
Then d'ye think I'll take up with a two-penny shaver?

"Let dory, or turbot the sov'reign of fish,
Cheek by jowl with red-herring be serv'd in one dish;
Let sturgeon and sprats in one pickle unite,
When I angle for husbands, and barbers shall bite."

But the barber persisted (ah, could I relate 'em)
To ply her with compliments soft as pomatum;
And took ev'ry occasion to flatter and praise her,
Till she fancied his wit was as keen as his razor.

He protested besides, if she'd grant his petition,
She should live like a lady of rank and condition;
And to Billingsgate market no longer repair,
But himself all her business would do to a hair.

Her smiles, he asserted, would melt even rocks,
Nay, the fire of her eyes would consume barbers' blocks,
On insensible objects bestow animation,
And give to old periwigs regeneration.

With fair speeches cajol'd, as you'd tickle a trout,
'Gainst the barber the fish-wife no more could hold out:
He applied the right bait, and with flattery he caught her:
Without flatt'ry a female's a fish out of water.

The state of her heart when the barber once guess'd,
Love's siege with redoubled exertion he press'd,
And as briskly bestirr'd him, the charmer embracing,
As the wash-ball that dances and froths in his bason.

The flame to allay that their bosoms did so burn,
They set out for the church of St. Andrew in Holborn,
Where tonsors and trulls, country Dicks and their cousins,
In the halter of wedlock are tied up by dozens.

The nuptials to grace, came from every quarter
The worthies at Rag-fair old caxons who barter,
Who the coverings of judges' and counsellors' nobs
Cut down into majors, queues, scratches, and bobs:

Muscle-mongers and oyster-men, crimps and coalheavers,
And butchers with marrow-bones smiting their cleavers;
Shrimp-scalders and bug-killers, taylors and tilers,
Boys, botchers, bawds, bailiffs, and black-pudding boilers.

From their voices united such melody flow'd,
As the Abbey ne'er witness'd, nor 'Tott'nham Court-road;
While St. Andrew's brave bells did so loud and so clear ring,
You'd have given ten pounds to 've been out of their hearing.

For his fee, when the parson this couple had join'd,
As no cash was forthcoming, he took it in kind:
So the bridegroom dismantled his rev'rence's chin,
And the bride entertain'd him with pilchards and gin.

§ 135. *William*

§ 135. *William and Margaret.*

When all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like the April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held the sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
And opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She died before her time.

Awake! she cried, thy true-love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to save:

This is the dark and fearful hour
When injur'd ghosts complain:
Now dreary graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath,
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

How could you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young, witless maid,
Believe the flattering tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair,
That lip no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is,
This winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night
Till that last morn appear.

But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence:
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man! how low she lies
That died for love of you.

Now birds did sing, and Morning smil'd,
And show'd her glittering head;
Pale William shook in every limb,
Then, raving, left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Marg'ret's body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay:

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,
And word spoke never more.

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§ 136. *Lucy and Colin.*

Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so fair a face;
Till luckless love, and pining care,
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

O have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair;
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring,
And, shrieking at her window thrice,
A raven flapp'd his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke
The virgins weeping round:

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.
By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die:
Am I to blame because his bride
Is thrice as rich as I?

Ah Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone;
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.
To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient both prepare;
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there!

There bear my corpse, ye comrades, bear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet.—
She spoke, she died! her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were those nuptials kept?
The bridemen flock'd round Lucy, dead,
And all the village wept.
Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell;
The damps of death bedew'd his brows,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah, bride no more!)
The varying crimson fled;
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.
He, to his Lucy's new-made grave
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever now remains.

Oft at this grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green.
But, swain forsworn! whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

§ 137. *Song.* Dibdin.

I saw what seem'd a harmless child,
With wings and bow
And aspect mild,
Who sobb'd, and sigh'd, and pin'd,
And begg'd I would some boon bestow
On a poor little boy, stone-blind.

Not aware of the danger, I instant comply'd,
When he drew from his quiver a dart,
And cry'd, "My power you shall know!"
Then he levell'd his bow,
And wounded me right in the heart.

§ 138. *The Race Horse. By the same.*

See the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are begun,
The confusion but hear!—I'll bet you, sir—Done!
Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and near,
Lords, hawkers, and jockeys assail the tir'd ear:
While, with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching his breast,
Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
The high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.

Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush
Hounds, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at his brush;
They run him at length, and they have him at bay,
And by scent, and by view, cheat a long tedious way:
While, alike born for sports of the field and the course,
Always sure to come through, a staunch and fleet horse;
When, fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,
The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud,
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some blood;
While knowing postilions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won this sweepstakes, his sire gain'd that race;
And what matches he won to the ostlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at some hedge-ale-house door;
While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

Till, at last, having labor'd, drudg'd early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends to his fate;
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass stands still.
And now, cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view
In the very same cart which he yesterday drew,
While a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,
The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds!

§ 139. *Poor Jack. By the same.*

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight-water boat and good sea-room give me,
And t'ent to a little I'll strike:
Though the tempest top-gallant masts smack smooth should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood;
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse every thing tight,
And under reef'd foresail we'll scud.
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft
To be taken for trifles aback,
For they says there's a Providence sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why, I heard the good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such,
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay!
Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch.
But he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below,
And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow.
For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for you see she would cry,
When at last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
What argufies sniv'ling, and piping your eye?
Why, what a damn'd fool you must be!
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?
And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
Why, you never will hear of me more.

What

What then? all's a hazard: come, don't be so soft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub that sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that springs;
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
And as for my life, 'tis the king's.
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
As for grief to be taken aback:
That same little cherub that sits up aloft
Will look out a good birth for Poor Jack.

§ 140. *By the same.*

Of all sensations pity brings,
To proudly swell the ample heart,
From which the willing sorrow springs,
In others' grief that bears a part:
Of all sad sympathy's delights,
The manly dignity of grief,
A joy in mourning that excites,
And gives the anxious mind relief:
Of these would you the feeling know,
Most gen'rous, noble, greatly brave,
That ever taught a heart to glow,
'Tis the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.

For hard and painful is his lot;
Let dangers come, he braves them all;
Valiant, perhaps, to be forgot,
Or undistinguish'd doom'd to fall.
Yet wrapt in conscious worth secure,
The world, that now forgets his toil,
He views from a retreat obscure,
And quits it with a willing smile.
Then, trav'ller, one kind drop bestow,
'Twere graceful pity, nobly brave;
Nought ever taught the heart to glow
Like the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.

§ 141. *By the same.*

What though from Venus Cupid sprung,
No attribute divine
(Whate'er the bawling bards have sung)
Had he, his bow till Bacchus strung,
And dipt his darts in wine:
Till old Silenus plung'd the boy
In nectar from the vine:
Then love, that was before a toy,
Became the source of mortal joy;
The urchin shook his dewy wings,
And careless levell'd clowns and kings:
Such power has mighty wine!

When Theseus on the naked shore
Fair Ariadne left,
D'ye think she did her fate deplore,
Or her fine locks or bosom tore,
Like one of hope bereft?
Not she, indeed. Her fleeting love
From mortal turns divine;
And as gay Bacchus tigers move,
His car ascends amidst a grove
Of vines, surrounded by a throng,
Who lead the jolly pair along,
Almost half-gone with wine.

Ma'am Helen lov'd the Phrygian boy,
He thought her all his own:
But hottest love will soonest cloy,
He ne'er had brought her safe to Troy
But for the wife of Thone.
She, merry gossip, mix'd a cup
Of tipple right divine,
To keep love's flagging spirits up,
And Helen drank it every sup:
This liquor is 'mongst learned elves
Nepenthe call'd; but, 'twixt ourselves,
'Twas nothing more than wine.

Of Lethe, and its flow'ry brink,
Let musty poets prate,
Where thirsty souls are said to drink,
That never they again may think
Upon their former state:
What is there in this soulless lot,
I pray you, so divine?
Grief finds the palace and the cot,
Which, for a time, were well forgot;
Come here then, in our Lethe share,
The true oblivion of your care
Is only found in wine.

§ 142. *By the same.*

Yanko he tell, and he tell no lie,
We near one pretty brook,
Him flowing hair, him lovely eye,
Sweetly on Orra look:
Him see big world, fine warrior men,
Grand cruel king love blood,
Great king! but Yanko say what den
If he no honest good?

Virtue in foe be virtue still,
Fine stone be found in mine:
The sun one dale, as well one hill,
Make warm where'er him shine.
You broder him, him broder you,
So all the world should call;
For nature say, and she say true,
That men be broder all.

If cruel man, like tiger grim,
Come bold in thirst of blood,
Poor man: be noble, pity him,
That he no honest good:
Virtue in foe be virtue still,
Fine stone be found in mine:
The sun one dale, as well one hill,
Make warm where'er him shine.

§ 143. *Yanko. By the same.*

Dear Yanko say, and true he say,
All mankind, one and t'other,
Negro, mulatto, and Malay,
Through all the world be broder.
In black, in yellow, what disgrace,
That scandal so he use 'em?
For dere no virtue in de face,
De virtue in de bosom.

What harm dere in a shape or make?
What harm in ugly feature?
Whatever color, form, he take,
The heart make human creature.
Then black and copper both be friend,
No color he bring beauty;
For beauty, Yanko say, attend
On him who do him duty.
Dear Yanko say, &c.

§ 144. *Let us all be unhappy together. By the same.*

We bipeds, made up of frail clay,
Alas! are the children of sorrow;
And, though brisk and merry to-day,
We may all be unhappy to-morrow.
For sunshine's succeeded by rain;
Then, fearful of life's stormy weather,
Lest pleasure should only bring pain,
Let us all be unhappy together.

I grant the best blessing we know
Is a friend, for true friendship's a treasure;
And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,
Oh! taste not the dangerous pleasure.
Thus friendship's a flimsy affair,
Thus riches and health are a bubble;
Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
Nor any thing pleasing but trouble.

If a mortal would point out that life
Which on earth could be nearest to Heaven,
Let him, thanking his stars, choose a wife
To whom truth and honor are given.
But honor and truth are so rare,
And horns, when they're cutting, so tingle,
That, with all my respect to the fair,
I'd advise him to sigh, and live single.

It appears from these premises plain,
That wisdom is nothing but folly;
That pleasure's a term that means pain,
And that joy is your true melancholy:
That all those who laugh ought to cry,
That 'tis fine frisk and fun to be grieving;
And that, since we must all of us die,
We should taste no enjoyment while living.

§ 145. *The Soldier's Adieu. By the same.*

Adieu, adieu, my only life!
My honor calls me from thee;
Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,
Those tears but ill become thee.

What though by duty I am call'd
Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
Where Valor's self might stand appall'd?
When on the wings of thy dear love
To Heaven above
Thy fervent orisons are flown,
The tender prayer
Thou putt'st up there
Shall call a guardian angel down,
To watch me in the battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
As sword and buckler serving;
My life shall be more dear to me,
Because of thy preserving.
Let peril come, let horror threat,
Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
I'll fearless seek the conflict's heat,
Assur'd when on the wings of love
To Heaven above, &c.

Enough. With that benignant smile
Some kindred god inspir'd thee;
Who knew thy bosom void of guile,
Who wonder'd, and admir'd thee.
I go assur'd: my life, adieu;
Though thund'ring cannons rattle,
Though murdering carnage stalk in view,
When on the wings of thy true love
To Heaven above, &c.

§ 146. *Indian Song. By the same.*

The sun's descending in the wave;
I go, I go, my fate to brave:
Ghosts of dead incas, now appear,
Shriek as ye come
Cold from the tomb,
And see if Moniaco knows to fear.
Oh Sun, my sire!
Lend me all thy noble fire:
Illia Moniaco to thy tomb,
Oh Atabalipa, soon shall come;
Cover me with scars,
Nought can control
The dauntless soul,
That shall live among its kindred stars.

What is't to die? To leave this clay,
And breathe an everlasting day,
For robes celestial shake off dust;
Among the blest,
From care to rest,
And emulate the virtues of the just:
Then, Sun, my sire,
Lend me all thy noble fire,
Illia Moniaco, &c.

Adieu, ye friends! vain world, adieu!
Bliss is for me, but woe for you;
While I, new-born, shall go to find
The upper heaven,
You shall be driven
Like scatter'd chaff before false fortune's wind.
Now, Sun, my sire,
I feel, I feel thy noble fire!
Illia Moniaco, &c.

§ 147. *By*

§ 147. *By the same.*

Hark the din of distant war,
How noble is the clangor!
Pale Death ascends his ebon car,
Clad in terrific anger.
A doubtful fate the soldier tries
Who joins the gallant quarrel:
Perhaps on the cold ground he lies,
No wife, no friend, to close his eyes,
Though nobly mourn'd;
Perhaps, return'd,
He's crown'd with victory's laurel.

How many, who, disdaining fear,
Rush on the desperate duty,
Shall claim the tribute of the tear
That dims the eye of beauty?
A doubtful fate, &c.

What nobler fate can fortune give?
Renown shall tell our story
If we should fall; but if we live,
We live our country's glory.
'Tis true, a doubtful fate, &c.

§ 148. *By the same.*

Poor Peggy lov'd a soldier lad
More, far more than tongue can tell ye;
Yet was her tender bosom sad
Whene'er she heard the loud reveilleer.
The fifes were screech-owls to her ears,
The drums like thunder seem'd to rattle;
Ah, too prophetic were her fears,
They call'd him from her arms to battle.
There wonders he against the foe
Perform'd, and was with laurels crown'd;
Vain pomp! for soon death laid him low
On the cold ground.

Her heart all love, her soul all truth,
That none her fears or flight discover,
Poor Peg, in guise a comely youth,
Follow'd to the field her lover.
Directed by the fife and drum
To where the work of death was doing;
Where of brave hearts the time was come,
Who, seeking honor, grasp at ruin:
Her very soul was chill'd with woe,
New horror came in every sound,
And whisper'd, death had laid him low
On the cold ground.

With mute affliction as she stood,
While her woman's fears confound her,
With terror all her soul subdued,
A mourning train came thronging round her.
The plaintive fife, and muffled drum,
The marshal obsequies discover;
His name she heard, and cried, I come,
Faithful to meet my murder'd lover!
Then heart-rent by a sigh of woe,
Fell, to the grief of all around,
Where death had laid her lover low
On the cold ground!

§ 149. *Song.* Stephens.

Once the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast,
Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing,
Merry Momus among them appear'd as a guest:
Homer says the celestials love laughing.
This happen'd 'fore Chaos was fix'd into form,
While nature disorderly lay;
While elements adverse engender'd the storm,
And uproar embroil'd the loud fray.

On every Olympic the humorist droll'd,
So none could his jokes disapprove;
He sung, reparteed, and some old stories told,
And at last thus began upon Jove:
Sire, mark how you matter is heaving below,
Were it settled 't would please all your court;
'Tis not wisdom to let it lie useless, you know;
Pray people it, just for our sport.

Jove nodded assent, all Olympus bow'd down,
At his fiat creation took birth;
The cloud-keeping deity smil'd on his throne,
Then announc'd the production was earth.
To honour their sov'reign each god gave a boon:
Apollo presented it light;
The goddess of child-bed dispatch'd us a moon,
To silver the shadow of night:

The queen of soft wishes, foul Vulcan's fair bride,
Leer'd wanton on her man of war; [guide.
Saying, As to these earth-folks, I'll give them a
So she sparkled the morn and eve star.
From her cloud, all in spirits, the goddess up sprung,
In ellipsis each planet advanc'd;
The tune of the spheres the Nine Sisters sung,
As round Terra Nova they danc'd.

Even Jove himself could not insensible stand,
Bid Saturn his girdle fast bind: [hand,
The expounder of fate grasp'd the globe in his
And laugh'd at those mites call'd mankind.
From the hand of great Jove into space it was hurl'd,
He was charm'd with the roll of the ball,
Bid his daughter Attraction take charge of the world,
And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe round,
Saw with rapture hills, valleys, and plains;
The self-balanc'd orb in an atmosphere bound,
Prolific by suns, dews, and rains.
With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd,
France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear;
What was fit for each clime on each clime she bestow'd,
And freedom she found flourish'd here.

The blue-ey'd celestial, Minerva the wise,
Ineffably smil'd on the spot;
My dear, says plum'd Pallas, your last gift I prize,
But, excuse me, one thing is forgot.

Licentiousness freedom's destruction may bring,
Unless prudence prepares its defence.
The goddess of sapience bid Iris take wing,
And on Britons bestow'd common-sense.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,
As guardians to cherish the root;
The blossoms of liberty gaily 'gan smile,
And Englishmen fed on the fruit.

Thus fed, and thus bred, by a bounty so rare,
Oh! preserve it as pure as 'twas giv'n.
We will while we've breath; nay we'll grasp it in death,
And return it untainted to heav'n.

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

§ 1. *Epilogue to A Woman killed with Kindness.* 1617.

An honest crew, disposed to be merry,
Came to a tavern by, and called for wine:
The drawer brought it (smiling like a cherry),
And told them it was pleasant, neat, and fine.
Taste it, quoth one; he did: O fie! (quoth he):
This wine was good; now 't runs too near the lee.

Another sipp'd to give the wine his due,
And said unto the rest it drank too flat;
The third said it was old; the fourth too new;
Nay, quoth the fifth, the sharpness likes me not.
Thus, gentlemen, you see how in one hour
The wine was new, old, flat, sharp, sweet, and sour.

Unto this wine do we allude our play; [grave:
Which some will judge too trivial, some too
You, as our guests, we entertain this day,
And bid you welcome to the best we have.
Excuse me then; good wine may be disgrac'd
When ev'ry sev'ral mouth hath sundry taste.

§ 2. *Prologue to The Unfortunate Lovers. Spoken at Black-Friars,* 1643. Davenant.

Were you but half so humble to confess,
As you are wise to know, your happiness;
Our author would not grieve to see you sit
Ruling with such unquestion'd pow'r his wit:
What would I give, that I could still preserve
My loyalty to him, and yet deserve
Your kind opinion by revealing now
The cause of that great storm which clouds his brow; [you,
And his close murmurs, which, since meant to
I cannot think or mannerly or true!
Well; I begin to be resolv'd, and let
My melancholy tragic Monsieur fret;
Let him the several harmless weapons use
Of that all-daring trifle call'd his Muse.
Yet I'll inform you what, this very day,
Twice before witness I have heard him say;
Which is, that you are grown excessive proud;
For ten times more of wit, than was allow'd
Your silly ancestors in twenty year, [here:
Y' expect should in two hours be given you
For they, he swears, to th' theatre would come
Ere they had din'd, to take up the best room;
There sit on benches, not adorn'd with mats,
And graciously did veil their high-crown'd hats
To every half-dress'd player, as he still
Thro' th' hangings peep'd to see how the house did fill.
Good easy-judging souls! with what delight
They would expect a gig or target fight;
A furious tale of Troy, which they ne'er thought
Was weakly written, so 'twere strongly fought;
Laugh'd at a clinch, the shadow of a jest,
And cry'd 'A passing good one, I protest!'
Such dull and humble-witted people were
Even your forefathers, whom we govern'd here;
And such had you been too, he swears, had not
The poets taught you how to unweave a plot,
And trace the winding scenes; taught you t' admit [wit.
What was true sense, not what did sound like
Thus they have arm'd you 'gainst themselves to fight, [wrire.
Made strong and mischievous from what they
You have been lately highly feasted here,
With two great wits *, that grac'd our theatre.
But, if to feed you often with delight
Will more corrupt, than mend, your appetite;
He vows to use you, which he much abhors,
As others did your homely ancestors.

§ 3. *Epilogue to The Cutter of Coleman-street, spoken by the Person who acted Cutter.* 1656. Cowley.

Methinks a vision bids me silence break,
[*Without his peruke.*
And some words to this congregation speak;
So great and gay a one I ne'er did meet
At the fifth monarch's court in Coleman-street;
But yet I wonder much, not to espy a
Brother in all this court, call'd Zephaniah.
Bless me! what are we? what may this place be?
For I begin my vision now to see,
That this is a mere theatre—Well then,
If 't be e'en so, I'll Cutter be again.
[*Puts on his peruke.*

* Beaumont and Fletcher.

Not

Not Cutter the pretended cavalier;
For, to confess ingenuously here
To you, who always of that party were,
I never was of any; up and down
I roll'd, a very rake-hell of this town.
But now my follies and my faults are ended,
My fortune and my mind are both amended;
And if we may believe one who has fail'd before, [no more.
Our author says he'll mend—that is, he'll write

§ 4. *Prologue to Nero.* 1675. Lee.

Good plays, and perfect sense, as scarce are grown
As civil women in this d—d lewd town;
Plain sense is despicable as plain clothes,
As English hats, bone-lace, or woollen hose.
'Tis your brisk fool that is your man of note;
Yonder he goes, in the embroider'd coat:
Such wenching eyes, and hands so prone to ruffle,
The genteel fling, the trip, and modish shuffle;
Salt soul and flame, as gay as any prince;
Thus tags and silks make up your men of sense.
I 'm told that some are present here to-day
Who, ere they see, resolve to damn this play,
So much would interest with ill-nature sway.
But, ladies, you, we hope, will prove more civil,
And charm these wits that damn beyond the devil;
Then let each critic here all hell inherit,
You have attractions that can lay a spirit.
A bloody fatal play you 'll see to-night,
I vow to God, 't has put me in a fright.
The meanest waiter huffs, looks big, and struts,
Gives breast a blow, then hand on hilt he puts.
'Tis a fine age, a tearing thundering age,
Pray heaven this thund'ring does not crack the stage:
This play I like not now—— [stage:
And yet, for aught I know, it may be good,
But still I hate this fighting, wounds, and blood. [nour?
Why, what the devil have I to do with Ho-
Let heroes court her; I cry, Pox upon her!
All tragedies, i'gad, to me sound oddly;
I can no more be serious, than you godly.

§ 5. *Epilogue to Tyrannic Love; spoken by Nell Gwyn, when she was to be carried off dead by the bearers.* 1672. Dryden.

To the Bearer.

Hold! are you mad, you damn'd confounded dog?
I am to rise, and speak the epilogue.

To the Audience.

I come, kind gentlemen, strange news to tell ye;
I am the ghost of poor departed Nelly.
Sweet ladies, be not frighted, I'll be civil:
I'm what I was, a little harmless devil;
For, after death, we sprites have just such natures [tures:
We had, for all the world, when human crea-
And therefore I, that was an actress here,
Play all my tricks in hell, a goblin there.
Gallants, look to't; you say there are no sprites;
But I'll come dance about your beds at nights;
And 'faith you'll be in a sweet kind of taking,
When I surprise you between sleep and waking.
To tell you true, I walk, because I die
Out of my calling, in a tragedy.
O poet, damn'd dull poet! who could prove
So senseless, to make Nelly die for love!
Nay, what's yet worse, to kill me in my prime
Of Easter-term, in tart and cheesecake time!
I'll fit the fop: for I'll not one word say,
T' excuse his godly out-of-fashion play;
A play which if you dare but twice sit out,
You'll all be slander'd, and be thought devout.
But farewell, gentlemen; make haste to me;
I'm sure ere long to have your company.
As for my epitaph, when I am gone,
I'll trust no poet, but will write my own:
Here Nelly lies, who, tho' she liv'd a slattern*,
Yet died a princess, acting in St. Cath'rine†.

§ 6. *Prologue to Alcibiades.* 1675. Otway.

Never did rhymer greater hazards run,
'Mongst us by your severity undone;
Tho' we, alas! to oblige ye have done most,
And bought ye pleasures at our own sad cost,
Yet all our best endeavours have been lost.
So oft a statesman lab'ring to be good,
His honesty's for treason understood;
Whilst some false flattering minion of the court
Shall play the traitor, and be honour'd for't.
To you, known judges of what's sense and wit,
Our author swears he gladly will submit:
But there's a sort of things infest the pit,
That would be witty spite of nature too,
And, to be thought so, haunt and pester you.
Hither sometimes those would-be-wits repair,
In quest of you; where, if you don't appear,
Cries one—Pugh! D—n me, what do we do here?
Straight up he starts, his garniture then puts
In order, so he cocks, and out he struts
To the coffee-house, where he about him looks:
Spies friend; cries, Jack—I've been to-night at th' Duke's;
The silly rogues are all undone, my dear,
I'gad, not one of sense that I saw there.
Thus to himself he'd reputation gather
Of wit, and good acquaintance, but has neither.
Wit has indeed a stranger been, of late;
'Mongst its pretenders, nought so strange as that.
Both houses too so long a fast have known,
That coarsest nonsense goes most glibly down.
Thus though this trifler never wrote before,
Yet faith he ventured on the common score:
Since nonsense is so generally allow'd,
He hopes that this may pass amongst the crowd.

§ 7. *Epilogue to Aurengzebe.* 1676. Dryden.

A pretty task! and so I told the fool,
Who needs would undertake to please by rule:

* Her real character.
† The character she represented in the play.

He

He thought that if his characters were good,
The scenes entire, and freed from noise and blood,
The action great, yet circumscrib'd by time,
The words not forc'd, but sliding into rhyme,
The passions rais'd and calm'd by just degrees,
As tides are swell'd and then retire to seas;
He thought in hinting these his bus'ness done,
Though he, perhaps, has fail'd in ev'ry one.
But, after all, a poet must confess,
His art's like physic, but a happy guess.
Your pleasure on your fancy must depend;
The lady's pleas'd, just as she likes her friend.
No song! no dance! no show! he fears you'll say,
You love all naked beauties, but a play.
He much mistakes your methods to delight,
And, like the French, abhors our target fight:
But those damn'd dogs can never be i' th' right.
True English hate your Monsieurs' paltry arts;
For you are all silk-weavers * in your hearts.
Bold Britons, at a brave bear-garden fray,
Are rous'd, and, clatt'ring sticks, cry, Play, play, play!
Mean time, your fribbling foreigner will stare,
And mutter to himself, *Ah, gens barbare!*
And, 'gad, 'tis well he mutters, well for him;
Our butchers else would tear him limb from limb.
'Tis true, the time may come, your sons may be
Infected with this French civility:
But this in after-ages will be done;
Our poet writes an hundred years too soon.
This age comes on too slow or he too fast;
And early springs are subject to a blast.
Who would excel, when few can make a test
Betwixt indifferent writing and the best?
For favours cheap and common who would strive,
Which, like abandon'd prostitutes, you give?
Yet scatter'd here and there I some behold,
Who can discern the tinsel from the gold;
To these he writes; and, if by them allow'd,
'Tis their prerogative to rule the crowd;
For he more fears (like a presuming man)
Their votes who cannot judge, than theirs who can.

§ 8. *Epilogue to the First Part of The Rover, or the Banished Cavaliers.* 1677. *Mrs.* Behn.

The banish'd cavaliers! a roving blade!
A popish carnival! a masquerade!
The devil's in't if this will please the nation,
In these our blessed times of reformation,
When conventicling is so much in fashion.
And yet———
That mutinous tribe less factions do beget,
Than your continual differing in wit.
Your judgment (as your passion) 's a disease;
Nor Muse nor Miss your appetite can please;
You're grown as nice as queasy consciences,
Whose each convulsion, when the spirit moves,
Damns every thing that maggot disapproves.
With canting rule you would the stage refine,
And to dull method all our sense confine.
With th' insolence of commonwealths you rule,
Where each gay fop, and politic brave fool,
On monarch Wit impose without controul.
As for the last, who seldom sees a play,
Unless it be the old Black-Friars way,
Shaking his empty noddle o'er bamboo,
He cries, Good faith, these plays will never do.
Ah, sir! in my young days, what lofty wit,
What high-strain'd scenes of fighting, there were writ!
These are slight airy toys. But tell me, pray,
What has the House of Commons done to-day?
Then shows his politics, to let you see
Of state affairs he'll judge as notably
As he can do of wit and poetry.
The younger sparks, who hither do resort,
Cry———
Pox o' your gentle things! give us more sport;
Damme! I'm sure 't will never please the court.
Such fops are never pleas'd, unless the play
Be stuff'd with fools, as brisk and dull as they;
Such might the half-crown spare, and in a glass
At home behold a more accomplish'd ass;
Where they may set their cravats, wigs, and faces,
And practise all their buffoon'ry grimaces—
See how this huff becomes—this damme stare,
Which they at home may act, because they dare;
But must with prudent caution do elsewhere.
O, that our Nokes, or Tony Lee, could shew
A fop but half so much to th' life as you!

§ 9. *Epilogue to The Duke of Guise*; 1683. *Spoken by Mrs. Cook.* Dryden.

Much time and trouble this poor play has cost,
And, 'faith, I doubted once the cause was lost.
Yet no one man was meant, nor great nor small;
Our poets, like frank gamesters†, threw at all.
They took no single aim———
But like bold boys, true to their prince and hearty,
Huzza'd, and fir'd broadsides at the whole party.
Duels are crimes; but when the cause is right
In battle every man is bound to fight:
For what should hinder me to sell my skin
Dear as I could, if once my heart were in?
Se defendendo never was a sin.
'Tis a fine world, my masters—right or wrong,
The Whigs must talk, and Tories hold their tongue.
They must do all they can—
But we, forsooth, must bear a Christian mind,
And fight like boys with one hand tied behind:
Nay, and when one boy's down 'twere wondrous wise
To cry, Box fair, and give him time to rise.

* Alluding to the rivalry of the Spitalfields manufactures with those of France.
† This play was written jointly by Dryden and Lee.

When

When fortune favours, none but fools will dally:
Would any of you sparks, if Nan or Mally
Tipp'd you th' inviting wink, stand, Shall I, shall I?
A trimmer cried (that heard me tell the story)
Fie, Mistress Cook! 'faith you're too rank a Tory!
Wish not Whigs hang'd, but pity their hard cases;
You women love to see men make wry faces.
Pray, Sir, said I, don't think me such a Jew;
I say no more, but give the devil his due.
Lenitives, says he, best suit with our condition.
Jack Ketch, says I, 's an excellent physician.
I love no blood. Nor I, Sir, as I breathe;
But hanging is a fine dry kind of death.
We trimmers are for holding all things even.
Yes, just like him that hung 'twixt hell and heaven.
Have we not had men's lives enough already?—
Yes, sure; but you're for holding all things steady.
Now, since the weight hangs all on one side, brother,
You trimmers should, to poise it, hang on t'other.
Damn'd neuters, in their middle way of steering,
Are neither fish nor flesh, nor good red-herring:
Not Whigs nor Tories they, nor this nor that;
Nor birds, nor beasts, but just a kind of bat;
A twilight animal, true to neither cause,
With Tory wings, but Whiggish teeth and claws.

§ 10. *Prologue to The Mistakes, a Play written by Joseph Harris, comedian*; 1690.
Dryden.

Enter Mr. Bright.

Gentlemen, we must beg your pardon; here's no prologue to be had to-day; our new play is like to come on without a frontispiece; as bald as one of you young beaux without your periwig. I left our young poet snivelling and sobbing behind the scenes, and cursing somebody that has deceived him.

Enter Mr. Bowen.

Hold your prating to the audience; here is honest Mr. Williams just come in, half mellow, from the Rose Tavern. He swears he is inspired with claret, and will come on, and that extempore too, either with a prologue of his own, or something like one. O, here he comes to his trial, at all adventures: for my part I wish him a good deliverance.

[*Exeunt* Mr. Bright *and* Mr. Bowen.

Enter Mr. Williams.

Save ye, Sirs, save ye! I'm in a hopeful way, I should speak something, in rhyme, now, for the play:
But the deuce take me if I know what to say.
I'll stick to my friend the author, that I can tell
To the last drop of claret in my belly. [ye,
So far I'm sure 'tis rhyme—that needs no granting: [are wanting.
And, if my verses' feet stumble—you see my own
Our young poet has brought a piece of work,
In which tho' much of art there does not lurk,
It may hold out three days—and that's as long as Cork*.
But for this play—(which till I have done we show not)
What may be its fortune—by the Lord—I know
This I dare swear, no malice here is writ: [not.
'Tis innocent of all things—even of wit.
He's no high-flyer—he makes no sky-rockets,
His squibs are only levell'd at your pockets:
And if his crackers light among your pelf,
Ye are blown up; if not, then he's blown up himself. [fluster'd madness:
By this time I'm something recover'd of my
And now, a word or two in sober sadness.
Ours is a common play; and you pay down
A common harlot's price—just half a crown.
You'll say, I play the pimp on my friend's score;
But since 'tis for a friend, your gibes give o'er:
For many a mother has done that before.
How's this? you cry: an actor write!—we know it;
But Shakspeare was an actor and a poet.
Has not great Jonson's learning often fail'd,
While Shakspeare's greater genius still prevail'd?
Have not some writing actors, in this age,
Deserv'd and found success upon the stage?
To tell the truth, when our old wits are tir'd,
Not one of us but means to be inspir'd.
Let your kind presence grace our homely cheer;
Peace and the butt, is all our bus'ness here;
So much for that, and the devil take small beer.

§ 11. *Prologue to the Old Bachelor*; 1693.
Congreve.

How this vile world is chang'd! In former days
Prologues were serious speeches before plays;
Grave, solemn things (as graces are to feasts),
Where poets begg'd a blessing from their guests.
But now no more like suppliants we come!
A play makes war, and prologue is the drum.
Arm'd with keen satire, and with pointed wit,
We threaten you, who do for judges sit,
To save our plays; or else we'll damn your pit.
But for your comfort, it falls out to-day,
We've a young author, and his first-born play:
So, standing only on his good behaviour,
He's very civil, and entreats your favour.
Not but the man has malice, would he show it:
But, on my conscience, he's a bashful poet;
You think that strange—no matter; he'll outgrow it.
Well, I'm his advocate—by me he prays you,
(I don't know whether I shall speak to please you)
He prays—O bless me! what shall I do now?
Hang me if I know what he prays, or how!
And 'twas the prettiest prologue as he wrote it:
Well, the deuce take me if I ha'n't forgot it.

* The siege of the city of Cork.
O Lord!

O Lord! for Heaven's sake excuse the play,
Because, you know, if it be damn'd to-day,
I shall be hang'd for wanting what to say.
For my sake then—but I'm in such confusion,
I cannot stay to hear your resolution. [*Runs off.*

§ 12. *Prologue, spoken by Lord Buckhurst, at Westminster School, at a Representation of Mr. Dryden's* CLEOMENES, *the Spartan Hero, at Christmas*, 1695. PRIOR.

PISH! Lord, I wish this prologue was but Greek,
Then young Cleonidas would boldly speak:
But can Lord Buckhurst in poor English say,
Gentle spectators, pray excuse the play?
No, witness all ye gods of ancient Greece,
Rather than condescend to terms like these,
I'd go to school six hours on Christmas-day,
Or construe Persius while my comrades play.
Such work by hireling actors should be done,
Who tremble when they see a critic frown;
Poor rogues, that smart, like fencers, for their bread,
And if they are not wounded, are not fed.
But, sirs, our labor has more noble ends,
We act our tragedy to see our friends:
Our gen'rous scenes are for pure love repeated,
And if you are not pleas'd, at least you're treated.
The candles and the clothes ourselves we bought,
Our tops neglected, and our balls forgot.
To learn our parts we left our midnight bed,
Most of you snor'd whilst Cleomenes read.
Not that from this confession we would sue
Praise undeserv'd: we know ourselves and you:
Resolv'd to stand or perish by our cause,
We neither censure fear, nor beg applause,
For those are Westminster and Sparta's laws.
Yet if we see some judgement well inclin'd,
To young desert and growing virtue kind,
That critic by ten thousand marks should know,
That greatest souls to goodness only bow;
And that your little hero does inherit
Not Cleomenes' more than Dorset's spirit.

§ 13. *Prologue to the Royal Mischief*; 1696. PRIOR.

LADIES, to you with pleasure we submit
This early offspring of a virgin-wit.
From your good-nature nought our authoress fears:
Sure you'll indulge, if not the muse, her years;
Freely, the praise she may deserve, bestow;
Pardon, not censure, what you can't allow;
Smile on the work, be to her merits kind,
And to her faults, whate'er they are, be blind.
Let critics follow rules; she boldly writes
What Nature dictates, and what Love indites.
By no dull forms her queen and ladies move,
But court their heroes, and agnize their love.
Poor maid! she'd have (what e'en no wife would crave)
A husband love his spouse beyond the grave:
And, from a second marriage to deter,
Shows you what horrid things step-mothers are.
Howe'er, to constancy the prize she gives,
And though the sister dies, the brother lives.
Blest with success, at last he mounts a throne,
Enjoys at once his mistress and a crown.
Learn, ladies, then, from Libaraxa's fate,
What great rewards on virtuous lovers wait.
Learn too, if Heaven and fate should adverse prove,
(For fate and Heaven don't always smile on love)
Learn with Zelinda to be still the same,
Nor quit your first for any second flame:
Whatever fate, or death or life, be given,
Dare to be true, submit the rest to Heaven.

§ 14. *Prologue to Love and a Bottle*; 1699. FARQUHAR.

[*Servant attending with a Bottle of Wine.*]

As stubborn atheists who disdain to pray,
Repent, though late, upon their dying day;
So in their pangs most authors, rack'd with fears,
Implore your mercy in our suppliant prayers.
But our new author has no cause maintain'd,
Let him not lose what he has never gain'd:
Love and a bottle are his peaceful arms;
Ladies and gallants, have not those some charms?
For love, all mankind to the fair must sue:
And, sirs, the bottle he presents to you.
Health to the play I toast [*Drinks.*]—e'en let it pass,
Sure none sit here that will refuse their glass!
O there's a damning soldier—let me think—
He looks as he were sworn—to what? To drink.
[*Drinks.*
Come on then; foot to foot be boldly set,
And our young author's new commission wet.
He and his bottle here attend their doom,
From you the poet's Helicon must come;
If he has any foes, to make amends
He gives his service [*Drinks.*]—Sure you now are friends;
No critic here will he provoke to fight;
The day be theirs, he only begs his night.
Pray pledge him now, secur'd from all abuse;
Then name the health you love, let none refuse.

§ 15. *Prologue to the Constant Couple*; 1700. FARQUHAR.

POETS will think nothing so checks their fury,
As wits, cits, beaux, and women, for their jury.
Our spark's half-dead to think what medleys come,
With blended judgements, to pronounce his doom.
'Tis all false fear; for in a mingled pit,
Why, what your grave don thinks but dully writ,
His neighbour i' th' great wig may take for wit.
Some authors court the few, the wise if any:
Our youth's content, if he can reach the many,
Who go with much like ends to church and play,
Not to observe what priests or poets say—
No, no! your thoughts, like theirs, lie quite another way.

The

The ladies safe may smile, for here's no slander,
No smut, no lewd-tongued beau, no *double entendre*.
'Tis true, he has a spark just come from France,
But then, so far from beau—why, he talks sense,
Like coin, oft carried out, but—seldom brought from thence.
There's yet a gang to whom our spark submits,
Your elbow-shaking fool that lives by's wits,
That's only witty though, just as he lives, by fits:
Who, lion-like, through bailiffs scours away,
Hunts, in the face of dinner, all the day,
At night with empty bowels grumbles o'er the play.
And now the modish prentice he implores,
Who, with his master's cash, stol'n out of doors,
Employs it on a brace of—honorable whores:
While their good bulky mother pleas'd sits by,
Bawd-regent of the bubble-gallery.
Next to our mounted friends we humbly move,
Who all your side-box tricks are much above,
And never fail to pay us with your love.
Ah, friends! poor Dorset Garden-house is gone;
Our merry meetings there are all undone:
Quite lost to us, sure for some strange misdeeds,
That strong dog Samson's pull'd it o'er our heads,
Snaps rope like thread; but when his fortune's told him,
He'll hear perhaps of rope will one day hold him:
At least, I hope that our good-natur'd town
Will find a way to pull his prices down.
Well, that's all! Now, gentlemen, for the play:
On second thoughts, I've but two words to say;
Such as it is, for your delight design'd,
Hear it, read, try, judge, and speak as you find.

§ 16. *Prologue to The Inconstant*; 1702. FARQUHAR.

Like hungry guests a sitting audience looks:
Plays are like suppers; poets are the cooks:
The founders you: the table is the place:
The carvers we: the prologue is the grace:
Each act a course; each scene a diff'rent dish:
Though we're in Lent, I doubt you're still for flesh.
Satire's the sauce, high-season'd, sharp, and rough;
Kind masks and beaux, I hope you're pepper-proof.
Wit is the wine; but 'tis so scarce the true,
Poets, like vintners, balderdash and brew.
Your surly scenes, where rant and bloodshed join,
Are butcher's meat, a battle's a sirloin:
Your scenes of love, so flowing, soft, and chaste,
Are water-gruel, without salt or taste.
Bawdy's fat venison, which, though stale, can please:
Your rakes love *haut-gouts*, like your damn'd French cheese.
Your rarity, for the fair guest to gape on,
Is your nice squeaker, or Italian capon;
Or your French virgin-pullet, garnish'd round
And dress'd with sauce of some—four hundred pound.
An opera, like an oglio, nicks the age;
Farce is the hasty-pudding of the stage:
For when you're treated with indifferent cheer,
You can dispense with slender stage-coach fare.
A pastoral's whipt-cream; stage-whims, mere trash;
And tragi-comedy, half fish and flesh.
But comedy, that, that's the darling cheer;
This night, we hope, you'll an Inconstant bear;
Wild-fowl is lik'd in play-house all the year.
Yet since each mind betrays a diff'rent taste,
And ev'ry dish scarce pleases ev'ry guest,
If aught you relish, do not damn the rest.
This favor crav'd, up let the music strike:
You're welcome all—now fall to where you like.

§ 17. *Prologue on the proposed Union of the Two Houses*; 1703. FARQUHAR.

Now all the world's ta'en up with state affairs,
Some wishing peace, some calling out for wars,
'Tis likewise fit we should inform the age,
What are the present politics o' th' stage:
Two diff'rent states, ambitious both, and bold,
All free-born souls, the New House and the Old,
Have long contended, and made stout essays,
Which should be monarch absolute in plays.
Long has the battle held with bloody strife,
Where many ranting heroes lost their life;
Yet such their enmity, that e'en the slain
Do conquer death, rise up, and fight again.
Whilst from the gallery, box, the pit, and all,
The audience look'd, and shook its awful head,
Wond'ring to see so many thousands fall,
And then look'd pale to see us look so red.
For force of numbers, and poetic spell,
We've rais'd the ancient heroes too from hell,
To lead our troops; and on this bloody field
You've seen great Cæsar fight, great Pompey yield.
Vast sums of treasure too we did advance,
To draw some mercenary troops from France;
Light-footed rogues, who, when they got their pay,
Took to their heels—*Allons*—and ran away.
Here you have seen great Philip's conqu'ring son,
Who in twelve years did the whole world o'errun;
Here has he fought, and found a harder job
To beat one play-house, than subdue the globe;
All this from emulation for the bays:
You lik'd the contest, and bestow'd your praise.
But now (as busy heads love something new)
They would propose an union—*O mort dieu!*
If it be so, let Cæsar hide his head,
And fight no more for glory, but for bread.
Let Alexander mourn, as once before,
Because no worlds are left to conquer more.
But if we may judge small from greater things,
The present times may show what union brings,
You feel the danger of united kings.
If we grow one, then slav'ry must ensue
To poets, players, and, my friends, to you.
For, to one house confin'd, you then must praise
Both cursed actors, and confounded plays.
Then leave us as we are, and next advance
Bravely to break the tie 'twixt Spain and France.

§ 18. *Prologue to Love's Contrivance*; 1703. Centlivre.

Poets like mushrooms rise and fall of late,
Or as the uncertain favorites of state;
Invention's rack'd to please both eye and ear,
But no scene takes without the moving play'r:
Daily we see plays, pamphlets, libels, rhymes,
Become the falling-sickness of the times;
So fev'rish is the humor of the town,
It surfeits of a play ere three days run.
At Locket's, Browne's, and at Pontack's, inquire
What modish kick-shaws the nice beaux desire,
What fam'd ragouts, what new-invented sallad,
Has best pretensions to regale the palate.
If we present you with a medley here,
A hodge-podge dish serv'd up in china ware,
We hope 'twill please, 'cause, like your bill of fare,
To please you all we should attempt in vain:
In diff'rent persons diff'rent humors reign.
The soldier's for the rattling scenes of war,
The peaceful beau hates shedding blood so near.
Courtiers in comedy place their chief delight,
'Cause love's the proper business of the night.
The clown for past'ral his half-crown bestows,
But t'other house by sad experience knows,
This polish'd town produces few of those.
The merchant is for traffic ev'ry where,
And values not the best, but cheapest ware.
Since various humors are pleas'd various ways,
A critic's but a fool to judge of plays.
Fool, did I say? 'Tis difficult to know
Who 'tis that's so indeed, or is not so:
If that be then a point so hard to gain,
Wit's sure a most profound unfathom'd main.
He that sits judge, the trident ought to sway,
To know who's greatest fool or wit to-day,
The audience, or the author of the play.

§ 19. *Epilogue to the Beau's Duel*; 1703. Centlivre.

You see, gallants, 't has been our poet's care,
To show what beaux in their perfection are;
By nature cowards, foolish; useless tools,
Made men by tailors, and by women, fools:
A fickle, false, a singing, dancing crew;
Nay, now we hear they've smiling-master o.
Just now a Frenchman, in the dressing-room,
From teaching of a beau to smile, was come.
He show'd five guineas—Was n't he rarely paid?
Thus all the world by smiles are once betray'd.
The statesman smiles on them he would undo,
The courtier's smiles are very seldom true,
The lover's smiles too many do believe,
And women smile on them they would deceive.
When tradesmen smile, they safely cheat with ease;
And smiling lawyers never fail of fees.
The doctor's look the patient's pains beguiles,
The sick man lives if the physician smiles.
Thus smiles with interest hand in hand do go,
He surest strikes, that smiling gives the blow.
Poets, with us, this proverb do defy:
We live by smiles, for if you frown we die.
To please you then shall be our chief endeavour,
And all we ask is but your smiles for ever.
[*Going.*
Hold—I forgot—the author bid me say,
She humbly begs protection for her play:
'Tis yours—she dedicates it to you all,
And you're too gen'rous, sure, to let it fall;
She hopes the ladies will her cause maintain,
Since virtue here has been her only aim.
The beaux, she thinks, won't fail to do her right,
Since here they're taught with safety how to fight.
She's sure of favor from the men of war,
A soldier is her darling character:
To fear their murmurs then would be absurd,
They only mutiny when not preferr'd.
But yet, I see, she does your fury dread,
And, like a pris'ner, stands with fear half-dead,
While you, her judges, do her sentence give;
If you're not pleas'd, she says, she cannot live.
Let my petition then for once prevail,
And let your gen'rous hands her pardon seal.

§ 20. *Prologue to Love makes a Man*; 1704. Cibber.

Since plays are but a kind of public feasts,
Where tickets only make the welcome guests;
Methinks, instead of grace, we should prepare
Your tastes in prologue, with your bill of fare.
When you foreknow each course, though this may tease you,
'Tis five to one but one o' th' five may please you.
First, for the critics, we've your darling cheer,
Faults without number, more than sense can bear;
You're certain to be pleas'd where errors are.
From your displeasure I dare vouch we're safe;
You never frown but where your neighbours laugh.
Now, you that never know what spleen or hate is,
Who for an act or two are welcome gratis,
That tip the wink, and so sneak out with *nunquam satis*;
For your smart tastes we've toss'd you up a fop,
We hope the newest that's of late come up;
The fool, beau, wit, and rake, so mix'd, he carries,
He seems a ragout piping-hot from Paris.
But, for the softer sex, whom most we'd move,
We've what the fair and chaste were form'd for—love:
An artless passion, fraught with hopes and fears,
And nearest happy when it most despairs.
For masks, we've scandal, and for beaux, French airs.
To please all tastes, we'll do the best we can;
For the galleries, we've Dicky and Will Pinkethman.
Now, sirs, you're welcome, and you know your fare;
But pray, in charity, the founder spare,
Lest you destroy at once the poet and the play'r.

§ 21. *Prologue to the Twin Rivals*; 1706. Farquhar.

[*An alarm sounded.*]

With drums and trumpets, in this warring age,
A martial prologue should alarm the stage.
New

New plays—ere acted, a full audience here,
Seem towns invested, when a siege they fear.
Prologues are like a forlorn hope, sent out
Before the play, to skirmish and to scout:
Our dreadful foes, the critics, when they spy,
They cock, they charge, they fire—then back they fly.
The siege is laid—there gallant chiefs abound,
Here—foes intrench'd, there—glitt'ring troops around,
And the loud batt'ries roar—from yonder rising ground.
In the first act, brisk sallies (miss or hit),
With volleys of small shot, or snip-snap wit,
Attack, and gall the trenches of the pit.
The next—the fire continues, but at length
Grows less, and slackens like a bridegroom's strength.
The third—feints, mines, and countermines, abound;
Your critic engineers, safe under ground,
Blow up our works, and all our art confound.
The fourth—brings on most action, and 'tis sharp,
Fresh foes crowd on, at your remissness carp,
And desp'rate, though unskill'd, insult our counterscarp.
Then comes the last; the gen'ral storm is near,
The poet-governor now quakes for fear;
Runs wildly up and down, forgets to huff,
And would give all he's plunder'd—to get off.
So—Don, and Monsieur—Bluff, before the siege,
Were quickly tam'd—at Venlo, and at Liege:
'Twas *Viva Spagnia! Viva France!* before;
Now, *Quartier, Monsieur! Quartier! Ah, Senor!*
But what your resolution can withstand?
You master all, and awe the sea and land.
In war—your valor makes the strong submit;
Your judgement humbles all attempts in wit.
What play, what fort, what beauty, can endure
All fierce assaults, and always be secure?
Then grant 'em gen'rous terms who dare to write,
Since now—that seems as desp'rate as to fight.
If we must yield—yet, ere the day be fix'd,
Let us hold out the third, and, if we may, the sixth.

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§ 22. *Prologue to the Basset-Table*; 1706. *Spoken by Mr. Pinkethman.* Centlivre.

In all the faces that to plays resort,
Whether of country, city, mob, or court,
I've always found, that none such hopes inspire
As you, dear brethren of the upper tier.
Poets in prologues may both preach and rail,
Yet all their wisdom nothing will avail;
Who writes not up to you, 'tis ten to one will fail.
Your thund'ring plaudit 'tis that deals out fame;
You make plays run, though of themselves but lame.
How often have we known your noise commanding,
Impose on your inferior masters' understanding!
Therefore, dear brethren, since I'm one of you,
Whether adorn'd in grey, green, brown, or blue,
This day stand all by me, as I will fall by you.
And now let—
The poor pit see how Pinkey's voice commands.
Silence—Now rattle all your sticks, and clap your grimy hands.
I greet your love, and let the vainest author show
Half this command on cleaner hands below:
Nay more, to prove your interest, let this play live by you.
So may you share good claret with your masters,
Still free in your amours from their disasters;
Free from poor house-keeping, where peck is under locks;
Free from cold kitchens, and no Christmas-box;
So may no long debates i' th' House of Commons
Make you i' th' lobby starve, when hunger summons;
But may your plenteous vails come flowing in,
Give you a lucky hit, and make you gentlemen:
And, thus preferr'd, ne'er fear the world's reproaches,
But shake your elbows with my lord, and keep your coaches.

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§ 23. *Prologue to the Busybody*; 1708. Centlivre.

Though modern prophets were expos'd of late,
The author could not prophesy his fate:
If with such scenes an audience had been fir'd,
The poet must have really been inspir'd.
But these, alas! are melancholy days
For modern prophets, and for modern plays.
Yet since prophetic lies please fools of fashion,
And women are so fond of agitation;
To men of sense I'll prophesy anew,
And tell you wondrous things that will prove true.
Undaunted colonels will to camps repair,
Assur'd there'll be no skirmishes this year;
On our own terms will flow the wish'd-for peace,
All wars, except 'twixt man and wife, shall cease.
The Grand Monarque may wish his son a throne,
But hardly will advance to lose his own.
This season most things bear a smiling face;
But play'rs in summer have a dismal case,
Since your appearance only is our act of grace.
Court-ladies will to country seats be gone,
My lord can't all the year live great in town:
Where wanting operas, basset, and a play,
They'll sigh, and stitch a gown to pass the time away.
Gay city-wives at Tunbridge will appear,
Whose husbands long have wished for an heir;
Where many a courtier may their wants relieve,
But by the waters only they conceive.
The Fleet-street sempstress, toast of Temple sparks,
That runs spruce neckcloths for attorneys' clerks,
At Cuper's gardens will her hours regale,
Sing Fair Dorinda, and drink bottled ale.
At all assemblies rakes are up and down,
And gamesters, when they think they are not known.
Should I denounce our author's fate to-day,
To cry down prophecies, you'd damn the play,
Yet

Yet whims like these have sometimes made you laugh,
'Tis tattling all like Isaac Bickerstaff.
Since war and places claim the bards that write,
Be kind, and bear a woman's treat to-night;
Let your indulgence all her fears allay,
And none but woman-haters damn this play.

§ 24. *Prologue to The Man's Bewitch'd*; 1710. Centlivre.

Our female author trembling stands within,
Her fear arises from another's sin;
One of her sex has so abus'd the town,
That on her score she dreads your angry frown;
Though I dare say, poor soul, she never writ
Lampoon, or satire, on the box or pit;
A harmless hum'rous play is her extent of wit.
Though Bickerstaff's vast genius may engage,
And lash the vice and follies of the age;
Why should the tender Delia tax the nation,
Stickle and make a noise for reformation,
Who always gave a loose herself to inclination?
Scandal and satire's thrown aside to-day,
And humor the sole business of our play.
Beaux may dress on, to catch the ladies' hearts,
And good assurance pass for mighty parts:
The cits may bring their spouses without fear;
We show no wife that's poaching for an heir,
Nor teach the use of fine gauze hankerchier.
Cowards may huff, and talk of mighty wonders,
And jilts set up—for twenty-thousand-pounders.
Our author, even though she knows full well,
Is so good-natur'd, she forbears to tell,
What colonels, lately, have found out the knack
To muster madam, still, by Ned or Jack;
To keep their pleasures up, a frugal way,
They give her—subaltern's subsistence for her pay.
In short, whate'er your darling vices are,
They pass untouch'd in this night's bill of fare.
But if all this can't your good-nature wake,
Though here and there a scene should fail to take,
Yet spare her for the Busybody's sake.

§ 25. *Epilogue to the same. Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield*; 1710. Centlivre.

[*A Porter delivers a Letter, just as she is going to speak.*

What's this? a billet-doux from hands unknown?
'Tis new to send it thus 'fore all the town:
But since the poor man's so agog,
I'll read it out, by way of epilogue.

[*Reads.*

Madam,
Permit a wretch to let you know,
That he's no more *in statu quo*;
My ruin from this night commences,
Unless your smiles refund my senses;
For, with one thrust of Cupid's dart,
You've whipp'd your slave quite through the heart:
Therefore, I beg you, cast your eye
O'er boxes, pit, and gallery,
In pity of my pains and doubt,
And try if you can't find me out.
Poor soul! he seems indeed in dismal plight;
Let's see! it can't be, sure, from th' upper flight,
No, no—that's plain—for—none of them can write:
Nor can I think it from the middle fell,
For I'm afraid as few of them can spell;
Beside, their haggling passions never gain
Beyond the passage-walking nymphs of Drury-lane:
And then the pit's more stock'd with rakes and rovers,
Than any of these senseless, whining lovers.
The backs o' th' boxes too seem mostly lin'd
With souls whose passion's to themselves confin'd.
In short, I can't perceive, 'mongst all your sparks,
The wretch distinguish'd by these bloody marks:
But since the town has heard your kind commands, sir,
The town shall e'en be witness of my answer.
First then, beware you prove no spark in red,
With empty purse and regimental head;
That thinks no woman can refuse t'engage in't,
While love's advanc'd with offer'd bills on agent;
That swears he'll settle from his joys commencing,
And make the babe, the day he's born, an ensign.
Nor could I bear a titled beau, that steals
From fasting spouse her matrimonial meals;
That modish sends next morn to her apartment
A civil how d'ye—far, alas! from th' heart meant:
Then powder'd for th' ensuing day's delights,
Bows through his crowd of duns, and drives to White's.
Nor could I like the wretch that all night plays,
And only takes his rest on winning days;
Then sets up, from a lucky hit, his rattler;
Then's trac'd from his orig'nal—in the Tatler.
To tell you all that are my fix'd aversion,
Would tire the tongue of malice or aspersion:
But if I find 'mongst all one gen'rous heart,
That, deaf to stories, takes the stage's part;
That thinks that purse deserves to keep the plays,
Whose fortune's bound for the support of operas;
That thinks our constitution here is justly fix'd,
And now no more with lawyers' brawls perplex'd;
He, I declare, shall my whole heart receive;
And (what's more strange) I'll love him while I live.

§ 26. *Prologue to Cato*; 1713. Pope.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move;
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.

Here

Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardor rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Even when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state:
As her dead father's rev'rend image pass'd,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honor'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons, attend; be worth like this approv'd,
And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued:
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

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§ 27. *Prologue to Lady Jane Gray*; 1715. Rowe.

To-night the noblest subject swells our scene,
A heroine, a martyr, and a queen;
And though the poet dares not boast his art,
The very theme shall something great impart,
To warm the gen'rous soul, and touch the tender heart.
To you, fair judges, we the cause submit;
Your eyes shall tell us how the tale is writ.
If your soft pity waits upon our woe,
If silent tears for suff'ring virtue flow;
Your grief the muses' labor shall confess,
The lively passions, and the just distress.
O! could our author's pencil justly paint,
Such as she was in life, the beauteous saint;
Boldly your strict attention might we claim,
And bid you mark and copy out the dame.
No wand'ring glance one wanton thought confess'd;
No guilty wish inflam'd her spotless breast:
The only love that warm'd her blooming youth,
Was husband, England, liberty, and truth.
For these she fell; while, with too weak a hand,
She strove to save a blind ungrateful land.
But thus the secret laws of fate ordain,
William's great hand was doom'd to break that chain,
And end the hopes of Rome's tyrannic reign.
For ever as the circling years return,
Ye grateful Britons! crown the hero's urn;
To his just care you ev'ry blessing owe,
Which or his own, or following reigns bestow;
Though his hard fate a father's name denied,
To you a father, he that loss supplied.
Then while you view the royal line's increase,
And count the pledges of your future peace,
From this great stock while still new glories come,
Conquest abroad, and liberty at home;
While you behold the beautiful and brave,
Bright princesses to grace you, kings to save,
Enjoy the gift, but bless the hand that gave.

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§ 28. *Epilogue to the Cruel Gift. Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield*; 1717. Rowe.

Well, 'twas a narrow 'scape my lover made—
That cup and message—I was sore afraid!
Was that a present for a new-made widow,
All in her dismal dumps, like doleful Dido?
When one peep'd in—and hop'd for something good,
There was—O gad! a nasty heart and blood*.
If the old man had show'd himself a father,
His bowl should have inclos'd a cordial rather;
Something to cheer me up amidst my trance,
L'eau de Barbade—or comfortable *Nantz*†.
He thought he paid it off with being smart,
And, to be witty, cried, he'd send the heart.
I could have told his gravity, moreover,
Were I our sex's secrets to discover,
'Tis what we never look for in a lover.
Let but the bridegroom prudently provide
All other matters fitting for a bride,
So he make good the jewels and the jointure,
To miss the heart does seldom disappoint her.
'Faith, for the fashion hearts of late are made in,
They are the vilest bauble we can trade in.
Where are the tough brave Britons to be found,
With hearts of oak, so much of old renown'd?
How many worthy gentlemen of late
Swore to be true to mother-church and state;
When their false hearts were secretly maintaining
Yon trim king Pepin, at Avignon reigning?
Shame on the canting crew of soul-insurers,
That Tyburn tribe of speech-making nonjurors,
Who, in new-fangled terms old truths explaining,
Teach honest Englishmen damn'd double-meaning!
O! would you lost integrity restore,
And boast that faith your plain forefathers bore;
What surer pattern can you hope to find
Than that dear pledge‡ your monarch left behind?

* This tragedy was founded upon the story of Sigismunda and Guiscardo, out of Boccace's novels; wherein the heart of the lover is sent by the father to his daughter, as a present.

† i. e. Citron-water and good brandy.

‡ The Prince of Wales, then present.

See how his looks his honest heart explain,
And speak the blessings of his future reign!
In his each feature truth and candor trace,
And read plain-dealing written in his face.

§ 29. *Epilogue to the Pseudolus of Plautus. Acted by the Scholars of Bury School, Nov.* 6, 1734.

I have been peeping for these many days
I' th' tail of all the Greek and Latin plays,
And, after strictest search, to none can find
An epilogue, like dishclout, pinn'd behind.
Those ancient bards knew when the play was done,
Nor, like Sir Martin Mar-all, still play'd on;
They imitated nature in their plan,
Nor made a monkey when they meant a man.
From modern fancy then this custom rose,
Like whimsical toupees among the beaux:
Monstrous excrescences! both which disgrace
(By being fix'd in an improper place)
Heaven's great production, man; man's great production, plays.
Yet must we, though as foolish we decry
This mode, be fools in fashion, and comply;
For rights, we know, howe'er absurdly gain'd
At first, with obstinacy are maintain'd:
Since then this privilege you will not lose,
Let's hear what sort of epilogue you'll choose.
Are you for satire? No; why there you're right;
The wisest can't foresee where that may light.
Are ye for politics? There we cry, No,
Where that may light—you easily may know.
Another topic then, pray, ladies, hear;
Suppose a panegyric on the fair.
So, I perceive, I've touch'd the ticklish place;
And clearly read consent in ev'ry face.
O fie! consent so soon? that can't be right;
I hate such coming ladies—so good night.

§ 30. *Epilogue to the Lying Valet*; 1740. Garrick.

That I'm a lying rogue you all agree;
And yet, look round the world, and you shall see,
That many more, my betters, *lie* as fast as me.
Against this vice we all are ever railing,
And yet, so tempting is it, so prevailing,
You'll find but few without this useful failing.
Lady or Abigail, my Lord or Will,
The *lie* goes round, and the ball's never still.
My lies were harmless, told to show my parts,
And not like those when tongues belie their hearts.
In all professions you will find this flaw;
And in the gravest too, in physic and in law.
The gouty sergeant cries, with formal pause,
"Your plea is good, my friend, don't starve the cause:"
But when my lord decrees for t'other side,
Your costs of suit convince you—that he lied.
A doctor comes, with formal wig and face,
First feels your pulse, then thinks, and knows your case;
"Your fever's slight, not dangerous, I assure you;
Keep warm, and *repetatur haustus*, Sir, will cure you."
Around the bed, next day, his friends are crying;
The patient dies; the doctor's paid for lying.
The poet, willing to secure the pit,
Gives out, his play has humor, taste, and wit:
The cause comes on, and while the judges try,
Each groan and cat-call gives the bard the lie.
Now let us ask, pray, what the ladies do:
They too will fib a little, *entre nous*.
"Lord!" says the prude (her face behind her fan)
"How can our sex have any joy in man?
As for my part, the best could ne'er deceive me;
And were the race extinct, 'twould never grieve me!
Their sight is odious, but their touch, O gad!
The thought of that's enough to drive one mad."
Thus rails at men the squeamish Lady Dainty,
Yet weds at fifty-five a rake of twenty.
In short, a beau's intrigues, a lover's sighs,
The courtier's promise, the rich widow's cries,
And patriot's zeal, are seldom more than lies.
Sometimes you'll see a man belie his nation,
Nor to his country show the least relation.
For instance, now——
A cleanly Dutchman, or a Frenchman grave,
A sober German, or a Spaniard brave,
An Englishman, a coward or a slave.
Mine, though a fibbing, was an honest art;
I serv'd my master, play'd a faithful part:
Rank me not, therefore, 'mongst the lying crew,
For though my tongue was false, my heart was true.

§ 31. *Epilogue to Ignoramus, acted at Westminster School in December* 1747. *Spoken by Ignoramus and Musæus.*

Ign. Peace, bookworm! bless me, what a clerk have I!
A strange place, sure—this university!
What's learning, virtue, modesty, or sense?
Fine words to hear—but will they turn the pence?
These stiff pedantic notions—far outweighs
That one short, comprehensive thing—a face.
Go, match it if you can with all your rules
Of Greek or Roman, old or modern schools:
The total this of Ignoramus' skill,
To carve his fortune—place him where you will.
For not in law alone could I appear;
My parts would shine alike in any sphere.
You've heard my song in Rosabella's praise:
You'll see me soon—a rival for the bays.
Or, I could turn a journalist, and write
With little wit, but large recruits of spite:
Abuse and blacken—just as party sways——
And lash my betters—these are thriving ways.
My mind to graver physic would I bend,
Think you I'd study Greek, like Mead or Frend?
No—with some *nostrum* I'd ensure my fees,
Without the help of learning or degrees:
On drop or pill securely I'd rely,
And shake my head at the whole faculty.
Or would I take to orders——
Mus. Orders; how?

Ign.

Ign. One not too scrupulous a way might know:
'Twere but the forging of a hand—or so.
In orders too my purposes I'd serve;
And if I could not rise, I would not starve.
With lungs and face I'd make my butchers stare,
Or publish—that I'd marry at May-fair.
These, these are maxims, that will stand the test:
Both universities—are all a jest.
Mus. I grant, a prodigy we sometimes view,
Whom neither of our seats of learning knew.
Yet sure none shine more eminently great,
In law or physic, in the church or state,
Than those who early drank the love of fame
At Cam's fair bank, or Isis' silver stream.
Look round—here's proof enough this point to clear.
Ign. Bless me!—what;—not one Ignoramus here?
I stand convicted—what can I say more?
See, my face fails, which never fail'd before.
How great soe'er I seem in Dulman's eye,
Yet Ignorance must blush—when Learning's by.

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§ 32. *Epilogue to Agamemnon.* Thomson.

Our bard, to modern epilogue a foe,
Thinks such mean mirth but deadens gen'rous woe;
Dispels in idle air the moral sigh,
And wipes the tender tear from pity's eye:
No more with social warmth the bosom burns;
But all th' unfeeling, selfish man returns.
Thus he began: and you approv'd the strain,
Till the next couplet sunk to light and vain.
You check'd him there—to you, to reason, just,
He owns he triumph'd in your kind disgust.
Charm'd by your frown, by your displeasure grac'd,
He hails the rising virtue of your taste.
Wide will its influence spread, as soon as known;
Truth, to be lov'd, need only to be shown.
Confirm it, once, the fashion to be good
(Since fashion leads the fool, and awes the rude)
No petulance shall wound the public ear;
No hand applaud what honor shuns to hear;
No painful blush the modest cheek shall stain;
The worthy breast shall heave with no disdain.
Chastis'd to decency, the British stage
Shall oft invite the fair, invite the sage:
Both shall attend well pleas'd, well pleas'd depart;
Or, if they doom the verse, absolve the heart.

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§ 33. *Prologue spoken by Mr. Garrick at the opening of the Theatre in Drury-lane, in the Year* 1747. Johnson.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
Each change of many-color'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.
Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule:
His studious patience, and laborious art,
By regular approach assay'd the heart:
Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays;
For those who durst not censure scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.
The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame;
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ;
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, but did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days:
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong,
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long;
Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.
Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd:
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd whilst passion slept;
Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd, though nature fled.
But forc'd at length her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit:
Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful day,
And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her sway.
But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps, where Lear has raved, and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.
Hard is his lot that, here by fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubble of the day.
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please must please to live.
Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence
Of rescued nature, and reviving sense;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and salutary woe;
Bid Scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the Stage.

§ 34. *Epilogue to Shakspeare's First Part of King Henry IV. Spoken by Mr. J. Y. in the Character of Falstaff*, 1748. *Acted by young Gentlemen at Mr. Newcome's School at Hackney.* Hoadley.

[*Push'd in upon the stage by Prince Henry.*

A plague upon all cowards, still I say—
Old Jack must bear the heat of all the day,
And be the master-fool beyond the play—
Amidst hot-blooded Hotspur's rebel strife,
By miracle of wit I saw'd my life;
And now stand foolishly expos'd again
To th' hissing bullets of the critic's brain.
Go to, old lad, 'tis time that thou wert wiser—
Thou art not fram'd for an epilogu'zer.
There's Hal, now, or his nimble shadow, Poins,
Straight in the back, and lissome in the loins,
Who wears his boot smooth as his mistress' skin,
And shining as the glass she dresses in;
Can bow and cringe, fawn, flatter, cog, and lie—
Which honest Jack could never do—not I.
Hal's heir-apparent face might stand it buff,
And make (ha! ha! ha!) a saucy epilogue enough.
But I am old and stiff—nay, bashful grown,
For Shakspeare's humor is not now my own.
I feel myself a counterfeiting ass;
And if for sterling wit I give you brass,
It is his royal image makes it pass.
Fancy now works; and here I stand and stew
In mine own greasy fears, which set to view
Eleven buckram critics in each man of you;
Wights, who with no out-facings will be shamm'd,
Nor into risibility be bamm'd, [treason,
Will, tho' she shake their sides, think Nature
And see one damn'd—ere laugh without a reason. [speed,
Then how shall one, not of the virtuous,
Who merely has a wicked wit to plead—
Wit without measure, humor without rule,
Unfetter'd laugh, and lawless ridicule?
Faith! try him by his peers, a jury chosen—
The kingdom will, I think, scarce raise the dozen.
So—be but kind, and countenance the cheat,
I'll in, and say to Hal—I've done the feat.

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§ 35. *Prologue to Irene*; 1749. Johnson.

Ye glitt'ring train! whom lace and velvet bless,
Suspend the soft solicitudes of dress;
From grov'ling business and superfluous care,
Ye sons of Avarice! a moment spare:
Vot'ries of Fame, and worshippers of Pow'r!
Dismiss the pleasing phantoms for an hour.
Our daring bard, with spirit unconfin'd,
Spreads wide the mighty moral of mankind.
Learn here how Heaven supports the virtuous mind,
Daring, tho' calm; and vig'rous, tho' resign'd.
Learn here what anguish racks the guilty breast,
In pow'r dependent, in success deprest,
Learn here that peace from innocence must flow;
All else is empty sound, and idle show. [join;
But truths like these with pleasing language
Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if Nature shine:
If no wild draught depart from Reason's rules,
Nor gods his heroes, nor his lovers fools;
Intriguing wits! his artless plot forgive;
And spare him, beauties! tho' his lovers live.
Be this at least his praise, be this his pride;
To force applause no modern arts are tried.
Should partial cat-calls all his hopes confound,
He bids no trumpet quell the fatal sound;
Should welcome sleep relieve the weary wit,
He rolls not thunders o'er the drowsy pit;
No snares to captivate the judgement spreads;
Nor bribes your eyes to prejudice your heads.
Unmov'd tho' witlings sneer, and rivals rail;
Studious to please, yet not asham'd to fail,
He scorns the meek address, the suppliant strain,
With merit needless, and without it vain.
In Reason, Nature, Truth, he dares to trust:
Ye fops, be silent; and ye wits, be just.

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§ 36. *Prologue to Comus, for the Benefit of Milton's Grand-daughter*; 1750. *Spoken by Mr.* Garrick. Johnson.

Ye patriot crowds who burn for England's fame, [name,
Ye nymphs whose bosoms beat at Milton's
Whose gen'rous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring rhymes,
Shames the mean pensions of Augustan times;
Immortal patrons of succeeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise;
Let wit, condemn'd the feeble war to wage
With close malevolence, or public rage;
Let study, worn with virtue's fruitless lore;
Behold this Theatre, and grieve no more. [tell
This night, distinguish'd by your smiles, shall
That never Briton can in vain excel;
The slighted Arts futurity shall trust,
And rising ages hasten to be just.
At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of universal praise;
And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
Yields to renown the centuries to come;
With ardent haste each candidate of fame
Ambitious catches at his tow'ring name;
He sees, and pitying sees, vain wealth bestow
Those pageant honors which he scorn'd below,
While crowds aloft the laureat bust behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold.
Unknown, unheeded, long his offspring lay,
And want hung threat'ning o'er her slow decay.
What tho' she shine with no Miltonian fire,
No fav'ring muse her morning dreams inspire,
Yet softer claims the melting heart engage,
Her youth laborious, and her blameless age;
Hers the mild merits of domestic life,
The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.
Thus grac'd with humble virtue's native charms,
Her Grandsire leaves her in Britannia's arms;
Secure with peace, with competence, to dwell,
While tutelary nations guard her cell.

Yours

Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave!
'Tis yours to crown desert—beyond the grave.

§ 37. *Occasional Prologue, spoken by Mr. Garrick at the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre, September* 5, 1750.

As heroes, states, and kingdoms, rise and fall;
So (with the mighty to compare the small)
Thro' int'rest, whim, or, if you please, thro' fate,
We feel commotions in our mimic state:
The sock and buskin fly from stage to stage;
A year's alliance is with us an age!
And where's the wonder? all surprise must cease,
When we reflect how int'rest, or caprice,
Makes real kings break articles of peace.
Strengthen'd with new allies, our foes prepare;
"Cry, Havock! and let slip the dogs of war."
To shake our souls, the papers of the day*
Drew forth the adverse pow'r in dread array;
A pow'r, might strike the boldest with dismay:
Yet, fearless still, we take the field with spirit,
Arm'd *cap-a-pee* in self-sufficient merit.
Our ladies too, with souls and tongues untam'd,
Fire up like Britons when the battle's nam'd:
Each female heart pants for the glorious strife,
From Hamlet's mother† to the cobbler's wife‡.
Some few there are, whom paltry passions guide,
Desert each day, and fly from side to side:
Others, like Swiss, love fighting as their trade;
For, beat or beating, they must all be paid.
Sacred to Shakspeare was this spot design'd,
To pierce the heart, and humanize the mind:
But if an empty house, the actor's curse,
Shows us our Lears and Hamlets lose their force;
Unwilling we must change the nobler scene,
And, in our turn, present you Harlequin;
Quit poets, and set carpenters to work,
Show gaudy scenes, or mount the vaulting Turk:
For tho' we actors, one and all, agree
Boldly to struggle for our—vanity,
If want comes on, importance must retreat;
Our first great ruling passion is—to eat.
To keep the field, all methods we'll pursue;
The conflict glorious! for we'll fight for you:
And, should we fail to gain the wish'd applause,
At least we're vanquish'd in a noble cause.

§ 38. *Occasional Prologue, spoken at Covent-Garden Theatre by Mr. Barry*; 1750.

When vice or folly over-runs a state,
Weak politicians lay the blame on fate:
When rulers useful subjects cease to prize,
And damn for arts that caus'd themselves to rise;
When jealousies and fears possess the throne,
And kings allow no merit—but their own;
Can it be strange, that men for flight prepare,
And strive to raise a colony elsewhere?
This custom has prevail'd in ev'ry age,
And has been sometimes practis'd on the stage:
For—*entre nous*—these managers of merit,
Who fearless arm, and take the field with spirit,
Have curb'd us monarchs with their haughty mien,
And Herod § have out *Herod*-ed—within.
[*Pointing to the Green Room.*
O, they can torture twenty thousand ways!
Make bouncing Bajazet ‖ retreat from Bayes¶!
The ladies ** too, with every pow'r to charm,
Whose face and fire an anchorite might warm,
Have felt the fury of a tyrant's arm.
By selfish arts expell'd our ancient seat,
In search of candor, and in search of *meat*,
We from your favor hope for this retreat.
If Shakspeare's passion, or if Jonson's art,
Can fire the fancy, or can warm the heart,
That task be ours; but if you damn their scenes,
And heroes must give way to Harlequins,
We too can have recourse to mime and dance;
Nay, there, I think, we have the better chance:
And, should the town grow weary of the mute,
Why, we'll produce a child upon the flute††.
But, be the food as 'twill, 'tis you that treat!
Long they have feasted—permit us now to *eat*.

§ 39. *Epilogue spoken by Mrs. Clive, on the two occasional Prologues at Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane*, 1750.

[*Enters hastily, as if speaking to one who would oppose her.*

I'll do't: by Heaven, I will—Pray get you gone;
What! all these janglings, and I not make one?
Was ever woman offer'd so much wrong?
These creatures here would have me hold my tongue!
I'm so provok'd, I hope you will excuse me;
I must be heard—and beg you won't refuse me.
While our mock heroes, not so wise as rash,
With indignation hold the vengeful lash,
And at each other throw alternate squibs,
Compos'd of little wit—and some few fibs;
I Catherine Clive come here to attack 'em all,
And aim alike at little and at tall.
But first, ere with the buskin chiefs I brave it,
A story is at hand, and you shall have it.

* In which papers was this paragraph: "We hear that Mr. Quin, Mrs. Cibber, Mr. Barry, Mr. Macklin, and Mr. Woffington, are engaged at Covent-Garden theatre for the ensuing season."—On the part of Drury-Lane theatre it was notified, "That two celebrated actors from Dublin were engaged to perform there, also Miss Bellamy, and a new actress, Signor Fauson, the comic dancer, and his wife, and a gentleman to sing, who had not been on any stage." † Mrs. Pritchard. ‡ Mrs Clive. § Mr. Quin. ‖ Both Quin and Barry. ¶ Mr. Garrick. ** Mrs. Cibber, &c.

†† A child, said to be about four years of age, had been introduced on the stage of Drury-lane theatre, to play a tune on that instrument.

Once on a time two boys were throwing dirt,
A gentle youth was one, and one was somewhat pert:
Each to his master with his tale retreated,
Who gravely heard their diff'rent parts repeated,
How Tom was rude, and Jack, poor lad! ill-treated.
Th master paus'd—to be unjust was loath,
Call'd for a rod, and fairly whipp'd them both.
In the same master's place, lo! here I stand,
And for each culprit hold the lash in hand.
First, for our own—O, 'tis a pretty youth!
But out of fifty lies I'll sift some truth:
'Tis true, he's of a choleric disposition,
And fiery parts make up his composition. [ried!
How have I seen him rave when things miscar-
Indeed he's grown much tamer since he married.
If he succeeds, what joys his fancy strike!
And then he gets—to which he's no dislike.
Faults he has many—but I know no crimes;
Yes, he has one—he contradicts sometimes:
And when he falls into his frantic fit,
He blusters so, it makes ev'n me submit.
So much for him—the other youth comes next,
Who shows, by what he says, poor soul! he's vex'd.
He tells you tales how cruelly this treats us,
To make you think the little monster beats us.
Would I have whin'd in melancholy phrase,
How bouncing Bajazet retreats from Bayes?
I, who am woman, would have stood the fray;
At least not snivell'd thus, and run away!
Should any manager lift arm at me,
I have a tyrant arm as well as he!——
In fact, there has some little bouncing been,
But who the bouncer was inquire within.
No matter who—I now proclaim a peace,
And hope henceforth hostilities will cease:
No more shall either rack his brains to tease ye,
But let the contest be—who most shall please ye.

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§ 40. *Prologue to Gil Blas*; 1751. *Spoken by Mr. Woodward, in the Character of a Critic, with a Cat-call in his Hand.* Moore.

Are you all ready? here's your music, here! *
Author, sneak off; we'll tickle you, my dear;
The fellow stopp'd me in a hellish fright——
Pray, Sir, said he, must I be damn'd to-night?
Damn'd! Surely, friend—don't hope for our compliance; [fiance.
Zounds, Sir—a second play's downright de-
Though once, poor rogue! we pitied your condition,
Here's the true recipe—for repetition.
Well, Sir, says he, ev'n as you please; so then
I'll never trouble you with plays again.
But, hark ye, poet!—won't you though, says I,
'Pon honor?—then we'll damn you, let me die.
Shan't we, my bucks? Let's take him at his word.
Damn him, or, by my soul, he'll write a third.

* Blowing his cat-call.

The man wants money, I suppose—but, mind ye,
Tell him—you've left your charity behind ye.
A pretty plea, his wants, to our regard!
As if we bloods had bowels for a bard!
Besides, what men of spirit, now-a-days,
Come to give sober judgements of new plays?
It argues some good-nature to be quiet——
Good-nature!—Aye—but then we lose a riot.
The scribbling fool may beg and make a fuss,
'Tis death to him—What then?—'Tis sport to us. [jokes,
Don't mind me though—for all my fun and
The bard may find us bloods good-natur'd folks.
No crabbed critics—foes to rising merit—
Write but with fire, and we'll applaud with spirit.
Our author aims at no dishonest ends,
He knows no enemies and boasts some friends;
He takes no methods down your throats to cram
So, if you like it, save it; if not, damn it. [it:

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§ 41. *Prologue to Taste*; 1752. *Spoken in the Character of an Auctioneer.* Garrick.

Before this court I Peter Puff appear,
A Briton born, and bred an auctioneer!
Who, for myself, and eke a hundred others,
My useful, honest, learned, bawling brothers,
With much humility and fear implore ye,
To lay our present desperate case before ye.
'Tis said, this night a certain wag intends
To laugh at us, our calling, and our friends:
If lords and ladies, and such dainty folks,
Are cur'd of auction-hunting by his jokes;
Should this odd doctrine spread throughout the land,
'Before you buy, be sure to understand;' [think on us, what various ills will flow,
O, think on us, what various ills will flow,
When great ones purchase only what they know!
Why laugh at *taste?* It is a harmless fashion,
And quite subdues each detrimental passion:
The fair ones' hearts will ne'er incline to man,
While thus they rage for—china and japan.
The virtuoso too, and connoisseur,
Are ever decent, delicate, and pure; [hold,
The smallest hair their looser thoughts might
Just warm when single, and when married cold.
Their blood, at sight of beauty, gently flows;
Their Venus must be old, and want a nose!
No am'rous passion with deep knowledge thrives;
'Tis the complaint, indeed, of all our wives!
'Tis said *virtù* to such a height is grown,
All artists are encourag'd—but our own.
Be not deceiv'd; I here declare on oath,
I never yet sold goods of foreign growth:
Ne'er sent commissions out to Greece or Rome:
My best antiquities are made at home.
I've Romans, Greeks, Italians, near at hand,
True Britons all and living in the Strand.
I ne'er for trinkets rack my pericranium;
They furnish out my room from Herculaneum.
But hush——
Should it be known that English are employ'd,
Our manufacture is at once destroy'd;
No matter what our countrymen deserve,
They'll thrive as ancients, but as moderns starve;
If

If we should fall, to you it will be owing;
Farewell to arts—they are going, going, going!
The fatal hammer's in your hand, O town!
Then set *us* up, and knock the *poet* down.

§ 42. *Prologue to Cato. Acted in* 1753 *by the Scholars of the free Grammar School at Derby, for the Benefit of the Orphan of the late Usher. Written by one of the Scholars, aged* 16.

No Garrick here majestic treads the stage,
No Quin your whole attention to engage;
No practis'd actor here the scene employs;
But a raw parcel of unskilful boys.
Shall we disfigur'd in a school-boy see
Cato's great soul in base epitome?
Can critics bear such slavery as this?
Would not ev'n Cato join the critic's hiss?
What shall we say then? what excuses make?
Our credit and success lie both at stake.
As when some peasant, who, to treat his lord,
Brings out his little stock, and decks his board
With what his ill-stor'd cupboard will afford,
With awkward bows, and ill-plac'd rustic airs,
To make excuses for his feast prepares;
So we, with tremor mix'd with vast delight,
View the bright audience which appears to-night,
And, conscious of its meanness, hardly dare
To bid you welcome to our homely fare.
But would the ladies in our cause appear,
One look would silence every critic here.
If you but smile, 'twill cheer our tim'rous hearts,
And give us courage to perform our parts.
To you, ye fair ones, then, we make address,
And beg protection for this night's success.
Look gently on our faults, and, where we fail,
Let pity to our tender youth prevail.
Our cause is in your hands; and Cato, who
Disdain'd great Cæsar's yoke, submits to you.

§ 43. *Prologue to The Fairies*; 1755. *Written and spoken by Mr.* Garrick.

[*Enter—interrupting the band of music.*

A moment stop your tuneful fingers, pray,
While here, as usual, I my duty pay.
[*To the audience.*
Don't frown, my friends [*to the band*]; you shall soon melt again;
But, if not *there* is felt each dying strain,
Poor I shall speak, and you will scrape, in vain.
To see me now, you think the strangest thing!
For, like friend Benedick, I cannot sing:
Yet, in this prologue, cry but you *corragio*,
I'll speak you both a jig, and an *adagio*.
A Persian king, as Persian tales relate,
Oft went disguis'd, to hear the people prate;
So, curious I sometimes steal forth, *incog.*
To hear what critics croak of me, King *Log*.
Three nights ago, I heard a *tête-à-tête*,
Which fix'd at once our English opera's fate:
One was a youth born here, but flush from Rome;
The other born abroad, but here his home:
And first the *English foreigner* began,
Who thus address'd the *foreign Englishman*:
"An English opera! 'tis not to be borne;
"I both my country and their music scorn.
"O, damn their Ally Croakers, and their Early-horn!
"*Signior, si—but sons—vors recitativo:*
"*Il tutto é bestiale e cativo.*"
This said, I made my *exit* full of terrors;
And now ask pardon for the following errors:
Excuse us, first, for foolishly supposing,
Your countrymen could please you in composing;
An opera too!—play'd by an English band,
Wrote in a language which you understand—
I dare not say who wrote it—I could tell ye,
To soften matters—Signor Shakspearelli:
This awkward drama (I confess th' offence)
Is guilty too of poetry and sense:
And then the price we take, you'll all abuse it;
So low, so unlike op'ras—but excuse it;
We'll mend that fault, whenever you shall choose it.
Our last mischance, and worse than all the rest,
Which turns the whole performance to a jest,
Our singers all are well, and all will do their best.
But why would this rash fool, this Englishman,
Attempt an opera?—'tis the strangest plan!
Struck with the wonders of his master's art,
Whose sacred dramas shake and melt the heart,
Whose heaven-born strains the coldest breast inspire,
Whose chorus-thunder sets the soul on fire!
Inflam'd, astonish'd, at those magic airs,
When Samson groans, and frantic Saul despairs,
The pupil wrote—his work is now before ye,
And waits your stamp of infamy or glory!
Yet, ere his errors and his faults are known,
He says, those faults, those errors, are his own;
If thro' the clouds appear some glimmering rays,
They're sparks he caught from his great master's blaze!

§ 44. *Prologue to Virginia*; 1754. *Written and spoken by Mr.* Garrick.

Prologues, like compliments, are loss of time,
'Tis penning bows, and making legs, in rhyme:
'Tis cringing at the door, with simp'ring grin,
When we should show the company within—
So thinks our bard, who, stiff in classic knowledge, [lege.—
Preserves too much the buckram of the col-
"Lord, Sir," said I, "an audience must be "woo'd,
"And, lady-like, with flattery pursued;
"They nauseate fellows that are blunt and rude.
"Authors should learn to dance as well as write—"
"Dance at my time of life! Zounds, what a sight!
"Grown gentlemen ('tis advertis'd) do learn by night.
"Your modern prologues, and such whims as these,
"The Greeks ne'er knew—turn, turn to Sophocles."

"I read no Greek, Sir—when I was at school,
"Terence had prologues—Terence was no fool."
"He had; but why?" replied the bard, in rage:
"Exotics, monsters, had possess'd the stage,
"But we have none, in this enlighten'd age!
"Your Britons now, from gallery to pit,
"Can relish nought but sterling Attic wit.
"Here, take my play, I meant it for instruction;
"If rhymes are wanting for its introduction,
"Ev'n let that nonsense be your own production."

Off went the poet—It is now expedient
I speak as manager, and your obedient.
I, as your cat'rer, would provide your dishes,
Dress'd to your palates, season'd to your wishes.
Say but you're tir'd with boil'd and roast at home,
We too can send for niceties from Rome;
To please your tastes will spare nor pains nor money,
Discard sirloins, and get you maccaroni.
Whate'er new gusto for a time may reign,
Shakspeare and beef must have their turn again.
If novelties can please, to-night we've two——
Tho' English both, yet spare 'em as they're new.
To one, at least, your usual favors show;
A female asks it—can a man say No?
Should you indulge our novice* yet unseen,
And crown her, with your hands, a tragic queen:
Should you, with smiles, a confidence impart,
To calm those fears which speak a feeling heart;
Assist each struggle of ingenuous shame,
Which curbs a genius in its road to fame:
With one wish more her whole ambition ends—
She hopes some merit, to deserve such friends.

§ 45. *Epilogue to the same*; 1754. Garrick.

The poet's pen can, like a conjurer's wand,
Or kill or raise his heroine at command:
And I shall, spirit-like, before I sink,
Not courteously inquire, but tell you, what you think.
From top to bottom I shall make you stare,
By hitting all your judgements to a hair!
And, first, with you above I shall begin——
[*To the upper gallery.*
Good-natur'd souls, they're ready all to grin.
Though twelve pence seat you there, so near the ceiling,
The folks below can't boast a better feeling.
No high-bred prud'ry in your region lurks,
You boldly laugh and cry as nature works.
Says John to Tom (aye—there they sit together,
As honest Britons as e'er trod on leather):
"'Tween you and I, my friend, 'tis very vild,
"That old Vergeenus should have struck his child;
"I would have hang'd him for't had I been ruler;
"And duck'd that Apus too, by way of cooler."
Some maiden-dames, who hold the middle floor,
[*To the middle gallery.*
And fly from naughty man, at forty-four,
With turn'd-up eyes applaud Virginia's 'scape,
And vow they'd do the same to shun a rape;
So very chaste, they live in constant fears,
And apprehension strengthens with their years.
Ye bucks, who from the pit your terrors send,
Yet love distressed damsels to befriend;
You think this tragic joke too far was carried,
And wish, to set all right, the maid had married:
You'd rather see (if so the fates had will'd)
Ten wives be kind, than one poor virgin kill'd.
May I approach unto the boxes, pray,
And there search out a judgement on the play?
In vain, alas! I should attempt to find it;
Fine ladies see a play, but never mind it.
'Tis vulgar to be mov'd by acted passion,
Or form opinions till they're fix'd by fashion.
Our author hopes this fickle goddess, Mode,
With us will make, at least, nine days' abode;
To present pleasure he contracts his view,
And leaves his future fame to time and you.

§ 46. *Prologue to Barbarossa*; 1755. *Written and spoken by Mr.* Garrick, *in the Character of a Country Boy.*

Measter! measter!
Is not my measter here among you, pray?
Nay speak—my measter wrote this fine new play.
The actor-folks are making such a clatter!
They want the pro-log—I know nought o' the matter:
He must be there among you—look about—
A weezen pale-fac'd mon—do find him out.
Pray, mester, come, or all will fall to sheame;
Call Mister—hold—I must not tell his neame.
La! what a crowd is here! what noise and pother!
Fine lads and lasses! one o' top o' t'other.
[*Pointing to the rows of pit and gallery.*
I could for ever here with wonder gaze;
I ne'er saw church so full, in all my days!—
Your servant, Sirs—what do your laugh for, eh?
You donna take me sure for one o'the play?
You should not flout an honest country lad—
You think me fool, and I think you half-mad:
You're all as strange as I, and stranger too;
And, if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you.
[*Laughing.*
I donna like your London tricks, not I;
And, since you've rais'd my blood, I'll tell you why:
And, if you will, since now I am before ye,
For want of pro-log, I'll relate my story.
I came from country here to try my fate,
And get a place among the rich and great:
But troth I'm sick o' th' journey I ha' ta'en;
I like it not—would I were whoame again!
First, in the city I took up my station,
And got a place with one o' th' corporation;
A round big mon—he ate a plaguy deal;
Zooks! he'd have beat five ploomen at a meal!
But long with him I could not make abode,
For, could you think't? he ate a great sea-toad?
It came from *Indies*—'twas as big as me;
He call'd it *belly-patch* and *cap-a-pee*:
La! how I star'd!—I thought—who knows but I,

* Mrs. Graham, afterwards Mrs. Yates, then a new actress.

For

For want of monsters, may be made a pye?
Rather than tarry here for bribe or gain,
I'll back to whoame and country-fare again.
I left toad-eater; then I serv'd a lord,
And there they promis'd—but ne'er kept their word.
While 'mong the great this geaming work the trade is,
They mind no more poor servants—than their ladies.
A lady next, who lik'd a smart young lad,
Hir'd me forthwith—but, troth, I thought her mad;
She turn'd the world top-down, as one may say,
She chang'd the day to neet, the neet to day!
I was so sheam'd with all her freakish ways,
She wore her geare so short, so low her stays—
Fine folks show all for nothing now-a-days!
Now I'm the poet's mon—I find with wits
There's nothing sartain—nay, we eat by fits.
Our meals, indeed, are slender—what of that?
There are but three on's—measter, I, and cat.
Did you but see us all, as I'm a sinner,
You'd scarcely say which of the three is thinner.
My wages all depend on this night's piece;
But should you find that all our swans are geese,
'Efeck, I'll trust no more to measter's brain,
But pack up all, and whistle whoame again.

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§ 47. *Epilogue to the same*; 1755. *Spoken by Mr.* Woodward, *in the Character of a fine Gentleman.* Garrick.

[*Enter—speaking without.*

Pshaw! damn your epilogue, and hold your tongue—
Shall we of rank be told what's right and wrong?
Had you ten epilogues you should not speak 'em,
Though he had writ 'em all in linguum Grecum.
I'll do't, by all the gods! (you must excuse me)
Though author, actors, audience, all abuse me!
[*To the audience.*
Behold a gentleman!—and that's enough!
Laugh if you please—I'll take a pinch of snuff!
I come to tell you (let it not surprise you)
That I'm a wit—and worthy to advise you.
How could you suffer that same country booby,
That pro-log speaking savage, that great looby,
To talk his nonsense?—give me leave to say,
'Twas low! damn'd low; but save the fellow's play:
Let the poor devil eat; allow him that,
And give a meal to *measter, mon*, and *cat*;
But why attack the fashions? senseless rogue!
We have no joys but what result from vogue:
The mode should all control!——nay, ev'ry passion,
Sense, appetite, and all, give way to fashion:
I hate as much as he a turtle-feast,
But, till the present turtle-rage is ceas'd,
I'd ride a hundred miles to make myself a beast.
I have no ears; yet operas I adore!
Always prepar'd *to die—to sleep—no more!*
The ladies too were carp'd at, and their dress,
He wants them all ruff'd up like good queen Bess!
They are, forsooth, too much expos'd and free:
Were more expos'd, no ill effects I see,
For, more or less, 'tis all the same to me.
Poor gaming too was maul'd among the rest,
That precious cordial to a high-life breast!
When thoughts arise, I always game or drink,
An English gentleman should never think——
The reason's plain, which ev'ry soul might hit on——
What trims a Frenchman, oversets a Briton.
In us reflection breeds a sober sadness,
Which always ends in politics or madness:
I therefore now propose, by your command,
That tragedies no more shall cloud this land;
Send o'er your Shakspeares to the sons of France,
Let *them* grow grave—let *us* begin to dance!
Banish your gloomy scenes to foreign climes,
Reserve alone, to bless these golden times,
A farce or two——and Woodward's pantomimes.

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§ 48. *Occasional Prologue to the Mask of Britannia*; 1755. *Written and spoken by Mr.* Garrick, *in the Character of a Sailor, fuddled, and talking to himself.*

Enters, singing, "How pleasant a sailor's life passes!"

Well! if thou art, my boy, a little mellow,
A sailor, half-seas o'er, 's a pretty fellow.
What cheer, ho? Do I carry too much sail?
[*To the pit.*
No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale—
[*He staggers forward, and then stops.*
But softly tho'—the vessel seems to heel——
Steady! my boy—she must not show her keel.
And now, thus ballasted—what course to steer?
Shall I again to sea—and bang Mounseer?
Or stay on shore, and toy with Sall and Sue?
Dost love 'em, boy? By this right hand, I do!
A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting:
There's nothing better, faith—save flip and fighting.
I must away—I must——
What! shall we sons of beef and freedom stoop,
Or lower our flag to slavery and soup?
What! shall these *Parly-voos* make such a racket,
And I not lend a hand to lace their jacket?
Still shall Old England be your Frenchman's butt?—
Whene'er he shuffles we should always cut.
I'll to 'em, faith—Avast—before I go—
Have I not promis'd Sall to see the show?
[*Pulls out a play-bill.*
From this same paper we shall understand
What work's to-night—I read your printed hand.
First let's refresh a bit—for, faith, I need it—
I'll take one sugar-plum—[*takes some tobacco*] and then I'll read it.
[*He reads the play-bill of Zara, which was acted that evening.*
"At the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane—
"Will be presen-ta-ted a tragedy called *Sarah*—"

I'm

I'm glad 'tis *Sarah*—then our Sall may see
Her namesake's tragedy: and as for me,
I'll [illegible] sound as if I were at sea.
" [illegible] which will be added—a new mask—"
Zounds! mask? We sailors hate grimaces:
Above [illegible] we scorn to hide our faces.
But what [illegible], so very large and plain?
" Bri-[illegible]." —— O, Britannia! —— good
[illegible]——
Huzza, boys! By the Royal George, I swear,
Tom Coxen, and the crew, shall straight be there.
All free-born souls must take Bri-tan-nia's part,
And give her three round cheers, with hand and heart! [*Going off, he stops.*
I wish you landmen, though, would leave your tricks,
Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics:
And like us honest tars, drink, fight, and sing;
True to yourselves, your country, and your king!

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§ 49. *Prologue to Comus. Performed for the Benefit of the General Hospital at Bath*, 1756; *and spoken by Miss* Morrison, *in the Character of a Lady of Fashion.* Hoadley.

[*She enters with a number of tickets in her hand.*]

Well, I've been beating up for volunteers,
But find that charity has got no ears.
I first attack'd a colonel of the guards—
Sir, charity—consider its rewards;
With healing hand the saddest sores it skins,
And covers—O! a multitude of sins.
He swore the world was welcome to his thoughts:
'Twas damn'd hypocrisy to hide one's faults;
And with that sin his conscience ne'er was twitted,
The only one he never had committed.
Next to my knight I plead. He shook his head,
Complain'd the stocks were low, and trade was dead.
In these Bath charities a tax he'd found
More heavy than four shillings in the pound.
What with the play-house, hospital, and abbey,
A man was stripp'd—unless he'd look quite shabby.
Then such a train, and such expense; to wit,
My lady, all the brats, and cousin Kit—
He'd steal himself, perhaps, into the pit.
Old Lady Slipslop, at her morning cards,
Vows that all works of *genus* she regards,
Raffles for Chinese gods, card houses, shells,
Nor grudges to the music, or the bells,
But has a strange *antiquity* to nasty *ospitals*.
I hope your lordship—then my lord replies—
No doubt, the governors are—very wise;
But, for the play, he wonder'd at their choice.
In Milton's days such stuff might be the taste,
But, faith! he thought it was damn'd dull and chaste:
Then swears he to the charity is hearty,
But can't in honor break his evening party.
When to the gouty alderman I sued,
The nasty fellow ('gad) was downright rude.
Is begging grown the fashion, with a pox?
The mayor should set such housewifes in the stocks.
Give you a guinea! Z——ds! replied the beast,
'Twould buy a ticket for a turtle-feast.
Think what a guinea a-head might set before ye—
Surmullet—turbot—and a grand John Dory.
I'll never give a groat, as I'm a sinner,
Unless they gather 't in a dish—at dinner.
I trust, by art and more polite address,
Your fairer advocates met more success;
And not a man compassion's cause withstood,
When beauty pleaded for such *gen'ral good*.

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§ 50. *Prologue to the Winter's Tale, and Catherine and Petruchio*; 1756. *Written and spoken by Mr.* Garrick.

To various things the stage has been compar'd,
As apt ideas strike each humorous bard:
This night, for want of better simile,
Let this our theatre a tavern be:
The poets vintners, and the waiters we.
So, as the cant and custom of the trade is,
You're welcome, gemmen; kindly welcome, ladies.
To draw in customers, our bills are spread;
You cannot miss the sign, 'tis Shakspeare's Head.
From this same head, this fountain-head divine,
For different palates springs a different wine;
In which no tricks, to strengthen or to thin 'em—
Neat as imported—no French brandy in 'em.
Hence for the choicest spirits flows Champagne,
Whose sparkling atoms shoot through every vein,
Then mount in magic vapors to th' enraptur'd brain!
Hence flow for martial minds potations strong,
And sweet love-potions for the fair and young.
For you, my hearts of oak, for your regale,
[*To the upper gallery.*
There's good old English stingo, mild and stale:
For high, luxurious souls, with luscious smack,
There's Sir John Falstaff in a butt of sack;
And, if the stronger liquors more invite ye,
Bardolph is gin, and Pistol aqua-vitæ.
But should you call for Falstaff, where to find him,
He's gone—nor left one cup of sack behind him.
Sunk in his elbow-chair, no more he'll roam,
No more, with merry wags, to Eastcheap come;
He's gone—to jest and laugh, and give his sack, at home.
As for the learned critics, grave and deep,
Who catch at words, and, catching, fall asleep;
Who, in the storms of passion, hum and haw—
For such our master will no liquor draw——
So blindly thoughtful, and so darkly read,
They take Tom Durfey's for the Shakspeare's Head.
A vintner once acquir'd both praise and gain,
And sold much perry for the best Champagne.

Some

Some rakes this precious stuff did so allure,
They drank whole nights—what's that when wine is pure?
"Come, fill a bumper, Jack."—"I will, my Lord."
"Here's cream!—damn'd fine!—immense!—upon my word!
"Sir William, what say you?"—"The best, believe me."
"In this—eh, Jack!—the devil can't deceive me."
Thus the wise critic, too, mistakes his wine;
Cries out, with lifted hands—'Tis great! divine!
Then jogs his neighbour, as the wonders strike him;
This Shakspeare! Shakspeare!—O, there's nothing like him!
In this night's various and enchanted cup
Some little perry's mix'd, for filling up.
The five long acts, from which our three are taken,
Stretch'd out to sixteen years*, lay by, forsaken:
Lest then this precious liquor run to waste,
'Tis now confin'd and bottled for your taste.
'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
To lose no drop of that immortal man!

§ 51. *Prologue to the Apprentice*; 1756. *Spoken by Mr.* Murphy, *Author of the Piece, dressed in black.* Garrick.

Behold a wonder for theatric story!
The culprit of this night appears before ye:
Before his judges dares these boards to tread,
"With all his imperfections on his head!"
Prologues precede the piece, in mournful verse,
As undertakers walk before the hearse;
Whose doleful march may strike the harden'd mind,
And wake its feelings for the dead behind.
Trick'd out in black, thus actors try their art,
To melt that rock of rocks, the critic's heart.
No acted fears my vanity betray!
I am, indeed—what others only play.
Thus far myself. The farce comes next in view;
Though many are its faults, at least 'tis new.
No smuggled, pilfer'd scenes from France we show;
'Tis English—English, Sirs, from top to toe.
Though coarse my colors, and my hand unskill'd,
From real life my little cloth is fill'd.
My hero is a youth, by fate design'd
For culling simples—but whose stage-struck mind
Nor fate could rule, nor his indentures bind.
A place there is, where such young Quixotes meet;
'Tis call'd the spouting-club—a glorious treat!
Where prenticed kings alarm the gaping street.
There Brutus starts and stares by midnight taper,
Who all the day enacts—a woollen-draper.
Here Hamlet's ghost stalks forth with doubled fist:
Cries out, with hollow voice, "List, list, O list!"
And frightens Denmark's prince—a young tobacconist.
The spirit too, clear'd from his deadly white,
Rises—a haberdasher to the sight!
Nor young attorneys have this rage withstood,
But change their pens for truncheons, ink for blood;
And (strange reverse!)—die for their country's good.
Through all the town this folly you may trace;
Myself am witness—'tis a common case.
I've further proofs, could ye but think I wrong ye—
Look round—you'll find some spouting youths among ye.
To check these heroes, and their laurels crop,
To bring them back to reason—and their shop;
To raise a harmless laugh, was all my aim;
And, if I shun contempt—I seek not fame.
Indulge this firstling, let me but begin,
Nor nip me—in the buddings of my sin:
Some hopes I cherish, in your smiles I read 'em;
Whate'er my faults, your candor can exceed 'em.

§ 52. *Epilogue to the same*; 1756. *Spoken by Mrs.* Clive. Smart.

[*Enters, reading the play-bill.*
A very pretty bill—as I'm alive!
The part of—Nobody—by Mrs. Clive!
A paltry, scribbling fool—to leave me out!
He'll say, perhaps—he thought I could not spout.
Malice and envy to the last degree!
And why?—I wrote a farce as well as he,
And fairly ventur'd it, without the aid
Of prologue dress'd in black, and face in masquerade;
O pit, have pity—see how I'm dismay'd!
Poor soul! this canting stuff will never do,
Unless, like Bayes, he brings his hangman too.
But granting that, from these same obsequies,
Some pickings to our bard in black arise;
Should your applause to joy convert his fear,
As Pallas turns to feast Lardella's bier;
Yet 'twould have been a better scheme, by half,
T' have thrown his weeds aside, and learnt with me to laugh.
I could have shown him, had he been inclin'd,
A spouting junto of the female kind.
There dwells a milliner in yonder row,
Well-dress'd, full-voic'd, and nobly built for show,
Who, when in rage she scolds at Sue and Sarah,
Damn'd, damn'd dissembler! thinks she's more than Zara.
She has a daughter too that deals in lace,
And sings—O ponder well—and Chevy-chase,
And fain would fill the fair Ophelia's place;
And in her cock'd-up hat, and gown of camlet,
Presumes on something——touching the lord Hamlet.
A cousin too she has, with squinting eyes,
With waddling gait, and voice like London cries,
Who, for the stage too short by half a story,
Acts Lady Townly—thus—in all her glory;

* The action of the Winter's Tale, as written by Shakspeare, comprehends sixteen years.

And

And, while she's traversing her scanty room,
Cries—"Lord, my lord, what can I do at home?"
In short, there's girls enough for all the fellows,
The ranting, whining, starting, and the jealous,
The Hotspurs, Romeos, Hamlets, and Othellos.
O! little do these silly people know
What dreadful trials actors undergo.
Myself, who most in harmony delight,
Am scolding here from morning until night.
Then take advice by me, ye giddy things,
Ye royal milliners, ye apron'd kings!
Young men, beware and shun our slippery ways,
Study arithmetic, and burn your plays;
And you, ye girls, let not our tinsel train
Enchant your eyes, and turn your madd'ning brain:
Be timely wise; for, O! be sure of this:—
A shop, with virtue, is the height of bliss.

§ 53. *Epilogue to the Reprisal*; 1757. *Spoken by Miss* Macklin.

Aye—now I can with pleasure look around,
Safe as I am, thank Heaven, on English ground.
In a dark dungeon to be stow'd away,
'Midst roaring, thund'ring, danger, and dismay;
Expos'd to fire and water, sword and bullet—
Might damp the heart of any virgin pullet.
I dread to think what might have come to pass,
Had not the British lion quell'd the Gallic ass.
By Champignon a wretched victim led
To cloister'd cell, or more detested bed,
My days in pray'r and fasting I had spent;
As nun, or wife, alike a penitent.
His gallantry, so confident and eager,
Had prov'd a mess of delicate soup-meagre.
To bootless longings I had fell a martyr;
But, Heaven be prais'd, the Frenchman caught a Tartar.
Yet soft—our author's fate you must decree;
Shall he come safe to port, or sink at sea?
Your sentence, sweet or bitter, soft or sore,
Floats his frail bark, or runs it bump ashore—
Ye wits above, restrain your awful thunder;
In his first cruize 'twere pity he should founder.
[*To the gallery.*
Safe from your shot, he fears no other foe,
No gulf but that which horrid yawns below.
[*To the Pit.*
The bravest chiefs, ev'n Hannibal and Cato,
Have here been tam'd with—pippin and potatoe.
Our bard embarks in a more Christian cause,
He claims not mercy, but he claims applause,
His pen against the hostile French is drawn,
Who damns him is no Antigallican.
Indulg'd with fav'ring gales and smiling skies,
Hereafter he may board a richer prize.
But if this welkin angry clouds deform,
[*Looking round the house.*
And hollow groans portend th' approaching storm;
[*To the gallery.*
Should the descending show'rs of hail redouble,
And these rough billows hiss, and boil, and bubble,
[*To the pit.*
He'll launch no more on such fell seas of trouble.

§ 54. *Prologue to the Author*; 1757. Foote.

Severe their task, who, in this critic age,
With fresh materials furnish out the stage!
Not that our fathers drain'd the comic store;
Fresh characters spring up as heretofore.
Nature with novelty does still abound;
On ev'ry side fresh follies may be found.
But then the taste of every guest to hit,
To please at once the gallery, box, and pit,
Requires, at least, no common share of wit.
Those who adorn the orb of higher life,
Demand the lively rake or modish wife;
Whilst they who in a lower circle move,
Yawn at their wit, and slumber at their love.
If light low mirth employs the comic scene,
Such mirth as drives from vulgar minds the spleen,
The polish'd critic damns the wretched stuff,
And cries—"'Twill please the gall'ries well enough."
Such jarring judgements who can reconcile?
Since fops will frown, where humble traders smile.
To dash the poet's ineffectual claim,
And quench his thirst for universal fame,
The Grecian fabulist in moral lay
Has thus address'd the writers of his day:
Once on a time, a son and sire, we're told,
The stripling tender, and the father old,
Purchas'd a jack-ass at a country fair,
To ease their limbs, and hawk about their ware;
But as the sluggish animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both should mount, his back would break:
Up gets the boy, the father leads the ass,
And through the gazing crowd attempts to pass;
Forth from the throng the greybeards hobble out,
And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout.
"This the respect to rev'rend age you show,
And this the duty you to parents owe?
He beats the hoof, and you are set astride:
Sirrah! get down, and let your father ride."
As Grecian lads are seldom void of grace,
The decent duteous youth resign'd his place.
Then a fresh murmur through the rabble ran,
Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man.
"Sure never was brute beast so void of nature!
Have you no pity for the pretty creature?
To your own baby can you be unkind?
Here—Suke, Bill, Betty—put the child behind."
Old Dapple next the clown's compassion claim'd:
"'Tis wonderment them boobies ben't asham'd!
Two at a time upon the poor dumb beast!
They might as well have carried him, at least."
The pair, still pliant to the partial voice,
Dismount, and bear the ass—Then what a noise!
Huzzas, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
From the yet silent sire, these words provoke:
"Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call;
Vain his attempts, who strives to please them all."

§ 55. *Prologue to the Trip to Paris. Spoken by Mr.* Shuter, *at one of his Benefits.* Foote.

In former times there liv'd one Aristotle,
Who, as the song says, lov'd, like me, his bottle.
To

To Alexander Magnus he was tutor—
(A'n't you surpris'd to hear the learned Shuter?)
But let that rest—a new tale I'll advance,
A tale?—no; truth, mun—I'm just come from France.
From Paris I came; why I went there, no matter;
I'm glad that once more I'm on this side the water.
'Twas to win a large wager that hurried me over;
But I wish'd to be off when I came down to Dover;
To swallow sea-water the doctors will tell ye,
But the sight of such water at once fill'd my belly;
They who choose it for physic may drink of the sea,
But only to think on't is physic for me.
When I first went on board, Lord! I heard such a racket,
Such babbling and squabbling, fore and aft, through the packet;
The passengers bawling, the sailors yoho-ing,
The ship along dashing, the winds aloft blowing;
Some sick, and some swearing, some singing, some shrieking,
Sails hoisting, blocks rattling, the yards and booms creaking;
Stop the ship!—but the tars, never minding our cases,
Took their chaws, hitch'd their trowsers, and grinn'd in our faces.
We made Calais soon, and were soon set on shore,
And I trod on French ground, where I ne'er trod before.
The scene was quite chang'd; 'twas no more, Yo, yo-ho.
With Damme Jack, yes, boy—or Damme Tom, no!
'Twas quite t'other thing, mun, 'twas all complaisance;
With cringes and scrapes we were welcom'd to France:
Ah, Monseer Angloy—they cried—*be on ven nu,*
Tres umble servant, Sir, we glad to see you.
I ne'er met such figures before in my rambles,
They flock'd round my carcase like flies in the shambles:
To be crowded amongst them at first I was loth,
For fear they should seize me, and souse me for broth.
At last though, they call'd me my *Lor Angleterre,*
(Lord, had you then seen but my strut and my stare!)
Wee, wee, I cried, *wee* then—and put on a sword;
So at once Neddy Shuter turn'd into a lord.
I expected at France all the world and his wife,
But I never was balk'd so before in my life:
I should see wonders there, I was told by *Monseer*;
So I did, I saw things that were wonderful queer;
Queer streets and queer houses, with people much queerer.
Each one was a talker, but no one a hearer.
I soon had enough of their *pallovousee*;
It's a fine phrase to some folks, but nonsense to me.
All folks there are dress'd in a toyshop-like show,
A hodge-podging habit 'twixt fiddler and beau,
Such hats, and such heads too, such coats and such skirts—
They sold me some ruffles—but I found the shirts.
Then, as to their dinners, their soups, and their stewings,
One ounce of meat serves for ten gallons of brewings;
For a slice of roast beef how my mind was agog!
But for beef they produced me a fricaseed frog:
Out of window I toss'd it, it wa'n't fit to eat,
Then down stairs I jump'd, and ran into the street.
'Twas not their palaver could make me determine
To stay where I found it was taste to eat vermin:
Frogs in France may be fine, and their Grand Monarque clever;
I'm for beef, and King George, and old England for ever!

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§ 56. *Epilogue to the Minor*; 1760.

Near the mad mansions of Moorfields I'll bawl;
Friends, fathers, mothers, sisters, sons, and all,
Shut up your shops, and listen to my call.
With labor, toil, all second means, dispense,
And live a rent-charge upon Providence.
Prick up your ears; a story now I'll tell,
Which once a widow and her child befell,
I knew the mother and her daughter well:
Poor, it is true, they were, but never wanted,
For whatsoe'er they ask'd was always granted.
One fatal day the matron's truth was tried,
She wanted meat and drink, and faintly cried.
Child. Mother, you cry!—
Mother. O child! I've got no bread.
Child. What matters that? Why, Providence an't dead!
With reason good the child this truth might say;
For there came in at noon, that very day,
Bread, greens, potatoes, and a leg of mutton,
A better sure a table ne'er was put on.
Ay, that might be, ye cry, with those poor souls:
But we ne'er had a rasher for the coals.
And d'ye deserve it? How d've spend your days?
In pastimes, prodigality, and plays!
Let's go see Foote; O, Foote's a precious limb!
Old Nick will soon a foot-ball make of him!
For foremost rows in side-boxes you shove:
Think you to meet with side-boxes above,
Where giggling girls and powder'd fops may sit?
No, you will all be cramm'd into the pit,
And crowd the house for Satan's benefit.—
O! what, you snivel?—Well, do so no more—
Drop, to atone, your money at the door,
And—if I please—I'll give it to the poor.

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§ 57. *Prologue to Polly Honeycombe*; 1760. Garrick.

Hither, in days of yore, from Spain or France,
Came a dread sorceress, her name Romance:
O'er Britain's isle her wayward spells she cast,
And Common Sense in magic chain bound fast.
In mad sublime did each fond lover woo,
And in heroics ran each billet-doux:
High deeds of chivalry their sole delight,
Each fair a maid distress'd, each swain a knight.

Then

Then might Statira Oroondates see
At tilts and tournaments, arm'd cap-a-pee.
She too, on milk-white palfrey, lance in hand,
A dwarf to guard her, prance'd about the land.
This fiend to quell, his sword Cervantes drew,
A trusty Spanish blade, Toledo true:
Her talismans and magic wand he broke;
Knights, genii, castles, vanish'd into smoke.
But now, the dear delight of later years,
The younger sister of Romance appears:
Less solemn is her air, her drift the same,
And Novel her enchanting, charming name.
Romance might strike our grave forefathers' pomp,
But Novel for our buck and lively romp!
Cassandra's folios now no longer read,
See two neat pocket-volumes in their stead!
And then, so sentimental is the style,
So chaste, yet so bewitching all the while!
Plot and elopement, passion, rape, and rapture,
The total sum of ev'ry dear—dear—chapter.
'Tis not alone the small-talk and the smart,
'Tis Novel most beguiles the female heart.
Miss reads—she melts—she sighs—love steals upon her—
And then—alas, poor girl!—good night, poor Honor!
'Thus of our Polly having lightly spoke,
Now for our author—but without a joke.
Though wits and journals, who ne'er fibb'd before,
Have laid this bantling at a certain door,
Where, lying store of faults, they'd fain heap more,
I now declare it, as a serious truth,
'Tis the first folly of a simple youth,
Caught and deluded by our harlot plays—
Then crush not in the shell this infant Bayes!
Exert your favor to a young beginner;
Nor use the stripling like a batter'd sinner*.'

§ 58. *Prologue to All in the Wrong*; 1761. *Written and spoken by Mr. Foote.*

To-night, be it known to box, gall'ries, and pit,
Will be open'd the original warehouse of wit;
The new manufacture, Foote and Co. undertakers,
Play, opera, pantomime, farce—by the makers.
We scorn, like our brethren, our fortunes to owe
To Shakspeare and Southerne, to Otway and Rowe:
Though our judgement may err, yet our justice is shown,
For we promise to mangle no works but our own;
And moreover, on this you may firmly rely,
If we can't make you laugh, that we won't make you cry;
For our monarch, who knew we were mirth-loving souls,
Has lock'd up his lightning, his daggers, and bowls;
Resolv'd that in buskins no hero should stalk,
He has shut us quite out of the tragedy-walk.
No blood, no blank verse—in short we're undone,
Unless you're contented with frolic and fun.
If, tir'd of her round in the Ranelagh mill,
There should be one female inclin'd to sit still;
If, blind to the beauties, or sick of the squall,
A party shouldn't choose to catch cold at Vauxhall;
If at Sadler's sweet Wells the wine should be thick,
The cheesecakes be sour, or Miss Wilkinson sick,
If the fume of the pipe should prove pow'rful in June,
Or the tumblers be lame, or the bells out of tune;
We hope you will call at our warehouse in Drury:
We've a curious assortment of goods, I assure ye,
Domestic and foreign, indeed all kind of wares,
English cloth, Irish linens, and French *pet-en-l'airs*.
If, for want of good custom, or losses in trade,
The poetical partners should bankrupts be made;
If, from dealings too large, we plunge deeply in debt,
And a *whereas* comes out in the Muses' Gazette,
We'll on you, our assigns, for certificates call;
Though insolvents, we're honest, and give up our all.

§ 59. *Epilogue to the Liar*, 1761; *between Miss Grantham and Old Wilding.*

M. Gr. Hold, Sir!
Our plot concluded, and strict justice done,
Let me be heard as counsel for your son.
Acquit I can't, I mean to mitigate;
Proscribe all lying, what would be the fate
Of this and every other earthly state?
Consider, Sir, if once you cry it down,
You'll shut up every coffee-house in town;
The tribe of politicians will want food,
Even now half-famish'd—for the public good;
All Grub-street murderers of men and sense,
And every office of intelligence,
All would be bankrupts, the whole lying race,
And no Gazette to publish their disgrace.
O. Wild. Too mild a sentence! Must the good and great
Patriots be wrong'd, that booksellers may eat?
M. Gr. Your patience, Sir; yet hear another word:
Turn to that hall where Justice wields her sword;
Think in what narrow limits you would draw,
By this proscription, all the sons of law:
For 'tis the fix'd determin'd rule of courts,
(Vyner will tell you—nay, even Coke's Reports)
All pleaders may, when difficulties rise,
To gain one truth expend a hundred lies.
O. Wild. To curb this practice I am somewhat loth;
A lawyer has no credit but on oath.
M. Gr. Then to the softer sex some favor show;
Leave us possession of our modest No!

* These lines were added by Mr. Garrick, on its being reported that he was the author of the piece; and however humorous and poetical, contain as strict matter of fact as the dullest prose.

O. Wild.

O. Wild. O freely, Ma'am, we'll that allowance give,
So that two noes be held affirmative:
Provided ever, that your pish and fie,
On all occasions, should be deem'd a lie.
M. Gr. Hard terms!
On this rejoinder then I rest my cause:
Should all pay homage to truth's sacred laws,
Let us examine what would be the case;
Why, many a great man would be out of place.
O. Wild. 'Twould many a virtuous character restore.
M. Gr. But take a character from many more.
O. Wild. Strong are your reasons; yet, ere I submit,
I mean to take the voices of the pit.
Is it your pleasures that we make a rule,
That ev'ry liar be proclaim'd a fool,
Fit subjects for our author's ridicule?

---

§ 60. *Prologue to the Earl of Essex*; 1761. MURPHY.

WHENE'ER the brave, the gen'rous, and the just,
Whene'er the patriot sinks to silent dust,
The tragic muse attends the mournful hearse,
And pays her tribute of immortal verse.
Inspir'd by noble deeds, she seeks the plain,
In honor's cause where mighty chiefs are slain;
And bathes with tears the sod that wraps the dead,
And bids the turf lie lightly on his head.
Nor thus content, she opens death's cold womb,
And bursts the cerements of the awful tomb,
To cast him up again—to bid him live,
And to the scene his form and presence give.
Thus once-fam'd Essex at her voice appears,
Emerging from the sacred dust of years.
Nor deem it much, that we retrace, to-night,
A tale to which you've listen'd with delight.
How oft, of yore, to learned Athens' eyes
Did new Electras and new Phædras rise!
In France, how many Theban monarchs groan
For Laius' blood, and incest not their own!
When there new Iphigenias raise the sigh,
Fresh drops of pity gush from ev'ry eye.
On the same theme though rival wits appear,
The heart still finds the sympathetic tear.
If there soft Pity pour her plenteous store,
For fabled kings, and empires now no more;
Much more should you from freedom's glorious plan,
Who still inherit all the rights of man,
Much more should you with kindred sorrows glow
For your own chiefs, your own domestic woe;
Much more a British story should impart
The warmest feelings to each British heart.

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§ 61. *Prologue to the School for Lovers*, 1762. *Written and spoken by Mr.* GARRICK.

SUCCESS makes people vain—the maxim's true,
We all confess it, and no over-new.
The veriest clown, who stumps along the streets,
And doffs his hat to each grave cit he meets,
Some twelve months hence, bedawb'd with livery lace,
Shall thrust his saucy flambeau in your face.
Not so our bard—though twice your kind applause
Has, on this fickle spot, espous'd his cause;
He owns with gratitude th' obliging debt;
Has twice been favor'd, and is modest yet.
Your giant wits, like those of old, may climb
Olympus-high, and step o'er space and time;
May stride, with seven-league boots, from shore to shore,
And, nobly by transgressing, charm ye more.
Alas! our author dares not laugh at schools—
Plain sense confines his humbler muse to rules:
He shifts no scene—But here I stopt him short—
"Not change your scenes?" said I—"I'm sorry for't:
My constant friends above, around, below,
Have English tastes, and love both change and show:
Without such aid even Shakspeare would be flat,
Our crowded pantomimes are proofs of that.
What eager transport starts from ev'ry eye,
When pulleys rattle, and our genii fly!
When tin cascades, like falling waters, gleam,
Or through the canvas bursts the real stream;
While thirsty Islington laments, in vain,
Half her New-river roll'd to Drury-lane!
Lord, sir!" said I, "for gallery, boxes, pit,
I'll back my Harlequin against your wit."
Yet still the author, anxious for his play,
Shook his wise head—"What will the critics say?"
"As usual, sir—abuse you all they can!"
"And what the ladies?"—"He's a charming man!
A charming piece!—one scarce knows what it means;
But that's no matter—when there's such sweet scenes!"
Still he persists—and let him—*entre nous*—
I know your tastes, and will indulge 'em too.
Change you shall have: so set your hearts at ease:
Write as *he* will, we'll act it—as *you* please.

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§ 62. *Prologue upon Prologues, to the Deuce is in Him. Spoken by Mr. King.* GARRICK. *And egad it will do for any other play as well as this.* BAYES.

AN old trite proverb let me quote—
As is your cloth, so cut your coat.
To suit our author, and his farce,
Short let me be, for wit is scarce;
Nor would I show it, had I any:
The reasons why are strong and many.
Should I have wit, the piece has none;
A flash in pan with empty gun,
The piece is sure to be undone.
A tavern with a gaudy sign,
Whose bush is better than the wine,
May cheat you once—Will that device,
Neat as imported, cheat you twice?

'Tis

'Tis wrong to raise your expectations:
Poets, be dull in dedications!
Dulness in these to wit prefer—
But there indeed, you seldom err.
In prologues, prefaces, be flat!
A silver button spoils your hat.
A threadbare coat might jokes escape,
Did not the blockheads lace the cape.
A case in point to this before ye;
Allow me, pray to tell a story.
To turn the penny, once, a wit
Upon a curious fancy hit,
Hung out a board, on which he boasted,
Dinner for three pence, boil'd and roasted.
The hungry read, and in they trip,
With eager eye, and smacking lip—
"Here, bring this boil'd and roasted, pray—"
Enter potatoes, dress'd each way.
All star'd and rose, the house forsook,
And damn'd the dinner—kick'd the cook.
My landlord found, poor Patrick Kelly!
There was no joking with the belly.
These facts laid down, then thus I reason,
Wit in a prologue's out of season.
Yet still will you for jokes sit watching,
Like Cock-lane folks for Fanny's scratching.
And here my simile's so fit,
For prologues are but ghosts of wit;
Which mean to show their art and skill,
And scratch you to their author's will.
In short, for reasons great and small,
'Tis better to have none at all.
Prologues and ghosts!—a paltry trade—
So let 'em both at once be laid!
Say but the word—give your commands,
We'll tie our prologue-monger's hands:
Confine these culprits, bind 'em tight,
[*Holding up his hands.*
Nor girl can scratch, nor fools can write.

---

§ 63. *Epilogue to Elvira*; 1763. Garrick.

Ladies and gentlemen—'tis so ill-bred—
We have no epilogue, because I'm dead;
For he, our bard, with phrensy-rolling eye,
Swears you shan't laugh, when he has made you cry:
At which I gave his sleeve a gentle pull,
Suppose they should not cry, and should be dull;
In such a case, 'twould surely do no harm;
A little lively nonsense taken warm,
On critic stomachs delicate and queasy,
'Twill even make a heavy meal sit easy.
The town hates epilogues—It is not true,
I answer'd that for *you*—and *you*—and *you*—
[*To Pit, Boxes, and First Gallery.*
They call for epilogues and hornpipes too.
[*To the upper Gallery.*
Madam, the critics say—to you they're civil,
Here, if they have 'em not, they'll play the devil—
Out of this house, sir: and to you alone,
They'll smile, cry Bravo! Charming!—Here they groan;
A single critic will not frown, look big,
Harmless and pliant as a single twig:
But crowded here they change, and 'tis not odd,
For twigs, when bundled up, become a rod.
Critics to bards, like beauties to each other,
When *tête à tête* their enmity they smother:
"Kiss me, my dear—how do you?—charming creature!
What shape! what bloom! what spirit in each feature!"
"You flatter me."—"'Pon honor, no."—"You do—
My friend—my dear—sincerely yours—adieu!"
But when at routs, the dear friends change their tone:
I speak of foreign ladies, not our own.
Will you permit, good sirs, these gloomy folk
To give all tragedy without one joke?
They gravely tell us, 'Tragedy's design'd
To purge the passions, purify the mind:
To which I say, to strike those blockheads dumb,
With physic always give a sugar-plum.
I love these sugar-plums in prose or rhymes:
No one is merrier than myself sometimes;
Yet I, poor I, with tears and constant moan,
Am melted down almost to skin and bone:
This night, in sighs and sobs I drew my breath;
Love, marriage, treason, prison, poison, death,
Were scarce sufficient to complete my fate;
Two children were thrown in to make up weight.
With all these suff'rings, is it not provoking,
To be denied at last a little joking?
If they will make new laws, for mirth's sake break 'em:
Roar out for epilogues, and let me speak 'em.

---

§ 64. *Mr. Foote's Address to the Public, after a Prosecution against him for a Libel*; 1764. Foote.

Hush! let me search before I speak aloud—
Is no informer skulking in the crowd,
With art laconic noting all that's said,
Malice at heart, indictments in his head;
Prepar'd to level all the legal war,
And rouse the clamorous legions of the bar?
Is there none such?—Not one:—then, *entre nous*,
I will a tale unfold, though strange, yet true;
The application must be made by you.
At Athens once, fair queen of arms and arts,
There dwelt a citizen of moderate parts*;
Precise his manner, and demure his looks,
His mind unletter'd, though he dealt in books;
Amorous, though old; though dull, lov'd repartee;
And penn'd a paragraph most daintily:
He aim'd at purity in all he said,
And never once omitted *eth* or *ed*;
In *hath*, and *doth*, was rarely known to fail,
Himself the hero of each little tale;
With wits and lords this man was much delighted, [knighted.
And once (it has been said) was near being
One Aristophanes (a wicked wit,
Who never heeded grace in what he writ)

* George Faulkner, bookseller.

Had

Had mark'd the manners of this Grecian sage,
And, thinking him a subject for the stage,
Had from the lumber cull'd, with curious care,
His voice, his looks, his gesture, gait, and air,
His affectation, consequence, and mein,
And boldly launch'd him on the comic scene.
Loud peals of plaudits through the circle ran,
All felt the satire, for all knew the man.
Then Peter—*Petros* was his classic name,
Fearing the loss of dignity and fame,
To a grave lawyer in a hurry flies,
Opens his purse, and begs his best advice.
The fee secur'd, the lawyer strokes his band,
"The case you put I fully understand;
The thing is plain from *Cocos's* reports,
For rules of poetry a' n't rules of courts:
A libel this—I'll make the mummer know it."—
A Grecian constable took up the poet,
Restrain'd the sallies of his laughing muse,
Call'd harmless humour scandalous abuse:
The bard appeal'd from this severe decree,
Th' indulgent public set the pris'ner free:
Greece was to him what Dublin is to me.

§ 65. *Prologue spoken by Mr. Love on the opening of the new Theatre on Richmond Green*, 1765. GARRICK.

THE ship now launch'd with necessaries stor'd,
Rigg'd, mann'd, well-built, and a rich freight on board,
All ready, tight and trim, from head to poop,
And, by commission, made a royal sloop;
May Heaven from tempests, rocks, and privateers,
Preserve the Richmond!——Give her, boys, three cheers! [*Three huzzas behind.*
Queen Mab, our Shakspeare says, and I believe him, [him:
In sleep haunts each vain mortal, to deceive
As in her hazel-nut she lightly trips,
By turns, o'er eyes, ears, fingers, nose, and lips,
Each quicken'd sense such sweet enchantment seizes,
We hear, see, smell, taste, touch—whate'er she pleases. [see,
Look round this house, and various proofs you'll
Strong glaring proofs, that Mab has been with me.
She caught me napping, knew where I was vain,
And tickled ev'ry fibre of my brain:
Deep in my musing (deep as I was able)
Methought I saw her driving tow'rds my table;
She whisk'd her chariot o'er my books and shelves,
And at my standish stopp'd her tiny elves.
"What are you scribbling there?—Quick, let me see——
Poh! leave this nonsense, and along with me!"
I, grinning, bow'd—"Bright star of Lilliput!
Shall I not crowd you in your hazel-nut?"
She smil'd; and showing me a large-sized hamper, [scamper."
"Get into this, my friend, and then we'll
I for this frolic wanting quick digestion,
Sent to my tongue, post-haste, another question.
But, crack! she went, before that I could ask it;
She in her stage—I, Falstaff, in the basket:
She wav'd her wand, then burst in fits of laughter,
To see me rolling, bounding, tumbling after:
And I laugh'd too—Could you of laughing fail,
To see a minnow towing of a whale?
At last we rested on a hill hard by,
With a sweet vale to feast the glutton eye—
"I'll show you more," she said, "to charm and move us;" [drove us:
And to the gardens, quick as thought, she
Then pointing to the shade—"There, there they are,
Of this most happy isle the happiest pair!"
O, may those virtuous raptures never cease,
Nor public cares disturb their private peace;
She sigh'd—and like the lightning was she seen
To drive her chariot o'er this fav'rite green;
Straight to this spot—where she infus'd such things
Might turn the heads of twenty playhouse kings.
But fear dispersing all my golden dream,
And I just entering on this fairy-scheme;
With wild surprise, I cast my eyes about,
Delusion ends—and now I wake to doubt:
O, may the dream be realis'd by you!
Your smiles or frowns can make this false or true.

§ 66. *Prologue to Much ado about Nothing, acted by command of their Majesties*, 1765. *Written and spoken by Mr.* GARRICK, *being his first Appearance after his Return from Italy.*

WITH doubt, joy, apprehension, almost dumb,
To face this awful court, once more I come:
Lest Benedick should suffer by my fear,
Before he enters, I myself am here.
I'm told (what flattery to my heart!) that you
Have wish'd to see me; nay, have press'd it too:
Alas! 'twill prove another *Much ado*.
I, like a boy who long has truant play'd,
No lessons got, no exercises made,
On bloody Monday takes his fearful stand,
And often eyes the birchen-sceptr'd hand.
'Tis twice twelve years since first the stage I trod,
Enjoy'd your smiles, and felt the critic's rod:
A very nine-pin I, my stage life through;
Knock'd down by wits, set up again by you.
In four-and-twenty years the spirits cool;
Is it not long enough to play the fool?
To prove it is, permit me to repeat
What late I heard in passing thro' the street:
A youth of parts, with ladies by his side,
Thus cock'd his glass, and through it shot my pride:
"'Tis he, by Jove! grown quite a clumsy fellow,
He's fit for nothing—but a Punchinello!"
O yes, for comic scenes, Sir John—no further:
He's much too fat—for battles, rapes, and murther!"

Worn in the service, you my faults will spare,
And make allowance for the wear and tear.
The Chelsea pensioner, who, rich in scars,
Fights o'er, in prattle, all his former wars;
Tho' past the service, may the young ones teach
To march—present—to fire—and mount the breach. [grieve
Should the drum beat to arms, at first he'll
For wooden leg, lost eye, and armless sleeve;
Then cocks his hat, looks fierce, and swells his chest: [best."
"'Tis for my king; and, zounds! I'll do my

§ 67. *Prologue to the Clandestine Marriage*; 1766. Garrick.

Poets and Painters, who from nature draw
Their best and richest stores, have made this law
That each should neighbourly assist his brother,
And steal with decency from one another.
To-night, your matchless Hogarth gives the thought,
Which from the canvas to the stage is brought;
And who so fit to warm the poet's mind,
As he who pictur'd morals and mankind?
But not the same their characters and scenes;
Both labour for one end by diff'rent means;
Each, as it suits him, takes a sep'rate road,
Their one great object, marriage à-la-mode;
Where titles deign with cits to have and hold,
And change rich blood for more substantial gold!
And honour'd trade from int'rest turns aside,
To hazard happiness for titled pride.
The painter dead, yet still he charms the eye;
While England lives, his fame can never die:
But he who struts his hour upon the stage,
Can scarce extend his fame for half an age;
Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save—
The art and artist share one common grave.
O let me drop one tributary tear, [bier*!
On poor Jack Falstaff's grave and Juliet's
You to their worth must testimony give;
'Tis in your hearts alone their fame can live;
Still as the scenes of life will shift away,
The strong impressions of their art decay.
Your children cannot feel what you have known; [own.
They'll boast of Quins and Cibbers of their
The greatest glory of our happy few,
Is to be felt, and be approv'd by you.

§ 68. *Prologue to the Taylors*; 1767. Garrick.

This night we add some heroes to our store,
Who never were as heroes seen before;
No blust'ring Romans, Trojans, Greeks, shall rage; [stage,
No knights arm'd *cap à pié*, shall crowd our
Nor shall our Henries, Edwards, take the field,
Opposing sword to sword, and shield to shield:
With other instruments our troop appears;
Needles to thimbles shall, and shears to shears;
With parchment gorgets and in buckram arm'd,
Cold blooded taylors are to heroes warm'd,
And slip-shod slide to war—No lions' glare,
No eye-balls flashing fire shall make you stare;
Each outside shall belie the stuff within:
A Roman spirit in each Taylor's skin—
A taylor-legg'd Pompey, Cassius, shall you see,
And the ninth part of Brutus strut in me;
What though no swords we draw, no daggers shake? [Yet can our warriors a quietus make
With a bare bodkin.—Now be dumb ye railers,
And never, but in honour, call out *taylors!*
But these are heroes tragic, you will cry;
O, very tragic! and I'll tell you why—
Should female artists with the male combine,
And mantua-makers with the taylors join;
Should all, too proud to work, their trades give o'er,
Not to be sooth'd again by six-pence more;
What horrors would ensue!——First you, ye beaux,
At once lose all existence with your clothes!
And you, ye fair, where would be your defence?
This is no golden age of innocence!
Such drunken Bacchanals the Graces meet,
And no police to guard the naked street:
Beauty is weak, and passion bold and strong—
O then—but modesty restrains my tongue.
May this night's bard a skilful taylor be,
And like a well-made coat his tragedy:
Though close, yet easy; decent, but not dull;
Short, but not scanty; without buckram, full.

§ 69. *Epilogue to the English Merchant*; 1767. Garrick.

Enter Lady Alton [*Mrs. Abington*] *in a passion*; *Spatter* [*Mr. King*] *following.*

L. Alton. I'll hear no more, thou wretch!
Spatter. Attend to reason!
L. Alton. A woman of my rank, 'tis petty treason!
Hear reason, blockhead! Reason! what is that?
Bid me wear pattens and a high crown'd hat!
Won't you begone? What, won't you? What's your view? [you.—
Spatter. Humbly to serve the tuneful nine in
L. Alton. I renounce such things; [strings:
Not Phœbus now, but vengeance, sweeps the
My mind is discord all! I scorn, detest
All human kind—you more than all the rest.
Spatter. I humbly thank you, Ma'am—but weigh the matter. [Spatter!
L. Alton. I won't hear reason! and I hate you,
Myself and ev'ry thing.
Spatter. That I deny;
You love a little mischief, so do I;
And mischief I have for you.
L. Alton. How? where? when?
Will you stab Falbridge?
Spatter. Yes, Ma'am—with my pen.
L. Alton. Let loose, my Spatter, till to death you've stung 'em,
That green-eyed monster, jealousy, among 'em.
Spatter.

* Mr. Quin and Mrs. Cibber both died a little before.

Spatter. To dash at all, the spirit of my trade is, [ladies.
Men, women, children, parsons, lords, and
There will be danger.
L. Alton. And there shall be pay—
Take my purse, Spatter! [*Gives it him.*
Spatter. In an honest way.
[*Smiles, and takes it.*
L. Alton. Should my lord beat you—
Spatter. Let them laugh that win.
For all my bruises here's gold beater's skin;
[*Chinking the purse.*
L. Alton. Nay, should he kill you!
Spatter. Ma'am?
L. Alton. My kindness meant
To pay your merit with a monument!
Spatter. Your kindness, lady, takes away my breath: [death.
We'll stop, with your good leave, on this side
L. Alton. Attack Amelia, both in verse and
Your wit can make a nettle of a rose. [prose,
Spatter. A stinging-nettle for his lordship's breast:
And to my stars and dashes leave the rest.
I'll make them miserable, never fear;
Pout in a month, and part in half a year.
I know my genius, and can trust my plan;
I'll break a woman's heart with any man.
L. Alton. Thanks, thanks, dear Spatter! be severe and bold!
Spatter. No qualms of conscience with a purse of gold.
Tho' pill'ries, threaten, and tho' crab-sticks fall,
Yours are my heart, soul, pen, ears, bones, and all. [*Exit Spatter.*

Lady Alton alone.

Thus to the winds at once my cares I scatter—
O, 'tis a charming rascal, this same Spatter!
His precious mischief makes the storm subside!
My anger, thank my stars! all rose from pride;
Pride should belong to us alone of fashion;
And let the mob take love, that vulgar passion.
Love, pity, tenderness, are only made
For Poets, Abigails, and folks in trade.
Some cits about their feelings make a fuss,
And some are better bred—who live with us.
How low lord Falbridge is!—He takes a wife,
To love, and cherish, and be fix'd for life!
Thinks marriage is a comfortable state,
No pleasure like a *vartuous tête-à-tête!*
Do our lords justice, for I would not wrong 'em,
There are not many such poor souls among 'em.
Our turtles from the town will fly with speed,
And I'll foretell the vulgar life they'll lead.
With love and ease grown fat, they face all weather, [ther:
And, farmers both, trudge arm in arm toge-
Now view their stock, now in their nursery prattle,
For ever with their children or their cattle.
Like the dull mill-horse in one round they keep;
They walk, talk, fondle, dine, and fall asleep;
"Their custom always in the afternoon—"
He bright as Sol, and she the chaste full moon!
Wak'd with her coffee, Madam first begins,
She rubs her eyes, his lordship rubs his shins;
She sips and smirks—"Next week's our wedding-day,
Married seven years!—and every hour more gay?" [*Yawns.*
"True, Emmy," cries my lord, "the blessing lies,
"Our hearts in ev'ry thing so sympathise!"
[*Yawns.*
The day thus spent, my lord for music calls;
He thrums the base, to which my lady squalls;
The children join, which so delight these ninnies,
The brats seem all Guaduccies, Lovatinis.
—What means this qualm?—Why, sure, while I'm despising,
That vulgar passion, Envy, is not rising!
O no!—Contempt is struggling to burst out—
I'll give it vent at Lady Scalp'em's *rout.*
[*Exit hastily.*

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§ 70. *Epilogue to Zenobia*; 1768. *Spoken by Mrs. Abington.* GARRICK.

[*She peeps through the curtain.*
How do you all, good folks?—In tears, for certain;
I'll only take a peep behind the curtain:
You 're all so full of tragedy and sadness,
For me to come among you would be madness!
This is no time for giggling—when you 've leisure,
Call out for me, and I'll attend your pleasure;
As soldiers hurry at the beat of drum,
Beat but your hands, that instant I will come.
[*She enters upon their clapping.*
This is so good! to call me out so soon—
The Comic Muse by me entreats a boon;
She call'd for Pritchard, her first maid of honor,
And begg'd of her to take the task upon her;
But she, I am sure you'll all be sorry for 't,
Resigns her place, and soon retires from court:
To bear this loss we courtiers make a shift,
When good folks leave us, worse may have a lift.
The Comic Muse, whose ev'ry smile is grace,
And her stage sister, with her tragic face,
Have had a quarrel—each has writ a case;
And on their friends assembled now I wait,
To give you of their diff'rence a true state.
Melpomene complains, when she appears,
For five good acts, in all her pomp of tears,
To raise your souls, and with your raptures wing 'em, [wring 'em—
Nay, wet your handkerchiefs, that you may
Some flippant hussey, like myself, comes in;
Crack goes her fan, and with a giggling grin,
"Hey! Presto! pass!"—all topsy-turvy see,
For "ho, ho, ho!" is chang'd to "he, he, he!"
We own'd the fault, but 'tis a fault in vogue;
'Tis theirs who cail and bawl for—Epilogue;
O, shame upon you!—for the time to come,
Know better, and go miserable home.
What says our comic goddess?——With reproaches,
She vows her sister tragedy encroaches!

And, spite of all her virtue and ambition,
Is known to have an amorous disposition!
For in False Delicacy—wondrous sly,
Join'd with a certain Irishman—O fie!
She made you, when you ought to laugh, to cry.
Her sister's smiles with tears she tried to smother,
Rais'd such a tragi-comic kind of pother,
You laugh'd with one eye, while you cried with t'other.
What can be done?—sad work behind the scenes!
There comic females scold with tragic queens;
Each party diff'rent ways the foe assails,
These shake the daggers, those prepare their nails.
'Tis you alone must calm these dire mishaps,
Or we shall still continue pulling caps.
What is your will?—I read it in your faces
That all hereafter take their proper places,
Shake hands, and kiss, be friends, and burn their cases.

§ 71. *Epilogue spoken by Mrs. Pritchard, on her quitting the stage*, 1768. GARRICK.

The curtain dropt—my mimic life is past,
That scene of sleep and terror * was my last.
Could I in such a scene my exit make,
When every real feeling is awake?
Which beating here, superior to all art,
Bursts in full tides from a most grateful heart.
I now appear myself, distress'd, dismay'd,
More than in all the characters I've play'd;
In acted passion, tears may SEEM to flow,
"But I have that within that passeth show."
Before I go, and this lov'd spot forsake,
What gratitude can give, my wishes, take:
Upon your hearts may no affliction prey,
Which cannot by the stage be chas'd away;
And may the stage, to please each virtuous mind,
Grow ev'ry day more moral, more refin'd,
Refin'd from grossness, not by foreign skill:
Weed out the poison, but be English still!
To all my brethren whom I leave behind,
Still may your bounty, as to me, be kind;
To me for many years your favours flow'd,
Humbly receiv'd—on small desert bestow'd:
For which I feel—what cannot be express'd—
Words are too weak—my tears must speak the rest.

§ 72. *Prologue to the Good-natured Man*; 1768. JOHNSON.

Prest by the load of life the weary mind
Surveys the gen'ral toil of human kind,
With cool submission joins the lab'ring train,
And social sorrow loses half its pain:
Our anxious bard without complaint may share
This bustling season's epidemic care;
Like Cæsar's pilot dignified by fate,
Tost in one common storm with all the great;
Distrest alike the statesman and the wit,
When one a Borough courts, and one the Pit.
The busy candidates for power and fame
Have hopes, and fears, and wishes just the same:
Disabled both to combat or to fly,
Must hear all taunts, and bear without reply.
Uncheck'd on both loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
Th' offended burgess hoards his angry tale,
For that blest year when all that vote may rail;
Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss.
"This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,"
Says swelling Crispin, "begg'd a cobbler's vote;"
"This night our wit," the pert apprentice cries,
"Lies at my feet; I hiss him, and he dies."
The great, 'tis true, can charm the electing tribe;
The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.
Yet judg'd by those whose voices ne'er were sold,
He feels no want of all-persuading gold;
But confident of praise, if praise be due,
Trusts without fear to merit and to you.

§ 73. *Prologue to False Delicacy*; 1768. *Spoken by Mr. King.* GARRICK.

I'm vex'd—quite vex'd—and you'll be vex'd—that's worse——
To deal with stubborn scribblers—there's the curse.
Write moral plays——the blockhead!——why, good people,
You'll soon expect this house to wear a steeple!
For our fine piece, to let you into facts,
Is quite a sermon—only preach'd in acts.
You'll scarce believe me, till the proof appears;
But even I, Tom Fool, must shed some tears:
Do, ladies, look upon me—nay, no simpering;
Think you this face was ever made for whimp'ring?
Can I a cambric handkerchief display,
Thump my unfeeling breast, and roar away?
Why this is comical, perhaps you'll say.
Resolving this strange awkward bard to pump,
I ask'd him what he meant?—He, somewhat plump,
New-purs'd his belly, and his lips thus biting—
"I must keep up the dignity of writing!"—
"You may; but if you do, sir, I must tell ye,
You'll not keep up that dignity of belly."
Still he preach'd on—"Bards of the former age
Held up abandon'd pictures on the stage;
Spread out their wit with fascinating art,
And catch'd the fancy, to corrupt the heart:
But, happy change! in these more moral days,
You cannot sport with virtue, even in plays;
On virtue's side his pen the poet draws,
And boldly asks a hearing for his cause."
Thus did he prance and swell.—The man may prate,
And feed these whimsies in his addle pate,

* The last scene of Lady Macbeth.

That you'll protect his Muse because she's good:
A virgin, and so chaste!—O lud! O lud!
No muse the critic beadle's lash escapes;
Though virtuous, if a dowdy and a trapes:
If his come forth a decent likely lass,
You'll speak her fair, and grant the proper pass:
Or should his brain be turn'd with wild pretences,
In three hours time you'll bring him to his senses;
And well you may, when in your pow'r you get him;
In that short space, you blister, bleed, and sweat him.
Among the Turks, indeed, he'd run no danger;
They sacred hold a madman and a stranger.

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§ 74. *Scrub's Trip to the Jubilee*; 1769. *Spoken by Mr. Weston.*

From Stratford arriv'd—piping hot—gentlefolks,
From the rarest of shows, and most wonderful jokes,
Your simple acquaintance, Scrub, comes to declare,
'Twas fuller, by far, than our Lichfield great fair;
Such crowds of fine ladies serenading and singing,
Such firing of loud patereroes, and ringing—
To tell it in London, must seem all a fable;
And yet I will tell it—as well as I'm able.
First, something, in lingo of schools call'd an ode;
All critics, they told me, allow'd very good:
One said—you may take it for truth, I assure ye,
'Twas made by the little great man of Old Drury,
By my brother *Martin* (for whose sake, d'ye hear?)
This night I'd a mind for a touch at Shakspeare*;
But, honestly speaking, I take more delight in
A bit of good fun, than drums, trumpets, and fighting.
The procession, 'twas said, would have been a fine train,
But could not move forward—O la—for the rain!
Such tragical, comical folks, and so fine—
What pity it was that the sun did not shine!
Since ladies, and baronets, aldermen, squires,
All went to this jubilee full of desires,
In crowds, as they go for to see a new play;
And when it was done—why, they all came away!
Don't let me forget—a main part of the show,
Was long-tail'd fine comets, by fam'd Angelo.
Some turtle I got, which they call'd *pospapee*;
But honest roast beef's the best turtle for me.
I hate all ragouts; and, like a bold Briton,
Prefer good plum pudding to aught I e'er bit on.
I drank too (and now I a poet may be)
From a charming fine cup of the mulberry-tree.
To bed I must go—for which, like a ninny,
I paid like my betters, no less than a guinea,
For rolling—not sleeping—in linen so damp,
As struck my great toe, ever since, with the cramp.

Thus fleec'd—in my pocket I felt a great smarting,
Yet griev'd not when I and the splinters were parting,
'Twas worth ten times more to hear sweet brother *Martin*.
He spoke, 'till poor Scrub was just fit, with one eye
To laugh, while the other was ready to cry;
Which makes me now tell you, without any brag,
He's a second to none but the Warwickshire wag.
The Jubilee over, I came to this place,
To tell you my story, and sue for your grace:
You never refus'd it—yet never before,
With granting such kindness, bound gratitude more.
I live but to own, with a diligent spirit,
Your favors have ever outrun my slight merit.

---

§ 75. *Prologue to Doctor Last in his Chariot*; 1769. *Spoken by Mr. Foot.* Garrick.

Your servant, kind masters, from bottom to top,
Be assur'd while I breathe, or can stand—I mean hop;
Be you pleased to smile, or be pleased to grumble,
Be whatever you please, I am still your most humble.
As to laugh is a right only given to man,
To keep up that right is my pride and my plan.
Fair ladies, don't frown; I meant woman too:
What's common to man, must be common to you.
You all have a right your sweet muscles to curl,
From the old smirking prude to the titt'ring young girl;
And ever with pleasure my brains I could spin,
To make you all giggle, and you, ye gods, grin.
In this present summer, as well as the past,
To your favor again we present Dr. Last,
Who, by wonderful feats, in the papers recounted,
From trudging on foot to his chariot is mounted.
Amongst the old Britons when war was begun,
Charioteers would slay ten, while the foot could slay one.
So when doctors on wheels with dispatches are sent,
Mortality bills rise a thousand per cent.
But think not to physic that quackery's confin'd;
All the world is a stage, and the quacks are mankind:
There's trade, law, and state quacks: nay, would we but search,
We should find——Heaven bless us!——some quacks in the church!
The stiff band and stiff bob of the Methodist race,
Give the balsam of life and the tincture of grace;
And their poor wretched patients think much good is done 'em,
Though blisters and caustics are ever upon 'em.

* This alludes to Mr. Weston's design of playing Richard.

As for laws and the state, if quackery's a curse,
Which will make the good bad, and the bad will make worse,
We should point out the quack from the regular brother;
They are wiser than I who can tell one from t'other!
Can the stage with its bills, puffs, and patients stand trial?
Shall we find out no quacks in the Theatre-Royal?
Some dramatical drugs, that are puff'd on the town,
Cause many wry faces, and scarce will go down.
Nay, an audience sometimes will in quack'ry delight,
And sweat down an author some pounds in one night.
To return to our quack—should he, help'd by the weather,
Raise laughter and kind perspiration together:
Should his nostrums of hip and of vapours but cure ye,
His chariot he well can deserve, I assure ye:
'Tis easy to set up a chariot in town,
And easier still is that chariot laid down.
He petitions by me, both as doctor and lover,
That you'll not stop his wheels, or his chariot tip over.
Fix him well, I beseech you; the worst on't would be,
Should you overturn him, you may overset me.

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§ 76. *Epilogue to the Duellist*; 1773. *Spoken by Miss Barsanti.*

So, men of valour! you dislike our play:
Nothing against it do the ladies say.
To own they're pleas'd the critics ever loath,
Mutter, "A Duellist, with scarce an oath!
'Tis like his hat that was without a feather;
Duels and dammes always go together."
Old sinners, loving the licentious joke,
May think there wants too, here and there, a stroke;
Round oaths and double meanings strew'd between,
With them the virtues of the comic scene,
And yet the town in gen'ral is so nice,
It holds these virtues as a kind of vice:
From the teeth outwards chaste, their hands before 'em,
Like reps, even demi-reps, are all decorum.
Though gross their thoughts, so delicate their hearing,
They think the very stage should fine for swearing;
Our author therefore scrupled to employ
Your vulgar Damme, sir! and Damme, boy!
Nay, when by chance a naughty joke came pat in,
He wrapt it up, you know, in lawyers' Latin.
So much refin'd the scene since former days,
When Congreve, Vanburgh, Wycherly wrote plays,
"The stage so loosely did Astrea tread,
She fairly put all characters to bed."
Though now no bard would venture to deposit
A macaroni in a lady's closet;
Lest the frail fair-one he be thought to ruin,
"While moon and stars alone" see what they 're doing.
In the old plays, gallants take no denial,
But put the struggling actress to the trial.
Bless me! I shudder even now to think,
How near myself may come to danger's brink!
In modern plays more safe the female station
Secure as our sad solemn situation!
No rakish forward spark dares now be rude,
The Comic Muse herself's grown quite a prude!
No wonder, then, if in so pure an age
No Congreves write for as demure a stage!

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§ 77. *Prologue to The School for Rakes*; 1774. *Spoken by Mr. King.* Garrick.

The scribbling gentry ever frank and free,
To sweep the stage with prologues, fix on me.
A female representative I come,
And with a prologue, which I call a broom,
To sweep the critic cobwebs from the room.
Critics, like spiders, into corners creep,
And at new plays their bloody revels keep:
With some small venom close in ambush lie,
Ready to seize the poor dramatic fly:
The weak and heedless soon become their prey,
But the strong blue-bottle will force its way,
Clean well its wings, and hum another day.
Unknown to nature's laws, we've here one evil;
For flies, turn'd spiders, play the very devil!
Fearing some danger, I will lay before ye
A short, true, recent, tragi-comic story.
As late I saunter'd in the Park for air,
As free from thought as any coxcomb there,
Two sparks came up; one whisper'd in my ear,
He was a critic; then ask'd me, with a sneer—
Thus standing, staring——with a swaggering swing,
"You've writ a farce?"—"Yes, Sir, a foolish thing:"
"Damn'd foolish—You'd better mind your acting, King.
'Tis ten to one—I speak it for your sake,
That this same farce will prove—your wit's last Stake."—
"I scribble for amusement, boast no pow'rs."—
"Write for your own amusement, not for ours."
Thus he went on; and with his pleasant talking,
I lost the appetite I got with walking.
He laugh'd—I bow'd—but ere I could retreat,
His lisping friend did thus the dose repeat:
"Pray, Sir,—this School for Rakes—the woman's play——
When do you give it us?"—"Next Saturday.
I hope you'll both be kind to her, at least."
"A scribbling woman is a dreadful beast!
Then they're so ugly, all the female wits—
I'll damn her play—to throw her into fits.

Had

Had I my will, those slattern sluttish dames—
They all should see the bottom of the Thames."
If you are here, good Sirs, to breed a riot,
[*Looking about the house.*
Don't show your spite; for if you are not quiet,
'Tis ten to one—I speak it for *your* sake,
This School for Rakes will prove *your* Wit's last Stake:
As you [*To the Pit*] save me from their tyrannic will,
You will not let them use a woman ill.
Protect her and her brat—the truly brave
Women and children will for ever save.

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§ 78. *Prologue to the Jubilee*; 1769. *Spoken by Mr. King in the Character of a Waiter.* GARRICK.

From London, your honors, to Stratford I'm come:
I'm a waiter, your honors; you know bustling Tom;
Who, proud of your orders, and bowing before ye,
Till supper is ready, I'll tell ye a story.
'Twixt Hounslow and Colnbrook, two houses of fame,
Well known on that road, the two Magpyes by name:
The one of long standing, the other a new one;
This boasts it's the old one, and that it's the true one.
Sure we, the old Magpye, as well as the younger,
May boast that our liquor is clearer and stronger.
Of bragging and puffing you make but a jest;
You taste of us both and will stick to the best.
A race we have had for your pastime and laughter;
Young Mag started first, with old Mag hopping after.
'Tis said the old house hath possess'd a receipt
To make a choice mixture of sour, strong, and sweet;
A Jubilee punch, which, right skilfully made,
Insur'd the old Magpye a good running trade:
But think you we mean to monopolize?—No, no,
We are like brother Ashley, pro publico bono,
Each Magpye, your honours, will pick at his brother,
And their natures were always to crib from each other.
Young landlords and old ones are taught by their calling
To laugh at engrossing—but practise forestalling
Our landlords are game-cocks, and fair play but grant 'em,
I'll warrant you pastime from each little bantam.
Let's return to the punch—I hope from my soul,
That now the old Magpye may sell you a bowl.
We have all sorts and sizes, a quick trade to drive,
As one shilling, two shilling, three shilling, five:
In this town of Stratford we'll have each ingredient,
Beside a kind welcome from me, your obedient.
I'll now squeeze my fruit, put sugar and rum in,
And be back in a moment [*Bell rings*] A coming, a coming, a coming!

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§ 79. *Prologue to the Christmas Tale*; 1774. GARRICK.

Music plays, and enter several persons with different kinds of dishes.

Enter Mr. Palmer in the Character of Christmas.

Go on—prepare my bounty for my friends,
And see that Mirth, with all her crew, attends.
To the Audience.
Behold a personage, well known to fame,
Once lov'd and honor'd——Christmas is my name!
My officers of state my taste display;
Cooks, scullions, pastry-cooks, prepare my way;
Holly and ivy round me honors spread,
And my retinue show—I'm not ill-fed;
Mine'd pies, by way of belt, my breast divide,
And a large carving-knife adorns my side,
'Tis no fop's weapon, 't will be often drawn:
This turban for my head—is collar'd brawn.
Though old, and white my locks, my cheeks are cherry;
Warm'd by good fires, good cheer, I'm always merry,
With carrol, fiddle, dance, and pleasant tale,
Jest, gibe, prank, gambol, mummery, and ale,
I English hearts rejoic'd in days of yore;
For new strange modes, imported by the score,
You will not sure turn Christmas out of door!
Suppose yourselves well seated by a fire,
(Stuck close, you seem more warm than you desire)
Old Father Christmas, now in all his glory,
Begs with kind hearts you'll listen to his story;
Clear well your thoughts from politics and spleen,
Hear my tale out, see all that's to be seen,
Take care, my children, that you well behave:
You, Sir, in blue, red cape, not quite so grave:
That critic there in black—so stern and thin,
Before you frown, pray let the tale begin——
You in the crimson capuchin, I fear you;
Why, madam, at this time so cross appear you?
Excuse me, pray—I did not see your husband near you.
Don't think, fair ladies, I expect that you
Should hear my tale—you've something else to do;
Nor will our beaux old English fare encourage;
No foreign taste could e'er digest plum porridge.
I have no sauce to quicken lifeless sinners;
My food is meant for honest hearty grinners.
For you, your spirits with good stomachs bring,
O make the neighb'ring roof with rapture ring:
Open your mouths, pray, swallow every thing!
Critics, beware how you our pranks despise;
Hear well my tale, or you shan't touch my pies;
The proverb change—Be merry but not wise.

§ 80. *Prologue to the Maid of the Oaks*; 1774. *Spoken by Mr. King in the Character of Fame.* GARRICK.

UNLIKE to ancient Fame, all eyes, tongues, ears,
See modern Fame, arm'd cap-a-pie, appears,
In ledgers, chronicles, gazettes, and gazetteers!
My soaring wings are fine election speeches,
And puffs of candidates supply my breeches.
My cap is satire, criticism, wit—
Is there a head that wants it in the pit?
[*Offering it.*
No flowing robe and trumpet me adorn;
I wear a jacket, and I wind a horn.
Pipe, song, and pastoral, for five months past,
Puff'd well by me, have been the general taste.
Now Marybone shines forth to gaping crowds;
Now Highgate glitters from her hill of clouds;
St. George's Fields, with taste and fashion struck,
Display Arcadia at the Dog and Duck:
And Drury Misses here, "in tawdry pride,
Are there Pastoras by the fountain side."
To frowsy bow'rs they reel through midnight dimps,
With Fauns half drunk, and Dryads breaking lamps.
Both far and near did this new whimsy run,
One night it frisk'd, forsooth, at Islington.
And now, as for the public bound to cater,
Our manager must have his *fête champêtre*.
How is the weather?—Pretty clear and bright.
[*Looking about.*
A storm's the devil on champêtre night!
Lest it should fall to spoil the author's scenes,
I'll catch this gleam, to tell you what he means:
He means a show as brilliant as at Cox's,
Laugh *for* the pit, and may be *at* the boxes;
Song, chorus, frolic, dance, and rural play,
The merry-making of a wedding day.
Whose is the piece?—'Tis all surmise, suggestion—
[tion.
Is't his, or hers, or yours, Sir? That's the ques-
The parent, bashful, whimsical, or poor,
Left it a puling infant at the door;
'Twas laid on flow'rs, and wrapp'd in fancied cloaks,
And on the breast was written—*Maid o' the Oaks.*
The actors crowded round—the girls caress'd it:
Lord! the sweet pretty babe!—they prais'd and bless'd it;
The master peep'd, smil'd, took it in, and dress'd it.
Whate'er its birth, protect it from the curse
Of being smother'd by a parish nurse:
As you're kind, rear it—if you're curious, praise it:
And ten to one but vanity betrays it.

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§ 81. *Occasional Prologue, upon Mr. Lacy's first Appearance in the Character of Alexander.* GARRICK.

IN Macedon when Alexander reign'd,
And victory after victory was gain'd;
The Greek Gazettes (for they had papers there),
Publish'd a thousand fibs—as they do here,
From them one Curtius wrote of Philip's son,
How he did things—which never could be done!
Unlike his copy, who will soon appear,
His mighty soul ne'er knew the smallest fear:
Tho' laurel-crown'd our pale young monarch comes
Trembling amidst his triumphs, shouts, and drums;
Would give up all his vict'ries, false or true,
To gain one greater conquest—that of you.
"Lord!" cries a buxom widow, loud and strong,
He's quite a boy! to play that part is wrong."
"Madam, he's six feet high, and cannot be too young."
"He looks so modest, hardly speaks a word:
Can he with proper spirit draw his sword? [is,
A face so smooth where neither rage nor pride
Fits not the hero."—*Fronti nulla fides.*—
In English thus: Trust not to looks, they'll cheat us:
Bounc'd not Sir Swagger lately, as he'd beat us?
And was not he, with all his frowns and airs,
By one who seem'd all meekness, kick'd down stairs,
Miss B—, all delicacy, nerve, and fear,
Elop'd last week with a horse grenadier!
And our advent'rer, though so mild and civil,
If you once rouse him, plays the very devil!
"Indeed!" cries madam, "Sir, I'm much your debtor;
I should be glad to know the young man better."
Twice our young hero, who for glory tow'rs,
In fields less dang'rous tried his unknown pow'rs,
Like a young swimmer, whom his fears command,
In shallow streams first ventur'd from the land,
Till, bolder grown, the rougher wave he stems,
Plunges from giddy heights into the Thames.
E'en now he starts to hear the torrent roar,
While his pale fates stand frighted on the shore!
Soon will he leap the precipice—Your nod
Sinks him, or lifts him to a demi-god.

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§ 82. *Prologue spoken by Mr. Yates, on opening a new Theatre, built for him by the Inhabitants of Birmingham.* FOOTE.

FROM fiddling, fretting, monsieur, and signor,
And all the dangers of the Italian shore;
From squeaking monarchs and chromatic queens,
And Metastasio's mix'd and mangled scenes,
Where Fashion, and not Feeling, bears the sway,
Whilst Sense and Nature coyly keep away,
I come.—All hail the consecrated earth,*
Whose bounteous bosom gave our Shakspeare birth!
Gave that great master of the scenic art
To feed the fancy, and correct the heart;

* Shakspeare was born in Warwickshire.

To check th' unruly passions' wild career,
And draw from Pity's eye the tender tear;
Of Folly's sons t' explore the ample train,
The sot, the fop, the vicious, and the vain;
Hypocrisy to drag from her disguise,
And Affectation hunt through all her lies:
Such was your bard. Who then can deem the stage,
The worthless fav'rite of an idle age?
Or judge that pleasure, with instruction join'd,
Can soil the manners, or corrupt the mind?
Far other thoughts your generous breasts inspire,
Touch'd with a spark of true Promethian fire:
Sure that the Arts with Commerce came to earth,
That the same parents gave those sisters birth,
Cold creeping Prejudice you dar'd despise,
And bade this temple to the muses rise.
O that my tongue could utter all I feel!
Or that my powers were equal to my zeal!
Placed by your favor, not by right divine,
Th' unworthy high priest of the sacred nine,
No tainted incense should pollute their shrine,
Nor aught be offer'd to the public view,
But what was worthy them—and worthy you.

§ 83. *Prologue to Bon Ton*; 1775. Colman.

Fashion in ev'ry thing bears sovereign sway,
And words and periwigs have both their day;
Each have their purlieus too, are modish each,
In stated districts, wigs as well as speech.
The Tyburn scratch, thick club, and Temple tie;
The parson's feather-top, frizz'd broad and high;
The coachman's cauliflower, built tiers on tiers;
Differ not more from bags and brigadiers,
Than great St. George's or St. James's styles
From the broad dialect of Broad St. Giles.
What is Bon Ton?—"O, damme!" cries a buck,
Half drunk—"ask me, my dear, and you're in luck:
Bon Ton's to swear, break windows, beat the watch,
Pick up a wench, drink healths, and roar a catch.
Keep it up! keep it up! damme, take your swing!
Bon Ton is life, my boy; Bon Ton's *the thing!*"
"Ah! I loves life, and all the joys it yields,"
Says Madame Fussock, warm from Spitalfields,
"Bon Ton's the space 'twixt Saturday and Monday,
And riding in a one-horse chair o' Sunday!
'Tis drinking tea, on summer afternoons,
At Bagnigge Wells, with china and gilt spoons!
'Tis laying by our stuffs, red cloaks, and pattens,
To dance *cowtillions* all in silks and satins!"
"Vulgar!" cries Miss—"Observe, in higher life,
The feather'd spinster, and thrice-feather'd wife:
The Club's Bon Ton. Bon Ton's a constant trade
Of rout, *festino*, ball, and masquerade!
'Tis plays and puppet-shows—'Tis something new;
'Tis losing thousands every night at *lu!*
Nature it thwarts, and contradicts all reason,
'Tis stiff French stays, and fruit when out of season!
A rose, when half-a-guinea is the price;
A set of bays scarce bigger than six mice:
To visit friends—you never wish to see;
Marriage 'twixt those who never can agree.
Old dowagers, dress'd, painted, patch'd and curl'd—
This is Bon Ton, and this we call *the world!*"
"True," says my lord, "and thou, my only son,
Whate'er your faults, ne'er sin against Bon Ton!
Who toils for learning at a public school,
And digs for Greek and Latin, is a fool.
French, French, my boy, 's the thing! *jasez!* prate, chatter!
Trim be the mode, whipt-syllabub the matter!
Walk like a Frenchman; for, on English pegs
Moves native awkwardness with two left legs.
Of courtly friendship form a treacherous league,
Seduce men's daughters, with their wives intrigue;
In sightly semicircles round your nails
Keep your teeth clean—and grin, if small-talk fails:
But never laugh, whatever jest prevails:
Nothing but nonsense e'er gave laughter birth,
That vulgar way the vulgar show their mirth.
Laughter's a rude convulsion, sense that justles,
Disturbs the cockles, and distorts the muscles.
Hearts may be black, but all should wear clean faces;
The graces, boy! The graces, graces, graces!"
Such is Bon Ton! and walk this city through,
In building, scribbling, fighting, and *virtu*,
And various other shapes, 'twill raise to view:
To-night our Bayes, with bold but careless tints,
Hits off a sketch or two, like Darly's prints.
Should connoisseurs allow his rough draughts strike 'em,
'Twill be Bon Ton to see 'em, and to like 'em.

§ 84. *Prologue to the Rivals*; 1775. Sheridan.

Enter Sergeant at Law, and Attorney following and giving a Paper.

Serj. What's here?—a vile cramp hand! I cannot see
Without my spectacles. *Att.* He means his fee.
Nay, Mr. Serjeant, good sir, try again.
[*Gives Money.*
Serj. The scrawl improves—[*more.*] O come, 'tis pretty plain.
Hey! how's this?—Dibble!—sure it cannot be!
A poet's brief! a poet—and a fee!
Att. Yea, sir! though *you* without reward, I know,
Would gladly plead the muses' cause—*Serj.* So, so!
Att. And if the fee offends, your wrath should fall
On me—*Serj.* Dear Dibble, no offence at all.
Att. Some sons of Phœbus in the Courts we meet—
Serj. And fifty sons of Phœbus in the Fleet!
Att. Nor pleads he worse, who, with a decent sprig
Of bays adorns his legal waste of wig.

Serj.

Serj. Full-bottom'd heroes thus on signs unfurl
A leaf of laurel in a grove of curl!
Yet tell your client, that, in adverse days,
This wig is warmer than a bush of bays.
Att. Do you then, sir, my client's place supply,
Profuse of robe, and prodigal of tye—
Do you, with all those blushing powers of face,
And wonted bashful hesitating grace,
Rise in the court, and flourish on the case.
[*Exit.*
Serj. For practice then suppose—this brief will show it—
Me, Serjeant Woodward—counsel for the poet.
Us'd to the ground—I know 'tis hard to deal
With this dread *Court*, from whence there's *no appeal;*
No *tricking* here to blunt the edge of *law*,
Or damn'd in *equity*—escape by *flaw*;
But *judgement* given—*your sentence* must remain;
No *writ of error* lies—to *Drury-lane!*
Yet when so kind you seem, 'tis past dispute
We gain some favor, if not *costs of suit.*
No spleen is here! I see no hoarded fury;
I think I never fac'd a milder jury!
Sad else our plight!—where frowns are transportation,
A hiss the gallows—and a groan damnation!
But such the public candor, without fear
My client waves all *right of challenge* here.
No newsman from *our* session is dismiss'd,
Nor wit, nor critic, *we* scratch off the list;
His faults can never hurt another's ease,
His crime at worst—a *bad attempt* to please:
Thus, all respecting he appeals to all,
And by the general voice will *stand* or *fall.*

§ 85. *Epilogue to the same*: 1775. Sheridan.

Ladies, for *you*—I heard our poet say,
He'd try to coax some *moral* from his play;
"One moral's plain," cried I, "without more fuss;
Man's social happiness all rests on us:
Through all the drama, whether damn'd or not,
Love gilds the *scene*, and *women* guide the *plot.*
From ev'ry rank obedience is our due:
D'ye doubt?—the world's great stage shall prove it true."
The cit, well skill'd to shun domestic strife,
Will sup abroad; but first—he'll ask his *wife.*
John Trot, his friend, for once will do the same;
But then—he'll just *step home to tell his dame.*
The *surly squire* at noon resolves to rule,
And half the day—Zounds! Madam is a fool!
Convinc'd at night, the vanquish'd victor says,
Ah, Kate! *you women have such coaxing ways!*
The *jolly toper* chides each tardy blade,
Till reeling Bacchus calls on love for aid:
Then with each toast he sees fair bumpers swim,
And kisses Chloe on the sparkling brim!
Nay, I have heard that statesmen, great and wise,
Will *sometimes* counsel with a lady's eyes;
The servile suitors watch her various face,
She smiles preferment—or she frowns disgrace,
Curtsies a pension here—there nods a place.
Nor, with less awe, in scenes of humbler life,
Is *view'd* the *mistress*, or is *heard* the *wife.*
The poorest peasant of the poorest soil,
The child of poverty, and heir to toil,
Early from radiant love's impartial light
Steals one small spark to cheer his world of night;
Dear spark! that oft, through winter's chilling woes,
Is all the warmth his little cottage knows!
The wand'ring *tar*—who not for *years* has press'd
The widow'd partner of his *day* of rest,
On the cold deck, far from her arms remov'd,
Still hums the ditty which his Susan lov'd:
And while around the cadence rude is blown,
The boatswain whistles in a softer tone.
The *soldier*, fairly proud of wounds and toil,
Pants for the *triumph* of his Nancy's smile;
But ere the battle, should he list her cries,
The lover trembles—and the hero dies!
That heart, by war and honor steel'd to fear,
Droops on a sigh, and sickens at a tear!
But ye more cautious—ye nice-judging few,
Who give to beauty only beauty's due,
Though friends to Love—*ye* view with deep regret
Our conquests marr'd, and triumphs incomplete,
Till polish'd wit more lasting charms disclose,
And judgement fix the darts which beauty throws.
In female breasts did sense and merit rule,
The lover's mind would ask no other school;
Sham'd into sense—the scholars of our eyes,
Our beaux from *gallantry* would soon be wise;
Would gladly light, their homage to improve,
The lamp of knowledge at the torch of love!

§ 86. *Epilogue to Edward and Eleonora*; 1775. Sheridan.

Ye wedded critics,* who have mark'd our tale,
How say you? does our plot in *nature* fail?
May we not boast that many a *modern* wife
Would lose her own, to save a *husband's* life?
Would gladly die—O monstrous and ill bred!
There's not a husband here but shakes his head!
But you, my gall'ry friends†—come, what say you?
Your wives are with you—shake their noddles too!
Above there—hey, lads!‡ You'll not treat us so—
You side with *us?*—They grin and grumble *No!*
Yet hold—though these plain folks traduce their doxies,
Sure we have *Eleonoras* in the *boxes!*
Inhuman beaux!—why that ill-natur'd sneer?
What, then, you think there's no such idiot here?
There are, no doubt, though rare to find, I know,
Who could lose husbands, yet survive the blow.
Two years a wife—view Lesbia, sobbing, crying;
Her chair is waiting, but my Lord is dying:

* To the Pit. † First Gallery. ‡ Upper Gallery.

Preparing

Preparing for the worst, she tells her maid
To countermand her points and new brocade;
"For, O! if I should lose the *best of men*,
Heaven knows when I shall see the *Club* again.
So, Lappet, should he die when I am out,
You'll send for me at Lady Basto's rout:
The doctor said he might hold out till three,
But I ha'n't spirits for the *Coterie!*"
Now change the scene—place madam in the fever,
My lord for comfort at the *Sçavoir Vivre*;
His valet enters—shakes his meagre head—
"Chapeau, what news?—Ah! sir, my lady's dead."
"The duce!—'tis sudden, faith—but four days sick!—
Well, seven's the main—(poor Kate!)—eleven's a nick."
But hence reflections on a senseless train,
Who, lost to real joy, should feel no pain;
Mongst Britain's daughters still can Hymen's light
Reveal the love which charm'd your hearts to-night;
Show beauteous martyrs, who would each prefer,
To die for *him*, who long has liv'd for *her*;
Domestic heroines, who with fondest care
Outsmile a husband's griefs, or claim a share;
Search where the rankling evils most abound,
And heal with cherub-lip the poison'd wound.
Nay, such bright virtues in a royal mind,
Were not alone to *Edward*'s days confin'd;
Still, still they beam around Britannia's throne,
And grace an *Eleonora* of our own.

§ 87. *Prologue to Braganza.* Murphy.

While, in these days of sentiment and grace,
Poor comedy in tears resigns her place,
And, suit with novels full of maxims crude,
She that was frolic once now turns a prude;
To her great end the tragic muse aspires,
At Athens born, and faithful to her sires.
The comic sister in hysteric fit,
You'd swear, has lost her memory of wit;
Folly for her may now exult on high;
Feather'd by ridicule, no arrows fly;
But, if you are distress'd she's sure to cry.
She that could jig, and nick-name all heaven's creatures,
With sorrows not her own deforms her features;
With stale reflections keeps a constant pother;
Greece gave her one face, and she makes another—
So very pious, and so full of woe,
You well may bid her, "To a nunnery go."
Not so Melpomene; to nature true,
She holds her own great principle in view.
She, from the first, when men her pow'r confess'd,
When grief and terror seiz'd the tortur'd breast,
She made, to strike her moral to the mind,
The stage the great tribunal of mankind.
Hither the worthies of each clime she draws,
Who founded states, or rescued dying laws;
Who, in base times, a life of glory led,
And for their country who have toil'd or bled,
Hither they come—again they breathe, they live;
And virtue's meed through every age receive.
Hither the murd'rer comes, with ghastly mien,
And the fiend conscience hunts him o'er the scene.
None are exempted; all must re-appear,
And even kings attend for judgement here;
Here find the day, when they their pow'r abuse,
Is a scene furnish'd to the tragic muse.
Such is her art; weaken'd perhaps at length,
And, while she aims at beauty, losing strength.
Oh! when, resuming all her native rage,
Shall her true energy alarm the stage?
This night a bard (our hopes may rise too high—
'Tis yours to judge, 'tis yours the cause to try)—
This night a bard, as yet unknown to fame,
Once more, we hope, will rouse a genuine flame.
His no French play—tame, polish'd, dull by rule:
Vigorous he comes, and warm from Shakspeare's school.
Inspir'd by him, he shows in glaring light
A nation struggling with tyrannic might;
Oppression rushing on with giant strides;
A deep conspiracy, which virtue guides;
Heroes, for freedom who dare strike the blow,
A tablature of honor, guilt, and woe.
If on his canvas nature's colors shine,
You'll praise the hand that trac'd the just design.

§ 88. *Epilogue by Mr. Garrick, on quitting the Stage, June,* 1776.

A veteran see! whose last act on the stage
Entreats your smiles for sickness and for age;
Their cause I plead—plead it in heart and mind;
A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind:
Might we but hope your zeal would not be less,
When I am gone, to patronize distress,
That hope obtain'd the wish'd-for end secures,
To soothe their cares who oft have lighten'd yours.
Shall the great heroes of celestial line,
Who drank full bowls of Greek and Roman wine,
Cæsar and Brutus, Agamemnon, Hector,
Nay, Jove himself, who here has quaff'd his nectar!
Shall they who govern fortune, cringe and court her,
Thirst in their age, and call in vain for porter?
Like Belisarius tax the pitying street
With *date obolum* to all they meet?
Sha'n't I, who oft have drench'd my hands in gore;
Stabb'd many, poison'd some, beheaded more;
Who numbers slew in battle on this plain—
Sha'n't I, the slayer, try to feed the slain?
Brother to all, with equal love I view
The men who slew me, and the men I slew:
I must, I will this happy project seize,
That those too old to die may live with ease.
Suppose the babes I smother'd in the Tow'r,
By chance, or sickness, lose their acting-pow'r,
Shall they, once princes, worse than all be serv'd—
In childhood murder'd, and, when murder'd starv'd?

Matrons

Matrons half ravish'd for your recreation,
In age should never want some consolation.
Can I, young Hamlet once, to nature lost,
Behold, O horrible! my father's ghost,
With grisly beard, pale cheek, stalk up and down,
And he, the royal Dane, want half a crown?
Forbid it, ladies! gentlemen, forbid it!
Give joy to age, and let 'em say—you did it.
To you, ye gods! * I make my last appeal;
You have a right to judge, as well as feel;
Will your high wisdoms to our scheme incline,
That kings, queens, heroes, gods, and ghosts may dine?
Olympus shakes!—that omen all secures;
May every joy you give be tenfold yours!

§ 89. *Prologue to the Capuchin*; 1776. *Spoken by Mr. Foote.* Colman.

Critics, whene'er I write, in ev'ry scene
Discover meanings that I never mean;
Whatever character I bring to view,
I am the father of the child, 'tis true,
But ev'ry babe his christ'ning owes to you.
"The comic poet's eye, with humorous air
Glancing from Watling-street to Grosvenor-square,
He bodies forth a light ideal train,
And turns to shape the phantoms of his brain:
Meanwhile your fancy takes more partial aim,
And gives to airy nothing place and name."
A limner once, in want of work, went down
To try his fortune in a country town:
The waggon loaded with his goods, convey'd
To the same spot his whole dead stock in trade,
Originals and copies—ready made.
To the new painter all the country came;
Lord, lady, doctor, lawyer, squire and dame,
The humble curate, and the curate's wife,
All ask a likeness—taken from the life.
Behold the canvass on the easel stand!
A pallet graced his thumb, and brushes fill'd his hand:
But, ah! the painter's skill they little knew,
Nor by what curious rules of art he drew.
The waggon-load unpack'd, his ancient store
Furnish'd for each a face drawn long before,
God, dame, or hero, of the days of yore.
The Cæsars, with a little alteration,
Were turn'd into the mayor and corporation:
To represent the rector and the dean,
He added wigs and bands to Prince Eugene:
The ladies, blooming all, deriv'd their faces
From Charles the Second's beauties, and the Graces.
Thus done, and circled in a splendid frame,
His works adorn'd each room, and spread his fame;
The countrymen of taste admire and stare,
"My lady's leer! Sir John's majestic air!
Miss Dimple's languish too!—extremely like!
And in the style and manner of Vandyke!
O this new limner's pictures always strike!"
Old, young; fat, lean; dark, fair; or big or little,
"The very man or woman to a tittle!"
Foote and this limner in some points agree,
And thus, good sirs, you often deal by me.
When, by the royal licence and protection,
I show my small academy's collection,
The connoisseur takes out his glass to pry
Into each picture with a curious eye;
Turns topsy-turvy my whole composition,
And makes mere portraits all my exhibition.
But still the copy's so exact, you say;
Alas! the same thing happens ev'ry day!
How many a modish well dress'd fop you meet,
Exactly suits his shape in Monmouth-street;
In Yorkshire warehouses and Cranbourn-alley,
'Tis wonderful how shoes and feet will tally!
As honest Crispin understands his trade,
On the true human scale his lasts are made,
The measure of each sex and age to hit,
And ev'ry shoe, as if bespoke, will fit.
My warehouse thus, for nature's walks supplies
Shoes for all ranks, and lasts of ev'ry size.
Sit still, and try them, Sirs, I long to please ye—
How well they fit! I hope you find them easy:
If the shoe pinches, swear you cannot bear it:
But if well-made—I wish you health to wear it.

§ 90. *Prologue to the Contract*; 1776. *Written and intended to have been spoken by Mr.* Foote.

The Contract is it call'd?—I cannot say
I much admire the title of his play:
Contracts, they tell me, have been fraught with evil,
Since Faustus sign'd his contract with—the Devil.
Yet, spite of Satan, all men wish to make 'em,
Tho' nineteen out of twenty love to break 'em.
Butchers and meal-men, brewers, agents, factors,
Pimps, poets, placemen, managers and actors,
Bawds, bankrupts, booksellers, are all contractors;
All lie, and swear, and cheat, t' increase their store,
Then die, and go—where Faustus went before.
While thus o'er all we see th' infection spread,
No wonder it should taint the marriage bed:
Each wife forgets, each husband breaks his vow;
For what are contracts, what is wedlock now?
Garrick, who long was married to the town,
At length a fashionable husband grown,
Forsakes his spouse, base man! for truth to tell,
She lov'd her own dear Davy wondrous well;
Though now he slights her, breaks from her by force,
And nought will serve him but a full divorce,
But, be the fault in women or in men,
Thanks to our laws! they all may—wed again:
Her faithless fav'rite gone, the lady's free
To choose another, and may smile—on me;
To the Lame Lover may resign her charms,
And, though a cripple, take me to her arms.
I'll promise to be constant, kind, polite,
And pay my duty—ev'ry other night:

* To the Upper Gallery.

My

My dear lov'd rib I never will abandon,
But stand by her, whilst I've *one* leg to stand on.
I'll make a solemn *contract*, play or pay,
And hope we shall not part this many a day.
Our brother scribbler too, I greatly fear,
Has made a foolish kind of contract here;
He promises, and ten to one you're bit,
To furnish fable, sentiment, and wit.
I've seen his piece; the man appeal'd to me,
And I, as Chancellor, issued my decree; [it—
'T has pass'd the seals, they're going to rehearse
But you're the House of Peers, and may reverse it.

§ 91. *Prologue to the Spleen or Islington Spa. Spoken by Mr.* King; 1776. Garrick.

Though prologues now as blackberries are plenty, [twenty;
And, like them, mawkish too—nineteen in
Yet you will have them when their date is o'er,
And Prologue! prologue! still your honors roar;
Till some such dismal phiz as mine comes on—
Ladies and gentlemen, indeed there's none;
The prologue, author, speaker—all are dead and gone. [rout;
These reasons have some weight, and stop the
You clap—I smile—and thus go cringing out:
While living, call me; for your pleasure use me;
Should I tip off—I hope you'll then excuse me.
So much for prologues—and now enter Farce:
Shall I a scene, I lately heard, rehearse?
The place, the Park; the *dramatis personæ*,
Two female wits with each a macaroni:
" Pr'ythee, Lord Flimsey, what's this thing at Drury—
" This Spleen?"——" 'Tis low, damn'd low, Ma'am, I'll assure you."
" *C'est vrai, my Lor!*—We now feel no such evil,
" Never are haunted with a vaporish devil.
" In pleasure's round we whirl it from the brain:
" You rattle it away with, Seven's the main!
" In upper life we have no spleen or gall;
" And as for other life—it is no life at all."
What can I say in our poor bard's behalf?
He hopes that lower life may make you laugh.
May not a trader, who shall business drop,
Quitting at once his old accustom'd shop,
In fancy through a course of pleasures run,
Retiring to his seat at Islington;
And, of false dreams of happiness brim-full,
Be at his villa miserably dull?
Would not he Islington's fine air forego,
Could he again be chok'd in Butcher-row;
In showing cloth renew his former pleasure
Surpass'd by none—but that of clipping measure?
The master of this shop, too, seeks repose*,
Sells off his stock in trade, his verse and prose,
His daggers, buskins, thunder, lightning, and old clothes.
Will he in rural shades find ease and quiet?
O no! he'll sigh for Drury, and seek peace in riot.
Nature of yore prevail'd through human kind;
To low and middle life she's now confin'd:
'Twas there the choicest dramatists have sought her;
'Twas there Moliere, there Jonson, Shakspeare caught her:
Then let our gleaning bard with safety come,
To pick up straws dropt from their harvest-home.

§ 92. *Prologue introduced in the Prelude of New Brooms. Spoken by Mr.* King, *at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre*; 1776. Garrick.

Scribblers are sportsmen; and as sportsmen are, [beat fair:
Some hit, some miss, some poach, and some
This wounds a straggling bird; that often tries
But never kills, he shoots and shuts both eyes:
Like our train'd-hands, the mark he never hits;
He scorns to see the murder he commits:
Some will whole covies take, nineteen in twenty;
And then you smack your lips—for game is plenty;
In short, by you their merits must be tried;
And woe to them who are not qualified!
Another simile we mean to broach—
A new one too!—the stage is a stage-coach—
A stage-coach! why?—I'll tell you, if you ask it— [basket‡
Here† some take places, and some mount the
Our cattle too, that draw the stage along,
Are of all sorts and sizes—weak and strong;
Brown, grey, black, bay, brisk, tame, blind, lame, fat, lean, old, and young!
If, as we are jogging on, we sometimes stop,
Some scold within, and some asleep will drop,
While sailors and their doxies sing and roar o'top.
The coachman manager will sometimes please ye— [squeeze ye,
But should he stuff the coach too full, and
You then begin to swear—" Zounds! shut the door; [more—
" We're cramm'd already—here's no room for
" You're so damn'd fat! A little farther, Sir—
" Your elbow's in my stomach—I can't stir!"
Hoit! Hoit! the coachman then drives on apace,
And, smack! with other stages runs a race,
Through thick and thin we dash, now up, now down,
Now raise a dust, now rattling through the town;
Now first, now last, now jolted, crack! we fall—
Laugh'd, pelted, hooted at, and damn'd by all.
Your late old coachman, tho' oft splash'd by dirt,
And out in many a storm, retires unhurt;
Enjoys your kind reward for all his pains,
And now to other hands resigns the reins.
But the new partners of the old machine,
Hoping you'll find it snug, and tight, and clean,
Vow that with much civility they'll treat you,
Will drive you well, and pleasantly will seat you.
The road is not all turnpike—and what worse is,
They can't insure your watches, or your purses;
But they'll insure you, that their best endeavour
Shall not be wanting to obtain your favor:
Which gain'd—Gee up! the old stage will run for ever!

* Alluding to Mr. Garrick's retiring from the Stage. † Boxes. ‡ Gallery.

§ 93. *Epilogue to the Runaway*; 1776.
GARRICK.

Post-haste from Italy arrives my lover!
Shall I to you, good friends, my fears discover?
Should foreign modes his virtues mar and mangle,
And *cara sposa* prove—Sir Dingle Dangle;
No sooner join'd than separate we go;
Abroad—we never shall each other know,
At home—I mope above—he'll pick his teeth below.
In sweet domestic chat we ne'er shall mingle,
And wedded tho' I am, shall still live single.
However modish, I detest this plan;
For me no mawkish creature, weak and wan;
He must be English—and an English *man*.
To nature and his country false and blind,
Should Belville dare to twist his form and mind,
I will discard him—and, to Britain true,
A Briton choose—and may be one of you—
Nay, don't be frighten'd; I am but in jest;
Freemen, in love or war, should ne'er be press'd.
If you would know my utmost expectation,
'Tis one unspoil'd by travell'd education;
With knowledge, taste, much kindness, and some whim,
Good sense to govern me—and let me govern him.
Great love of me must keep his heart from roving;
Then I'll forgive him, if he proves too loving.
If in these times I should be bless'd by fate
With such a phœnix, such a matchless mate,
I will by kindness, and some small discerning,
Take care that Hymen's torch continues burning.
At weddings, now-a-days, the torch thrown down,
Just makes a smoke, then stinks throughout the town!
No married Puritan, I'll follow pleasure,
And even the fashion—but in moderate measure;
I will of opera ecstasies partake,
Though I take snuff to keep myself awake:
No rampant plumes shall o'er my temples play,
Foretelling that my brains will fly away;
Nor from my head shall strange vagaries spring,
To show the soil can teem with ev'ry thing;
No fruits, roots, greens, shall fill the ample space,
A kitchen-garden to adorn my face!
No rocks shall there be seen, no windmill, fountain;
Nor curls, like guns set round to guard the mountain!
O learn, ye fair, if this same madness spreads,
Not to hold up, but to keep down your heads!
Be not misled by strange fantastic Art,
But in your dress let Nature take some part:
Her skill alone a lasting pow'r insures,
And best can ornament such charms as yours.

§ 94. *Epilogue to Semiramis*; 1776.
SHERIDAN.

Dishevell'd still, like Asia's bleeding queen,
Shall I with jests deride the tragic scene?
No, beauteous mourners!—from whose downcast eyes
The Muse has drawn her noblest sacrifice!
Whose gentle bosoms, *Pity's altars*—hear
The crystal incense of each falling tear!—
There lives the poet's praise!—no critic art
Can match the comment of a feeling heart!
When gen'ral plaudits speak the fable o'er,
Which mute attention had approv'd before,
Tho' ruder spirits love th' accustom'd jest
Which chases sorrow from the vulgar breast,
Still hearts refin'd their sadden'd tints retain—
The sigh is pleasure! and the jest is pain!
Scarce have they smiles to honor grace or wit,
Tho' Roscius spoke the verse himself had writ!
Thus through the time when vernal fruits receive
The grateful show'rs that hang on April's eve;
Tho' every coarser stem of forest birth
Throws with the morning-beam its dews to earth,
Ne'er does the gentle *rose* revive so soon—
But bath'd in nature's tears, it droops till noon.
O could the muse one simple moral teach,
From scenes like these, which all who heard might reach!
Thou child of sympathy—whoe'er thou art,
Who with Assyria's queen hast wept thy part—
Go search where keener woes demand relief,
Go—while thy heart yet beats with fancied grief:
Thy lip still conscious of the recent sigh,
The graceful tear still ling'ring in thy eye—
Go—and on real misery bestow
The blest effusion of fictitious woe!—
So shall our Muse, supreme of all the Nine,
Deserve indeed the title of—*divine!*
Virtue shall own her favor'd from above,
And *Pity* greet her with a sister's love!

§ 95. *Prologue, spoken by Mr.* Palmer, *on the opening of the Theatre-Royal in the Hay-Market, May* 15, 1777. COLMAN.

Pride, by a thousand arts, vain honors claims,
And gives to empty nothings pompous names.
Theatric dealers thus would fain seem great,
And ev'ry playhouse grows a mighty state.
To fancied heights howe'er mock monarchs soar,
A manager's a trad'r—nothing more——
You (whom they court) their customers—and then,
We play'rs—poor devils—are their journeymen.
While two great warehouses, for winter use,
Eight months hoge bales of merchandise produce,
Out with the swallow comes our summer Bayes,
To show his taffeta and lutestring plays;
A choice assortment of slight goods prepares,
The smallest haberdasher of small wares.
In Laputa, we're told, a grave projector,
A mighty schemer—like our new director—
Once form'd a plan—and 'twas a deep one, Sirs!—
To draw the sun-beams out of cucumbers.
So whilst less vent'rous managers retire,
Our Salamander thinks to live in fire.
A playhouse quidnunc—and no quidnunc's wiser——
Reading our play-bills in the Advertiser,
Cries, "Hey! what's here! In th' Hay-market a play,
"To sweat the public in the midst of May?
"Give

"Give me fresh air!"—then goes and pouts alone
In country lodgings——by the two-mile stone:
There sits, and chews the end of his disgust,
Broil'd in the sun, and blinded by the dust.
"Dearee," says Mrs. Inkle, "let us go
"To th' Hay-market to-night and see the show."
"Psha, woman!" cries old Inkle, "you're a fool:
"We'll walk to Hornsey, and enjoy the cool."
So said, to finish the domestic strife,
Forth waddle the fat spouse, and fatter wife:
And as they tug up Highgate-hill together,
He cries—"Delightful walking!—charming weather!"
Now with the napkin underneath the chin,
Unbutton'd sits their turtle-feasts begin,
And plunge full knuckle-deep, through thick and thin: [jelly,
Throw down fish, flesh, fowl, pastry, custard,
And make a salmagundy of their belly.
"More China-pepper! punch, another rummer!
"So cool and pleasant—eating in the summer!"
To ancient geographers 'twas not known
Mortals could live beneath the torrid zone:
But we, though toiling underneath the line,
Must make our hay now while the weather's fine.
Your good old *hay-maker*, long here employ'd,
The sun-shine of your smiles who still enjoy'd;
The fields which long he mow'd will not forsake,
Nor quite forego the scythe, the fork, and rake;
But take the field, even in the hottest day,
And kindly help us to get in our hay.

§ 96. *Prologue to the Spanish Barber*; 1777. COLMAN.

Once more from Ludgate-hill behold Paul Prig! [wig!
The same spruce air, you see, same coat, same
A mercer smart and dapper all allow,
As ever at shop-door shot off a bow.
This summer—for I love a little prance—
This summer, gentlefolks, I've been to France,
To mark the fashions—and to learn to dance.
I, and dear Mrs. Prig, the first of Graces!
At Calais, in the diligence took places;
Travell'd through Boulogne, Amiens, and Chantilly,
All in a line—as straight as Piccadilly!
To Paris come, their dresses made me stare—
Their fav'rite color is the French queen's hair:
They're all so fine, so shabby, and so gay,
They look like chimney-sweepers on May-day;
Silks of all colors in the rainbow there;
A Joseph's coat appears the common wear.
Of some I brought home patterns; one, to-night,
We mean to show—'tis true, it is but slight:
But then, for summer wear, you know that's right.
A *little weaver*, whom I long have known,
Has work'd it up, and begs to have it shown—
But pray observe, my friends, 'tis not his own.
I brought it over—nay, if it miscarries, [Paris."
He'll cry, "'Tis none of mine—it came from
But should you like it, he'll soon let you know,
'Twas spun and manufactur'd in Soho.
T had a great run abroad, which always yields
Work for our Grub-street, and our Spital-fields.
France charms our ladies, naked bards, and beaux,
Who smuggle thence their learning and their clothes;
Buckles like gridirons, and wigs on springs;
Têtes built like towers, and rumps like ostrich wings.
If this piece please, each summer I'll go over,
And fetch new patterns by the straits of Dover.

§ 97. *Prologue to the School for Scandal*; 1777. GARRICK.

A school for scandal!—Tell me, I beseech you,
Needs there a school this modish art to teach you?
No need of lessons now—the knowing think—
We might as well be taught to eat and drink.
Caus'd by a dearth of scandal, should the vapors
Distress our fair-ones, let them read the papers;
Their pow'rful mixtures such disorders hit,
Crave what they will, there's *quantum sufficit*.
"Lord!" cries my Lady Wormwood (who loves tattle,
And puts much salt and pepper in her prattle)
Just risen at noon, all night at cards when threshing,
"Strong tea and scandal—bless me, how refreshing!
"Give me the papers, Lisp—how bold and free! [*sips.*]
"Last night Lord L. [*sips.*] was caught with Lady D.
"For aching heads, what charming *sal volatile!* [*sips.*]
"If Mrs. B. will still continue flirting,
"We hope she'll draw, or we'll undraw, the curtain.—
"Fine satire, poz! in public all abuse it!
"But, by ourselves, [*sips.*] our praise we can't refuse it. [star."—
"Now, Lisp, read you—there, at that dash and
"Yes, ma'am—A certain lord had best beware,
"Who lives not twenty miles from Grosvenor-square;
"For should he Lady W. find willing—
"Wormwood is bitter."—"O! that's me—the villain!
"Throw it behind the fire, and never more
"Let that vile paper come within my door."
Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the dart;
To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.
Is our young bard so young, to think that he
Can stop the full spring-tide of calumny?
Knows he the world so little, and its trade?—
Alas! the devil's sooner rais'd than laid.
So strong, so swift, the monster there's no gagging;
Cut Scandal's head off—still the tongue is wagging.
Proud of your smiles, once lavishly bestow'd,
Again our young Don Quixote takes the road;
To show his gratitude, he draws his pen,
And seeks this hydra, Scandal, in its den;

From

From his fell gripe the frighted fair to save—
Though he should fail, th' attempt must please the brave.
For your applause, all perils he would through,
He'll fight—that's write—a cavaliero true,
Till ev'ry drop of blood—that's ink—is spilt for you.

§ 98. *Epilogue to the same*; 1777. *Spoken by Mrs. Abingdon, in the Character of Lady Teazel.* COLMAN.

I, who was late so volatile and gay,
Like a trade-wind must now blow all one way;
Bend all my cares, my studies and my vows,
To one old rusty weather-cock—my spouse:
So wills our virtuous bard!—the pye-bald Bayes
Of crying epilogues and laughing plays.
Old bachelors, who marry smart young wives,
Learn from our play to regulate your lives;
Each bring his dear to town—all faults upon her—
London will prove the very source of honor;
Plung'd fairly in, like a cold bath, it serves,
When principles relax, to brace the nerves.
Such is my case—and yet I must deplore
That the gay dream of dissipation's o'er;
And say, ye fair, was ever lively wife,
Born with a genius for the highest life,
Like me untimely blasted in her bloom,
Like me condemn'd to such a dismal doom?
Save money—when I just knew how to *waste* it!
Leave London—just as I began to taste it!
Must I then watch the early-crowing cock?
The melancholy ticking of a clock?
In the lone rustic hall for ever bounded,
With dogs, cats, rats, and squalling brats surrounded?
With humble curates can I now retire,
(While good Sir Peter boozes with the squire)
And at backgammon mortify my soul,
That pants for loo, or flutters at a vole? [pire,
Seven's the main—dear sound!—that must ex-
Lost at hot-cockles round a Christmas fire!
The transient hour of fashion too soon spent,
"Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content!
Farewell the *plumed* head—the cushion'd *tête*,
That takes the cushion from his proper seat!
The spirit-stirring drum!—card-drums I mean—
Spadille, odd trick, pam, basto, king, and queen!
And you, ye knockers, that with brazen throat
The welcome visitor's approach denote—
Farewell! all *quality* of high renown,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance, of glorious town,
Farewell!—your revels I partake no more,
And Lady Teazel's occupation's o'er."
All this I told our bard—he smil'd, and said
'twas clear
I ought to play deep tragedy next year:
Meanwhile he drew wise morals from his play,
And in these solemn periods stalk'd away:
"Blest were the fair, like you her faults who stopp'd,
And clos'd her follies when the curtain dropp'd!
No more in vice or error to engage,
Or play the fool at large on life's great stage!"

§ 99. *Prologue to A Word to the Wise, performed for the Benefit of Mr. Keily's Family*; 1777. JOHNSON.

This night presents a play which public rage,
Or right or wrong, once hooted from the stage*.
From zeal or malice now no more we dread,
For English vengeance *wars not with the dead.*
A generous foe regards with pitying eye
The man whom fate has laid where all must lie.
To wit reviving from its author's dust
Be kind, ye judges, or at least be just:
For no renew'd hostilities invade
Th' oblivious grave's inviolable shade.
Let one great payment every claim appease,
And him who cannot hurt allow to please;
To please by scenes unconscious of offence,
By harmless merriment, or useful sense.
Where aught of bright or fair the piece displays,
Approve it only—'tis too late to praise;
If want of skill or want of care appear,
Forbear to hiss—the poet cannot hear:
By all, like him, must praise and blame be found
At best a fleeting gleam, or empty sound.
Yet then shall calm reflections bless the night,
When liberal pity dignified delight;
When pleasure fir'd her torch at virtue's flame,
And mirth was bounty with an humbler name.

§ 100. *Prologue to Sir Thomas Overbury*; 1777. SHERIDAN.

Too long the muse, attach'd to regal show,
Denies the scene to tales of humbler woe;
Such as were wont, while yet they charm'd the ear,
To steal the plaudit of a silent tear;
When Otway gave domestic grief its part,
And Rowe's familiar sorrows touch'd the heart.
A sceptred traitor, lash'd by vengeful fate,
A bleeding hero, or a falling state,
Are themes (though nobly worth the classic song)
Which feebly claim your sighs, nor claim them long;
Too great for pity, they inspire respect,
Their deeds astonish, rather than affect;
Proving how rare the heart that woe can move,
Which reason tells us we can never prove.
Other the scene, where sadly stand confest
The private pang that rends the sufferer's breast.
When sorrow sits upon a parent's brow,
When fortune mocks the youthful lover's vow,
All feel the tale—for who so mean but knows
What fathers' sorrows are, what lovers' woes?
On kindred ground our bard his fabric built,
And placed a mirror there for private guilt;
Where, fatal union! will appear combin'd
An angel's form and an abandon'd mind;
Honor attempting passion to reprove,
And friendship struggling with unhallow'd love!
Yet view not, critics, with severe regard,
The orphan offspring of an orphan bard,
Doom'd, whilst he wrote, unpitied to sustain
More real mis'ries than his pen could feign!
Ill-fated Savage! at whose birth was giv'n
No parent but the Muse, no friend but Heaven!

* Upon the first representation of this play 1770, it was damned from the violence of party.

Whose

Whose youth no brother knew, with social care
To sooth his suff'rings, or demand to share;
No wedded partner of his mortal woe,
To win his smile at all that fate could do;
While, at his death, nor friend's nor mother's tear
Fell on the track of his deserted bier!
So pleads the tale * that gives to future times
The son's misfortunes, and the parent's crimes;
There shall his fame (if own'd to-night) survive,
Fix'd by the hand that bids our language live!

§ 101. *Prologue to Bonduca*; 1778. GARRICK.

To *modern* Britons let the old appear
This night, to rouse 'em for this anxious year:
To raise that spirit, which of yore, when rais'd,
Made even Romans tremble while they prais'd:
To rouse that spirit, which through every age
Has wak'd the lyre, and warm'd th' historian's page;
That dauntless spirit, which on Cressy's plain
Rush'd from the heart through ev'ry British vein;
Nerv'd ev'ry arm the numerous host to dare,
Whilst Edward's valor shone the guiding star,
Whose beams dispers'd the darkness of despair:
Whate'er the craft or number of his foes,
Ever from danger Britain's glory rose.
To the mind's eye let the fifth Harry rise,
And in that vision boasting France despise;
Then turn to later deeds your sires have wrought,
When Anna rul'd, and mighty Marlb'rough fought.
Shall Chatham die and be forgot†?—O no!
Warm from its source let grateful sorrow flow;
His matchless ardor fir'd each fear-struck mind,
His genius soar'd when Britons droop'd and pin'd;
Whilst each State Atlas sunk beneath the load,
His heart unshook with patriot virtue glow'd;
Like Hercules, he freed 'em from the weight,
And on *his* shoulders fix'd the tottering state;
His strength the monsters of the land defied,
To raise his country's glory was his pride,
And for her service, as he liv'd, he died.
O for his powers, those feelings to impart,
Which rous'd to action every drooping heart;
Now, while the angry trumpet sounds alarms,
And all the nation cries, "To arms, to arms!"
Then would his native strength each Briton know,
And scorn the threats of an invading foe:
Hatching and feeding every civil broil,
France looks with envy on our happy soil;
When mischief's on the wing she cries for war,
Insults distress, and braves her conqueror.
But Shakspeare sung—and well this land he knew,
O hear his voice! that "nought shall make us rue,
"If England to itself do rest but true."

§ 102. *Prologue to the Princess of Parma*; 1778. CUMBERLAND.

ERE dark November, with his dripping wings,
Shuts out the cheerful face of men and things,
You all can tell how soon the dreary scene
Affects your wives and daughters with the spleen.
Madam begins—"My dear, these odious rains
Will bring on all my old rheumatic pains;
In fifty places it came in last night—
This vile old crazy mansion's such a fright!"
"What's to be done?"—"In very truth, my love,
I think 'twere better for us to remove."
This said, if as it chance that gentle spouse
Bears but a second int'rest in the house,
The bill is pass'd—no sooner said than done—
Up springs the hen-bird, and the covey's gone:
Then hey for London! there the game begins;
Bouquets, and diamond stars, and golden pins,
A thousand freakish wants, a thousand sighs,
A thousand poutings, and ten thousand lies.
Trim, and new-rigg'd, and launch'd for pleasure's gale,
Our madam comes, her goslings at her tail;
Away they scamper to present their faces
At Johnson's citadel, for side-box places.
He to their joint and supplicating moan
Presents a face of brass, a heart of stone;
Or, monarch-like, while their address is stating,
Sends them a "*veto*" by his lord in waiting.
Returning thence, the disappointed fleet
Anchors in Tavistock's fantastic street;
There under Folly's colors gaily rides,
Where humor points, or veering passion guides.
In vain the steward racks, and tenants rave:
Money she wants, and money she will have.
Meanwhile, terrific hangs the unpaid bill,
Long as from Portman-square to Ludgate-hill.
The squire, exhausted, in desponding plight
Creeps to his chambers to avoid the sight,
Or at the *Mount* with some old *smarler* chimes
In damning wives, and railing at the times.
Such is the scene!—If then we fetch you down
Amusements which endear the smoky town,
And through the peasant's poor but useful hands
We circulate the produce of your lands,
In this voluptuous dissipated age,
Sure there's some merit in our rural stage‡.
Happy the call, nor wholly vain the plea,
Which weds you to your acres but a day.

§ 103. *Epilogue to Percy*; 1778. GARRICK.

I MUST, will speak—I hope my dress and air
Announce the man of fashion, not the play'r:
Though gentlemen are now forbid the scenes,
Yet I have rush'd through heroes, kings, and queens;
Resolv'd, in pity to this polish'd age,
To drive these ballad-heroes from the stage—

* Life of Richard Savage, by Dr. Samuel Johnson.
† Lord Chatham died May 11, 1778.
‡ This prologue was spoken at the private theatre of Mr. Hanbury, of Kelmarsh in Northamptonshire.

"To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day."

A pretty basis truly, for a maudlin play!
What! shall a scribbling, senseless woman, dare
To offer to your tastes such tasteless fare?
Is Douglas, or is Percy, fir'd with passion,
Ready, for love or glory, death to dash on,
Fit company for modern still-life men of fashion?
Such madness will our hearts but slightly graze;
We've no such frantic nobles now-a-days.
Could we believe old stories, those strange fellows
Married for love, could of their wives be jealous—
Nay, constant to 'em too—and, what is worse,
The vulgar souls thought cuckoldom a curse!
Most wedded pairs had then one purse, one mind,
One bed too—so preposterously join'd!
From such barbarity (thank Heaven!) we're refin'd.
Old songs at home their happiness record,
From home they sep'rate carriages abhorr'd—
One horse serv'd both—my lady rode behind my lord.
'Twas death alone could snap their bonds asunder:
Now tack'd so slightly, not to snap's the wonder.
Nay, death itself could not their hearts divide,
They mix'd their love with monumental pride;
For, cut in stone, they still lay side by side.
But why these Gothic ancestors produce?
Why scour their rusty armours? what's the use?
'Twould not your nicer optics much regale,
To see us beaux bend under coats of mail:
Should we our limbs with iron doublets bruise,
Good Heaven! how much court-plaster we should use!
We wear no armour now—but on our shoes.
Let not with barbarism true taste be blended;
Old vulgar virtues cannot be defended;
Let the dead rest—we living can't be mended.

§ 104. *Epilogue to Fatal Falschood*; 1779. Sheridan.

Unhand me, gentlemen. By Heaven, I say,
I'll make a ghost of him who bars my way.
[*Behind the scenes.*
Forth let me come—a poetaster true,
As lean as Envy, and as baneful too;
On the dull audience let me vent my rage,
Or drive these female scribblers from the stage.
For sense or history, we've none but these:
The law of liberty and wit they seize;
In tragic—comic—pastoral—they dare to please.
Each puny bard must surely burst with spite,
To find that women with such fame can write:
But O, your partial favor is the cause,
Who feed their follies with such full applause;
Yet still our tribe shall seek to blast their fame,
And ridicule each fair pretender's aim,
Where the dull duties of domestic life
Wage with the muse's toils eternal strife.
What motley cares Corilla's mind perplex,
While maids and metaphors conspire to vex!
In studious dishabille behold her sit,
A letter'd gossip, and a housewife-wit;
At once invoking, though for different views,
Her gods, her cook, her milliner, and muse.
Round her strew'd room a frippery chaos lies,
A checquer'd wreck of notable and wise;
Bills, books, caps, couplets, combs, a varied mass,
Oppress the toilet, and obscure the glass;
Unfinish'd here an epigram is laid,
And there a mantua-maker's bill unpaid;
Here new-born plays foretaste the town's applause,
There, dormant patterns lie for future gauze:
A moral essay now is all her care;
A satire next, and then a bill of fare:
A scene she now projects, and now a dish;
Here's act the first—and here—Remove with fish.
Now while this eye in a fine phrensy rolls,
That, soberly casts up a bill for coals;
Black pins and daggers in one leaf she sticks,
And tears, and thread, and bowls, and thimbles, mix.
Sappho, 'tis true, long vers'd in epic song,
For years esteem'd all household studies wrong;
When, dire mishap! though neither shame nor sin,
Sappho herself, and not her muse, lies in.
The virgin Nine in terror fly the bow'r,
And matron Juno claims despotic pow'r:
Soon Gothic hags the classic pile o'erturn,
A caudle-cup supplants the sacred urn;
Nor books nor implements escape their rage,
They spike the ink-stand, and they rend the page:
Poems and plays one barbarous fate partake;
Ovid and Plautus suffer at the stake;
And Aristotle's only sav'd—to wrap plum-cake.
Yet shall a woman tempt the tragic scene?
And dare—but hold—I must repress my spleen:
I see your hearts are pledg'd to her applause,
While Shakspeare's spirit seems to aid her cause,
Well pleas'd to aid—since o'er his sacred bier
A female hand did ample trophies rear,
And gave the gentlest laurel that is worshipp'd there.

§ 105. *Prologue to The Fathers*; 1779. Garrick.

When from the world departs a son of Fame,
His deeds or works embalm his precious name;
Yet, not content, the public call for art,
To rescue from the tomb his mortal part;
Demand the painter's and the sculptor's hand,
To spread his mimic form throughout the land;
A form, perhaps, which living was neglected,
And, when it could not feel respect, respected.
This night, no bust or picture claims your praise;
Our claim's superior—we his Spirit raise;
From Time's dark store-house bring a long-lost play,
And drag it from oblivion into day.
But who the author? Need I name the wit
Whom nature prompted as his genius writ?
Truth smil'd on Fancy for each well-wrought story,
Where characters live, act, and stand, before ye.
Suppose

Suppose these characters, various as they are,
The knave, the fool, the worthy, wise, and fair,
For and against the author pleading at your bar.
First pleads Tom Jones—grateful his heart and warm—
"Brave generous Britons! shield this play from harm;
My best friend wrote it; should it not succeed,
Though with my Sophy blest—my heart will bleed;"
Then from his face he wipes the manly tear.
"Courage, my master!" Partridge cries, "don't fear:
Should Envy's serpents hiss, or Malice frown,
Though I'm a coward, zounds! I'll knock 'em down."
Next, sweet Sophia comes—she cannot speak—
Her wishes for the play o'erspread her cheek;
In ev'ry look her sentiments you read,
And more than eloquence her blushes plead.
Now Blifil bows—with smiles his false heart gilding—
"He was my foe—I beg you'll damn this Fielding*."
"Right!" Thwackum roars, "no mercy, sirs, I pray;
Scourge the dead author, through his orphan play."
"What words!" cries Parson Adams; "fie, fie! disown 'em!
Good Lord!—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum:*
If such are Christian teachers, who'll revere 'em?
If thus they preach, the devil alone should hear 'em." [vagrant
Now Slipslop enters—"Though this *scriv'ning Slated* my virtue, which was ever *flagrant*,
Yet, like black *Thello*, I'd bear scorns and whips,
Slip into poverty to th' very hips,
T' exult this play—may it *decrease* in favor,
And be its fame *immortaliz'd* for ever!"
Squire Western, reeling with October mellow,
"Tally-o, boys!—Yoicks!—Critics, hunt the fellow!
Damn 'en! these wits are *varmint* not worth breeding:
What good e'er came of writing and of reading?"
Next comes, brimfull of spite and politics,
His sister Western—and thus deeply speaks:
"Wits are arm'd pow'rs; like France attack the foe;
Negociate till they sleep—then strike the blow."
Allworthy, last, pleads to your noblest passions:
"Ye gen'rous leaders of the tastes and fashions,
Departed Genius left his orphan play
To your kind care—what the dead wills, obey:
O then respect the father's fond bequest,
And make his widow smile, his spirit rest!"

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§ 106. *Prologue to the Miniature-Picture*; 1780. SHERIDAN.

CHILL'D by rude gales, while yet reluctant May
Withholds the beauties of the vernal day;
As some fond maid, whom matron-frowns reprove,
Suspends the smile her heart devotes to love;
The season's pleasures too delay their hour,
And winter revels with protracted pow'r:
Then blame not, critics, if thus late we bring
A winter's drama; but reproach—the spring.
What prudent cit dares yet the season trust,
Bask in his whisky, and enjoy the dust?
Hous'd in Cheapside, scarce yet the gayer spark
Achieves the Sunday triumph of the Park:
Scarce yet you see him, dreading to be late,
Scour the New-road, and dash through Grosvenor-gate.
Anxious—and fearful too—his steed to show,
The hack'd Bucephalus of Rotten-row:
Careless he seems, yet vigilantly sly,
Woos the stray glance of ladies passing by;
While his off-heel, insidiously aside,
Provokes the caper which he seems to chide.
Scarce rural Kensington due honor gains:
The vulgar verdure of her walk remains,
Where white-rob'd misses amble two by two,
Nodding to booted beaux—"How do, how do?"
With gen'ral questions, that no answer wait,
"How vastly full! A'n't you come vastly late?
Isn't it quite charming? When do you leave town?
An't you quite tir'd? Pray, can we set you down?"
These suburb pleasures of a London May
Imperfect yet, we hail the cold delay:
But if this plea's denied, in our excuse
Another still remains you can't refuse;
It is a lady writes—and hark—a noble muse!
But see a critic starting from his bench—
"A noble author!" Yes, sir, but the play's not French;
Yet if it were, no blame on us could fall;
For we, you know, must follow fashion's call:
And true it is, things lately were in train
To woo the Gallic Muse at Drury-lane;
Not to import a troop of foreign elves,
But treat you with French actors—in ourselves.
A friend we had, who vow'd he'd make us speak
Pure flippant French—by contract—in a week;
Told us 'twas time to study what was good,
Polish, and leave off being understood:
That crowded audiences we thus might bring
To Monsieur Parsons, and Chevalier King:
Or should the vulgar grumble now and then,
The prompter might translate—for country gentlemen.
Straight all subscrib'd—kings, gods, mutes, singer, actor;
A Flanders figure-dancer our contractor.
But here I grieve to own, though't be to you,
He acted—e'en as most contractors do,
Sold what he never dealt in; and, th' amount
Being first discharg'd, submitted his account.
And what th' event? Their industry was such,
Dodd spoke good Flemish, Bannister bad Dutch:
Then the rogue told us, with insulting ease,
So it was foreign, it was sure to please:

* The late Henry Fielding, Esq. author of the play.

Beaux, wits, applaud, as fashion should command,
And misses laugh—to seem to understand.
So from each clime our soil may something gain;
Manhood from Rome, and sprightliness from Spain;
Some Russian Roscius next delight the age,
And a Dutch Heinel skate along the stage.
Exotic fopperies, hail! whose flatt'ring smile
Supplants the sterner virtues of our isle!
Thus while with Chinese firs and Indian pines
Our nurs'ries swarm, the British oak declines.
Yet vain our Muse's fear—no foreign laws
We dread, while native beauty pleads our cause:
While you too judge, whose smiles are honors higher
Than verse should gain, but where those eyes inspire.
But if the men presume your pow'r to awe,
Retort their churlish senatorial law:
This is your house—and move—the gentlemen withdraw.
Then they may vote with envy never-ceasing,
Your influence has increas'd and is increasing:
But there, I trust, the resolution's finish'd;
Sure none will say—it ought to be diminish'd.

§ 107. *Epilogue to the same*; 1780. JEKYLL.

The men, like tyrants of the Turkish kind,
Have long our sex's energy confin'd;
In full-dress black, and bows, and solemn stalk,
Have long monopoliz'd the Prologue's walk.
But still the flippant Epilogue was ours:
It ask'd, for gay support, the female pow'rs;
It ask'd a flirting air, coquet and free,
And so, to murder it, they fix on *me*.
Much they mistake my talents—I was born
To tell, in sobs and sighs, some tale forlorn;
To wet my handkerchief with Juliet's woes,
Or turn to Shore's despair my tragic nose.
Yes, gentlemen, in education's spite,
You still shall find that we can read and write;
Like you, can swell a debt or a debate,
Can quit the card-table to steer the state,
And bid our Belle Assemblée's rhet'ric flow,
To drown your dull declaimers at Soho.
Methinks e'en now I hear my sex's tongues,
The shrill, smart melody of female lungs!
The storm of Question, the division calm,
With "Hear her, hear her! Mrs. Speaker, Ma'am!
O order! order!" Kates and Susans rise,
And Marg'ret moves, and Tabitha replies.
Look to the camp—Coxheath and Warley Common
Supplied, at least, for ev'ry tent a woman;
The cartridge-paper wrapp'd the billet-doux,
The rear and piquet form'd the rendezvous;
The drum's stern rattle shook the nuptial bed,
The knapsack pillow'd *Lady Sturgeon's* head:
Love was the watch-word, till the morning fife
Rous'd the tame Major and his warlike wife.
Look to the stage—to-night's example draws
A female dramatist to grace the cause—
So fade the triumphs of presumptuous man!
And would you, ladies, but complete my plan,
Here should ye sign some patriot petition
To mend our constitutional condition.
The men invade our rights, the mimic elves
Lisp and nick-name God's creatures like ourselves,
Rouge more than we do, simper, flounce, and fret,
And they *coquet, good gods, how they coquet!*
They too are coy, and, monstrous to relate,
Theirs is a coyness in a *tête-à-tête*.
Yes, ladies, yes; *I could a tale unfold,*
Would harrow up your—cushions—were it told;
Part *your combined curls, and freeze*—pomatum,
At griefs, and grievances, as I could state 'em.
But *such eternal blazon must not* speak;
Besides, the House adjourns some day next week.
This fair *committee* shall detail the rest,
And then let monsters, if they dare, *protest*.

§ 108. *Prologue to Fatal Curiosity*; 1782. COLMAN.

Long since, beneath this humble roof, this play,
Wrought by true English genius, saw the day.
Forth from this humble roof it scarce has stray'd;
In prouder theatres 'twas never play'd.
There you have gap'd and doz'd o'er many a piece
Patch'd up from France, or stolen from Rome or Greece,
Or made of shreds from Shakspeare's golden fleece.
There scholars, simple nature cast aside,
Have trick'd their heroes out in classic pride;
No scenes where genuine passion runs to waste,
But all hedg'd in by shrubs of modern taste!
Each tragedy laid out like garden grounds,
One circling gravel marks its narrow bounds.
Lillo's plantations were of *forest* growth—
Shakspeare's the same—great nature's hand in both.
Give me a tale the passions to control,
"Whose slightest word may harrow up the soul!"
A magic potion, of charm'd drugs commixt,
Where pleasure courts, and honor comes betwixt!
Such are the scenes that we this night renew,
Scenes that your fathers were well-pleas'd to view.
Once we half-pass'd—and, while cold fears prevail,
Strive with faint strokes to soften down the tale;
But soon, attir'd in all its native woes,
The shade of *Lillo* to our fancy rose:
"Check thy weak hand, it said, or seem'd to say—
Nor of its manly vigor rob my play!
From British annals I the story drew,
And British hearts shall *feel*, and *bear* it too.
Pity shall move their souls, in spite of rules;
And terror take no lesson from the schools.
Speak to their *bosoms*, to their *feelings* trust,
You'll find their sentence *generous* and *just*."

§ 109. *Prologue*

§ 109. *Prologue to The Birth-Day, Aug.* 12, 1783. COLMAN.

When Fate on some tremendous act seems bent,
And Nature labours with the dread event,
Portents and prodigies convulse the earth,
That heaves and struggles with the fatal birth.
In happier hours are lavish *blessings* given,
And pour'd in floods to mark the hand of Heaven.
In a long series of bright glories drest,
Britons must hail *this day* supremely blest.
First on this day, in liberty's great cause,
A Brunswick came to guard our rights and laws:
On this great day our glorious annals tell,
By British arms the pride of Cuba fell;
For then, the Moro's gallant chief o'erthrown,
Th' Havannah saw his fate, and felt her own:
The self-same day, the same auspicious morn,
Our elder hope, our *Prince*, our George was born:
Upon his natal hour what triumphs wait!
What captive treasures crowd the palace-gate!
What double joys the royal parents claim,
Of home-felt happiness and public fame!
Long, very long, great George! protect the land,
Thy race, like arrows in a giant's hand!
For still though blights may nip some infant rose,
And kill the budding beauty ere it blows,
Indulgent Heaven prolongs th' illustrious line,
Branching like th' olive, clust'ring like the vine.
Long, very long, thy course of glory run,
A bright example to thy royal son!
Forming that son to grace, like thee, the throne,
And make his father's virtues all his own!

§ 110. *Prologue to The Election of Managers*; 1784. COLMAN.

"Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe;
Gives virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steals a tear!"
Thus sung sweet Pope, the vigorous child of satire;
Our Bayes less genius boasts, not less good-nature.
No poison'd shaft he darts with partial aim,
Folly and vice are fair and general game;
No tale he echoes, on no scandal dwells,
Nor plants on one fool's head the cap and bells;
He paints the living manners of the time,
But lays at no man's door reproach or crime.
Yet some, with critic nose, and eye too keen,
Scent double meaning out, and blast each scene:
While squint Suspicion holds her treacherous lamp,
Fear moulds base coin, and Malice gives the stamp.
Falsehood's vile gloss converts the very Bible
To *scandalum magnatum*, and a libel.
Thus once, when sick, Sir Gripus, as we're told,
In grievous usury grown rich and old,
Bought a good book that, on a Christian plan,
Inculcates the Whole Duty of a Man.
To every sin a sinner's name he tack'd,
And through the parish all the vices track'd:
And thus, the comment and the text enlarging,
Crowds all his friends and neighbours in the margin.
Pride was my lord, and drunkenness the squire;
My lady, vanity and loose desire;
Hardness of heart no misery regarding,
Was overseer—luxury, churchwarden.
All, all he damn'd; and, carrying the farce on,
Made fraud the lawyer, gluttony the parson.
'Tis said, when winds the troubled deep deform,
Pour copious streams of oil, 'twill lay the storm:
Thus here, let mirth and frank good-humor's balm
Make censure mild, scorn kind, and anger calm!
Some wholesome bitter if the bard produces,
'Tis only wormwood to correct the juices.
In this day's contest, where, in colors new,
Three play-house candidates are brought to view,
Our little Bayes encounters some disgrace:
Should you reject him too, I mourn his case—
He can be chosen for no other place.

§ 111. *Prologue to Two to One*; 1784. COLMAN.

To-night, as heralds tell, a virgin muse,
An untrain'd youth, a new advent'rer, sues;
Green in his one-and-twenty, scarce of age,
Takes his first flight, half-fledg'd, upon the stage.
Within this little round the parent bird
Hath warbled oft; oft patiently you heard;
And as he strove to raise his eager throat,
Your kind applause made music of his note.
But now, with beating heart and anxious eye,
He sees his vent'rous youngling strive to fly:
Like Dædalus, a father's fears he brings,
A father's hopes, and fain would plume his wings.
How vain, alas, his hopes! his fears how vain!
'Tis you must hear, and, hearing, judge the strain.
Your equal justice sinks or lifts his name;
Your frown's a sentence, your applause is fame.
If humor warms his scenes with genial fire,
They'll e'en redeem the errors of his sire;
Nor shall *his* lead—dead! to the bottom drop,
By youth's enliv'ning cork buoy'd up at top.
If characters are mark'd with ease and truth,
Pleas'd with his spirit, you'll forgive his youth.
Should sire and son be both with dullness curst,
"And Dunce the second follow Dunce the first,"
The shallow stripling's vain attempt you'll mock,
And damn him for *a chip of the old block*.

§ 112. *Prologue occasioned by the Death of Mr. Henderson*; 1785. MURPHY.

Ere Fiction try this night her magic strain,
And blend mysteriously delight with pain;
Ere yet she wake her train of hopes and fears
For Jaffier's wrongs and Belvidera's tears;
Will you permit a true, a recent grief,
To vent its charge, and seek that kind relief?

How shall *we* feel the tale of feign'd distress,
While on the heart our own afflictions press!
When our own friend, when *Henderson* expires,
And from the tomb one parting pang requires;
In yonder Abbey shall he rest his head,
And on this spot no virtuous drop be shed?
You will indulge our grief:—those crowded rows
Show you have hearts that feel domestic woes;
Hearts that with gen'rous emulation burn,
To raise the widow, drooping o'er his urn;
And to his child, when reason's op'ning ray
Shall tell her *whom* she lost, this truth convey:
Her father's worth made each good man his friend,
Honor'd through life, regretted in his end;
And for his relatives, to help his store,
An audience gave, when he could give no more.
Him we all mourn, his friends still heave the sigh,
And still the tear stands trembling in the eye.
His was each mild, each amiable art,
The gentlest manners, and the feeling heart;
Fair simple truth; benevolence to all;
A gen'rous warmth, that glow'd at friendship's call;
A judgement sure, while learning toil'd behind;
His mirth was wit; his humor, sense refin'd;
A soul above all guile, all meaner views;
The friend of science, friend of ev'ry muse!
Oft have I known him in my vernal year—
This no feign'd grief—no artificial tear!
Oft in this breast he wak'd the Muses' flame;
Fond to advise, and point my way to fame.
Who most shall praise him, all are still at strife;
Expiring virtue leaves a void in life.
A void our scene has felt:—with Shakspeare's page
Who now, like him, shall animate the stage?
Hamlet, Macbeth, and Benedick, and Lear,
Richard, and Wolsey, pleas'd each learned ear.
If feigning well be our consummate art,
How great *his* praise, who, in Iago's part,
Could utter thoughts so foreign to his heart!
Falstaff, who shook this house with mirthful roar,
Is now no counterfeit—he'll rise no more!
'Twas Henderson's the drama to pervade,
Each passion touch, and give each nicer shade.
When o'er these boards the Roman Father pass'd—
But I forbear—that effort was his last!
The Muse there saw his zeal, though rack'd with pain,
While the slow fever ambush'd in each vein:
She sought the bed where, pale and wan, he lay,
And vainly tried to chase disease away;
Watch'd ev'ry look, and number'd every sigh,
And gently, as he liv'd, she saw him die.
Wild with her griefs, she join'd the mournful throng,
With sullen sound as the hearse mov'd along:
Through the dim-vaulted aisles she led the way,
And gave to genius past his kindred clay;
Heard the last requiem o'er his relics cold,
And with her tears bedew'd the hallow'd mould.
In faithful verse, there, near the lonely cell,
The fair recording epitaph may tell
That he, who now lies mould'ring into dust,
Was good, was upright, generous, and just;
By *talents* form'd to grace the poet's lays;
By *virtue* form'd to dignify his days.

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§ 113. *Epilogue intended to be spoken by Mr. Shuter, in the Character of a Schoolmaster, with a Rod in his Hand.*

When vice and folly are a nation's bane,
When poets write and parsons preach in vain,
When satire's sting and moral precepts fail,
Then threats and rougher methods must prevail.
Behold a schoolmaster—Ticklebreech by name,
Who comes a headstrong people to reclaim;
To lash those foibles now so common grown,
And once more place fair Virtue on her throne.
This magic rod, though nought but simple wood,
With wonders strange to mention is endued.
If to that part of man we all deride
'Tis rightly handled, and with skill applied,
'Twill make a lawyer honest 'gainst his will,
The doctor save the patient he would kill;
The statesman too, that Atlas of the state,
Who toils, and sweats, and bends, beneath the weight
Of places, pensions, sinecures and fees,
At the first stroke will find immediate ease:
With joy he'll cast the pond'rous load aside,
And at the helm take honor for his guide;
Relieve the indigent without a bribe,
And spurn at sycophants, that fawning tribe.
The modern Bobadil, who in taverns boasts
The feats he did when on proud Gallia's coasts;
How twenty Frenchmen at a time he slew;
"Twenty more—kill 'em; twenty more—kill 'em too!"
When in the field his looks his fears betray,
And his own shadow makes him run away;
But if the force of this same twig he feels,
His courage straight will leave his friendly heels,
Mount to his heart, his martial bosom warm,
And, like brave Prussia, the whole world alarm.
Next, to the male coquet I mean to speak,
Whose head, and heart, and nerves, alike are weak;
Who, like that curious mask which Æsop feigns
The fox admir'd, yet mourn'd the want of brains;
Who plies his glass, and grinning cries, "Sir Peter,
That's a fine girl; Gad's curse, a charming creature!
What eyes! what lips! and then her shape and gait!
She must be mine, egad, at any rate."
This wand, if once it touch the coxcomb's tail,
I do assure him, ne'er was known to fail;
He'll own its charms surpass his salts and drops,
For into men it changes fools and fops;
Makes 'em look wise, say little, and do more;
All which, I'm sure, they never did before.
In good queen Bess's happy golden reign,
The British fair their virtues did maintain;
But, shame to tell, how dreadful the reflection!
The sex is now so bad to want correction;—

But

But hold, methinks from yonder box I hear
My Lady Dainty thus express her fear:
"Lord! sure the filthy fellow does not mean
To turn us up; he won't be so obscene:
I'll go this instant, and ask Mr. Rich,
How he dares suffer this rude Ticklebreech—"
Ladies, be calm, this needless rage suspend,
And take good counsel as from friend to friend:
If you would shun acquaintance with the birch,
Shun cards on sabbath-day, and go to church;
This vicious appetite no longer feed,
Be virtuous all, be British dames indeed.
And now, my pupils, what you've learnt this night
Go teach to others, and you'll then do right;
Be you to them the same indulgent tutor,
And come next year to see your friend *Ned Shuter*.

§ 114. *Prologue to Mahomet.*

To point what lengths credulity has run,
What counsels shaken, and what states undone;
What hellish fury wings th'enthusiast's rage,
And makes the troubled earth one tragic stage;
What blasphemies imposture dares advance,
And build what terrors on weak ignorance;
How fraud alone rage to religion binds,
And makes a pandæmonium of our minds.
Our Gallic bard, fired with these glorious views,
First to this crusade led the tragic muse;
Her pow'r through France his charming numbers bore,
But France was deaf—for all her priests were sore.
On English ground she makes a firmer stand,
And hopes to suffer by no hostile hand.
No clergy here usurp the free born mind,
Ordain'd to teach, and not enslave mankind;
Religion here bids persecution cease,
Without, all order, and within, all peace;
Truth guards her happy pale with watchful care,
And frauds, though pious, find no entrance there.
Religion, to be sacred, must be free;
Men will suspect—where bigots keep the key.
Hooded and train'd like hawks th' enthusiasts fly,
And the priests' victims in their pounces die.
Like whelps born blind, by mother-church they're bred,
Nor wake to sight, to know themselves misled:
Murder's the game—and to the sport unprest,
Proud of the sin, and in the duty blest,
The layman's but the blood-hound of the priest.
Whoe'er thou art, that dar'st such themes advance,
To priest-rid Spain repair, or slavish France:
For Judas' hire there do the devil's task,
And trick up slavery in religion's mask.
England, still free, no surer means requires
To sink their sottish souls, and damp their martial fires.
Britons, these numbers to yourselves you owe;
Voltaire hath strength to shoot in Shakspeare's bow:
Fame led him at his Hippocrene to drink,
And taught to write with nature, as to think:
With English freedom, English wit he knew,
And from the unexhausted stream profusely drew:
Cherish the noble bard yourselves have made,
Nor let the frauds of France steal all our trade:
Now of each prize the winner has the wearing,
E'en send our English stage a-privateering:
With your commission we'll our sails unfold,
And from their loads of dross import some gold.

§ 115. *Prologue to the Jealous Wife.* Lloyd.

The Jealous Wife a comedy, poor man!
A charming subject, but a wretched plan.
His skittish wit, o'erleaping the due bound,
Commits flat trespass upon tragic ground.
Quarrels, upbraidings, jealousies, and spleen,
Grow too familiar in the comic scene.
Tinge but the language with heroic chime,
'Tis passion, pathos, character, sublime!
What round big words had swell'd the pompous scene,
A king the husband, and the wife a queen!
Then might Distraction rend her graceful hair,
See sightless forms, and scream, and gape, and stare.
Draw canair Death had raged without control,
Here the drawn dagger, there the poison'd bowl.
What eyes had stream'd at all the whining woe!
What hands had thunder'd at each *Ah!* and *Oh!*
But peace! the gentle prologue custom sends,
Like drum and serjeant, to beat up for friends.
At vice and folly, each a lawful game,
Our author flies, but with no partial aim.
He read the manners, open as they lie
In nature's volume to the gen'ral eye.
Books too he read, nor blush'd to use their store—
He does but what his betters did before.
Shakspeare has done it, and the Grecian stage
Caught truth of character from Homer's page.
If in his scenes an honest skill is shown,
And, borrowing little, much appears his own;
If what a master's happy pencil drew
He brings more forward in dramatic view;
To your decision he submits his cause,
Secure of candour, anxious for applause.
But if, all rude, his artless scenes deface
The simple beauties which he meant to grace;
If, an invader upon other's land,
He spoil and plunder with a robber's hand;
Do justice on him—as on fools before—
And give to blockheads past one blockhead more.

§ 116. *Prologue to Runnamede.*

Before the records of renown were kept,
Or theatres for dying heroes wept,
The race of fame by rival chiefs was run,
The world by former Alexanders won:
Ages of glory in long order roll'd,
New empires rising on the wreck of old:
Wonders were wrought by Nature in her prime,
Nor was the ancient world a wilderness of time.
Yet lost to fame is virtue's orient reign;
The patriot liv'd, the hero died, in vain.
Dark night descended o'or the human day,
And wip'd the glory of the world away:

Whirl'd round the gulf, the acts of time were tost,
Then in the vast abyss for ever lost.
Virtue from Fame disjoin'd began to 'plain
Her votaries few, and unfrequented fane.
Her voice ascended to almighty Jove;
He sent the Muses from the throne above.
The bard arose; and full of heavenly fire,
With hand immortal touch'd th' immortal lyre;
Heroic deeds in strains heroic sung,
All earth resounded, all heaven's arches rung:
The world applaud what they approv'd before,
Virtue and Fame took sep'rate paths no more.
Hence to the bard, interpreter of heaven,
The chronicle of fame by Jove is given;
His eye the volume of the past explores,
His hand unfolds the everlasting doors;
In Minos' majesty he lifts the head,
Judge of the world, and sov'reign of the dead;
On nations and on kings in sentence sits,
Dooms to perdition, or to heaven admits;
Dethrones the tyrant though in triumph hurl'd,
Calls up the hero from th' eternal world,
Surrounds his head with wreaths that ever bloom,
And vows the verse that triumphs o'er the tomb.
While here the Muses warble from the shrine,
Oft have you listen'd to the voice divine.
A nameless youth beheld, with noble rage,
One subject still a stranger to the stage;
A name that 's music to the British ear,
A name that 's worshipp'd in the British sphere:
Fair Liberty! the goddess of the isle,
Who blesses England with a guardian smile.
Britons! a scene of glory draws to-night!
The fathers of the land arise to sight;
The legislators and the chiefs of old,
The roll of patriots and the barons bold,
Who, greatly girded with the sword and shield,
At storied Runnamede's immortal field,
Did the grand charter of your freedom draw,
And found the base of liberty on law.
Our author, trembling for his virgin muse,
Hopes in the fav'rite theme a fond excuse.
If, while the tale the theatre commands,
Your hearts applaud him, he'll acquit your hands;
Proud on his country's cause to build his name,
And add the patriot's to the poet's fame.

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§ 117. *Prologue to the Heiress.*

Fitzpatrick.

As sprightly sun-beams gild the face of day,
When louring tempests calmly glide away,
So, when the poet's dark horizon clears,
Arrav'd in smiles the Epilogue appears.
She of that house the lively emblem still,
Whose brilliant speakers start what themes they will;
Still varying topics for her sportive rhymes,
From all the follies of these fruitful times;
Uncheck'd by forms, with flippant hand may cull:—
Prologues, like peers, by privilege are dull—
In solemn strain address th' assembled pit,
The legal judges of dramatic wit,
Confining still, with dignified decorum,
Their observations—to the play before 'em.
Now when each bachelor a helpmate lacks,
(That sweet exemption from a double tax)
When laws are fram'd with a benignant plan
Of light'ning burdens on the married man,
And Hymen adds one solid comfort more
To all those comforts he conferr'd before;
To smooth the rough laborious road to fame,
Our bard has chosen—an alluring name.
As wealth in wedlock oft is known to hide
The imperfections of a homely bride,
This tempting title he, perhaps, expects,
May heighten beauties—and conceal defects:
Thus Sixty's wrinkles, view'd through Fortune's glass,
The rosy dimples of Sixteen surpass.
The modern suitor grasps his fair-one's hand,
O'erlooks her person, and adores—her land;
Leers on her houses with an ogling eye,
O'er her rich acres heaves an am'rous sigh,
His heart-felt pangs through groves of—timber vents,
And runs distracted for—her three per cents.
Will thus the poet's mimic Heiress find
The bridegroom critic to her failings blind,
Who claims, alas! his nicer taste to hit,
The lady's portion paid in sterling wit?
On your decrees, to fix her future fate,
Depends our Heiress for her whole estate:
Rich in your smiles, she charms th' admiring town;
A very bankrupt, should you chance to frown:
O may a verdict given, in your applause,
Pronounce the prosp'rous issue of her cause,
Confirm the name an anxious parent gave her,
And prove her *Heiress* of the public favour!

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§ 118. *Prologue to The Ambitious Step-mother.*

Rowe.

If dying lovers yet deserve a tear;
If a sad story of a maid's despair
Yet move compassion in the pitying fair;
This day the poet does his arts employ,
The soft accesses of your souls to try.
Nor let the stoic boast his mind unmov'd;
The brute philosopher, who ne'er has prov'd
The joy of loving and of being lov'd;
Who scorns his human nature to confess,
And, striving to be more than man, is less.
Nor let the men the weeping fair accuse,
Those kind protectors of the tragic muse,
Whose tears did moving Otway's labours crown,
And made the poor Monimia's grief their own:
Those tears their art, not weakness, has confest,
Their grief approv'd the niceness of their taste,
And they wept most, because they judg'd the best.
O! could this age's writers hope to find
An audience to compassion thus inclin'd,
The stage would need no farce, nor song, nor dance,
Nor cap'ring Monsieur brought from active France;

Clinch,

Clinch, and his organ-pipe, his dogs and bear,
To native Barnet might again repair,
Or breathe, with Captain Otter, Bankside air:
Majestic Tragedy should once again
In purple pomp adorn the swelling scene;
Her search should ransack all the ancient store,
The fortunes of their loves and arms explore,
Such as might grieve you, but should please the more.
What Shakspeare durst not, this bold age should do,
And famous Greek and Latin beauties show:
Shakspeare, whose genius, to itself a law,
Could men in ev'ry height of nature draw,
And copied all but woman that he saw.
Those ancient heroines your concern should move,
Their grief and anger much, but most their love:
For in th' account of ev'ry age we find
The best and fairest of that sex were kind,
To pity always, and to love, inclin'd.
Assert, ye fair ones, who in judgment sit,
Your ancient empire over love and wit;
Reform your sense, and teach the men t' obey:
They 'll leave their tumbling, if you lead the way.
Be but what those before to Otway were:
O were you but as kind! we know you are as fair.

§ 119. *Epilogue to the same.* Rowe.

The spleen and vapours, and this doleful play,
Have mortified me to that height to-day,
That I am almost in the mortal mind
To die indeed and leave you all behind.
Know then, since I resolve in peace to part,
I mean to leave to one alone my heart:
(Last favours will admit of no partage,
I bar all sharing but upon the stage:)
To one who can with one alone be blest,
The peaceful monarch of a single breast:
To one—But, oh! how hard 'twill be to find
That phœnix in your fickle, changing kind!
New loves, new interests, and religions new,
Still your fantastic appetites pursue.
Your sickly fancies loath what you possess,
And ev'ry restless fool would change his place.
Some, weary of their peace and quiet grown,
Want to be hoisted up aloft, and shown;
Whilst from the envied height the wise get safely down.
We find your wav'ring temper to our cost,
Since all our pains and care to please is lost.
Music in vain supports with friendly aid
Her sister Poetry's declining head:
Show but a mimic ape, or French buffoon,
You to the other house in shoals are gone,
And leave us here to tune our crouds alone.
Must Shakspeare, Fletcher, and laborious Ben,
Be left for Scaramouch and Harlequin?
Allow you are inconstant, yet 'tis strange,
For sense is still the same, and ne'er can change;
Yet even in that you vary as the rest,
And ev'ry day new notions are profest.
Nay, there 's a wit * has found, as I am told,
New ways to heaven, despairing of the old:
He swears he'll spoil the clerk and sexton's trade,
Bells shall no more be rung, nor graves be made:
The hearse and six no longer be in fashion,
Since all the faithful may expect translation.
What think you of the project? I'm for trying,
I'll lay aside these foolish thoughts of dying,
Preserve my youth and vigour for the stage,
And be translated to a good old age.

§ 120. *Prologue to The Tender Husband, or the Accomplished Fools.* Addison.

In the first rise and infancy of farce,
When fools were many, and when plays were scarce,
The raw unpractis'd author could with ease
A young and inexperienc'd audience please;
No single character had e'er been shown,
But the whole herd of fops were all their own:
Rich in originals, they set to view,
In ev'ry piece, a coxcomb that was new.
But now our British theatre can boast
Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and beaux;
Rough country-knights are found of ev'ry shire,
Of every fashion gentle fops appear;
And punks of diff'rent characters we meet,
As frequent on the stage as in the street:
Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there, by chance, glean up a fool:
Long ere they find the necessary spark,
They search the town and beat about the Park:
To all his most frequented haunts resort,
Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court,
As love of pleasure or of place invites;
And sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.
Howe'er, to do you right, the present age
Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage;
That scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And won't be blockheads in the common road.
Do but survey this crowded house to-night:
——Here's still encouragement for those that write.
Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks with variety of fools his play;
And, that there may be something gay and new,
Two ladies-errant has expos'd to view:
The first a damsel travell'd in romance;
The other more refin'd, she comes from France.
Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger;
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the stranger.

§ 121. *Epilogue to the same.* Steele.

Britons, who constant war, with factious rage,
For liberty, against each other wage,
From foreign insults save this English stage.

* Asgill.

No

No more th' Italian squalling tribe admit,
In tongues unknown; 'tis popery in wit.
The songs (themselves confess) from Rome they bring,
And 'tis high-mass, for aught you know, they sing.
Husbands, take care, the danger may come nigher,
The women say their eunuch is a friar.
But is it not a serious ill to see
Europe's great arbiters so mean can be;
Passive, with an affected joy to sit,
Suspend their native taste of manly wit;
Neglect their comic humour, tragic rage,
For known defects of nature and of age?
Arise! for shame! ye conqu'ring Britons, rise!
Such unadorn'd effeminacy despise;
Admire (if you will dote on foreign wit)
Not what Italians sing, but Romans writ.
So shall less works, such as to-night's slight play,
At your command, with justice die away;
Till then forgive your writers, that can't bear
You should such very tramontanes appear,
The nations, which contemn you, to revere.
Let Anna's soul be known for all its charms;
As fam'd for lib'ral sciences as arms:
Let those derision meet, who would advance
Manners, or speech, from Italy or France.
Let them learn you, who would your favour find,
And English be the language of mankind.

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§ 122. *Epilogue to the Gamester.* Centlivre.

As one condemn'd, and ready to become,
For his offences past, a pendulum,
Does, ere he dies, bespeak the learned throng,
Then, like the swan, expires in a song;
So I (tho' doubtful long which knot to choose,
Whether the hangman's, or the marriage noose),
Condemn'd, good people, as you see, for life,
To play that tedious, juggling game, a wife,
Have but one word of good advice to say,
Before the doleful cart draws quite away.
You roaring boys, who know the midnight cares
Of rattling tats, ye sons of hopes and fears;
Who labour hard to bring your ruin on,
And diligently toil to be undone;
You 're fortune's sporting footballs at the best,
Few are his joys, and small the gamester's rest:
Suppose then fortune only rules the dice,
And on the square you play; yet who, that's wise,
Would to the credit of a faithless main
Trust his good dad's hard-gotten hoarded gain?
But then such vultures round a table wait,
And hov'ring watch the bubble's sickly state;
The young fond gambler, covetous of more,
Like Æsop's dog, loses his certain store;
Then the spunge, squeez'd by all, grows dry—and now,
Completely wretched, turns a sharper too.
These fools, for want of bubbles, too, play fair,
And lose to one another on the square:
So whores the wealth from numerous culls they glean,
Still spend on bullies, and grow poor again.
This itch for play has likewise fatal been,
And more than Cupid drawn the ladies in:
A thousand guineas for basset prevails,
A bait, when cash runs low, that seldom fails;
And when the fair-one can't the debt defray
In sterling coin, does sterling beauty pay.
In vain we labour to divert your care,
Nor song nor dance can bribe your presence here,
You fly this place like an infectious air;
To yonder happy quarter of the town
You crowd, and your own fav'rite stage disown:
We're like old mistresses; you love the vice,
And hate us only 'cause we once did please.
Nor can we find how else 'tis we deserve,
Like Tantalus, 'midst plenty thus to starve.

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§ 123. *Prologue to Tancred and Sigismunda.* Thomson.

Bold is the man, who in this nicer age
Presumes to tread the chaste, corrected stage.
Now, with gay tinsel arts we can no more
Conceal the want of nature's sterling ore:
Our spells are vanish'd, broke our magic wand,
That us'd to waft you over sea and land:
Before your light the fairy people fade;
The demons fly—the ghost itself is laid.
In vain of martial scenes the loud alarms;
The mighty Prompter thund'ring out to arms,
The playhouse posse clattering from afar,
The close-wedg'd battle, and the din of war.
Now e'en the Senate seldom we convene;
The yawning fathers nod behind the scene.
Your taste rejects the glitt'ring false sublime,
To sigh in metaphor, and die in rhyme.
High rant is tumbled from his gallery throne:
Description, dreams—nay, similes are gone.
What shall we then? to please you how devise,
Whose judgment sits not in your ears and eyes?
Thrice happy could we catch great Shakspeare's art,
To trace the deep recesses of the heart;
His simple, plain sublime, to which is given
To strike the soul with darted flame from heaven;
Could we awake soft Otway's tender woe;
The pomp of verse, and golden lines, of Rowe!
We to your hearts apply; let them attend:
Before their silent, candid bar we bend.
If warm'd they listen, 'tis our noblest praise:
If cold, they wither all the muse's bays.

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§ 124. *Epilogue to the same.* Thomson.

Cramm'd to the throat with wholesome moral stuff;
Alas! poor audience! you have had enough.
Was ever hapless heroine of a play
In such a piteous plight as ours to-day?
Was ever woman so by love betray'd?
Match'd with two husbands, and yet—die a maid!

But,

But, bless me!—hold—what sounds are these I hear?—
I see the Tragic Muse herself appear!
[*The back scene opens, and discovers a romantic sylvan landscape, from which Sigismunda, in the character of the Tragic Muse, advances slowly to music, and speaks the following lines:*
Hence with your flippant epilogue, that tries
To wipe the virtuous tears from British eyes;
That dares my moral, tragic scene profane,
With strains—at best, unsuiting, light, and vain.
Hence from the pure, unsullied beams, that play
In yon fair eyes, where virtue shines—Away!
Britons, to you, from chaste Castalian groves,
Where dwelt the tender, oft unhappy loves;
Where shades of heroes roam, each mighty name,
And court my aid, to rise again to fame:
To you I come; to freedom's noblest seat;
And in Britannia fix my last retreat.
In Greece, and Rome, I watch'd the public weal;
The purple tyrant trembled at my steel;
Nor did I less o'er private sorrows reign,
And mend the melting heart with softer pain.
On France and you then rose my bright'ning star
With social ray—The arts are ne'er at war.
O! as your fire and genius stronger blaze;
As yours are gen'rous freedom's bolder lays;
Let not the Gallic taste leave yours behind,
In decent manners and in life refin'd;
Banish the motley mode, to tag low verse,
The laughing ballad, to the mournful hearse.
When through five acts your hearts have learnt to glow,
Touch'd with the sacred force of honest woe,
O keep the dear impression on your breast,
Nor idly lose it for a wretched jest!

§ 125. *Epilogue to Zara.* Aaron Hill.

Here, take a surfeit, sirs, of being jealous,
And shun the pains that plague those Turkish fellows:
Where love and death joined hands, their darts confounding!
Save us, good heaven! from this new way of wounding!
Curs'd climate!—where to cards a lone-left woman
Has only one of her black guards to summon!
Sighs, and sits mop'd, with her tame beast to gaze at:
And that cold treat is all the game she plays at!
For—should she once some abler hand be trying,
Poignard's the word! and the first deal is—dying!
'Slife! should the bloody whim get round in Britain,
Where women's freedom has such heights to sit on;
Daggers, provok'd, would bring on desolation,
And murder'd belles unpeople half the nation!
Fain would I hope this play to move compassion—
And live to hunt suspicion out of fashion.—
Four motives strongly recommend, to lovers,
Hate of this weakness, that our scene discovers.
First then—A woman will or won't—depend on't: [on't.
If she will do't, she will—and there's an end
But, if she won't—since safe and sound your trust is,
Fear is affront, and jealousy injustice.
Next, He who bids his dear do what she pleases,
Blunts wedlock's edge, and all its torture eases.
For—not to feel your suff'rings, is the same
As not to suffer—All the diff'rence—name.
Thirdly—The jealous husband wrongs his honor;
No wife goes lame, without some hurt upon her:
And the malicious world will still be guessing,
Who oft dines out dislikes her own cook's dressing.
Fourthly, and lastly—to conclude my lecture,
If you would fix th' inconstant wife—respect her.
She who perceives her virtues over-rated,
Will fear to have th' account more justly stated:
And, borrowing from her pride the good wife's seeming,
Grow really such—to merit your esteeming.

§ 126. *Prologue to the Bankrupt.* Foote.

For wit's keen satire, and this laughing stage,
What theme so fruitful as a bankrupt age?
For not confin'd to commerce is the curse:
The head is near as empty as the purse;
Equally sunk our credit and our wit,
Nor is the sage more solvent than the cit.
All these—but soft, ere thus abroad we roam,
Were it not prudent first to look at home?
You, gentle sirs, have given me credit long,
And took my word for many an idle song;
But if, exhausted, I give notes to-day,
For wit and humor, which I cannot pay,
I must turn bankrupt too, and hop away:
Unless, indeed, I modishly apply
For leave to sell my works by lottery.
Though few will favor, where's no cash to free 'em;
Poor hopes, that way to part with my museum!
My old friend Smirk, indeed, may lend his aid,
And sell by auction all my stock in trade;
His placid features, and imploring eye,
May tempt perhaps the tardy town to buy;
His winning manner, and his soft address,
To other sales of mine have given success.
But, after all, my ever-honor'd friends,
On you alone my fate this night depends:
I've fought some battles, gain'd some vict'ries here,
And little thought a culprit to appear
Before this house; but if resolv'd you go
To find me guilty, or to make me so,
To grant me neither wit, nor taste, nor sense,
Vain were my plea, and useless my defence.

But

But still, I will not steal; I will not beg,
Though I've a passport in this wooden leg;
But to my cot contentedly retire,
And stew my cabbage by my only fire.
Meantime, great sirs, my sentence yet unknown,
E'en as your justice be your candor shown,
And, when you touch my honor, don't forget your own.

§ 127. *Epilogue to the Toy-Shop.* R. Dodsley.

Well, heaven be prais'd! this dull, grave sermon's done,
(For faith our author might have call'd it one).
I wonder who the devil he thought to please!
Is this a time of day for things like these?
Good sense and honest satire now offend;
We're grown too wise to learn, too proud to mend;
And so divinely wrapt in songs and tunes,
The next wise age will all be—fidlers' sons.
And did he think plain truth would favor find?
Ah, 'tis a sign he little knows mankind!
To please, he ought to have a song or dance,
The tune from Italy, the caper France:
These, these might charm—But hope to do't with sense,
Alas! alas! how vain is the pretence!
But, though we told him—Faith, 'twill never do—
Pho! never fear, he cried, though grave, 'tis new:
The whim perhaps may please, if not the wit,
And, though they don't approve, they may permit.
If neither this nor that will intercede,
Submissive bend, and thus for pardon plead:
"Ye gen'rous few! to you our author sues,
His first essay with candor to excuse:
"Thas faults, he owns; but, if they are but small,
He hopes your kind applause will hide them all."

§ 128. *Prologue to Mr. Andrews' Comedy of Better Late than Never.* Duke of Leeds.

Custom commands a prologue to each play,
But custom hath not told us what to say:
No form prescrib'd, 'tis difficult to find
How to conciliate the public mind.
The bashful bard—the modest muse's fears,
So long have jingled in your patient ears,
That now, perhaps, you'll scarce vouchsafe to stay
To hear both their apology—and play.
No: better sure on him at once to call,
With—"Sir, if frighten'd thus why write at all?
We're not redue'd yet to a trembling pen—
Zounds! bards will crowd us soon, like—gentlemen."
Something like this, I heard a friend once say,
Who wish'd, poor soul, to hear a new-launch'd play:
Box'd snug at first, completely to his mind,
With only one grave auditor behind;
Ere the third act had struggled to its end,
In reel'd three critics, each the author's friend—
On praise determin'd—wit confirm'd by wine:
Each And and If was chaste—correct—damn'd fine!
To taste so mark'd my friend of course gave way;
But squeez'd, thump'd, kick'd—still listen'd to the play;
Till, by repeated plaudits grown so sore,
Nor flesh nor blood could bear one comment more.
Such boist'rous friends they surely cannot need,
Who wish by merit only to succeed.
To-night we offer to the public view
A character you'll own, perhaps, is new:
From Doctors' Commons we the model draw,
A promising eleve of civil law;
And civil sure that law which can provide,
Or, should need be, release you from, a bride.
Thrice bless'd the mansion, where, in spite of ills,
Alive or dead, you still can have your wills.
Much could I offer in our author's cause,
Nay, prove his first great object—your applause;
But, lest dull friendship should his genius wrong,
I'll stop—before the prologue grows too long,
And, *Better Late than Never*, hold my tongue.

§ 129. *Epilogue to the same.* Andrews.

The drama done, and all its int'rest over,
Content the husband, and secure the lover,
Our timid bard, who dreads the critic ire,
And thinks my little tongue can never tire,
Would have me re-assume the wig and gown,
To plead his goose-quill cause before the town.
"Lord, Sir," says I, "some better counsel bring,
For females in a wig are not the thing.
Your bearded barrister, if smartly made, is
A surer advocate among the ladies."
"Madam," he cried, "or periwigg'd or bare,
So you but talk, I never need despair."
Suppose, ye fair, as I'm so smooth a prater,
I take a line so consonant to nature;
Give up the vain attempt your hearts to warm,
And 'gainst the men with female weapon arm.
Oft have the wits, unmindful whom they vex,
Expos'd the foibles of the softer sex,
Laugh'd at their dress, their well-shap'd cork, their feathers,
Their steady bloom, unchanging in all weathers;
Swore locks were grey, that seem'd a comely brown,
And, though all paid for, deem'd them not their own.
Why not retort, avenge th' insulted fair,
And show these men what wondrous things they are?
Now don't be frighten'd—poor eccentric elves!
I only show what most you like—yourselves.
How! tremble at a woman? shame betide!
Though I look fierce, like you—I'm all outside;
Yet ere my efforts your attention call
To that dear portrait which should hit you all,
Let me delineate what was once a beau,
The Band-box Billy of some years ago.

Sweet

Sweet image of mamma in every feature,
The youth came forth a most delicious creature,
With full-dress'd skirts, not quite unlike a hoop,
Hat under arm, fine button, and gilt loop—
Stiff stock, long sword still dangling in the way,
He sometimes ventur'd to a first-night play:
Tripp'd through the lobby, most completely curl'd;
Nor did a paw-paw thing for all the world!
Thus he discours'd: "Sir Dilberry, ods so,
Dear, dear, good lack! have you a place below?
Dem it, don't crowd so, fellow!—O, how shocking!
He's spoil'd my hair, and dirtied all my stocking."
Such was the smart our grandmammas would praise,
Rather unlike the smart of present days:
For I defy all history to show
One thing in nature like a modern beau;
Hat slouch'd, short stick, knee-trappings that bring back
The memory of renown'd Sixteen-String Jack;
Eternal boots, and collar you'd suppose
Cut in kind contact with his buckship's nose.
Thus trimly deck'd, each night among the doxies
He storms the lobby, and assails the boxes;
With gait and manner—something in this way,
Proves his rare taste, and descants on the play—
"Here, box-keeper! why don't the rascal come?
Halloo—Tom Gerkin! can you give us room?
What's this?——The farce——Macbeth——an opera?—O!
Came out last season—stupid stuff—damn'd low!
Zounds, let's be off!"—"Zounds, be a little calmer!"
"Who's that—the Jordan?"—"No, you fool—R. Palmer."
Thus some are found, by ev'ry act revealing
Perfect indifference to sense and feeling.
To such our play not sues—but you, ye fair,
Ye wise, whom nature form'd with happier care,
Whose tender bosoms, though by passions rent,
Feel the soft virtues in their full extent,
Cherish our author's plan, which aims to prove
Life's best exertions spring from virtuous love.

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§ 130. *Verses written to be spoken by Mrs. Siddons, at her Benefit, April 27, 1795.*
ROGERS.

YES, 'tis the pulse of life! my fears were vain!
I wake, I breathe, and am myself again,
Still in this nether world! no seraph yet—
Nor walks my spirit when the sun is set,
With troubled step to haunt the fatal board
Where I died last—by poison or the sword;
And blanch each honest cheek with deeds of night,
Done here so oft by dim and doubtful light.
To drop all metaphor, that little bell
Call'd back reality, and broke the spell.
No heroine claims your tears with tragic tone;
A very woman—scarce restrains her own!
Can she, with fiction, charm the cheated mind,
When to be grateful is the part assign'd?
Ah, no! she scorns the trappings of her art;
No theme but truth, no prompter but the heart.
But, ladies, say, must I alone unmask?
Is here no other actress, let me ask?
Believe me, those, who best the heart dissect,
Know, every woman studies stage-effect:
She moulds her manners to the part she fills,
As instinct teaches, or as humor wills;
And, as the grave or gay her talent calls,
Acts in the drama, till the curtain falls.
First, how her little breast with triumph swells,
When the red coral rings its silver bells!
To play in pantomime is then the rage
Along the carpet's many-color'd stage;
Or lisp her merry thoughts with loud endeavour,
Now here, now there—in noise and mischief ever!
A school-girl next, she curls her hair in papers,
And mimics father's gout, and mother's vapors;
Discards her doll, bribes Betty for romances,
Playful at church, and serious when she dances;
Tramples alike on customs and on toes,
And whispers all she hears to all she knows;
Terror of caps and wigs and sober notions!
A romp! that *longest* of *perpetual motions!*
—Till, tam'd and tortur'd into foreign graces,
She sports her lovely place at public places;
And, with blue laughing eyes, behind her fan,
First acts her part with that great actor, man.
Too soon a flirt—approach her and she flies;
Frowns when pursued, and when intreated sighs;
Plays with unhappy men as cats with mice,
Till fading beauty hints the late advice.
Her prudence dictates what her pride disdain'd,
And now she sues to slaves herself had chain'd.
Then comes that good old character, a wife,
With all the dear distracting cares of life;
A thousand cards a-day at doors to leave,
And, in return, a thousand cards receive;
Rouge high, play deep, to lead the ton aspire,
With nightly blaze set Portland-place on fire;
Snatch half a glimpse at concert, opera, ball,
A meteor trac'd by none, though seen by all;
And when her shatter'd nerves forbid to roam,
In very spleen—rehearse the girls at home.
Last the grey dowager in ancient flounces,
With snuff and spectacles the age denounces;
Boasts how the sires of this degenerate isle
Knelt for a look, and duell'd for a smile;
The scourge and ridicule of Goth and Vandal,
Her tea she sweetens, as she sips, with scandal;
With modern belles eternal warfare wages,
Like her own birds that clamor from their cages;
And shuffles round to bear her tale to all,
Like some old ruin "nodding to its fall."
Thus woman makes her entrance and her exit,
Then most an actress when she least suspects it.
Yet nature oft peeps out and mars the plot,
Each lesson lost, each poor pretence forgot;
Full oft with energy that scorns control,
At once lights up the features of the soul;
Unlocks each thought chain'd down by coward art,
And to full day the latent passions start.
But she, whose first best wish is your applause,
Herself exemplifies the truth she draws.
Born on the stage, through ev'ry shifting scene,
Obscure or bright, tempestuous or serene,

Still

Still has your smile her trembling spirit fir'd;
And can she act, with thoughts like these inspir'd?
Thus from her mind all artifice she flings,
All skill, all practice, now unmeaning things!
To you uncheck'd, each genuine feeling flows,
For, all that life endears—to you she owes.

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§ 131. *Verses to the Memory of Mr. Garrick. Spoken as a Monody by Mrs. Yates, at the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane.* SHERIDAN.

If dying excellence deserves a tear,
If fond remembrance still is cherish'd here,
Can we persist to bid our sorrows flow
For fabled suff'rers and delusive woe;
Or with quaint smiles dismiss the plaintive strain,
Point the quick jest—indulge the comic vein—
Ere yet to buried Roscius we assign
One kind regret, one tributary line?
His fame requires we act a tend'rer part:
His memory claims the tear you gave his art.
The gen'ral voice, the meed of mournful verse,
The splendid sorrows that adorn'd his hearse,
The throng that mourn'd as their dead fav'rite pass'd,
The graced respect that claim'd him to the last;
While Shakspeare's image, from its hallow'd base,
Seem'd to prescribe the grave, and point the place:
Nor these, nor all the sad regrets that flow
From fond fidelity's domestic woe,
So much are Garrick's praise—so much his due,
As on this spot—one tear bestow'd by you.
Amid the arts which seek ingenuous fame,
Our toil attempts the most precarious claim;
To him, whose mimic pencil wins the prize,
Obedient fame immortal wreaths supplies:
Whate'er of wonder Reynolds now may raise,
Raphael still boasts contemporary praise:
Each dazzling light and gaudier bloom subdued,
With undiminish'd awe his works are view'd:
E'en beauty's portrait wears a softer prime,
Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing time.
The patient sculptor owns an humbler part,
A ruder toil, and more mechanic art;
Content with slow and timorous stroke to trace
The ling'ring line, and mould the tardy grace:
But once achiev'd, though barb'rous wreck o'erthrow
The sacred fane, and lay its glories low,
Yet shall the sculptur'd ruin rise to-day,
Graced by defect, and worshipp'd in decay;
Th' enduring record bears the artist's name,
Demands his honors, and asserts his fame.
Superior hopes the poet's bosom fire,
O proud distinction of the sacred lyre!
Wide as th' inspiring Phœbus darts his ray,
Diffusive splendor gilds his votary's lay.
Whether the song heroic woes rehearse
With epic grandeur, and the pomp of verse;
Or, fondly gay, with unambitious guile
Attempt no prize but fav'ring beauty's smile;
Or bear dejected to the lonely grove
The soft despair of unprevailing love;
Whate'er the theme, through ev'ry age and clime
Congenial passions meet the according rhyme,
The pride of glory, pity's sigh sincere,
Youth's earliest blush, and beauty's virgin tear.
Such is their meed—their honors thus secure,
Whose arts yield objects, and whose works endure:
The actor only shrinks from time's award;
Feeble tradition is his memory's guard;
By whose faint breath his merits must abide,
Unvouch'd by proof, to substance unallied!
E'en matchless Garrick's art, to heaven resign'd,
No fix'd effect, no model, leaves behind.
The grace of action, the adapted mien,
Faithful as nature to the varied scene;
Th' expressive glance, whose subtle comment draws
Entranc'd attention, and a mute applause;
Gesture that marks, with force and feeling fraught,
A sense in silence, and a will in thought;
Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone
Gives verse a music scarce confess'd its own,
As light from gems assumes a brighter ray,
And, cloth'd with orient hues, transcends the day;
Passion's wild break, and frowns that awe the sense,
And ev'ry charm of gentle eloquence,
All perishable!—like th' electric fire,
But strike the frame, and, as they strike, expire;
Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear,
Its fragrance charms the sense, and blends with air.
Where then, while sunk in cold decay he lies,
And pale eclipse for ever veils those eyes,
Where is the blest memorial that ensures
Our Garrick's fame?—whose is the trust?—'tis yours.
And, O! by ev'ry charm his art essay'd
To sooth your cares! by ev'ry grief allay'd!
By the hush'd wonder which his accents drew!
By his last parting tear, repaid by you!
By all those thoughts, which, many a distant night,
Shall mark his memory with a sad delight!
Still in your hearts' dear record bear his name,
Cherish the keen regret that lifts his fame;
To you it is bequeath'd, assert the trust,
And to his worth—'tis all you can—be just.
What more is due from sanctifying time,
To cheerful wit, and many a favor'd rhyme,
O'er his graced urn shall bloom, a deathless wreath,
Whose blossom'd sweets shall deck the mask beneath.

For

For these when sculpture's votive toil shall rear
The due memorial of a loss so dear,
O loveliest mourner, gentle muse! be thine
The pleasing woe, to guard the laurell'd shrine.
As Fancy oft by Superstition led
To roam the mansions of the sainted dead,
Has view'd, by shadowy eve's mifaithful gloom,
A weeping cherub on a martyr's tomb,
So thou, sweet Muse, hang o'er his sculptur'd bier,
With patient woe, that loves the ling'ring tear;
With thoughts that mourn, nor yet desire relief,
With meek regret, and fond enduring grief;
With looks that speak—He never shall return!
Chilling thy tender bosom, clasp his urn!
And with soft sighs disperse th' irrev'rent dust,
Which time may strew upon his sacred bust.

THE END

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